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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

FOR JULY, 1870.

NO. CCCVII.

ART. I.—*The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By WILLIAM STUBBS, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. Clarendon Press Series. Oxford: 1874–1878.

AMONG lexicons, and Latin readers, and manuals, for schools, and beginners, and junior students, the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have interpolated one of the most considerable works of modern literature. They commissioned Professor Stubbs to write for their educational series what in other hands might have been a mere textbook for Oxford undergraduates; he has produced a classic, without a knowledge of which no Englishman's political education will be henceforth complete. The charm of the volumes is that their author is as unconscious that he is exercising in their construction the historian's creative faculty as if he were employed upon an edition of Cornelius Nepos or a Greek primer. Yet in his pages the master idea of the English Constitution is for the first time shown to inspire the whole course of the national history. The geometrical line is there traced along which the national life would tend to move; and he who runs may read the deflections due to rival forces.

Every national type has its own inherent bias. But now and again some counteracting impulse intervenes, and drives it in an opposite direction. Very few nationalities can boast that they have persevered throughout in their original route. Foremost among the few which have never swerved for more than an occasional episode in their history, Professor Stubbs proves the right of the English to rank. The Anglo-Saxon race has now and again paused in its advance. It has appeared to stumble and stagnate. A deficiency of vital energy has left it numb and torpid. Adverse or alien influences have usurped its domain. Yet, despairing, lethargic, sullen, it has never consented to abjure its nature. Simply it has bowed its head till the wave has spent its force. When the onset of opposing elements has exhausted itself, the English nationality is seen not merely to be surviving, but to have absorbed the rival energies which had attempted to override it. Dane and Norman, Celt, and Fleming, and Huguenot, Roman prelates, and French barons, while they seemed to be making use of England, were but lending the Anglo-Saxon genius some force which for the moment it needed to assert its supremacy. Triumphs and defeats, the victories which added new jewels to the crown, the reverses which stripped them off, the success of one absolutist sovereign, the failure of another, equally and alike have watered and ripened the plant of Anglo-Saxon constitutionalism.

Other nations have had as brilliant or more brilliant histories. None has matched our own in continuity of political growth. No English historian before Professor Stubbs tracked this supreme characteristic of our nationality with such unerring instinct. No student of our Constitution has ever so scientifically connected the several stages in its progress with the individual agencies which worked upon it. Mr. Hallam's 'Constitutional History' is a series of profound criticisms. It might almost be broken up into notes to Hume or Lingard.

Professor Stubbs's 'Constitutional History' is a history of England. But it is a history of England as a physiologist might compose a biography of a man. The Professor stations himself beside the nationality from the moment of its birth. He registers its pulsations and measures the action of its heart. Great things at each period of history have been done or suffered by the English race. To its biographer they are nothing except so far as they make its blood flow faster or slower. Never, it may be fairly said, was a history written which reflects so fully the whole visible fortunes of a country during the centuries it comprises, without the least disguise that illustrious men and grand exploits may be mere accidents of a nation, that their real greatness must be measured by the degree in which they have contributed to the development of national institutions.

The history of English institutions is Professor Stubbs's theme; and he shows how their germs may be traced to a purely Germanic source. Thence we derive language, laws, and customs. 'The German element is the paternal element in our system, natural and political.' It is not that the race and its institutions bore without a change transplantation to a strange country and life, any more than a human being remains a child. Circumstances modified the form the national institutions assumed; but the plant is the old plant in new soil. The Anglo-Saxons arrived in Britain, a number of bodies of free men of kindred blood, each body similar to the rest in habits and in propensity. They conquered and divided the land, and gradually the possession of land became the badge of freedom. The village was still the settlement of kinsmen; the hide of land was the allotment made to a head of a family; the hundred and the other tribal divisions continued to be all in theory personal. In time land became the keystone of all public relations; the court to which the poor man did suit and service became the court of the lord of the land. The king was still king of the nation; but he was also supreme landowner. It is the personal bond of the original German village community engrafted on a particular section of territory and become territorial. The community of institutions and languages which the tribes brought from Germany rooted itself in the subjugated British soil. The organisation was exceedingly simple; but its simplicity enabled it to survive the storm of the Norman Conquest. Norman lawyers claimed that their sovereigns were kings because they were supreme landlords. But so they supposed the Anglo-Saxon dynasty had been. They were content, therefore, to let alone the existing local organisation. Its existence they easily reconciled with their own theory of the only proper relation between ruler and subject. Thus the county court endured side by side with feudalism, until the ancient system gathered strength to reassert its ascendency.

The Anglo-Saxons practised compurgation by the kindred of the accused. They held the murderer's family responsible for the wergild. Among them the township was represented in the court of the hundred, and the hundred in the court of the shire. They delegated to chosen committees the common judicial rights of the suitors of the folkmoot. They required witnesses to the transfer of chattels, and the evidence of the hundred or shire to the title to land. They enforced the obligation upon the hundred and shire of producing criminals before the courts. All these laws and customs schooled localities to set together by greater and smaller sections. The principle of the representation of communities was kept alive by the cohesion of the nation in its lowest ranges. The Anglo-Saxon polity did not teach the English race to feel itself a nation. But each division of the race had undergone the same social experiences. The strong hand of Norman domination, in welding the people together under a single sceptre, fused into political union a population which had already learned to walk in the same groove, and to cherish the same aspirations. The Norman supplanted a civilisation far superior to his own; but he supplied the element which was wanted to create the English nation. 'In the Anglo-Saxon history,' writes Professor Stubbs, 'there is an equally singular lack of personal loyalty, and a very languid appréciation of national action.' An Anglo-Saxon was a Yorkshire man or man of Kent, not a West Saxon or a Mercian, far less an Englishman. The Norman, without a language or a literature, had the instincts of a European statesman. He dragged England into 'the general network of the spiritual and temporal polities of the world.' He compelled, for the purposes of his own selfish ambition, Englishmen to act as a nation, and they discovered that they were a nation.

Professor Stubbs has reduced to their proper limits the radical changes the Conquest introduced. William's aim was to defeat the disruptive tendency of feudal institutions. The oath of fidelity he exacted of every free man, instead of being the initial point of the feudalisation of England,

is shown by Professor Stubbs to have been a measure of precaution against the disintegrating power of feudalism. So far as William could understand Anglo-Saxon usages he maintained them. He recognised the hundred and shire courts, and confirmed, with popular modifications, the laws in force in the reign of the Confessor. His rule was in his later days harsh and severe; but the troubles which embittered him proceeded from Norman and not Anglo-Saxon insubordination. The native race did not love its foreign sovereign, but it supported him against his feudatories. The kingdom suffered, not so much from the introduction of new institutions, as from the new way in which the old were worked by foreign administrators. These aliens regulated the official machinery after the fashion which alone they understood. Earldoms became fiefs instead of magistracies, and land held of the king became the qualification for a seat in the Witenagemot instead of wisdom. The sheriff exercised the greater power enjoyed by the corresponding official in Normandy, and William and his successors had difficulty in preventing him from converting his post, as in Normandy, into an hereditary jurisdiction. Sometimes offices were duplicated; the lord's stewards replaced the reeves as presidents of the county court; but the reeves kept a place there still. 'No new England is created; new forms displace, but do not destroy, the old, and old rights remain, although changed in title, and forced into symmetry with a new legal and pseudo-historical theory.' In the lower grades there might be new names, and old offices might usurp new powers; but it was in the higher that the important innovations were made.

In Professor Stubbs's judgment the general result was very beneficial to the nation.

> 'The English system was strong in the cohesion of its lower organism, the association of individuals in the township, in the hundred, and in the shire; the Norman race was strong in its higher ranges, in the close relation to the Crown of the tenants in chief whom the king had enriched. On the other hand, the English system was weak in the higher organisation, and the Normans in England had hardly any subordinate organisation at all. The strongest elements of both were brought together. (Vol. i. p. 278.)

We are unable to see what advantage England derived from the substitution of feudal lords for the official magistracy of the preceding period. The Saxon ealdormen and prelates had administered the country ill; and the justiciars, and bishops, and other royal counsellors of the Norman kings, in the days of the Conqueror and his youngest son, administered it well. These royal counsellors might be, and generally were, tenants in chief; but this relation of theirs to their master had no connexion with their administrative superiority to their predecessors of the Saxon period. Professor Stubbs produces no sort of evidence that the wise administration proceeded from the feudal 'relation to the Crown of the tenants in chief whom the king had enriched.' He himself (vol. i. p. 288) describes the Conqueror's feudatories as 'powerful in enmity, no source of strength even when they are friends and allies.' These tenants in chief were necessary evils of the new system. They were joint adventurers with their duke in the conquest, and they were entitled to insist on a share of the spoils. But the royal qualities of William and his sons were strained throughout their reigns in the attempt to neutralise the mischiefs arising from the creation of this dangerous order of nobility. The harshnesses of William and his immediate successor were the direct fruit of mutinous conduct of the great feudatories. The horrors of Stephen's reign had the same origin. A time was to come when, under the House of Anjou, the nobles played a patriotic part. Even then, however, the special relation they held to the Crown as tenants in capite had little to do with their co-operation in the cause of English liberty. John converted their feudal relation into an engine of royal oppression, and a common sense of wrong turned them into popular champions. But that the relation of tenants in capite to the Crown could be so distorted by a tyrant proves not the 'better consolidation' of the 'Norman superstructure,' but its weakness. Canon Stubbs himself designates the Norman period as 'the period of the trial and failure of feudality.' It is perfectly true that the mischief of the system would have been, as on the Continent, enhanced had 'the relation to the Crown of the tenants in chief' been less 'close;' but a Norman dynasty, with Norman advisers, superinduced upon Saxon lethargy, would, for all that can be shown to the contrary, have leavened and stirred the Anglo-Saxon race, without the bitter humiliation and misery the feudal noblesse imposed. National gratitude for the Conquest is due, not to the addition to Anglo-Saxon institutions of a feudality, however modified, but to the fact, on which Professor Stubbs sheds a flood of light, that 'the Norman period was the epoch of the growth of a new administrative system, having the source of its strength in the royal power.'

The peculiarities of this administrative system have been traced by some historical critics to a purely Norman source; others have seen in them the old Saxon institutions merely translated into Norman forms. Professor Stubbs doubts whether there were much direct imitation of Normandy. Anglo-Saxon institutions before the Conquest, by intercourse with France, had assumed a shape not very remote from that of Norman institutions. Both were alike indebted to suggestions they borrowed from the Carolingian apparatus of government. After the Conquest Normandy and England, under the pressure of similar circumstances and the heavy hand of a common ruler, advanced along the same path. For his own ambitious purposes the Conqueror desired to amalgamate his Norman followers and the Saxons into a single nation. As an administrator he aimed at dovetailing the institutions of his old and his new subjects. He introduced Norman incidents without abolishing the Saxon. 'The combination of the institutions produced a new growth in which, whilst much that is old can be detected, there is much else that could not have existed but for the combination.' William's race and training, the circumstances of his occupation of the English throne, the participation of Norman barons and other foreigners with him in his enterprise, and the necessity under which he lay of governing by foreign advisers and officers, modified every feature of his rule as an English sovereign. But he regarded himself as an English sovereign, not a Norman duke, and as the successor of Edward the Confessor. Professor Stubbs holds, for instance, the common story that he forbade the use of the native tongue in the courts of law to be an undoubted fabrication. Being Normans, he and his officers used Norman names for offices and processes. Associations with Norman names and Norman official habits gave a new turn to administrative functions which were in themselves of Anglo-Saxon origin. Professor Stubbs is of opinion that 'the infusion of a little that is Norman affects the whole system of the English,' and that 'nothing will ever make it as if that foreign element had never been there.' At the same time, he attaches far greater importance to the spirit in which the national institutions were worked by Norman administrators than to the actual and direct changes imported from the Norman duchy.

England owes no personal gratitude to the Conqueror and his sons. Their policy was purely selfish. It was, as Professor Stubbs describes it, 'a policy of combination whereby the strongest and safest elements in two nations were so united as to support one sovereign and irresponsible lord.' That, however, was precisely what England needed at the time. Anglo-Saxon England had been a collection of petty districts. All were occupied by men of similar institutions and modes of thought. But they lacked political unity. The Conqueror compelled the whole aggregation to feel the unity which comes of submission to a single central authority. He used the ancient institutions of the country to keep the king's peace in his kingdom. Jealous of the power of his nobles, he protected his Saxon subjects against them by a stern administration of law. It might be difficult to adduce actual evidence of popular co-operation with the Crown against the feudatories. Professor Stubbs says that 'the Crown humbled the baronage with the help of the people.' The actual triumph of the Crown over the baronage must be accepted as testimony that this was so. The Crown could not have conquered without the aid of the people. No proof is forthcoming that the people was ever consulted, or ever expressed any opinion in the matter. Barons rose against the king. The king, as king, summoned the people to his standard, and the barons were overcome. The king had in fact the assistance of the English people's bows and arrows; but it was inarticulate and scarcely self-conscious assistance. The English people was dumb for several generations after the Conquest. It, and the barons, and the Church alike were subjected to the dominion of law imposed by the royal power. The difference in the effect upon the three estates of royal predominance was that, under the firm administration of the sovereign, the popular estate grew, and the two other estates of the realm dwindled. The English commonalty evinced no special kindness for the mighty princes, the Conqueror, his son, and his great grandson, who coerced it and their common enemy. Professor Stubbs believes that it weighed down the scale in the royal favour on more than one occasion. He instances the rising of the barons in 1174 as a crisis when the bulk of the English people gave the victory to Henry II. But the facts he specifies imply that the success of the king was due to his own skill and the assistance of the new families which owed their grandeur to Henry I. It was more a victory of king and nobles over nobles than of king and people over an aristocracy. The importance of the defeat of the feudatories was that, in levelling them with the people, it gave the people natural leaders

against the Crown. By the time the Crown, left apparently without a rival, began to claim immunity from the control of law to which it had subjected barons and clergy, 'the three estates, trained in and by royal law, have learned how law can be applied to the very power that forced the lesson upon them.'

Down to the extortion of the Charter from the capricious despotism of John, English constitutional history consists of efforts by the sovereign to keep the peace of the realm among all orders and conditions of his subjects. Except in the fact that there is one supreme administrator, no sign is visible that there is such a thing as a nation. Runnymede itself scarcely reveals the existence of an English nation. Runnymede, however, shows the several classes which were to make a nation in coalition for their mutual benefit. The barons won the Charter by their swords, but they stipulated equal advantages for the commons with themselves. The subjugation of the Saxon people by the Norman Conquest, the crushing of baronial rebellions by the Williams and the Henries, the exhaustion of the great feudatories by the discords of the reign of Stephen, and the legislation, arrested though it was, of Henry II. against clerical usurpations, had borne fruit in the awakened consciousness of barons, bishops, yeomen, and burgesses, that they shared not so much a community of interests as a community of dangers. Magna Charta itself was only the seal and sign of a change due to the administrative reforms and strong government of William I., Henry I., and Henry II. William and the first Henry accepted, so far as they understood it, the Anglo-Saxon local machinery of administration; but they knitted the country together by adding the royal supremacy as a substantive element of every district court. Henry II. elaborated the local administration into a basis for a comprehensive central administration. Under his grandfather and great-grandfather the sheriff represented the king in every county. Under himself a judicial emanation from the Crown, in the shape of itinerant judges, carried the king's peace and justice direct into every shiremoot. To ensure that the royal mind was understood, and his prerogative felt throughout the land, at the courts in which the royal judges presided the whole country was bound to be represented. The new form which Henry gave to the jury system worked to the same end. 'When the need of representative institutions made itself felt, the mere concentration and adaptation of existing machinery supplied all that was required.' That need was scarcely felt yet. Henry II. had inspired a new meaning into the ancient administrative machinery, and Magna Charta showed that the nation, though scarcely yet, we think, aware, as Professor Stubbs supposes, of its own identity, was far advanced on the road to a perception of it. But the action and impulse had hitherto come from without. The organism had been created, for the most part, by royal jealousy of baronial power, and by baronial fears of royal power; it was now to 'grow into conscious life.'

Eighty years were not too many to affirm and to root in the national instincts the principles involved in the achievement of Runnymede. Thenceforward every instrument of administration, whatever its date or the purpose for which it was constructed, seemed convertible into an engine for the maintenance of self-government. Not all the creations, however, of the century after the reign of John endured. Many graceful but temporary superstructures were, as Professor Stubbs says, by the political dexterity of an age ingenious in every direction, raised upon the strong and ancient groundwork on which the edifice of the Constitution had already been begun. They dropped away as the established principles of English liberty gained strength, and worked out their own completion. Professor Stubbs is careful to distinguish the growth of constitutional mechanism from the growth of political ideas. We may well believe that the liberties enshrined in Magna Charta must surely have been won at some time or other by a people constituted like the English. That they were won at the particular time was due to the happy concurrence of political accidents. The confederation which had wrested the Charter from John fell to pieces at the moment of victory. It lost its main impulse and motive with the death of the tyrant. The false and impecunious despotism of Henry III. supplied new reasons for combinations in defence of freedom. Simon de Montfort gave the malcontents the aid of a vast political intelligence, which sought to secure the franchises of the nation by novel limitations of the powers of the Crown. Edward I. was a great sovereign, and clung eagerly to the extreme prerogative he felt himself capable of wielding for the benefit of his kingdom. But Henry's weak plots for the extension of personal government, the new securities devised against the Crown by De Montfort, the reluctance of Edward to sanction popular claims which tied his own hands, exerted but a temporary influ-

ence. They only retarded, or accelerated, or diverted for a moment the expansion from within of the 'constitutional mechanism.' That grew in conformity with its own laws. Its results in the eighty years which succeeded Runnymede were 'the completion and definition of the system of the three estates; the completion of the representative system, as based on the local institutions and divisions; and the clear definition of functions, powers, and spheres of action in Church and State, in Court and Council, in Parliament and Convocation, in legislature and judicature.' Circumstances and human agents were needed to give the constitutional mechanism motive force; set in motion, it was bound to move along a certain line.

Of the men who smoothed the course of constitutional progress most effectually, Professor Stubbs ranks Edward first. He places him before Simon de Montfort, whose very genius and patriotism endangered the regularity of constitutional development. Edward showed an intuitive perception of the development most natural to the machinery of English administration. To him personally Professor Stubbs traces 'the definite organisation of government, the definite arrangement of rights and jurisdictions, the definite elaboration of all departments, which mark this reign, and make it a fit conclusion of a period of growth.'

Edward is our Canon's hero. The keynote of English constitutional history is a series of tendencies pressing on, each after its own manner, to the production of a balance and co-ordinate representation and interdependence of the various elements of national life. Edward marched in advance, levelling the road along which these tendencies would in any case have impelled the English people. 'Edward saw what the nation was capable of, and adapted his constitutional reforms to that capacity.' The programme upon which he worked might have been in part forced upon him by circumstances. His great act of the *Confirmatio chartarum* was as little voluntary as the execution of the Charter by John. That, in Canon Stubbs's judgment, does not detract from his merits as an English sovereign. Unlike John he accepted facts; he recognised his own subjection to the irresistible force of the laws of the national being, as he exacted recognition of those laws from the barons and the clergy. Conscious of his own administrative genius, he might 'have preferred to keep in his own hands, and in those of his Council, the work of legislation, and probably that of political deliberation; while his sense of justice would have left the ordinary voting of taxation to the Parliament, as he constructed it in 1295 out of the three estates.' For twenty years he had been supreme lawgiver, just admitting his Council and the baronage to advise and consent. But his reforms developed a power to which he had himself to bow. They had indicated 'the ever-perceptible intention of placing each member of the body politic in direct and immediate relation with the royal power in justice, in war, and in taxation.' Thus they directly paved the way for the creation of the Parliament of 1295—'containing clergy and people by symmetrical representation, and a baronage limited and defined on a distinct system of summons.' Even the pressure exercised on him by this assembly's successor in 1297 was, though not an article of his programme, implied therein. It was the logical consummation of his most deliberate achievements in legislation.

Professor Stubbs laments the contrast between the spirit of the age which opens with the reign of Edward II., and that which is discerned in the reign of his father. The one is the age of chivalry, the other of heroism. In the reign of Edward I. great constitutional results flowed from the direct action of great lawgivers and the victory of acknowledged principles. In the subsequent reigns the struggles are contests of personal and family faction. They exhibit moral degradation glossed over with superficial refinement. Yet, as almost every variety of epoch in English history, the age has its constitutional value. The personal and dynastic feuds test the strength of the 'permanent mechanism' of the Constitution. The destruction they caused to the nobility enured to the advantage of the popular branch of the Legislature. The commons engaged in no mortal combat with the baronage. They simply looked on, and their power, 'standing, to some extent, outside the circle of the factions between which it arbitrates,' gained in proportion as that of their chief rival lost.

Not the deposition of Edward II. and Richard II., but the gradual preponderance of the commons in Parliament, is the critical fact of the reigns which followed that of Edward I. The Parliament, which was implied in the affirmation by Magna Charta of the rights of all classes, and foreshadowed in the national assemblies convoked by Simon de Montfort, but which sprang full-grown from the necessities of Edward I. in 1295, had in the following period to essay its weapons. The nation found its enemy no longer in the barons, but in court favourites. The rise of a court is the grand

irritant of popnlar snspicions during this period ; the extent to which the Parliament already represents the nation is manifested by its hostility to the court favourite of the time being. It is remarkahle how qnietly the kingdom accepted the apparently novel fact of the intervention of Parliament between itself and the other powers of the State. The facility with which the operation of the institution was acquiesced in is testimony to the familiarity of the idea to the national mind. When a nohle faction first strips Edward II. and Richard II. of their liberty of administration hy the choice of lords ordainers, and next dethrones them, the assent of Parliament is acknowledged by the victors to he a necessary condition. John of Gaunt employed Parliament as an instrument for secnring his predominance at conrt, and Richard hoped to make it a manageable instrument of prerogative. The accession of Henry IV., who could show no more than a parliamentary title, is the final confirmation of the anthority of an assembly which its election in the immemorial county courts forhade the country to regard as an innovation.

Professor Stubhs admires Edward I. ; hut ho despises the period which set in with his reign. 'The thirteenth century,' he considers, 'had the spirit without the letter of the constitutional programme ; the fourteenth had the letter with little of tho spirit.' The men who won the Great Charter, and defended its liherties under Henry III., had conceived an ideal, which they failed to realise. 'The Constitution grew rather according to their spirit than on the lines they had tried to trace.' Edward, 'hy completing the constitntion of Parliament, perfected the instrument which had been wanting to Simon de Montfort ; by completing administrative machinery he gave a tangible and visihle reality to the system for the control of which the king and the Parliament were henceforward to struggle.' Parliamentary privilege and royal prerogative thus became confronted with each other. The authors of Magna Charta and the party of Simon de Montfort had to devise special restrictions on the power of the Crown, which stood before the country as the one embodiment of secular authority. Through the positive form given to the national representation hy Edward I. a connter-authority was created : 'For the negative restrictions by which the Provisions of Oxford had limited the royal authority were substituted the directive principles which guided the national advance in the following century.'

One class of men believed in, as well as took advantage of, the political formula of Edward I., that 'what concerns all should be approved of all.' Men like Thomas of Lancaster and Thomas of Woodstock used the nation in Parliament as a convenient arhiter when they felt tolerahly sure that its award would be in their favonr. The Church, to which Canon Stuhbs, we think, ascribes somewhat more than its share of patriotism in the political stages which preceded the epoch of Edward I., later on had become, he admits, hampered hy its relations with the Papacy. It was losing the intimate sympathy with the nation which he supposes it to have previously felt. The town communities, in which the guilds were asserting their predominance, were developing their own institutions, bnt stood apart from the nation. The great merchants, he holds, had a natnral predilection for the side of royal anthority, which represented the country abroad, and which maintained, at any rate, mercantile security at home. The knights of the shires were the real depositaries of the constitutional tradition. The country was at times politically apathetic, and the House of Commons acquiesced in the predominance of Crown, Church, or haronage. At times the court could manipulate the elections, and the independent knights would be reduced to a handful. At times they might let themselves he made tools of a faction of nohles. If, however, there was any spirit of resistance in the nation or Parliament to tho Crown or some other power in the realm, the knights of the shires were sure to be its monthpiece. Even when serving a court faction they were loth to betray the privileges of Parliament. Elected in the county courts, and representing 'the local divisions of the realm which were coeval with the historical existence of the people of England,' they were 'the indestructihle element of the House of Commons.' The continuity of constitutional growth which this class of the community preserved gives political interest to an age which Professor Stubbs pronounces nnattractive from the point of view of patriotism, of literature, of the fine arts, of morality, and of religion. The principle of national representation must have been stnrdy which makes that an age of constitutional progress which was 'morally one of decline, and intellectually one of blossom rather than fruit.'

If the fourteenth century was weak, Professor Stuhhs condemns the fifteenth as degraded. Futility of purpose, cruelty, immorality, utter selfishness, and meanness, he regards as the characteristics of the age which glorified Warwick the King-maker,

and terminated in the executive absolutism of the Tudors. To his eyes, which are the eyes of an expert, the very penmanship marks the gradations of decadence. The writing of the fourteenth century, if it is 'coarse and blurred compared with the exquisite elegance of the thirteenth,' is preferable to 'the vulgar neatness and deceptive regularity of the fifteenth.' Even the Parliamentary constitution, which had in the previous century ripened to mechanical perfection, in the fifteenth expanded scarcely at all in its machinery or its functions. Yet it entered upon the century with a promise of a fulness of vitality which should obscure all preceding stages of development. The House of Lancaster might put forth hereditary claims to the throne; but it ruled in fact by a parliamentary title. Richard was dethroned for attempting to govern, not so much ill, as by his own will. Henry accepted the Parliament as a coadjutor in the work of government with the Crown. The royal council had been gradually growing in power; and the Lancastrian sovereigns admitted the right of Parliament to interfere with the selection of its members. The present system, by which ministers are virtually appointed by Parliament, was thus commenced in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The sequel proved how altogether premature this system was. Parliament, which ruled as well as deliberated and legislated under the House of Lancaster, was reduced to a barren and intermittent debating society, or registrar of the monarch's will, by Edward IV. Professor Stubbs remarks that, 'if the only object of constitutional history were the investigation of the origin and powers of Parliament, the study of the subject might be suspended at the deposition of Richard II., to be resumed under the Tudors.' So broad a statement may appear inconsistent with subsequent descriptions of the extent to which Parliament controlled the choice of the royal counsellors, and co-operated loyally and successfully with Henry V.'s great Continental enterprise. Mr. Stubbs means that Parliament in this period assumed no new attributes which had not to be fought for and won in after times just as if they had never been asserted under Henry IV., his son, and his grandson.

The deference of the Lancastrian kings to their Parliaments was a sign, not so much of the energy of the Parliaments, as of the weakness of the kings. Personally the first two of those princes were far from weak. Henry IV. was an astute statesman. Henry V. is pronounced to be the greatest king of his age in Christendom. But the royal authority was weak. Throughout the Lancastrian period the general complaint was of a want of 'governance.' Social order was broken up. The sovereign, conscious of inability to deal with the elements of effervescence, sought to compose them by the assistance of Parliament, which represented the same restless influences.

Professor Stubbs dwells on the alterations the fifteenth century witnessed in national life, mind, and character, in the relations of classes, and in the balance of political forces. He is of opinion that these changes were 'far greater than the English race had gone through since the Norman Conquest, greater in some respects than it has experienced since it became a consolidated Christian nation.' The causes display themselves from the opening of the sixteenth century in more direct connexion with their results; but they had, he believes, been working long and deeply in the fifteenth century. The old frontiers and partition walls of society were dissolving, and the new boundaries had not been constructed. Here is the real explanation of the failure of the Lancastrian kings, and the depravation of the fifteenth century. Strong administrators, like Henry IV. and Henry V., could not control a disturbing principle like Lollardism, half social, half theological. Parliaments, which were divided between the new theology and the old, were in vain invited to aid the king in crushing a perturbation which was in the air. Lollardism is only an example of a general upheaval in national existence. With great judges presiding in the courts of law, the laws were broken on every side; class oppressed class; and robbery desolated the land. There was abundance of wealth in the country; but the people grudged the State the pecuniary assistance it needed, and the Crown, in spite of the great Lancaster inheritance added to the royal domains, was chronically and miserably poor. Edward IV. had a stronger will than Henry VI.; and Canon Stubbs credits him with 'a sincere endeavour to restore domestic peace and enforce the law.' Yet, he adds, 'the country enjoyed under him scarcely more security than it had under his predecessor.' His personal force enabled him to maintain and intensify the royal prerogative. Parliament, in his reign, did not share the throne and appoint the sovereign's ministers. But the process of exterminating the feudal noblesse had to be carried a little further before the Crown was able at once to assert its absolute prerogative and keep the peace of the land. The third estate

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could make head against the Crown so long as the other national forces, the nobles and the Church, were present to help. Confronted by the royal prerogative, the Church neutralised, the nobles extirpated, its own spokesmen, the knights of the shires, compromised in the evil fortunes of their great feudal neighbours, it could do no more than hand on the tradition of its co-ordinate power in the Constitution to the Eliots, and Hampdens, and Pyms of the seventeenth century.

The curtain falls upon the period which ends the history of 'the origin and development of English constitutional history,' with English constitutional liberties in abeyance. Happily, the Yorkist rule was a mere break in the continuity of constitutional progress. The Tudor absolutism itself, which seemed the collapse of representative liberties, was in reality a period of repose during which the national energies were collecting their forces. 'The Constitution,' says our author, 'had in its growth outrun the capacity of the nation; the nation needed rest and renewal, discipline and reformation, before it could enter into the enjoyment of its birthright.'

Students of English constitutional history have a solace which other national histories do not always yield. Canon Stubbs reminds his readers that 'political progress does not advance in a single line, and political wisdom is the heirloom of no one class of society.' Various political factors contribute to the history of a people. Their combinations and their antagonisms modify, and accelerate, and sometimes stop altogether or reverse the course of development. In other countries, one factor or another has often not only monopolised power, but stifled its rivals. For a period of eight hundred years England has escaped any such danger. There has been 'an age of ecclesiastical prevision, an age of baronial precaution, an age of municipal pretension; of country policy, of mercantile policy, of artisan aspiration.' First one class influence and then another has coloured the national policy, each in its turn 'putting forth its best side in the struggle for power, showing its worst side in the possession and retention of it.' A happy peculiarity of English history has been that when a class has done its best and its worst, and has faded back into obscurity, its good is found to live after it, its evil to have perished. The supremacy of one tendency does not forbid the successive supremacy of others. Contemporaries of Lancastrian and Yorkist princes could not be expected to detect the dawn beyond the night. We can see that 'the worn-out helpless age, that calls for pity without sympathy,' as the Plantagenets leave the stage, is not the end.

The lesson of English constitutional history is addressed not to the scholar only, but to the practical politician. What has been, we may fairly anticipate, will be. Englishmen who trace the difficulties and dangers their Constitution has survived, plucking good out of every misfortune, drawing up the good, as Canon Stubbs puts it, 'through' the evil, may oppose a robust faith in the solid basis of English balanced freedom to timorous or interested auguries of calamity. Barons, churchmen, merchants, manufacturers, have each contributed an useful element to 'the great march of national well-being.' 'What organic changes the further extension of political power to the labourer in town and country may bring, our children may live to see.' We need not be afraid for them.

This 'Constitutional History of England in its Origin and its Development' is a history of England told with the one view of tracing the growth of the English Constitution. In reading constitutional history 'we have,' writes Professor Stubbs, 'to deal with principles and institutions first, and with men, great or small, mainly as working the institutions and exemplifying the development of the principles.' A writer of constitutional history has in some measure to reverse the process. Institutions and principles can be observed only in the concrete. The historian of a constitution has to 'divide and rule out his design by the epochs of reigns of kings and the lives of other great men.' But the events are recorded and the characters drawn by him for the principles they embody or illustrate. Constant reference must be made back to stages which had been already reached in an institution; and the reader has to be reminded continually how the same lesson was taught by former incidents. Canon Stubbs apologises for the fact that 'the necessity of finding one string by which to give an unity to the course of so varied an inquiry, has involved the further necessity of long narrative chapters and much unavoidable repetition.' No excuse was required. His readers see principles realised and institutions growing as in no other way would have been possible. They receive, thrown in, a series of marvellously vivid photographs of the classes and the men that have guided England through successive crises. As we are transported from peak to peak of history, the plains and valleys of national life unfold themselves before our eyes. Such an enterprise has never before been

achieved. Formerly it could scarcely have been attempted. Mr. Hallam did all that learning, and candonr, and keenness of insight, and idefatigable industry, could accomplish. But he was ahle only to sink, as it were, a shaft here and there, and bring np ore for experimental assay. Professor Stuhhs rarely, if ever, finds cause to dissent from Mr. Hallam's intuitive conclusions; but he proves them hy assigning each its proper place in a comprehensive whole. The treasnres of the Record Office have enabled him to map ont the English Constitntion with an unity beyond the scope of Mr. Hallam's materials. Thero are still nnsound spots. He looks forward eagerly to a time when 'the ancient towns of England shall reveal their municipal records,' and their special part in constitutional history be explained. Now, however, we know at all events where the mist lies thickest, and the earth offers unsafe footing. The unsound localities can he identified and feneed round till the occasion is ripe for exploring them.

Professor Stnbbs is so rich in knowledge and bountiful in imparting it that his readers, whatever the special aspect of history in which they take more special interest, may feel tolerably snre that they have only to seek and they will find. It may be only a tonch, and the historian of the Constitution has passed on. Yet the tonch leaves a clne more informing than a learned monograph by another writer. From the Profes-sor's pages who will may learn how the ages dnring which the drama of the Constitntion has been acted differ from each other; how the classes differ which have, one after the other, played the principal parts in it; how the men differ who have forestalled, or obstructed, or impersonated its various stages.

There is the Anglo-Saxon period, when township resembled township, and county connty, not becanse all were parts of a single country, bnt because the members of each shared kindred blood, and were trained in similar circumstances. 'The cohesion of the nation was greatest in its lowest ranges. Kent, Devonshire, Northumhria, had a corporate life which England had not.' The Englishman beforo the Conqnest cherished a strong sense of social freedom withont mnch care abont political power. He accepted Cannte, who did not change the laws or cnstoms which regulated his daily life. He abhorred the Norman Conqnest. His anger was stirred not by the nsnrpation of the throne of Cerdic, hnt by the intrusion of new lords who did not understand, or who despised, his traditions and local customs. So far as the Dnke of Normandy made common cause against the enemies of Saxon institutions, the Saxon accepted him. If he felt no sentiment of personal loyalty for a foreign prince, that sentiment had been felt very feebly for the princes of his own race. His training was of a kind to call forth 'mnch self-reliance and little patriotism.' There was an English nation, bnt it was a nation in solution.

The Norman age, which ended with the death of Stephen, had, like the Anglo-Saxon age, its failnre and its sncoess. The Anglo-Saxons made good neighbours, hnt lukewarm citizens. The Norman period introduced a tyranny into every township. On the other hand, it educated men to look for protection against the despot at their doors to an authority which represented the nation. It was 'the period of the trial and failnre of fendality;' it was also 'the epoch of the growth of a new administrative system, having the source of its strength in the royal power.' Under this system all constitntional power radiated from the person, the honsehold, the court, and the conncil of the king. The king was head of the State, as had been Edgar and Canute. He was also lord paramount of the whole of the land. As natural champion of his people he stood between oppressor and oppressed; as supreme landlord he had the right and the duty to intervene between lord and tenant. In the roign of Stephen the facts ceased ntterly to correspond to this theory of English royalty. The theory itself grew to be a regret and an aspiration. In that dark interregnnm feudality, the principle of the age antagonistic to the idea of royalty, was let loose npon the country. By the simple feudal principle each lord answered to his conscience for his own tenants; his snperior lord held him accountable for hreaches of fendal obligations to himself. The oath which the Conqneror imposed npon mesne tenants, as well as tenants in chief, showed his determination to make allegiance to the sovereign a constant term in all the political relations of his subjects with one another. Norman harons had always striven against this theory. The license of the war hetween Stephen and Matilda proved to Saxon and Norman alike to what extent nobles could be trusted to be judges in their own canse.

With the sixty years between the accession of Henry I. and the Charter of Rnnnymede we enter npon a new period. Professor Stnbbs demonstrates how then the open alliance of the Church and the tacit alliance of the people enabled the sovereign to curb

the fendal spirit, and the alliance of the barons enabled him to curtail the immunities which were denationalising the Church. The Great Charter is a test of the degree to which administrative reform and resolutely equal government had made the period which followed the Peace of Wallingford a period 'of amalgamation, of consolidation, of continuous growing together, and new development.' The history of England for the eighty years which followed Runnymede is declared by Professor Stubbs to be the narrative of a continuous struggle, with varying fortunes, between the nation and the king for the enjoyment of the liberties affirmed by the Charter, or for safeguards of those liberties. It was the heroic age of English politics, when barons and churchmen leagued together for the commonwealth. Patriotism did not always choose its means wisely, but at each halting-place of the conflict 'something is seen to be gained, something consolidated, something defined, something reorganised on a better principle.' The end was a parliament so constituted that 'it remains, with necessary modifications and extensions, the model of representative institutions at this day,' and a scheme of legislation so soundly based as to have 'anticipated and almost superseded constructive legislation for two centuries.' The fourteenth century, the age of chivalry, is, in Canon Stubbs's view, an age of 'private and political faction, of selfish foreign wars, of treason laws and judicial murders, of social rebellion and religious division.' But it is also a period signalised by the gradual recognition of the House of Commons as representative of the mass and body of the nation. The reign of John had exhibited the king on one side, the nation, impersonated by the barons, on the other. The reign of Edward I. had concentrated the three estates of the realm in a national assembly. The reigns of Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II. revealed the third estate as 'foremost of the three.'

The political interest of the Lancastrian period consists, Professor Stubbs thinks, in the fact that 'it contains not only the foundation, consolidation, and destruction of a fabric of dynastic power, but, parallel with it, the trial and failure of a great constitutional experiment, a premature testing of the strength of the parliamentary system.' The Yorkist period which succeeds can hardly be said to have any distinct political or constitutional interest. It is a kind of episode in English history, a time of government by court-martial under constitutional forms. It and the Lancastrian period may, however, be taken together as having a deeper interest than their political characteristics would impart in the social and intellectual and theological revolution of which the causes, though they produced their effects in the sixteenth century, began, as Professor Stubbs explains, to work in the fifteenth.

Canon Stubbs has the interest of an ecclesiastic in the early fortunes of his order. In a work written for the Delegates of the Oxford University Press by the Oxford Regius Professor of Modern History, the importance of the Church in English history was not likely to be slurred over. The Professor's facts are seldom to be criticised, his conclusions are always candid. Yet, perhaps, a layman writing for a different body of readers might have dwelt somewhat less solicitously on the political preeminence of Churchmen. Certainly the part played by the Church presents a strangely different aspect in the pages of Hume, or even Hallam, and in those of Professor Stubbs. The Church he exhibits as something more than the civiliser of Anglo-Saxon barbarism, the educator, the pioneer of all the arts, including agriculture. These merits have always been allowed. But, in the Professor's pages, the Church figures in addition as 'for ages the substitute for the cohesion which the divided nation was otherwise unable to realise.' Mercians and West Saxons felt at any rate that they were Englishmen as members of one English national Church. 'The ecclesiastical and the national spirit growing into one another supplied something at least of that strong passive power which the Norman despotism was unable to break.' The Conqueror did not desire to break it. He filled up sees with Normans; but it was done on the advice of Lanfranc, and he and Lanfranc were at one in using the Church as a counterpoise to Norman feudalism. The Church supplied the human machinery of administration by which the Conqueror and Henry I. compacted Norman and Saxon into a nation. When the Crown was a rampart against fendal tyranny, the Church ranged itself on its side. When the Crown became the danger to liberty, the Church allied itself with the barons, and helped to extort Magna Charta. Later on the claims of the Papacy seduced or intimidated the English Church into holding aloof from national politics. The body of the clergy preferred to legislate apart in Convocation, when they might doubtless have asserted their claim to be represented directly in the House of Commons. Yet to the very close of mediæval history, and even beyond its boundaries, the Church is shown by Profes-

sor Stubbs to have furnished the most successful and skilful of advisers and ministers of the Crown. He fears that the blending of episcopal with secular duties may have been to the damage of the former; he allows that towards the close of the middle ages the English Church lost its purity, and became selfish, luxurious, and debased. But he asserts that, while the English Constitution was still in the rudimentary stage, the State gained immensely by being administered by statesmen whose first ideas of order were based on conscience and law rather than on brute force. The administrative vigour and success of these ecclesiastical chancellors and justiciars must be allowed even by those who are less assured than seems Professor Stubbs of the sympathy between them and the nation they administered. We reckon, nevertheless, the fashion of using ecclesiastics in public administration as not the least among the many evils of the Conquest. A foreign and intrusive dynasty was unable by the circumstances of its origin to have native secular counsellors. It was equally unable, from jealousy of the power it had been compelled to accumulate in the hands of its companions in usurpation, to choose Norman secular ministers. An almost necessary but a very dangerous consequence was that it was compelled to introduce into English monarchical policy a habit of relying upon the advice of persons whose duty to Rome was always liable to conflict with their duty to their country.

The barons were the great enemies of the English nation from the Conquest to the death of Stephen. With Henry II. a new order of nobility arose, founded by men who had acquired rank and wealth as the king's counsellors. These gradually grew into natural leaders of the English people. The nobility had suffered like the rest of the nation from John's oppressions. This was the motive for their league against him. When, however, they had once risen, they fought for the redress, not of their class grievances only, but of those of the nation at large. Professor Stubbs is satisfied from the internal evidence of the Charter that 'the demands of the barons were no selfish exaction of privilege for themselves.' He recognises in a less degree the title of Simon de Montfort's baronial companions to the gratitude of Englishmen. The barons who extorted from Edward I. the *Confirmatio chartarum*, and who supported Thomas of Lancaster and his avengers in the next reign, benefited England. But this was an accident. Their motive, it is intimated, was the gratification of their own stolid jealousy or selfish ambition. He is wrathful with Earls Bohun and Bigod for refusing obedience to an unlawful command of Edward I. Looking back with the wisdom of six centuries' distance, he cannot understand how 'the self-restraint and moderation which Edward had hitherto practised' should have been so 'sadly unappreciated.' At the same time, he admits that the nobles, 'on the whole, betray no jealousy of popular liberty; they do not object to share with the commons the advantages that their resistance has gained; they see, if they do not fully realise, the unity of the national interest, whenever and wherever it is threatened by the Crown.' In the next two centuries the barons cease to be national champions altogether. They do not relapse into the feudal ogres of the time of Stephen. In a way they even continue to lead the nation. But they are blind leaders of the blind. Their factions and intrigues against the Crown, or in favour of one or other pretender to it, have none but personal objects. A student of constitutional history might even rejoice at their mutual extinction, except that the consequent privation of a counterpoise to the monarch delivered the nation bound hand and foot to the tender mercies of Tudor prerogative.

As we have already seen, Professor Stubbs assigns a first place to the second order of feudal nobility, the knights of the shires, among the champions of national liberty and unity. He will not say that their policy was an independent or class policy, or that they were always on the right side. The adherence of many of them to Wycliffite tenets he ascribes to the Wycliffite advocacy of the confiscation of clerical goods. When Henry VIII. carried out this Wycliffite policy, the descendants of the knights who had supported the Wycliffite party in the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. realised their covetous dream. Sometimes in English politics all sides were equally narrow-minded and self-seeking. But when there was a right side and a national policy prevailed in Parliament, Professor Stubbs finds that it prevailed by the help of the knights of the shires. Different sections of the unennobled land-owning class at various periods monopolised the chief portion of the county representation. An examination of the lists enables Professor Stubbs to assert that the humbler lords of manors, often of Saxon descent, served when the office was more burdensome than honourable; the owners of several manors would be elected 'when political quarrels were increasing the im-

portance of the office,' and those of semi-baronial rank and possessions 'when political considerations became supreme.' Thus, though the earlier Parliaments of Edward I. are largely composed of the highest class of knights, such as a Balliol, a Percy, a Fitz-Randolph, from the beginning of the fourteenth century small local proprietors, bearing pure English names, such as Burton, Thornton, Bolton, form the majority. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century better-known names are found, and at the close of the middle ages appear members of baronial families.

The yeomanry were doubtless possessed of a certain political weight. A yeoman was a freeholder, and therefore independent, so far as an income of forty shillings constituted independence. But the younger branches of his family often had to trust for their advance in life to the favour of the neighbouring baron or other great proprietor. It is likely that their independence consisted then, as now, mainly in the liberty to choose between one and another county magnate. Their class formed, Professor Stubbs is of opinion, one of the links between town and country. The younger sons of the yeomen sought their livelihood commonly in trade. The precise political position of the townsman is much more obscure than that of the yeoman. 'The influence of the town members in the House of Commons can,' he says, 'be scarcely detected all throughout the middle ages except in two or three very narrow points.' The citizens of London joined the confederacy of the barons against John. The mayor of London is among the twenty-five personages to whom the execution of the Charter is confided. But generally Professor Stubbs discovers in the represented classes of the towns 'a distinct insensibility as to the great questions at stake between the king and the nation, and as to the line on which political liberty was ultimately to advance.' Town politics were more interesting to the citizen than national politics. Nothing can mark more vividly the difference between modern England and mediæval England. On the nature of internal municipal politics the historian is equally in the dark. But there the want is of records within reach; we know well there was no absence of active and stirring life. Citizens were careless about the doings of Parliament chiefly because each city had a little Parliament of its own which absorbed their interest. Particulars of this inner life, however, are not yet accessible. It is a disgrace to the public spirit of corporations that Professor Stubbs should have to lament his inability, on account of the scattered nature of the materials within his reach, to formulate 'any law of municipal progress.'

Anglo-Saxon England had been broken up into townships, and hundreds, and shires. Anglo-Norman England was divided between Saxons and Normans. England, when there were neither Saxons nor Normans, but only Englishmen, remained divided still. The division was between class and class, and the wars of the Roses were required to level, or begin to level, those walls of partition. There is, writes Professor Stubbs, very little evidence to show that our forefathers, at any rate in the middle ranks of life, desired to set any impassable boundary between class and class. The great barons might wish to isolate themselves, but the class was continually being recruited from the official and military ranks. The country knight approached very close to the baron; the city magnate was a link between the country squire and the tradesman; the tradesman and the yeoman claimed cousinship. Even villeins intruded, in spite of class legislation, into the Church and the city guilds. The English spirit was not a caste spirit. That it was not is sufficiently demonstrated by the generous attempts to spread education, the best that the age could impart, throughout all orders of the population. Had the faculty of reading, Professor Stubbs remarks, not been widely diffused, Lollardism would have been incapable of its secret propagandism. Yet, though mediæval England encouraged facilities for rising from class to class, it was rife nevertheless in 'estranging and dividing influences, by which interest was set against interest, estate against estate.' There were the clergy and the laity, the landowners and the landless, the freeholder and the leaseholder, the employer of labour and the labourer. Laws on apparel, sumptuary laws, and labour laws showed the tendency of English life to run into eddies and silt up the avenues of national life with social sand-banks.

The heroes of Professor Stubbs are the men of sympathies too wide to be content with representing a single strain of local or class feeling, or of individuality so vigorous as to draw within its orbit not a class, but the nation. Such are the kings, and prelates, and barons, upon whose careers he loves to linger. He summons to the bar of history, one by one, the monarchs who have attempted to control the course of events. Each he questions to find whether his gifts were used, consciously or unconsciously, to nationalise England or to denationalise it. By the answer, in his court,

kings stand or fall. His theory of the right method for an historian of the Constitution to pursue renders his volumes a gallery of royal portraits. His verdicts upon acts and their doers are not always the popular verdicts enshrined in ballads and dramas. But he rears a mighty scaffolding of facts about every character he constructs. Before the structure within can be torn to pieces, the facts must be demolished. The facts, however, which he instances are mere samples of the treasure upon which he can draw for the justification of his conclusions.

In these pages William I. is trusted by his new subjects, though they fear him. Hard, exacting, oppressive, he is yet 'a law to himself.' The supposed founder of feudalism 'preferred the forms of ancient royalty to the more ostentatious position of a feudal conqueror.' His counsellor Lanfranc was 'a statesman as well as a theologian, a lawyer as well as a scholar, and in feeling quite as much an Englishman as a Norman; he was an Italian too, and therefore, perhaps, not a papalist.' Henry I. was 'a strong ruler, with a clear view of his own interests, methodical, sagacious, and farsighted; his selfish aims dictated the policy that gave peace and order to his people; destroying his enemies he destroyed theirs; and by enforcing order he paved the way for law. Such a king neither expects nor deserves love; but the result of his rule is better than that of many who are called benefactors.' There could be no more admirable expansion of the Saxon chronicler's epitaph on the monarch, who was at once a Norman and a great administrator: 'He made peace for men and deer.' Saxons had not yet been disciplined by the reign of Stephen to appreciate the merits of an even, though hard, rule. They groaned under it as much because it was even as because it was hard. Every schoolboy knows that Stephen was 'gifted with neither a strong will nor a clear head.' Those negative qualities explain his ill-government, but not his accession. The necessary lights are added to the shadows: 'He was a brave man, merciful and generous, and had had considerable military experience.' Henry II. was

'of keen, bright intellect, patient, laborious, methodical; ambitious within certain well-defined limits, tenacious of power, ingenious even to minuteness in expedients, prompt and energetic in execution, at once unscrupulous and cautious. His private vices made no mark on his public career; and he continued to the last a most industrious, active, and business-like king. There was nothing in him of the hero, and of the patriot scarcely more than an almost instinctive knowledge of the needs of his people, a knowledge which can scarcely ever be said to be the result of sympathy.'

When Professor Stubbs finds the evidence in a state of drawn battle, he states opposing theories, and leaves his readers to choose. So he does when he has to characterise Thomas à Becket. That Becket was a great legislator and administrator is unquestionable. The chief measures which have associated the reign of Henry II. indelibly with the English Constitution were planned when he was Chancellor. But he threw off the statesman and became simply an ecclesiastic. Clergy, after the Conquest, are classified by Professor Stubbs in several divisions. There were the officials who had been provided for by Church preferment, like Bishop Roger of Salisbury, and there were the professional ecclesiastics, like Stephen's brother, Henry of Winchester, who intervened in secular quarrels to compel submission of the dispute to clerical mediation. Thirdly, there were the 'saints,' who, in organising the State or promoting ecclesiastical supremacy, are, or pretend to be, seeking 'first and last what seems to them to be the glory of God.' Becket 'lived through all three phases, and friends and enemies to the present day debate to which of the two divisions of the last class his life and death assign him.' Was he another Anselm? Was he, again, 'the fanatic who is ambitious of martyrdom, or the hypocrite who will endure the risks of persecution provided he obtains the honour of popularity?' Professor Stubbs does not say that he sides with Becket's enemies; he assuredly esteems the archbishop neither an Anselm nor a martyr.

For a king like Richard I. he has no more tolerance than for one like Stephen. He holds military skill and prowess, splendour, poetic feeling, and adventurousness, no palliation for a prince's 'entire want of sympathy, or even consideration,' for his subjects. One whose ambition was that of a mere warrior, who 'would fight for anything whatever, but would sell everything that was worth fighting for,' is simply 'a bad king.' He has gained, perhaps, in popular estimation by the transcendent defects of his successor. Utter incapacity for government is the one unpardonable sin in a king; in John it was aggravated by 'every crime that could disgrace a man.' 'A faithless son, a treacherous brother, an ungrateful master,' he was 'to his people a hated tyrant.' William Rufus had been all this; he is pronounced to be 'a foul incarnation of selfishness in its most abhorrent form, the enemy of God and man.' Rufus,

however, had at least a strong will. Canon Stubbs is intolerant of a man who, though 'not devoid of natural ability, craft, or energy, with his full share of the personal valour and accomplishments of his house,' yet 'lost half his inheritance by sloth, and ruined and desolated the rest.' A prince like this is naturally 'the very worst of all our kings.'

John's character was consistently and uniformly vicious; his son's was more particoloured. But the Canon, when he has to judge a king, cannot reckon the fact that he is 'pious, and, in an ordinary sense, virtuous, accomplished, refined, liberal, magnificent,' compensation for an utter absence 'of all elements of greatness.' As sovereigns, John and Henry III. were, in some measure, counterparts. 'Unlike his father, who was incapable of receiving any impression, Henry was so susceptible of impressions that none of them could last long; John's heart was of millstone, Henry's of wax; yet they had in common a certain feminine quality of irresolute pertinacity which it would be a mockery to call elasticity.'

All that Henry, as a ruler, was not, Simon de Montfort was. Canon Stubbs admires the great baron 'in whose hand the idea of representative government ripened;' but he eulogises Simon's career by negatives. He is grateful for what Simon did not, even more than for what he did. If he rejoices in the earl's original successes, he rejoices at least equally in his final failure.

'Had he lived longer, the prospect of the throne might have opened before him, and he might have become a destroyer instead of a saviour. He cannot be called happy in the opportunity of his death; yet it may have been best for England that he lived no longer. He was greater as an opponent of tyranny than as a deviser of liberties; the fetters imposed on royal autocracy, cumbrous and entangled as they were, seem to have been an integral part of his policy; the means he took for admitting the nation to self-government wear very much the form of an occasional or party expedient, which a longer tenure of undivided power might have led him either to develope or to discard.'*

Professor Stubbs questions whether, 'with all his popularity, he understood the nation, or they him.' He speaks of De Montfort as Henry's 'brilliant rival.' So he appeared to the contemporaries of both; in the history of constitutional development he has a worthier and more real antagonist in Edward I. Simon's final triumph might have cost Edward his inheritance; the success he actually won gave national development a bias which Edward could not have resisted had he desired it. As it was, he became, politically, Simon's heir and executor. 'Truthful, honourable, temperate, and chaste; frugal, cautious, resolute; great in counsel, ingenious in contrivance, rapid in execution,' successful in 'defining and completing' the national institutions which Henry II. had reorganised,' he was, over and above all this, 'a law-abiding king, one who kept his word.'

The next three kings, distinct as they are in character, are yet shown to stand in a more similar relation to the development of the Constitution than might be supposed from the popular estimate of them. The common impression of the first is that he was a slothful, cowardly, incapable tool of degraded favourites; of the second, that he is the glory of the English monarchy, to be ranked with, perhaps before, Henry V.; of the third, that he was rash and headstrong, the victim of a wily rival whom he had not the art and statecraft to match. Professor Stubbs does not contradict the traditional view of Edward II., though he draws the lineaments with a more subtle hand than previous English historians. While, however, leaving Edward II. in the low place to which he has always been consigned, he connects him with his son and great-grandson not less by differences than by resemblances.

Edward II. was not the mere coward that Walter Scott has contrasted, in his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' with Bruce. He possessed the instinctive courage of his house, and 'some share of the chivalrous qualities that are impersonated in his son.' With this, and a fair face and strong limbs, all that is good in the man ends. He had 'no policy beyond the cunning of unscrupulous selfishness, no kingly pride or sense of duty, no industry, or shame, or piety.' He was 'the first king since the Conquest who was not a man of business well acquainted with the routine of government.' His faults are quite as much negative as positive; his character is not so much vicious as devoid of virtue.' Apologists have endeavoured to show that he inherited enmities provoked by his father's revolutions in administration, and which his father had never troubled himself to train him to baffle. Our Canon will not suffer such a slur on the monarch he supremely honours. Edward II., he declares, 'deliberately defied his father's counsels.' If, as is admitted, he was the object of bitter hostility, on the other hand 'he did nothing to prove

* Vol. ii. pp. 99–100.

that he was worthy of better treatment.' 'His reign is a tragedy, but one that lacks in its true form the element of pity.' The Professor loathes Isabella and Mortimer as the instruments of Edward's downfall, and even declares his fate 'undeserved;' but he denies that it invites or justifies sympathy.

Edward III., unlike his father, has always enjoyed not sympathy only, but admiration. He was ambitious, and he was a triumphant warrior, who had his bard in Froissart. His subjects were proud of his successes, and England gained from them 'a new consciousness of unity and importance.' It gained still more indirectly. He had to barter away his prerogatives for supplies, and the Constitution owes much to the reign. To the king his country 'owes no gratitude for patriotism, sagacity, or industry.' This 'gentle, gay, and splendid ideal king of chivalry' was 'unscrupulous, selfish, extravagant, and ostentatious.' 'Like Richard I., he valued England primarily as a source of supplies, and his nation bought its glory by blood, treasure, and agony of many sorts.' He had a certain suppleness, and knew how to retire from an untenable position; but he exalted the theory of the royal prerogative in proportion to the practical growth of Parliamentary and national privilege. To his grandson he bequeathed a tradition of absolutism which destroyed him. His creation of appanages for his children had its fruit in the wars of the Roses. The evils of the next century, while 'they caused men to look back upon his age as an age of gold, were all results of his foolish policy and selfish designs.' The picture is a dark one. We do not know if it be not darker than that drawn of his hapless father.

The Black Prince has no special place in English constitutional history, and no special character is drawn of him by Professor Stubbs. That he does not stir the Professor's enthusiasm may be inferred from the incidental comparison subsequently between him and Henry V.'s wise brother, the Duke of Bedford. The latter, we are told, 'although with a far higher type of character, in some points resembled the Black Prince.' From Edward III. we pass to Richard II.; and here Professor Stubbs confesses himself at fault. Richard's own contemporaries appear to have regarded him as frivolous and passionate. Canon Stubbs dare not contradict contemporary judgment; he simply describes results. The results are that, if mental excitement akin to madness conceived the design which was consummated in the Parliament of September 1397, it simulated, at any rate, very dexterously the effects of 'labour, and self-restraint, and patience, combined with unscrupulous craft and unflinching promptitude of action.' Richard maintained the extreme theory of prerogative, and 'he obtained the consent of the nation to the statement that his royal power was supreme.' 'Every step of the great constitutional change which he contemplated was carefully taken with cautious reference to precedent and respect to the formal rights of the estates.' When Henry of Lancaster returned, our author seems surprised that the king should have resigned himself to his doom. He assumes that Richard was 'wanting at the crisis, and had lost all nerve and power to meet it.' On this one point we cannot concur with the Professor. If we read the king's character aright, he was a gambler who could stake all upon a die, and who knew when he had lost. He played for an absolute throne, and saw, sooner even than Henry, that he had blown a mere bubble, and that it had burst. He could build up a theory out of the principles on which Edward III. had ruled, or endeavoured to rule; but he had neither the patience of a Tudor to let his theory mature slowly into precedent, nor the pliable readiness of his grandfather to be 'content with the substance of power.' Professor Stubbs rejoices that Richard was foiled in his plot against the national liberties; but he will not compare a man who, however erring, was kingly, with a prince to whom, and not to Richard, the reproach of 'the skipping king,' who 'ambled up and down with shallow jesters,' really applies. He confronts the dethroned prisoner of Pomfret with the 'magnanimous, chivalrous king, who had left him heir to difficulties he could not overcome.' The balance, in his judgment, would probably incline against the brilliant conqueror of Cressy.

Professor Stubbs abandons the personal character of Richard as 'a problem.' Of Richard's supplanter, too, he says: 'There is scarcely one in the whole line of our kings of whose personality it is so difficult to get a definite idea.' That is to say, definite ideas, or what seem to be such, can be formed of Henry of Derby and Henry IV.; but the two characters do not tally. 'As Henry of Derby, he is the adventurous, chivalrous crusader; prompt, energetic, laborious; the man of impulse rather than of judgment; led sometimes by his uncle Gloucester, sometimes by his father; yet independent in action, averse to bloodshed; strong in constitutional beliefs.' As king, he is 'suspicious, cold-blooded, and

politic, undecided in action, cautious and jealous in private and public relations, and, if not personally cruel, willing to sanction and profit hy the cruelty of others.' Tbe Canon holds that Henry never failed in fealty to the Cburch and to his theory of constitutional liberties. He persecuted the Lollards, and he governed throngh his parliaments. It is the personal temperament which Canon Stnbbs finds altogethor changed. He can acconnt for it only on the supposition that the king's notorious love of casuistical argument tormented his conscience with remorse for his usurpation, and that the physical disease of bis later years 'affected both the halance of his mind and the strength of his ruling hand.' We must confess to feeling scarcely the full force of the incongruity. In Henry's political tergiversations at the earlier stages of his career, where Canon Stubbs sees 'good faith and honest intent rather than policy or foresight,' we see a love of intrigue and determination to be on the winning side. Henry of Derby was courteous, and apparently frank hy policy. Henry IV. douhtless was as enamoured of applause as Henry of Derhy; he would bave been glad still to 'pluck allegiance from men's hearts.' But he had too many comrades in his adventurous assault npon the Crown always ready to 'nphraid his gain of it by their assistances.' He could not easily reconcile his new majesty as king with the nniversal popularity which marked the ancient friend of popular liberties, the representative of a confederation of kindred and allied harons. The wars of the Roses demonstrated how impossible a task the appanages of Edward III.'s younger sons, and the share of the Percies in the spoils of Richard II., had made the exercise of royal anthority. A growing sense of the difficulty in Henry's own days rendered him by turns irresolute and vindictive. The change was a change in policy rather than in personal character.

Henry V. is represented as a nobler reproduction of Henry of Derby, unsoured by climhing through crooked paths to a throne. He does not deny, but he is not inclined to accept, 'the legends of the wildness of Henry's youth.' If those traditions be true, the licehse must, at any rate, have alternated with feats of generalship on the Scotch and Welsh borders, and conspicuons participation 'at the head of his father's council in high deliberations on peace and war and national economies.' As king, he showed himself religions, pure, careful yet splendid, truthful and merciful, at once a brilliant soldier, and a scholar and laborious man of husiness. Canon Stubbs admires him as a Plantagenet with the family strengtb and without the family vices, in short, horn after bis time, 'the typical mediæval bero.' He could, unlike his father, afford to be merciful; he loved to he generous. 'In his English policy he appears most distinctly as a reconciling and uniting force.' Henry's carcer and exploits were mere episodes in history. The dynasty he seemed to have consolidated was an episode in the royal snccession. His attack npon France exbausted that country, and nearly exhausted England. 'Injustico, in spite of all justificative argument, really nnderlay the wbole scheme of conqnest.' Tbongh tolerant he lent himself as an instrument to the persecnting tendencies of the Church. Under his auspices the representative of the English Church at the Conncil of Constance nominated Pope Martin, 'the creator of the modern Papacy.' 'The result,' his panegyrist admits, 'ran connter to the immemorial policy of kings and parliaments, of Church and State.' But distant evils and present advantages do not hold quite their ordinary relation when the agent is Henry V. With respect to his policy, whether foreign or ecclesiastical, we are exhorted to take the benevolent view. 'The mischief of the consequences cannot be held to derogate from the greatness of the achievement.'

Professor Stubhs's eulogy of Henry VI. leaves something of the same impression as his scornful condemnation of the contemptible Edward II. Learned and a patron of learning, 'pious, pnre, generous, patient, simple, true, and just, hnmble, merciful, fastidiously conscientious, modest and temperate, he might have seemed made to rule a qniet people in quiet times.' The historian of the English Constitntion is intolerant even of virtues in the wrong place. He proceeds: 'It is needless to say that for the throne of England in the midst of the death-struggle of nations, parties, and liberties, Henry had not one single qualification.' Edward of York himself is represented as better qualified for a crown in snch times, selfish and remorseless as he was. Indeed, so indignant is Professor Stubbs with administrative incapacity in a sovereign that it is only the excess of tyranny and sensnality in Edward IV. which stifles his natural instinct of indulgence for a ruler who ruled. He would fain snm up in favour of a prince who, coming after the fechle Henry, possessed not merely eloquence, winning manners, and a certain taste for letters, bnt, above all, courage and business capacity. Unhappily Edward's profligacy, his extortionateness, and bis

mercilessness were too extreme to hide under royal robes. 'He was a man vicious far beyond anything that England had seen since the days of John, and more cruel and bloodthirsty than any king she had ever known.' In his ruthless extinction of every kind of resistance he 'far outdid all that his forefathers and his enemies together had done.' We assent entirely; but the sentiment seems a little inconsistent with the preliminary remark that 'Edward IV. was not perhaps quite so bad a man as his enemies have represented.' To Edward's enemies his viciousness seemed the more flagrant for the strength of royal will which crushed and tied them down. That strength of will, perhaps, pleads with Professor Stubbs against the most damning evidence of its possessor's vices.

Richard III. appears to Professor Stubbs to 'differ rather in fortune than in desert' from his brother. The praise may not seem high when read in the light of the list of Edward's cruelties and sensualities. But Professor Stubbs, when he is dealing with kings, thinks more of their amount of administrative vigour than of their licentiousness or even of their oppressions. The indications of powers and resolution in Richard attract him as they attract him in Edward. As he confesses, the materials for a clear delineation of Richard's character are very scanty. The cloud over his title coloured every act of his reign. A monarch in whose title his subjects do not believe does not scruple to govern by martial law. 'There can, however,' writes the Professor, 'be little doubt of Richard's great ability, of his clear knowledge of the policy which in ordinary circumstances would have secured his throne, and of the force and energy of will which, put to a righteous use, might have made for him a great name.' He observes further: 'He might have reigned well if he could have rid himself of the entanglements under which he began to reign, or have cleared his conscience from the stain which his usurpation and its accompanying cruelties brought upon it.' That is to say, perhaps, when a king happens to be an usurper and a murderer, it were well if he could persuade himself that he is a model of virtue and a recognised redresser of wrong. Canon Stubbs assumes that Richard ordered the murder of his nephews. He does not contradict the popular rumour that from the same murderous heart proceeded the death of Henry VI. We should have been glad had so keen and close an observer of mediæval English character endeavoured to explain the portent that Englishmen, even after the wars of the Roses, should have credited these atrocities, and yet have offered were it only the merest lip homage to a treacherous suborner and accomplice of midnight assassins.

Professor Stubbs sketches characters with a touch at once so firm and so delicate that his readers would be well pleased if other English worthies in addition to kings found a place in his portrait gallery. But kings, when the English Constitution was still in the making, governed as well as reigned. A new reign is at all periods a convenient milestone in history; in the middle ages sovereigns so distinctly controlled the policy of the State that each coronation was a natural epoch. If a prince had no power to impress his individuality on affairs, the want was perhaps even more felt than the enthronement of a strong will. The character of a crowned failure like the third Henry or the second Edward has to be drawn with analytical detail; constitution-makers like Langton are often seen in these pages only in their acts. Sometimes, however, he cannot suffer a mighty name to pass away without an epitaph, though its bearer be not an anointed king. Simon de Montfort has his place beside kings. Becket has his. Wycliffe has a few words, more of censure than of praise. He is credited with the rank of a deep thinker and a popular leader; but his immediate influence upon his age is condemned. 'His logical system of politics, when it was applied to practice, turned out to be little else than socialism; and his religious system, unless its vital doctrines are understood to be thrown into the shade by its controversial tone, was unfortunately devoid of the true leaven of all religious success, sympathy and charity.' It is a view of the great reformer of a nature to carry surprise and consternation into the breasts of deep students of Mr. Southey's 'Book of the Church.' Henry V.'s two brothers have a few pregnant lines devoted to them. John of Bedford is lauded for his grave statesmanship and sense of public duty—'all the great qualities of Henry without his brilliance'—and Humphrey of Gloucester is condemned for his glittering, popular, self-seeking, and unpatriotic adventurousness. The magnificent Cardinal Beaufort claims something more. He is shown dying, 'not, as the great poet has described him, in the pangs of a melodramatic despair, but with the same business-like dignity in which for so long he had lived and ruled.' Ambitious, unscrupulous, a persecutor, he was yet merciful in his political enmities, enlightened in his foreign policy, and ready

to sacrifice his wealth and labour for the king. 'From the moment of his death everything began to go wrong, and went worse and worse until all was lost.'

With a man like Beaufort, who worked upon a definite national policy, Canon Stubbs feels far more sympathy than with an 'exaggeration of the common baronial type' like the King-maker. Yet Warwick fills too wide a space in history not to command criticism, and our author is too just not to examine his character, that it may be perceived what was the secret of the awe he inspired. He finds that Warwick was greedy and jealous of power and wealth, and unscrupulous in choosing his means. But he was not wantonly blood-thirsty or faithless. He was more than a powerful lord and a triumphant and skilful warrior; 'he was a far-seeing politician, too, and probably, if Edward had suffered him, would have secured such a settlement of the foreign relations of England as might have anticipated the period of national recovery of which Henry VII. obtained the credit.' Warwick was no constitutional hero; he comes, perhaps, within the ken of constitutional history, but he had in him the makings of a great king.'

This great work is chargeable with two grave faults. Its pages are without marginal dates, and its three volumes have an index which is worse than none. We shall hope to see both these irritating defects cured in a later edition. If there were equally material errors in his vast collection of historical data, we should not scruple to point them out. But he must be a bold critic who would venture to assail Canon Stubbs's facts. Premisses and conclusions are there in every case for the reader to judge for himself how far they agree; the inference he may attack, but hardly the propositions from which it is drawn.

Occasionally, though only occasionally, a conclusion appears to us ill-supported. As a mere passing illustration we might instance the use made by Professor Stubbs of the omission to crown Matilda after the capture and deposition of Stephen. The Professor has no doubt that the doctrine prevailed in the Norman period that a king could be set aside for misgovernment; but he believes also that too much sanctity attached to the solemnities of coronation to permit of the ceremony being repeated so long as a previous subject of it lived and had not been formally degraded. The truth is, as is plain from the Professor's own quotation from Hoveden, that the bar to the coronation of Matilda was not Stephen, but her own son Henry. Henry I. 'fecit,' records Hoveden, 'archiepiscopos et comites et barones totius, suæ dominationis jurare fidelitates Matildi imperatrici filiæ suæ, et Henrico filio ejus adhuc minimo, et constituit eum regem post se.' That is, Matilda received fealty as lady of England and Normandy, but the regal dignity was assigned to her son. Her father showed the same kind of doubt of the capacity of a woman for royalty as was felt by Stephen's supporters among the barons.

Sometimes the laudable fear of judging past ages from the point of view of the present appears to press too heavily upon the historian. Henry I.'s reform of the judicature he is afraid to trace to any magnanimous love of justice. He attributes it, indeed, not to mere greed for fees, but to Henry's and Roger of Salisbury's 'deeper and more statesmanlike belief that a nation in which justice is done is safer and more contented, and presents, therefore, an easier and richer body to be taxed.' There is, he adds, 'no reason to suppose that Henry acted on any higher motive; the value of justice depended, in his eyes, very much on the amount of treasure with which it supplied him.' This is altogether an arbitrary assumption. Strong and successful rulers like Henry I., of whatever race and in whatever age, are precluded by the laws of human nature and human intelligence from regarding their subjects thus as mere milch-cows. They take care that their institutions pay their cost and something more; but, over and above the possible fruit in the form of revenue, they have a pride in and love of their work of administration. They desire that it should answer its object of maintaining obedience to the laws. Canon Stubbs's needless imputation of wise legislation to the legislator's covetousness of a large revenue is the more surprising that the Professor has not the humiliating habit in which preceding English historians indulged of tracing the British Constitution back to a money-bag and nothing besides. Kings in his pages show the royal instinct of public peace and order. Their subjects resist prerogative because they feel themselves citizens also. Then suddenly the historian appears to fear he may be thought romantic and unpractical; he turns upon himself, and declares that a great king, in beating off the wolves from the flock, had always an eye to the shambles.

An analogous tendency to this, by which Canon Stubbs is led to infer that mediæval kings had not the pleasure in governing well which ploughmen have in drawing a straight furrow, induces him to apologise for acts which were disgraceful then, as they would

he now. Richard I. resigned nnder dnress his crown to the Emperor Henry VI., and John resigned his to Pope Innocent III. In each case it was restored as a fief snbject to tribute. The comment is: 'In neither case would much heroism have been shown hy resistance to the demand; Richard's misfortune and John's misgovernment had left them practically withont alternative.' But Richard and John had an alternative, though one not personally agreeable to them. Huss and Jerome of Prague might, on this easy principle that they had no alternative except death, have recanted their doctrines and escaped the stake. We must eqnally protest against the qualified acquittal of John's harons for their offer of the English crown to the French prince. 'The act,' he says, 'was a degrading one, and morally has no excuse hut the plea of necessity.' We doubt what necessity there can be which would justify an offer of the English crown to a foreign potentate.

Like every writer, whether historian, biographer, or novelist, who identifies himself with the snbjects of his pen, Canon Stubbs has his favonrites. He has chosen them, however, on sufficient evidence of the honourable part they have played in shaping English political nature. When he has once given his confidence, he withdraws it relnctantly. Edward I. and Henry V. are his two ideal English sovereigns; nor do we question the wisdom of his selection. But the right does not seem to ns to have been at all as distinctly on the side of the former in his conflict with Bigod and Bohun as is here assumed. Canon Stubbs appears to think that the good government the conntry had enjoyed under Edward's sceptre was ground for acquiescing in occasional stretches of the royal prerogative. Bnt, as he knows better than anyone else, this is not the way in which the English Constitntion has been hnilt up. Certainly it wonld have been a dangerous course to pursne with a sovereign so unwilling as Edward I. to part with a prerogative once exercised. Again, in praising Henry V., the Canon slurs over mnch too leniently the unjustifiahle aggression, as he himself esteems it, npon France, and all the mischievous conseqnences which flowed from its dangerous snccesses. Perhaps an instinctive contempt for the want of administrative capacity in a ruler has rendered him unjust to Henry VI. He praises the nnfortnnate prince's private virtnes, bnt he passes over the kingly qualities he possessed. The years of unchallenged authority which intervened between the king's attainment of his majority and the civil war may not have been all due to the famons memory of his father, but in part to the halo of Henry VI.'s own nprightness and love of his people. There is a royal ring about his answer to the offer hy Beaufort's executors of a large sum from the cardinal's estate: 'My nncle was very dear to me, and did mnch kindness to me whilst he lived; the Lord reward him! Bnt do ye with his goods as ye are hounden; I will not take them.' Not one of his predecessors wonld have rejected snch an offering. So long as he retained his senses unclonded, his seat was secure; he even kept the peace between vengeful foes like Somerset and York. When the waters of haronial discord were once let out, his grandfather, with all his kingcraft, conld not have stemmed the flood.

Other instances might he pointed out in which we should not ahsolutely agree with Professor Stubbs's verdicts on persons. Bnt they are few and far hetween. A more important ground of difference might be fonnd in his ecclesiastical propensity to dwell on the qnestion of the relations between Church and State. He declines, it is true, to lay down any 'definition of the ideal relations between Church and State.' That, however, is only hecause he believes that any definition, to be satisfactory, shonld recognise at once perfect harmony between the two, and perfect independence for the Church in what he regards as the field of work it and the State share in commou. Such a province, for example, is edncation; and 'the Chnrch,' he holds, 'cannot engross the work of education withont some danger to liberty; the State cannot engross it without some danger to religion; the work of the State without liherty loses half its valne; the State without religion does only half its work.' He does not seem to understand that statesmen may administer a province into which religion enters religiously, though the State itself be without religion. But, though we disagree with the view we presume him to entertain on this qnestion, the matter is only of theoretical interest. In the middle ages Chnrch and State were organisations, each independent in its own special province, but sharing another province in which they were continually jostling and striving with each other for the mastery. In recounting the facts of this contest, as in all his facts, Canon Stuhbs's impartiality seems incapable even of feeling temptation. In proceeding from facts to inferences he keeps so keen a watch against himself that we shonld find more to criticise in his enumeration of the results of a campaign in France, than in his

scrutiny of a controversy between a king and a primate. Mr. Hallam is no colder judge of the mediæval Church than the Oxford Professor of Modern History.

We shall have strangely failed in our object if we have not communicated to our readers some of the warmth of admiration which these volumes excite in ourselves. A rhetorical passage is not to be detected from the first page to the last. The sentences labour with a greater weight of knowledge and the results of thought than they are well able to bear. The writer is a pioneer; he has to pick his steps as he advances without much leisure to consider whether his companions can keep pace with him along the rugged path. But the road once made seems made for ever. It would be rash to predict, when every year sees new storehouses thrown open to the student of history, that even Professor Stubbs's canons of constitutional development will escape modification. They may be modified; they will scarcely be disproved. Englishmen may congratulate themselves that, at the very time when it became possible to write English history from its genuine sources, the talents and the devotion were found which could accomplish the work. Canon Stubbs fifty years ago would have followed his bent and composed histories. He would have emulated Mr. Hallam as a critic of the English Constitution; he could not have written, or rather rewritten, the constitutional history of England. Whatever new discoveries may be made, he has grasped too firmly the central idea of English national life to be ever shown to have strayed wide of the goal. Where that idea leads him he follows.; when it loiters he halts; he never anticipates the direction it will pursue; if the clue be lost for an instant, he tracks it like a sleuth-hound till he has caught it up once more. His calmness is the calmness not of indifference to each side, but of sympathy with the loftier and nobler intentions of both. His pity for lives thrown away in the vain attempt to turn back the current of national development balances his delight in the men who understood their age and sped it on its way. If his style wants vivacity and lustre, there is instead the reflection of a passionate eagerness to lay bare the secret kernel of English political energies. The knowledge he has stored in his treasure-houses at times, as it were, catches fire, and the measured diction glows with the hidden flame. Readers who glance at a page here and there will pronounce the book ponderous and stony. If, and as, they proceed, they will become conscious of a sentiment of enthusiasm stirring within them for the great theme which engages the historian, and for the spirit in which he works upon it, and we can promise them that they will find the volumes dull and heavy no longer.

We rejoice that it should have occurred to Lord Beaconsfield to honour both Church and State by conferring Bishop Lightfoot's canonry on this great national historian. The Church of England owes much to an ecclesiastic who is in himself living evidence that clerical pursuits, followed with zeal and devotion, need not warp the judgment or narrow the sympathies. The debt of statesmen is of a more direct and personal nature. Canon Stubbs has said: 'The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is.' The political forces which are operating now are the result of forces which have been operating since English history began. What they are cannot be understood except on condition of understanding whence they come. On the same condition only can it be foreseen whither they tend.

ART. II.—1. *Collective Works of Dr.* SAYERS. With a Biography by WILLIAM TAYLOR, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. Norwich: 1823.

2. *Memoir and Correspondence of Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., President of the Linnæan Society.* Edited by Lady SMITH. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1832.

3. *A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich.* Compiled and edited by S. W. ROBBERDS, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. 1843.

4. *Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie.* By CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. 8vo. Norwich: 1854.

5. *Memoir of the Life of Mrs. Fry.* By two of her Daughters. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.

6. *The Autobiography of* HARRIET MARTINEAU. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1876.

7. *Catalogue of the Pictures exhibited at Burlington House in the Winters of* 1877–78, *including a special Selection of the Works of the principal Artists of the Norwich School.*

THESE works are none of them of recent date, but they supply us with a suitable introduction and with ample materials for the object we have in view, which is to bring before our readers some record of those

whose lives conferred distinction on the social and literary annals of the chief city of Eastern England in the first quarter of the present century and even in much earlier times. They, indeed, have passed away, and have left no very deep mark in literature or science. But the fine arts, cultivated at Norwich under the influence of this genial society as they have never been cultivated in any other English provincial town, have left more enduring traces of genius. It was with some surprise that the connoisseurs of the metropolis saw the other day, collected in the sanctuary of the arts, a whole gallery of the works of Crome, Cotman, Stark, Vincent, and Stannard, all Norwich artists, rivalling the painters of Holland, and adding a brilliant page to the history of English art. These men have recently attained a degree of celebrity and importance of which in their lifetime they never dreamed, and we feel pleasure in adding our testimony to their posthumous fame. Their pictures, chiefly painted in the heart of Norwich or in its vicinity, brought before us the county by the sea, with its waves and cliffs, its heaths and commons, its cornfields, its old manor and farm houses, its fens and marshes, its willow-shadowed river and Dutch-like meadows, and recalled the city which, planted in its centre, embalms so much of the past history of the eastern counties in architectural relics and old traditions.

The county of Norfolk, which now enjoys the distinction of providing a royal dwelling-place, has also, in time past, been more than once the scene of a visit from the kings and queens of England, and in the days of Queen Elizabeth, on the occasion of a progress which she made through the county in 1578, a procession of the goodliest and comeliest of the young men of Norwich rode, headed by the mayor, to meet their sovereign, when one of these riders, more gaily dressed than the rest, in green and white, with hat and plume and nobly mounted, represented the early British 'king Gurguntus, sometime king of England, who built the castle of Norwich, and laid the foundation of the city.' So dim and remote is the personality of this barbarian king, that he seems to hover between the realms of the historical and the mythical; but the lingering tradition served to enliven the welcome of Queen Elizabeth, although it fades before the better attested record of Saxon times.

It is said that, in the ninth century, Alfred the Great, to end the Danish wars and establish peace, placed the fair-haired Guthrum, King of Denmark, in possession of the castle in East Anglia, which, bearing traces of early British origin, crowned, as, with later additions, it still crowns, that spot in Norfolk, once flanked by the sea, where the Wensum bends its waters into an enclosing curve before travelling on eastward to join the Yare, to fill with it and the Waveny the expanse of Breydon Water, and to reach the flat monotonous shores which skirt for miles the approaches to Great Yarmouth. Around this castle, the events, needs, and circumstances which arose in the course of centuries, gradually accumulated a varied assemblage of objects, and grew into the city now existing as the capital of Norfolk.

But other causes, more peculiar and local, moulded the subsequent destinies of the town, and impressed their results upon its history. Such were the ecclesiastical element, when the cathedral, the monasteries, the churches, rose up to give an important character to the see; the foreign element, largely introduced by the settlement of Flemish traders in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, and later by the immigration of Huguenots from France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the aristocratic atmosphere, occasioned by the frequent residence within the city of the Dukes of Norfolk, with their palace, provincial court, and train of followers; and, in its measure, the element supplied by the presence of the Norfolk county gentry, whose custom it was to seek their winter quarters in the many-gabled mansions which, with spacious gardens and orchards attached to them, gave dignity to the architecture of the streets. The knight, the prelate, and the merchant, the antiquary and the artist, the man of science and the man of letters, are all represented on this provincial stage. Others also, besides those whose actual birthplace was Norwich, have so closely connected themselves with the town as to leave their fame and memory in the place in which they found their field of action or of suffering: the bishops, who created, enriched, or expanded the glories of the cathedral; the knights, who, possessing houses in Norwich, linked with it the names of Boleyn, Paston, and Fastolf; the poet, that Earl of Surrey, whose poetical genius and undeserved fate have rendered him memorable, and who was well known in Norwich as the owner and occupier of two palaces in and near the town;* the martyr Bilney,

* The Earl of Surrey had a house in 'Surrey Street,' and one on Mousehold Heath. 'At the dissolution of the Priory of St. Leonard, King Henry VIII. granted it to Thomas Duke of Norfolk, whose son, Henry Earl of Surrey,

who, in 1531, tinged the waters of the Wensum with the glare of the flaming stake upon its brink; and those earlier martyrs who perished in the 'Lollards' Pit,' a spot still known by their name, a monument of the precursors of the Reformation. The religious persecution which followed the advent of Wicliffe spread to Norfolk, and terminated in the arrest and punishment of many of those who held the opinions which were considered at once heretical and traitorous. One of these disciples of Wicliffe, William White, a priest, who, resigning his benefice, left the south of England and took up his abode in Norfolk, where his saintly life and earnest message made a deep impression, was arrested and brought to Norwich, and, by the decision of Bishop Wakering, was led out from the Castle of Norwich one morning in the month of September, 1428, and, crossing the river to the hollow under the hill—that spot where the broken ground, flattened into a platform in the centre, rises into a low amphitheatre, looking straight over the river on to the cathedral spire—suffered, beneath the gaze of the bank of spectators, the death which has been so often and so vividly described by Foxe, the death by gallows, chain, and fuel, or by stake and faggot.

Amongst the Norwich worthies of that age must be mentioned Sir Thomas Erpingham, whose memory is perpetuated by a gateway to the Upper Close which bears his name. His father, Sir John Erpingham, succeeded to the estate at Erpingham, the old inheritance, country residence, and burial-place of the family, only a few months before his own death. His life had been passed mainly in Norwich, in the occupation of the 'corner house on the west side of the street against 'Rose Lane,' the site of which is given by Blomefield in his map of Norwich. Here it is probable that the son was born and brought up, who is known to later generations for his loyal devotion to Henry V., for his gallantry at Agincourt, for the interest and active part which he took in the affairs of the city during his long life, and for his excellent taste in architecture. A small old print gives a quaint likeness of this Norwich knight. His life was as varied as his tastes; at one time the hero of a battle, at another the centre of that domestic life of which his wife Joan, the daughter of Sir William Clopton, a lady traditionally of great beauty, formed the ornament; now devoted to the doctrines of Wicliffe, encouraging the so-called Lollards' movement, and incurring the disapproval of the Bishop of Norwich, that warlike bishop, Le-de-Spencer, who, with his sword in one hand and his pastoral staff in the other, administered the affairs of his diocese; then founding a monastery, building the fine church for the brethren of the Black Friars, now well known as St. Andrew's Hall, and devising, with all rich and significant decoration, an entrance gateway to the episcopal precincts, which is one of the best specimens of the architecture of his age. The arms of Erpingham, an escutcheon in an orle of martlets, and the arms of Joan Walton and Joan Clopton, his two wives, are placed upon the edifice, and in a niche above the tall archway is the effigy of Sir Thomas himself, a figure in armour, with pointed beard and waving hair, armed with sword and shield, with upraised face and hands joined in prayer.*

Sir Thomas Erpingham, 'a good old commander and a most kind gentleman,' described by the contemporary poet Lydgate as 'Sir Thomas Erpingham, that never did faille,' is alluded to by Monstrelet in the chronicle written almost in the lifetime of the knight. It was Erpingham, a knight 'grown grey with age and honour,' who gave the signal for the onset at Agincourt. Placing the archers in front, and, in the name of the king, exhorting them all most earnestly to defend their lives, he flung into the air a truncheon which he held in his hand, crying out, 'Now strike!' The fidelity of Sir Thomas Erpingham to the king has been recorded by Shakespeare, who gives him a place in his play of 'King Henry V.'—

> Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
> A good soft pillow for that good white head
> Were better than a churlish turf of France.
> *Erp.* Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
> Since I may say 'Now lie I like a king.'

The incidents of Agincourt and the

built a sumptuous house on the site, in which he dwelt.' (Blomefield's 'Norfolk,' vol. iv. p. 427.) It is stated in the work—'Indication of Memorials, Monuments, Paintings, and Engravings of Persons of the Howard Family,' by Henry Howard of Corby Castle, privately printed, 1834, that there are fourteen portraits of Lord Surrey extant: three by Holbein (one at Knowle, one at Kensington Palace, and one at Windsor), two others at Knowle, one at Arundel Castle, one by Vertue (a copy of the Arundel Castle portrait), one at Greystoke Castle by Sir Antonio More, one at Worksop Manor, one at Oxburgh, a second at Windsor, one by Houbraken, locality unknown, a small head on board at Oxford, and a highly finished head on board, apparently a copy of the Arundel Castle picture, which was in the possession of Dr. Nott.

* Blomefield, vol. iv. p. 39. Sir Thomas Browne's 'Antiquities of Norwich.'

French campaign suggested perhaps to Sir Thomas Erpingham the idea of placing in St. Michael's Church in Norwich the painted glass window which contained the arms of the heroes of Crécy and Poictiers. This and the rebuilding of St. Andrew's Hall seem to have been the last acts of his life; he lived to see the death of the king he had served, as he had previously seen those of his predecessors—Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV.—and died himself in 1428 at the opening of the War of the Roses.

The French wars remind us of another Norfolk family, that of Wodehouse, which still bears the proud device of 'Agincourt' on its shield in memory of the good service done by John Wodehouse to Henry V. on that day, and the present Earl of Kimberley still possesses the silver cup presented by that sovereign to his ancestor. The Wodehouses, though strictly a county family, living near Wymondham, have always been closely connected with Norwich. Mr. Edmund Wodehouse, long member for the county, and father of the present Sir Philip Wodehouse, lived in the Upper Close. His brother was a prebendary of the Cathedral. In our own day, 'and under Whig auspices, the head of this distinguished family has reached the dignity of an earldom.

The sixteenth century produced in the city many important events, the persecution of Bilney and other Protestants, Ket's rebellion under the protectorate of Somerset, and the advocacy of the cause of one queen and the loyal reception of another, but it also bore there its quiet fruit of intellectual progress.

Two men distinguished for ability, scholarship, and large enterprise, Dr. Kaye, the founder of Caius College, Cambridge, and Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, were born in Norwich, and began, in different directions, their work of usefulness and light.

Dr. Kaye, or, as he is commonly called, Dr. Caius, whose life was more varied in its scope and interests than that of Matthew Parker, was born in 1510, and, adding to his literary pursuits a love of science, adopted the career of a physician. After his course at Cambridge, he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Padua in 1541, he was admitted a Fellow of the College of Physicians in 1547, and became the first of that remarkable series of eminent men who have, from his time down to the present moment, represented and practised in Norwich the medical profession.

The life of Dr. Caius is divided into distinct periods; many years at the University of Padua, a settlement at Norwich, a migration to London as court physician to Queen Mary, and a subsequent residence at Cambridge as master of the college which he built, filled up the term of life which is summarised in the short but expressive epitaph upon his tombstone—'Fui Caius.'

After the early years spent at Norwich during the childhood of Dr. Caius and Matthew Parker, the influences to which each was subjected produced an opposite effect in assisting to form the opinions and mould the lives of their fellow-townsmen. Matthew Parker, the future archbishop, remained for years at Corpus Christi College, where the spirit of the Reformation was strongly felt and warmly advocated; Dr. Caius dwelt at Padua, where the tastes favourable to Roman Catholicism, of which there are indications in his subsequent life, were probably fostered. He was evidently far from either extreme in the theological struggle that was absorbing England; his selection as court physician by Queen Mary, and the opposition he underwent in later days at Cambridge from those who suspected him of an attachment to Catholic practices, show that he had not taken part with Latimer, Bilney, or Parker in their resolute Protestantism. It is not unlikely that his natural and early sympathies were on the Roman Catholic side, whilst his enlarged mind and varied experience produced the tolerance and respect with which he is said to have treated all Protestants, and the impartiality with which he embraced the reformed mode of worship. At once a physician, a naturalist, and a scholar, science and letters occupied and absorbed his energies, to the exclusion of any enthusiastic advocacy of religious opinion. To search the libraries of Italy for the manuscripts of Galen, to give these in newer form to the world, to study anatomy and medicine at Padua, and to echo those studies in the constitution and provisions of the college which he founded (one of the privileges of which was to secure yearly the bodies of two malefactors for dissection), to throw his ingenuity and skill into the invention and dissemination of a means of cure for the plague, called the sweating-sickness, which raged during his time in England, but especially in the towns of Norwich and Shrewsbury, were objects more consistent with his genius than the theological questions to which he had given some attention in his earlier years at Cambridge, but which faded into the distance in the presence of the vigorous studies which originated and ripened the true fruits of his life.

Dr. Caius took advantage of the moment

when the plague was raging, bearing off in Norwich alone 960 victims, to send forth to the world the treatise, called 'De Ephemera Brittanica,' which spread his reputation, and was the cause of his removal to London. In that treatise, published first in England, and afterwards at Louvain in 1556, he makes allusion to his residence in Italy, when he had exchanged the chill climate of Cambridge and his course of study there for the summer skies and wider learning of Padua. Some lingering memory of the Italian architecture of the portico under which he had so often passed may have suggested to Dr. Caius the idea of the beautiful 'Gate of Honour' whose delicate pilasters and rich ornament form so elegant an entrance to the court of Caius College. Years after the Italian episode had passed away, and whilst he was inhabiting the house in London 'next under Smythfelde,' his principal object became the improvement of the college where he had received his early education. It was in 1557 that he founded and endowed Caius College, incorporating with it Gonville Hall. The room on the east side of the court, the window facing west, which he occupied, is still to be seen; the grave, which, by his order, had been made some years before his death in the chapel, is surmounted by the monument which records the date of burial, 1573; the portraits which preserve the memory of the dark, striking face, also known by the prints which have been prefixed to some of his works, still look down from the walls of the college. These pictures are three: one in the hall, giving the full face; another, a very interesting portrait in profile, with high forehead, aquiline nose, flowing beard, and finely shaped head, whose noble and severe aspect accords well with the simple, dignified dress of a doctor of medicine, a black cloak with long fur collar, which completes the picture. The third is in the library, a small-sized, dark, ancient-looking painting on panel.

In 1719, in order to carry out repairs, the grave of the first master was opened, and the coffin lid removed, when, a stream of light breaking into the coffin, its contents were disclosed, and the pale set features of the dead revealed, whole and perfect, with the long beard and fine outline familiar to the denizens of the college.

A simpler index to the qualities of Dr. Caius remains in a short description of him, written within fifty years of his death by Richard Parker, one of the fellows of the college which he founded:—

'Illum, illum, inquam, intelligo doctissimum Caium, cujus pectus in Æsculapii Scholis quis non agnoscet omnis Phœbeæ artis conscium ac veluti *βιβλιοθήκην ἐμψυχον*, qui varia ingenii sui monumenta vel leniter attigerit! quem egregium per tot annos Medicinæ apud Patavienses in Italia Prælectorem Publicum! quantum hujus Academiæ ornamentum! qualem Cantabrigiensis antiquitatis assertorem!'*

This last sentence probably refers to the book which Dr. Caius wrote on the history and antiquities of Cambridge, the manuscript of which he sent to his early friend and associate,† Matthew Parker, and which was published by the latter after the death of Dr. Caius.‡

The career of Matthew Parker, no less than that of John Caius, ended in scenes far distant from the old city associated with the childhood of each. The profession chosen by Parker established him finally at Lambeth, where his valuable services to Queen Elizabeth justified the confidence of her ill-fated mother, who had, on the eve of her execution, commended the young princess to the care and counsel of her favourite chaplain. The archbishop records in his journal that he was born in the parish of St. Saviour in the year 1505, educated in that of St. Clement, and that his father, William Parker, died when he was still a

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* From a manuscript in Caius College Library, Smith's Catalogue, p. 85 of Caius MSS. 173. 'Σκελετὸς Cantabrigiensis; sive Collegiorum 'adumbratilis delineatio, cum suis fundatoribus et benefactoribus plurimis. R(icardus) P(arker). A.D. 1622.'

† See letter in Appendix to Strype's 'Life of Parker,' No. 55, p. 162.

‡ Master's 'History of Corpus Christi College,' p. 97. It may here be proper to record, in order of time, that the famous grammar school of Norwich was founded in the year 1547, the year of the accession of Edward VI. It is still called King Edward's School, and daily thanks were offered up to the honour and glory of God for the pious benefactor of the school, and especially 'pro Edvardo Sexto fundatore nostro.' In point of fact, however, the charter of the school seems to have been drawn in the last months of the reign of Henry VIII., though the seal was affixed to it by his successor. The school still occupies the ancient chapelry of St. John, near the west gate of the cathedral, which was affected to it on its foundation. This institution has rendered no mean services to the culture of Eastern England. It has reckoned among its scholars some illustrious Norfolk names—Lord Chief Justice Coke, Lord Nelson, and, in our own days, Rajah Brooke; and it has sent up to the neighbouring university a multitude of men distinguished in their several professions. Dr. Parr was at one time the master of this school; not long after him it passed under the long and meritorious reign of Edward Valpy; and at the present time under Dr. Jessopp, the accomplished historian of the Jesuit martyrs, it sustains to a high degree its ancient character for scholarship and good discipline.

child, leaving to his mother, Alicia Monins, the superintendence of her son's education. His aptness for music was apparently less than for the other branches of instruction mentioned in his diary, reading, writing, and grammar, for which he had separate masters—for reading, the rector of St. Clement's; for writing, one Prior, clerk of St. Benedict; for grammar, W. Neve; for singing, Love, a priest, 'whose harshness he could never forget.' The lessons of the rector of St. Clement's were more fruitful in their results, and more adapted to the talents of the young scholar; they implanted the love of study for which he was afterwards remarkable, and the taste for letters which led eventually to the formation of his large and carefully collected library of books and manuscripts. He was admitted to Corpus Christi College in 1521, when, like other university students, he lodged in one of the hostels established for their reception in the town. He afterwards had rooms in college, where the conditions of outward comfort appear to have been rather limited; it was during his residence there as an undergraduate that the windows were first glazed, and the hall wainscoted. Before then, the lodge and fellows' chambers even were lighted by windows open to the air, and roofed with unceiled rafters; a similar want of luxury prevailed in the butteries of the university; scholars complained of the hard fare, of the ale, 'raw, small, and windy,' which, as related by Fuller, was the beverage of all the colleges before 'the innovation of beer, the child of hops, was brought into England.' But whatever may have been the conditions of food and shelter at that time, the spiritual and mental instincts of the students were amply stirred and satisfied. Then, for the first time, the study of Greek was formally sanctioned, when Richard Croke, who had been preceded by Erasmus in the cultivation of that language in Cambridge, was appointed Greek professor. The companions and contemporaries of Parker were such men as the future statesmen Nicholas Bacon and Cecil. Cambridge contained individuals so eminent that their predecessors in comparison seemed 'rather shadows of divines than divines.' Erasmus had just left the university, after a seven years' residence at Queen's College, 'allured with the situation of this college, so near the river as Rotterdam, his native place, to the sea;' Cranmer was absent to take up the theological lectureship which gathered his disciples around him; Latimer was undergoing at Christ's College the process which changed his enthusiastic devotion to Popery into the zeal for Scriptural truth to which his life was sacrificed; Coverdale was qualifying himself at the Augustine Priory for the execution of that translation of the Bible which has made his name famous; and Thomas Bilney, a fellow of Trinity Hall, a Norfolk man, the Norwich martyr of 1531, was attracting, by his energy in controversy, his determination of character, and his warm and gentle heart, the attention and friendship of many of the dwellers in the university. Of these friends Matthew Parker was one, and it was he who, while still at Cambridge, travelled down from thence to Norwich, on the occasion of the burning of Bilney, to yield the drop of consolation which his presence might afford. It was soon after this event that the fame of his scholarship and successful preaching reached the Court, and in March, 1535, he became one of the chaplains of Anne Boleyn. The Norfolk queen, in whose memory the scenes of her early childhood, the green glades, the timber avenues, the antique walls, of Blickling, still lingered, uneffaced by the gay French life and the royal career which had succeeded them, selected and welcomed the Norwich divine as her chaplain, and found in him, during the remaining fourteen months of her life, a partial friend.

He refers repeatedly to her in his letters: 'If I had not been so much bound to the mother, I had not consented to serve the daughter,' alluding to Elizabeth; speaks of the benevolence of her to whom he is 'most singularly obliged,' and who 'is now in blessed felicity,' and of her kindness and favour to him, 'her poor countryman.' These and many other similar passages, written long after the death of Anne Boleyn, show that the judgment of her poor countryman was given, in spite of the cloud which had rested upon her reputation, in favour of her innocence. During her life Matthew Parker became, by her gift, Dean of Stoke College, in Suffolk, and, in 1544, Master of Corpus Christi College; but upon the accession of Queen Mary he was deprived of these and other preferments, and, returning to Norfolk, passed, in the literary pursuits for which he had so strong a bent, the years of seclusion during which his early comrade, Dr. Caius, was, in his turn, taking up his position in a court and by the side of a queen, but a court and queen whose dull and unlovely state was a contrast indeed to the lively and captivating circle of Anne Boleyn.

In 1558 Matthew Parker was recalled to public life as Archbishop of Canterbury. His history from this time is embodied in

the ecclesiastical history of the reign of Elizabeth; the position which he held, aided hy those qualities with which he was so appropriately furnished—the clear intellectual perception, the moderation, hnmility, and firmness which were his natural gifts, the rectitude and godliness of his moral character—enabled him to perform an important work in and for the Chnrch of England at the ardnons and difficnlt moment described by himself in the prayer offered np on the day of his consecration :—

'17 Decembr. ann. 1559.

'Conseeratus sum in Archiepiscopum Cantuarien. Eheu! Eheu! Domine Deus, in quæ tempora servasti me? Jam veni in profundum aquarum, et tempestas demersit me. O Domine, vim patior: responde pro me, et Spiritu tuo principali confirma me.'

The words of this prayer, in his own writing, are to be found in a parchment roll in the library of Corpus Christi College, one of the records which, like his letters, impart a personal and hiographical interest to the large amount of literary achievement he left behind him in the form of original works, translations, and editions of mannscripts. The special service he rendered to literature was that of preserving and pnblishing many of the mannscripts which, on the dissolntion of the monasteries, had been scattered and lost sight of. It appears to have been his practice to employ numerous agents in the search for these treasures,* and, besides the assistants engaged in their recovery, to keep at his side men of learning and culture, to aid in the reprodncing and editing of the chronicles thus collected, and to carry out other branches of his favourite pursuit. Among these scholars it may he mentioned in passing that Alexander Nevyl, one of the historians of Norwich, found a place, who, under the auspices of the archbishop, wrote and printed the two books on 'Ket's Rebellion' and the 'History of Norwich,' which afford contemporary illustration of many of the scenes they describe.† The library of Corpns Christi College contains the rich hequest ‡ which Matthew Parker, nnlike his successors at Lamheth, who furnished the archiepiscopal palace with its splendid collections, consigned to the shelter of the walls in which his younger days had been passed.

The chnrch at Norwich in the vicinity of which Matthew Parker passed his childhood, and where his family lie hnried, is that of St. Clement; it stands in a quiet nook withdrawn from the street, the blackness of the squared flint with which it is faced relieved hy the masonry of the large Perpendicular windows; aronnd it is a hroad flagged passage, and between this pavement and the church stands a raised tomh which records the names of the parents of the archhishop. The flagged passage is overshadowed by a row of houses, hnilt with the same dark flint as the church, and finished with many small mnllioned windows, which give a sleepy old-world air to the spot. From hence the street branches off, and passing, with many turnings, between the gabled houses, and within sight of four or five of the churches which ornament Norwich, issnes out into the market-place, whose lively slope is embellished by the chequered front, arches, and figures of the Guildhall, and by the church of St. Peter Mancroft. Opposite the fine east window of this edifice, and on the other side of the square, there once stood a honse, the front of which, with its rows of tall windows, faced the market-place, whilst the gable end looked into a narrow street, and was flanked hy a conrt enclosed with palisades. In this mansion dwelt the celehrated physician Sir Thomas Browne, absorbed in the studies or the correspondence incident to the practice of medicine, or in the weaving of those qnaint literary conceits which throw around him an atmosphere of assidnous occupation and lettered quiet, strangely at variance with the national and political excitement of the days in which he lived. His mind appears to have been so possessed hy insatiahle cnriosity, an ardent pursuit of knowledge, wide and varied sympathies, and a poetic instinct, that he, and not his circumstances, suggested and decided his pursuits; and his personality is detached from his times, except in so far as the dissertations upon natural and scientific lore which he has bequeathed are limited hy the point to which such investigations had then been hrought, or bear the mark of a relnctant belief in discoveries which are now universally accepted.

He wrote the 'Religio Medici,' a spiritual antohiography or meditation, or, as he calls it, 'A Memorial nnto Myself,' which was the fonndation of his fame, before he became a Norwich physician; the 'En-

* These MSS., and Matthew Parker's mode of editing them, are described and discussed by Sir Thomas Hardy in the 'Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland,' Preface, pp. xliii, xliv.

† 'Alexandri Nevylli Angli De furoribus Norfoiciensium Ketto duce. Londini, 1575;' 'Alexandri Nevylii Angli Norwicus. 1574.'

‡ Archbishop Parker bequeathed to Corpus Christi College upwards of 400 manuscripts.

quiry into Vulgar Errors,' an investigation into the causes of popular error in theology, medicine, and history; the 'Urn Burial,' a treatise on different modes of burying; the 'Garden of Cyrus,' a disquisition on the number five; and the 'Account of Norwich Cathedral,' at later intervals of a life commencing in 1605 and continuing up to 1682, when he brought to a close the long residence in Norwich which, although he was not actually born in Norfolk, has identified him so completely with its capital. His birth took place in London, but he settled in Norwich in 1636, and remained for forty-five years one of its central and most familiar figures.

Little is known of his childhood. There is an interesting picture now at Devonshire House, which represents a family group said to be the father and mother of Sir Thomas Browne, his two sisters, a brother, and himself. The picture is delicately painted; the father stands on the left, the mother is seated on the right; between them are the three quaintly attired children, and, on his mother's knee, the future Sir Thomas Browne, a little figure in close red cap, red coat, and pinafore, clasping a black rabbit, the face giving promise of the intelligence and gentleness of disposition which were characteristic of him in after life. Wilkin, in his biographical sketch, mentions a manuscript by one of the daughters of the physician, which narrates that the father of Sir Thomas 'used to open the breast of the child when he was asleep, and kiss it in prayers over him—as it is said of Origen's father—that the Holy Ghost would take possession of him.' The father died early, and his son, after passing through Winchester and Oxford, educating himself at Montpelier and Padua, and taking his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Leyden, came after a time to Norwich, where, in spite of the aspiration expressed in the 'Religio Medici,' that men could increase and multiply in the manner of trees, he followed the ordinary fashion, marrying a Norfolk lady, Dorothy Milebam, and becoming the father of several children, some of whom, the elder sons in particular, elicited from him many of the most charming of his letters during those early and prolonged foreign journeys which it was his system to enforce for their improvement. His biography has been so often written, the qualities of his mind and the character of his works so often anatomised and examined, that to speak of his skill as a physician, his learning as a naturalist, his faith as a Christian, his scepticism as an unveiler of fallacy, to dwell on the research, the poetry of his meditations, the surprising variety of the subjects into which he penetrated, would only be to repeat well-known facts. With the poetical air which he threw over everything he touched, he invested the idea of his own life. 'My life (1635) has been a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry.' There is nothing in the circumstances recorded to separate his career from the prosaic life of other men; the poetry came from within, and the glamour was spread by himself. Few men have had at once so fertile an imagination, and so strong a bent towards the investigation of facts; but the inexhaustible interest of that fairy world of animal and vegetable life, into which he searched with so much relish, gratified and stimulated both these endowments.

The mental and spiritual picture conveyed of himself in his works is completed by the contemporary allusions of his many friends; the detailed description of Dr. Whitefoot, rector of Heigham, the narration of John Evelyn, the letters of Sir William Dugdale, the observations of Sir Hamon Le Strange, Sir Nicholas Bacon, and Sir Robert Paston, scientific men, and correspondents of Browne, all assist to supply the touches necessary to give his outward semblance and manner of life. The treasure of curiosities which he had gathered around him is described by Evelyn in his diary,* who paid a visit to Lord Henry Howard at Norwich, in order to see 'that famous scholar and physician Dr. Thomas Browne.'† They had previously had some correspondence on trees, gardens, and rare plants, and, the morning after Evelyn's arrival at the ducal palace, he visited the doctor at his own house, finding his 'whole house and garden a paradise, and cabinet of rarities, medals, books, plants, and natural things.' Among these he specially mentions a collection of eggs of such birds as storks, cranes, and water-fowl, which had been gleaned from the broads and marshes of Norfolk. The library, the birds, the fishes, the natural curiosities, the garden of rare plants, provided a rich attraction for literary or scientific visitors. The refined and learned physician whose cheerful home in sight of the busy market-place, within sound of the clang of the chimes of St. Peter's, was thus choicely and curiously ornamented, did the honours of the town to his guest; and these two picturesque figures, Sir Thomas in the 'cloke and boots' he always wore, and

* Evelyn's 'Diary,' vol. ii. (ed. 1827), p. 353, under date October 1671.

† Ibid. p. 196.

Evelyn with the dainty courtly costume that he affected, perambulated Norwich together, inspecting the cathedral, the stately churches, the 'buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared,' and the castle, and, to gratify the botanical tastes of both, the 'flower gardens, in which all the inhabitants excel.' The labours of their profession occupied the father and son—the latter also a physician—much more than the occasional share which both took in the society of the place. Sir Thomas Browne practised largely in the town and county the profession which, with characteristic originality, he describes as of the highest antiquity, since its first transaction was performed in that distant morning of the world when the physician's art was exercised to induce the deep sleep of Adam, and surgery attained its first triumph in the extraction of his rib.*

Browne was knighted by Charles II. on the occasion of his visit to Norfolk in 1671, when, before proceeding with the Duke of Monmouth and others to Blickling, Oxnead, and Rainham, the king spent a night at Norwich, performing his devotions at the cathedral in the morning, kneeling on the bare stone; indemnifying himself for this hardship by a noble luncheon at the bishop's palace; reviewing the 'trained bands' in the market-place, and then meeting the city magnates to confer the honour of knighthood, and to partake of a banquet whose brilliant company and costly display shone beneath the slender pillars and storied windows of St. Andrew's Hall.

Eleven years after this event, on his seventy-seventh birthday, Sir Thomas Browne ended a life which, although singularly rich in the elements of earthly enjoyment, he had yet rated at a lower value than 'the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns,' in the fine observation: 'There is but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death.'

It is curious that the subject of the disposal and condition of the human body after death, upon which he had written so learned and eloquent a disquisition (in spite of its subject, one of the most attractiv of his works, from the beauty of the reflections and the grandeur of the diction), should have been revived in connexion with his own ashes. As late as 1840, the coffin, which was in a grave in front of the altar in St. Peter's Mancroft Church, was uncovered in making room for another, as in the case of Dr. Caius, and the remains brought to light. The inscription which was found upon the coffin—'Corporis spagyrici * pulvere plumbum in aurum convertit,' which has been rendered 'Sleeping in this coffin, by the dust of his alchemic body he transmuteth lead into gold,' and which was probably placed on it by his son, seems an extension of his own sentence: 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave.' The inscription was fortunately placed on the lid of the coffin only, and not on the monument; otherwise the body might not have remained so long undisturbed, for, to use Sir Thomas' own words, 'He that lay in a golden urn was not like to find the quiet of his bones; the commerce of the living is not to be transferred unto the dead; it is not injustice to take that which none complains to lose, and no man is wronged where no man is possessor.' The coffin was found to be converted, not into gold, but into carbonate of lead, and the skull, which was removed from it, was transferred to the collections in the hospital at Norwich.

There is something which eludes precise description in the individuality of Sir Thomas Browne; the biographies of him present not so much the force and power of a portrait, as a somewhat faint and vague outline of a personage difficult to recall and portray. To use the ancient definition of man quoted by himself—a being consisting of soul, body, and image or simulacrum of them both—the image only floats up into sight to repay the labour of the diver into his history; his mental qualities, so unusual and subtle, their inconsistent variety, the combination of the practical and the imaginative, tend to baffle the attempt to represent adequately the gifted and memorable individual with whose shade we part reluctantly as his footsteps die away.

A much more definite and modern figure is that of the editor of some of the manuscripts which in the time of Sir Thomas Browne were the cherished possession of Sir Robert Paston, or that of the jolly Dean whose amusing correspondence with Mr. Ellis (Under-Secretary of State from 1695 to 1705) has lately been printed by the Camden Society. Humphrey Prideaux, described by Evelyn as 'a young man most learned in antiquities,' became a

* 'For though physick may plead high, from that medical act of God, in casting so deep a sleep upon our first parent, and chirurgery find its whole art in that one passage concerning the rib of Adam.'—*Garden of Cyrus.*

* The word 'spagyrici' is that on the coffin. A question was raised whether 'stagyrici' had not been intended. This question was discussed at the time of the discovery of the coffin.

prebendary of Norwich the year before the death of Sir Thomas Browne, and afterwards inhabited the venerable walls of the Deanery. His character and attainments are reflected in the letters, vigorous, plain-spoken, and unsentimental, which give a graphic account of politics, local and public, in Norwich, seasoned with abundance of county gossip. His remarks on the warmth of the Jacobite partisans, or the proceedings of the corporation, alternate with narrations of trials scandalous or sensational, and with anecdotes of his eccentric predecessor in the Deanery, or of the only two noblemen living in Norfolk at the beginning of the century, Lord Townshend and Lord Yarmouth.

The latter, the second Lord Yarmouth, was the last in direct line of that family whose reputation has extended far beyond Norfolk by means of the celebrated letters which have made the Pastons, as the type of the English mediæval family of gentle blood, and the mouthpiece of its sentiments, habits, and fashions, so interesting to the historian. Sir John Fenn, born at Norwich in 1739, claims a niche in the series of local worthies as the student whose industry and enterprise unearthed these records, and gave them to the world. Carefully preserved in the Paston family since the fifteenth century, the letters became dispersed early in the eighteenth, when such as were sold during the lifetime of the last Lord Yarmouth were bought by Le Neve, the well-known collector and antiquarian, and passed through the hands of two other persons before they fell into those of Sir John Fenn, who purchased them in 1775, and bequeathed them to his nephew, Mr. Serjeant Frere. Sir John Fenn is so identified with these old letters, being solely known to the world from his connexion with them, that it is difficult to recognise him under any other aspect than that of the careful antiquary absorbed in the production of the tedious and conscientious transcripts, in antique and modern orthography, which he is said to have made of every letter; but he had also an acknowledged out-of-doors existence, and was known in Norfolk not only as an antiquarian, but as an ordinary country gentleman of mild career, living at Dereham, possessing an estate at Edgefield, acting as a magistrate, chosen as High Sheriff for the county, and finally becoming a knight, when, emerging at last from his study, and shaking the cobwebs from his hands, he held them out to present to the public the quarto volumes which speedily excited so lively an interest. The publication of the more recent and complete edition of the Paston Letters has recently been noticed in this journal, and Mr. Gairdner's laborious researches have confirmed the reputation of their first editor.

Whilst these letters were being painfully deciphered, the dawn was breaking of an epoch in the history of Norwich when a group of persons, remarkable for varied and cultivated talent, was gathered within its walls. The school of painting founded by Crome flourished side by side, during a long stretch of years, with a school of literature, of which William Taylor, Amelia Opie, and (in the next generation) Harriet Martineau were the principal representatives; scientific research, which had earlier in the century found an assiduous follower in William Arderon, Fellow of the Royal Society, included such names as those of Sir James Edward Smith, Hooker, and Lindley; and other individuals, less generally known, contributed by their attainments, especially in medical and antiquarian learning, to enrich the reputation of the place.

Most of these persons lived to open some vein of knowledge, or to divert some ray of light, for the improvement of their day. The literary workers, as the artists, dealt, for the most part, with their present, moral, intellectual, or visible; William Taylor unveiled for the English reading public the region of German contemporary literature; Mrs. Opie and Miss Martineau, each in her different mode and degree, took up some prevailing form of social shortcoming, political error, or moral evil, and, lighting the dark corners of these, pointed out their remedy; the naturalist, continuing the revelations of the past, worked 'for the other distance and the land of promise,' and yielded their share of discovery to the advancement of scientific truth.

Botany, connected in many cases with the acquisition of medical knowledge, proved to be the department of natural science to which these students added valuable items, and to the pursuit of which they are admitted to have given a stimulus and popularity unknown before in England. The taste for floriculture, which had existed from an early period in Norwich, and which probably originated with the Dutch weavers, who, with their manufacture, also brought over the tradition of that cultivation of flowers for which the Low Countries have always been famous, flourished so happily that a 'Florists' Feast' was occasionally held in 'the city of orchards,' and the interest felt in the subject produced, after a time, many individuals whose leisure hours were devoted to botanical research.

Sir James Smith was its earliest noted representative, and while followed by the brilliant reputation of Lindley, Sir William Hooker, and the present Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, the latter by descent, if not by birth, associated with Norfolk, he was preceded by, or contemporary with, several inhabitants of Norwich, in various ranks of life, who pursued the favourite science with relish and industry. Mr. James Crowe, of Lakenham, and the Rev. Henry Bryant, Mr. Hugh Rose, and Mr. Pitchford, both surgeons, the latter practising chiefly among the Roman Catholics, formed, with Sir James Smith, a knot of botanists who were among the first in England to study the writings and adopt the system of Linnæus. The library and collections of the great Swedish naturalist had been purchased at his death for 900 guineas by Sir James Smith, and brought with some risk to England, the King of Sweden pursuing the treasure with a fast vessel; but the plants thus gleaned from the soil of Sweden or gathered to her shores left also her seas behind, and with their attendant literature arrived in safety in London, where they form a part of the possessions of the Linnæan Society, to which Sir James, the first President, bequeathed them.

But besides the more distinguished individuals who drew from the gardens and fields of Norfolk so much of their lore, there were others in humble circumstances who alternated the necessary drudgery of their lives with rambles in search of wild plants and enquiry into their nature. The earliest were, Wilson, a tailor, who added to his Norwich investigations frequent journeys to the nursery gardens of Chelsea and Fulham; Christopher Smart, also a tailor, William Humphrey, and Joseph Fox, a weaver. These men were in the habit of sallying forth, after their dull toil at the loom or in the workroom, for a night's walk among the fertile meadows or wilder nooks within their reach. By the light of the moon, or by the gleams of the lanterns they carried on darker evenings, they pursued their researches, and were the means of bringing into notice some of the growths which have been described in explanation of the plates of Sowerby, or detailed in the 'Transactions of the Linnæan Society,' in whose pages their names have been honourably mentioned.

Sir James Smith, who was born in 1759 in Norwich, developed early that extra sense which changes the 'dull wilderness of the uninitiated into an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction.' He shared in the enthusiasm of the Indian servant who had accompanied one of his uncles, Mr. Kindersley, from the East, and who, while shivering and cowering during a bleak journey across Newmarket Heath, was roused by the sight of the scarlet poppy and viper's bugloss which abounded there to exclaim, 'Yonder are flowers worthy to adorn the gardens of the gods, and *here they grow wild*.' The story which Sir James Smith tells of his longing as a young child for the delicate blue flowers of the wild succory, and his infantine attempt to possess himself of them, is an incident as characteristic of his future pursuits as the caress with which Sir Thomas Browne, seated on his mother's knee, quiets the black rabbit which absorbed his childish curiosity.

Sir James Smith, whose youth was passed at Edinburgh or in travelling on the Continent, settled afterwards for some years in London, and at one time was summoned by Queen Charlotte to give lessons in botany to herself and the young princesses; but his warm admiration for Rousseau, although it appears to have been a very innocent and generous homage, chiefly paid to those accomplishments which touched his own tastes, scandalised her Majesty too irrecoverably, and he was dismissed from this occupation. A far more congenial vocation was that of becoming President of the Linnæan Society and giving lectures at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street; these last he continued for many years, although he returned to live at Norwich, and took up his abode there for many years until his death in 1828.

His memory has been palpably kept up for the dwellers in and about Lowestoft as late as the beginning of 1877. Until that time the well-known carriage of Lady Smith, his widow, who survived him nearly fifty years, was daily seen parading the road along the cliff which looks over the broken and wooded slope on to the broad shore beyond. Thus she lived on, taking a very lively part in the local life around her, and awake to all the affairs of the present day—writing verses, quoting poetry, correcting the misquotations of her juniors, interested in the current literature, hungry for the latest politics, watching the steps of modern science—although her recollections, undimmed by years, took her back to the American war and the taking of the Bastille.* Her long life of 104 years

* The last time we had the pleasure of seeing this venerable lady, which was soon after she had completed her hundredth year, the conversation turned on the American war, which she

thus linked with the immediate present the last quarter of the eighteenth century, the period described at Norwich when the mental activity which then distinguished the city produced such definite results. The same element showed its effect, both at that period and in the early part of the present century, in the character of the local society, which, however it may have been narrowed by provincialism or marred by occasional affectations, was conspicuously above the average of country towns. The William Taylors, father and son, assembled habitually at their house such guests as the Martineaus, Dr. Sayers, Mr. Amyot, Dr. Rigby, Amelia Opie, Dr. Reeve, the Stevensons, and Dr. Enfield. The Aikins, Mrs. Barbauld, and Robert Southey were frequent visitors at Norwich, and assisted to give a tone of distinction to its social gatherings, and Sir James Mackintosh brought for many years the fresh tint of his lively conversation to vary the local colour.

William Taylor was educated by Mrs. Barbauld in the Dissenting school at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where she petted and civilised the boys while her husband whipped them. He preserved all his life a veneration for her name, and a remembrance of the consummate art with which she changed the dry details and dull labour of the hours of study into attractive topics and pleasant tasks; but the event of his life which coloured all his subsequent studies was his residence in Germany from 1779 to 1782, where his father, a Norwich manufacturer, with wise perception, had sent him to advance his education. Although only seventeen on his return, he had cultivated with success not only the language but the literature of Germany, which he afterwards appropriated and translated with a skilled facility uncommon at that time, and in which 'Walter Scott, Advocate,' was perhaps his only equal. William Taylor's translation of Bürger's 'Lenore' preceded by six months that of Sir Walter Scott, who acknowledges, in his correspondence, his adoption of the two lines—

'Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
Splash, splash, along the sea'—

and confesses that his perusal of Taylor's spirited rendering of the poem was one of the sparks which helped to light in him the poetic flame whose brilliance glowed subsequently over so many of the historic scenes and legends of Scotland. 'Do you know,' said Mrs. Barbauld in one of her letters to William Taylor, 'that you made Walter Scott a poet! So he told me the other day. It was, he says, your ballad of "Lenore" that inspired him.'

Besides Sir Walter Scott, there were other well-known names who knew and appreciated William Taylor's endeavour to spread the products of German genius before the readers of England; among these was Goethe, to whom, however, Taylor, on his side, does not appear to have given his due position among the writers of Germany. He places him among, but not at the head of, the poets whose works he transplanted to English ground by his versions and comments in the long series of articles which he contributed to the 'Monthly Magazine' and other periodicals, and whose lives he detailed in the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' three volumes of criticism, reprinted translations, and biographies, which he published in 1828, 1829, and 1830, after the first novelty of such enterprise had passed away, and when the field of research first occupied by him had been traversed by many subsequent explorers. In the 'Historic Survey' was included the translation of the 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' which Taylor had printed many years previously as a single work; a copy of this he had sent to Goethe in 1795, and had received no acknowledgment; but a letter from Mr. Carlyle, which exists among the unprinted papers of the late Mr. Macvey Napier, furnishes a proof that Goethe attached some importance to Taylor's poem.

Whether or no Goethe ever received the copy in 1795, he was certainly anxious to possess one later; and the commands of the Sage of Weimar no less than the existence of the graphic and amusing letter which tells the story, quite justify the unceremonious purchase alluded to by Mr. Carlyle. The letter is addressed to Mr. Macvey Napier, some time after the occurrence which it mentions, and is dated May 28, 1832, two months after the death of Goethe.

'Here, too, let me request another favour of you about books: to retain from the first money you have to pay me as much as will replace your copy of Taylor's "Historic Survey," which I never returned, and ought long ago to have given account of, and made apol-

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said was a frequent subject of discussion in her childhood; and then, quoting from memory, she repeated the following lines, which must have been written about 1787, when Lord North began to lose his eyesight:—

'See the justice of Heaven, America cries:
George loses his senses, North loses his eyes.
When first they provoked me, all Europe could find
That the monarch was mad, and the minister blind.'

We are not aware that this epigram has been preserved elsewhere.

ogy and all possible amends for. The case was this:—I was called, somewhat on the sudden, to send off a book packet to Weimar, wherein the English translation of "Iphigenia" was to form an item. No Taylor's "Iphigenia" could be had in the London shops, nor elsewhere within my capabilities on so short notice; whereupon, yielding to lawless necessity, I tied a silk thread round that portion of your book which contained the piece in requisition, and despatched the whole three volumes to my venerated correspondent, by whom doubtless they were welcomed as quite honestly come by.'

Southey was another acquaintance—who became the familiar friend—of William Taylor. Visiting Norfolk originally on business in 1797, he afterwards came from time to time to Norwich to cultivate the society of Taylor, his 'very good friend, but not very good correspondent.' The letters which passed between them are chiefly on the literary subjects which were occupying both. William Taylor's rarer letters, written in the strong, rugged, expressive language peculiar to himself, embrace the almost endless and very opposite topics which passed before him in his capacity of reviewer, and are full of lively discussion on the poetical talent which was, during those years, shedding its rich fruit in England and Germany. Southey, in his polished and agreeable replies, takes up the parable, and supplies contemporary anecdotes of Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth; he relates also interesting particulars of the manner of production of his own works, in the course of the elaboration of which he submits many questions to the advice and criticism of his correspondent. These subjects were pursued, in the letters, to the exclusion of politics and theology. In these matters the creeds of William Taylor and Southey were too antagonistic to bear comparison; Taylor's Radicalism and strange articles of faith were alien to the mind of Southey, who invited him, if such subjects must be discussed between them, to come to Keswick and argue them out on the top of Skiddaw, where they would be nearer heaven. William Taylor, whose principles and conduct, especially shown in his fidelity towards his parents, had won him the esteem of his friends, as his attractive conversation and copious knowledge had secured their admiration, gradually drifted away from the Unitarianism in which he had been brought up, and the sceptical and speculative turn of mind natural to him became disproportionately known from his great colloquial facility, and from the habit which grew on him in later life of indulging the love of startling and shocking his hearers. This, with a tendency to place an undue dependence on the consolations of the table, dimmed slightly, towards its close, the brightness of a life which had begun with unusual promise, and in which he had developed with unflagging energy, industry, and originality, the gifts at his command. Southey's attachment and respect remained warm and unbroken from the time of their first acquaintance until William Taylor's death in 1836; but Taylor's closest friend and most frequent associate was Dr. Sayers, a writer of highly cultivated mind and a genuine scholar, who lived in Norwich from 1789 to 1817, whither he had migrated from Yarmouth, and where he became an important member of the society of the place, admired and sought for his rare mental, personal, and social gifts. Besides the metaphysical and antiquarian dissertations which came from his pen, Dr. Sayers published a volume of 'Dramatic Sketches,' poems based principally on the Scandinavian legends which have since been so largely celebrated in German and English verse, but which had then been sparingly introduced into English poetry. The observation of Sir Walter Scott, that Sayers 'united the patience of the antiquarian with the genius of the poet,' is justified by this publication; and there are lines in the 'Descent of Freya,' a continuation of Ewald's Danish tragedy of 'The Death of Balder,' which recall the manner of Gray in his 'Odes;' but the poems appear brief and wanting in richness of detail by the side of the grand and arresting narratives to which the modern interpreter of the Northern sagas has accustomed us. Dr. Sayers lived in an ancient house, now somewhat altered, which stood in the Lower Close. The three pointed gables of its picturesque front looked on to the fine old trees, and stood near the Cathedral, to the Chapter House library of which he bequeathed a small but choice collection of books. In one of the visits which Opie was persuaded to pay to Norwich he painted a portrait of Dr. Sayers, which, with another of Southey, hung in William Taylor's library. Opie was a welcome guest in the Norwich set, where sufficient knowledge of art existed to render his genius appreciated, and into which he had been happily introduced by his marriage with one of its favourite members.

Amelia Opie, born in 1769, was the only child of Dr. Edward Alderson, a representative of the Lowestoft family of that name, who, with a brother, the father of the late Baron Alderson, had settled in Norwich. Her education was a fortunate one, well cal-

culated to develope her natural gifts. Living alone with her father, in his house in Calvert Street, she shared with him, for the last thirty years of the past century, the interest and movement of Norwich life, varying her experience by frequent visits to London. Her descriptions of these excursions were often written to her friend Mrs. John Taylor, a Norwich lady of a wise and noble spirit, who was well known to a large circle of her contemporaries for her energetic character and her liberal opinions. Parr, Mackintosh, Windham, and Basil Montague highly appreciated her society.

The husband of this lady, Mr. John Taylor, was not related to the William Taylors we have just mentioned, but he was the grandson of Dr. John Taylor, a Nonconformist divine of considerable eminence, the author of the first Hebrew Concordance and of many theological works, which, in spite of their heterodoxy, were highly esteemed by Dr. Parr and by the more liberal clergy of the Church of England, such as Archbishop Newcome, Bishop Watson, Paley, and Bishop Bathurst. Dr. Parr, who wrote his epitaph, described him as 'a defender of simple and uncorrupted religion.'* Dr. Taylor was elected to the charge of the Presbyterian congregation in Norwich in 1733. The Octagon Chapel, an edifice well known in the history of the Nonconformists, was built for him in 1754, and opened by him in 1756. He continued to reside in Norwich till 1761, and most of his works were composed there. His descendants were, and still are, a numerous and not undistinguished race. Several of these Norwich Taylors have left a name in science and literature; the late Mrs. Austin and her daughter Lady Duff Gordon, and the families of Rigby and of Martineau, were all of the same stock; and many more families which have shed lustre on their birthplace—the Aldersons, the Smiths, the William Taylors, commemorated in these pages—sprang from that Dissenting congregation at Norwich which Robert Southey once described as the 'Unitarian Papacy.' All these excellent persons were strenuous adherents of the political principles of Mr. Fox. For a long series of years they succeeded in returning staunch Whig members to Parliament as the representatives of the city, such as the late Mr. William Smith; and the dawn of the French Revolution, in 1789, which seemed to promise an era of liberty and prosperity to mankind, was nowhere hailed with more enthusiasm than by this provincial society.

* Field's 'Life of Parr,' pp. 136, 137.

Another of Mrs. Opie's early friends, and also her instructor, was Dr. Bruckner, the learned pastor of the French congregation in Norwich. A linguist, an author, and a remarkable preacher, he lived for fifty years serving the French and Dutch 'churches,' and giving lessons in various languages. His striking face was the subject of one of Opie's most forcible portraits. With the solid Flemish features, it bears the intense expression of suppressed excitement which foretold his melancholy death; but if his countenance was as fine as it is represented in the picture, Mrs. Opie did right to disregard his remonstrance when the portrait was proposed:—

'Pourquoi me demander, aimable Amélie,
De ce front tout ridé le lugubre portrait
Pour être contemplé jamais il ne fut fait:
Assez il a déplu—permettez qu'on l'oublie!'

Another of her masters was a man named 'Christian,' who initiated the Norwich youth into the mysteries of gavotte, minuet, and contredanse. Years after she had shown off his steps in the London gaieties with which her life was diversified, and after her marriage had removed her from Norwich, she, one winter's day, whilst on a visit to her old home, took her husband and a friend to the choir of St. Andrew's Hall, used as the Dutch church. There, while Opie was explaining to his friend its architectural beauties, Amelia, to warm herself, characteristically began to dance a *pas seul* on the floor of the chancel, but was stopped in the exuberance of her *entrechats* by the fact, which she suddenly recognised, that the name of 'Christian' was engraved on the stone upon which she had been pirouetting, and that the at last motionless limbs of her early dancing master were reposing after their labours beneath her twinkling feet.

After her marriage with the Cornish painter, Mrs. Opie lived much in London, and his reputation, united to her own remarkable talents, opened to her the door to much that was distinguished in the literary, social, and political worlds; her publications added to her popularity, and she maintained through many after-years her intercourse with these circles. Her writing was much encouraged by Opie, whilst she, in her turn, who for nine years lived by his side, stimulated with genuine appreciation his practice of the art which he pursued with the perseverance and ardour of passion. The broad lines of his character, which bore a sort of resemblance to the general style of his painting—simple, careless, powerful, rugged, impressive, grand—were a happy contrast to her own bright feminine qualities. But this aspect of her

life soon passed away, and after the death of Opie, in April 1807, she returned to Norwich, to live once more with her father, and at a later period, in 1825, became, to the surprise of those who knew her, a member of the Society of Friends, although naturally so adverse to theological controversy that it must remain doubtful whether the Unitarianism which then pervaded Norwich dissatisfied her, or whether the broad lawns and spacious sunshiny front of a certain Quaker country house in the neighbourhood did not offer some slight inducement to the adoption of the garments of neutral tint which were the 'open sesame' to its portals. However this may be, the career which had begun with a gaily spent youth and a short period of married life devoted to literature, art, and the charms of the best society in London and Paris, vanished in a quiet corner of the Quakers' burial-ground at the Gildencroft, Norwich. Amelia Opie at the end of the last century or the beginning of this, and Amelia Opie in the garb and with the speech of a member of the Society of Friends, sounds like two separate personages; but no one who recollects the gay little songs which, at seventy, she used to sing with lively gesture, the fragments of drama to which, with the zest of an innate actress, she occasionally slyly treated her young friends, or the elaborate fastidiousness of her appearance—the shining folds and long train of her pale satin draperies, the high transparent cap, the crisp fichu crossed over the breast, which set off to advantage the charming little plump figure with its rounded lines—could fail to recognise the same characteristics which sparkled about the wearer of the pink calico domino in which she frolicked incognito, 'till she was tired,' at a ball given by the Duke of Wellington in 1814, or of the eight blue feathers which crowned the waving tresses of her flaxen hair as a bride. She was herself to the last; bright, vivacious, and intellectual, foremost in conversation, in her element in society, enjoying it with relish, and enlivening it by her presence, by the mirth and comedy of her small roguish features, and the impulsive, animated manner which conveyed every sentiment almost as accurately as her words. She delighted in the composition of short poems, which she addressed to her friends; and these, with her private letters, are the minor relics which add light to the attainments shown more broadly by her publications.

To portray domestic life, and, in portraying it, to indicate its dangers and temptations, seems to have been the object of such works as 'Father and Daughter,' 'Temper,' 'Illustrations of Lying,' 'Simple Tales,' and 'Detraction Displayed.' The mutual influence and relations of ordinary civilised people were her study; human acquaintanceship, in much variety, her delight; society her sole field of investigation, observation, and action; in this she lived and had her being, this she analysed and pondered; on this she wrote, throwing her ideas and reflections into the novels which, although in comparison with the delicate, permanent, lifelike pictures of Maria Edgeworth or Jane Austen, the searching dissections and vivid delineations of the darker shadows and fiercer lights of the human heart presented to us by such female novelists as Charlotte Brontë or George Eliot, they seem light in structure and deficient in depth and force, yet were popular in their day, reflected faithfully the characteristics of their writer, and with their mixture of earnestness and cheerfulness—

> 'Perhaps it may turn out a song,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon'—

conveyed instruction and amusement to a large circle of readers, and have given Mrs. Opie undoubted possession of a place among English writers of fiction. Her stories are so pleasantly and skilfully written that they do not so much inculcate morality as kindle a sympathy with it. Sober thought and right feeling insensibly colour the mind of the reader, a sort of involuntary preference arises for virtue and truth.

Southey remarks in his 'Colloquies' that Amelia Opie was as much esteemed for her worth as admired for her talents. These talents, and the interest she took in the world around her during the many years of old age she passed in Norwich, recommended her to her acquaintances; they could not ignore the attractive little being whose conversation, carried on in her pretty drawing-rooms in 'Lady's Lane' or the 'Castle Meadow,' was still so brilliant; whose kind activity in furthering the welfare of the inhabitants of the town was so well known; whose appearance in court during the assize trials was so regularly looked for, where her love for the scenic and dramatic was gratified by the exhibition of those epitomes of human life, and where she also triumphed occasionally in the presence of her distinguished cousin, Baron Alderson, on the judicial bench.*

* On one of these occasions, whilst waiting for a trial to finish, Baron Alderson insisted upon conveying her home in the High Sheriff's carriage. In spite of her remonstrance, he drew her forward, saying 'Come, brother Opie!' and handed her into the carriage, 'ashamed, but pleased,' to the amusement of

Nor could they forget the tenderness and strength of nature she had shown in her beautiful devotion to her father during his declining years, when she dedicated herself to his happiness, and solaced, by her affectionate attention, his last long painful period of sickness and decay. Even Harriet Martineau, grudging though she is of praise, and savagely perceptive of the weak points of her contemporaries, cannot but acknowledge that this popular lady was 'worthy of better things than the pedantry of her early associates;' and relates that Mrs. Opie was such a mistress of dramatic art, that her reading only of her own manuscript tales was wont to excite in her hearers the most overwhelming emotion.

As Mrs. Opie recedes, the tall figure and dark expressive face of the rising authoress we have just named look over her shoulder and come into prominence. Thirty years younger, her personal aspect was no greater contrast to the prettiness, airiness, and vivacity of Amelia Opie, than the stern earnestness of her work as a writer, with that work adopted and described by the other as her 'favourite amusement.' No one can have looked on the face of Harriet Martineau without perceiving that amusement was the very last object she would ever have proposed to herself, although her faculty of enjoyment was framed on the same large scale as the other mental and moral powers which would seem to have been intended to lodge in the brain and beneath the pulse of a man rather than of a woman. Her appearance was characteristic—the keen grey eyes, with an expression more penetrating than emotional; the decided, firmly closed lips, the lower one slightly projecting; the thin bony face and mass of black hair; the very broad and somewhat low forehead. These traits improved in attractiveness in later years, when, the face becoming fuller, the features looked smaller and less marked, and there arose a suspicion of softness and gentleness about the mouth which so many years of unselfish labour could not fail to throw over it.

In her lifetime her personality was less widely and accurately known than now. It was known to a certain extent to those who could, at any rate, by the wealth of language, the abundant faculty of invention, the mastery of abstruse subjects which they displayed, form an estimate of her surpassing intellectual powers. It was known still better by the friends and acquaintances, who, if occasionally damped by her unrestrained candour, her love of domination, and absolute confidence in her own judgment, yet felt these qualities amply balanced by her warmheartedness, and by the admirable self-abnegation of her character and practice. But now that she has passed away, the very innermost details of her life, thought, and action, her mental processes, and literary career, have become familiar from her minutely written autobiography. These fill in with absorbing interest the framework of her life, which was spent for the first thirty years at Norwich, where the Martineaus had settled since their arrival in England in 1688, and where she was born in 1802; then in London until 1845, and afterwards at Ambleside. These periods are divided into epochs, less by her outward circumstances than by the fame and character of her successive works. Notwithstanding that her biography is thus marked out by the works that she published, she curiously undervalued the influence of books, placing it beneath that of the news of the day, home affections, and domestic duties, just as Mrs. Barbauld, who was one of the few female classical scholars of her day, depreciated her own achievements, and estimated such learning as far below practical domestic attainments. There was something akin in these two natures, although their outward manifestation was so different, something which deepened the warm admiration felt by Harriet Martineau, as a girl, for the graceful old lady who occasionally visited Norwich, and whose delicate beauty, gentle liveliness, and conversation 'stamped with superiority,' charmed and impressed her.

During this first stage of her life, Miss Martineau pursued her own independent course, living quietly with her family, and before she left Norwich she had already begun her literary career, and had disposed of the one morsel of romance with which her history is flavoured. This remarkable woman, although, as a child, so unusually susceptible both in soul and sense—heart, nerves, touch, all strung up to the highest pitch of sensitiveness, so that no one can read the account of her early years without a pang of misgiving as to her after chances of happiness—became, later in life, so self-contained and self-sufficing, so purely intellectual, so serenely philosophic, that when her lover went mad on the eve of their marriage, she dismissed for ever the whole subject of love, leaving aside, as an undiscovered country, that universal empire of passion which, understood but unexpressed,

the astonished chaplain, who, instead of the expected enormous wig and ponderous scarlet and ermine, found himself seated opposite the tiny form, drab shawl, and quaintly shaped bonnet of Amelia Opie.

has been decreed to act with silent force upon the springs of human feeling, but which she, like Hypatia of old, not only eluded for herself, but recognised so slightly in her works. This and her other two main characteristics—her devotion to the welfare of mankind, and the moral beauty of her standard of life and conduct—contributed to procure for her the happiness and content which she enjoyed, in spite of the abstract opinions which she embraced and professed. Her moral principle, always high and unbroken, existed, after middle age, entirely independently of any theological considerations, or of any anticipation of reward or punishment beyond the grave. She was at any rate no 'pessimist.' Her faith in the progressive happiness and welfare of mankind seems to have stood her in lieu of every other hope in futurity, and the practice of an active and enlightened benevolence to have been the chief object of her existence. Yet by a strange contradiction, although by no means insensible to the warmth of domestic affections or to friendship, she passed her latter years in buoyant cheerfulness, when she had mentally consigned herself and her dearest and closest ties on earth to an everlasting separation.

The eternal sleep which was all she anticipated has in it a thrill of dreariness when compared with the gleam of hope which lights up the thought expressed with charming simplicity by Mrs. Barbauld :—

'Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
But when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part where friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning!'

Let us trust that Harriet Martineau is not so completely extinguished as she desired to be, but that in some region undreamt of in her philosophy she has been saluted and revived by an unexpected 'good morning.'

Besides the traces furnished by the mental experience or the literary achievement of the notabilities of Norwich, another story has to be told, that of the outward aspect of the land from whence they sprang; and this has been conveyed to us by a very original and remarkable school of painters. The Norwich painters have not been figure drawers; they have not taken human nature for their subject; they have put aside its incidents, its situations, its complications, and they have devoted themselves to the genuine, loving, honest delineation of the characteristics of their own country-side. Of all these painters, the scenery of Norfolk owes most to John Crome, who, while introducing the observer of his pictures to the places and peculiarities most worthy of admiration in the county, threw an interest over the commonest scenes which he rendered, touching into beauty the most ordinary cottage, pool, field, or farmyard. There is something bracing and refreshing in the very recollection of the robustness and simplicity of this painter, who, abjuring the past, the unseen, and the imaginative, put down with boldness and fidelity, and overspread with the sunshine of his genius, the facts he saw before him. John Crome, born in the humblest circumstances, the son of a journeyman weaver, received an education so scanty, so brief, so early terminated by his entrance into domestic service at twelve years old, that his rise in life, his subsequent culture, the standing he attained, are proofs not only of the remarkable strength of his talent, but of his general activity of mind, enterprise, and determination. He completely triumphed over his circumstances, which were as opposite as can be imagined from the hotbed provided by the schools of drawing in every town, the endless exhibitions, the easy access to foreign galleries, for the dawning artist of the present day. Crome was shut up in Norwich, lost in the remoteness of the eastern counties, unassisted by railroads, too poor to procure books or prints, uneducated, and without artistic training, yet he contrived to mount the ladder; taking his first step as a house and sign painter in Norwich, where he shared a lodging with another future artist, Robert Ladbroke, and the two boys spent their limited leisure hours in painting hard in their dingy room, or hurrying out to win subjects from the adjacent country. The next round of the ladder was gained by setting up as a drawing master, but making by that vocation, even in subsequent years, such small sums only as are shown by the following extract from an old family ledger kept by one of his principal employers. 'December, 1796 : John Crome, drawing master, 6*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* 1797 : John Crome, half a year to midsummer, 6*l.* 18*s.*' This instruction could scarcely have amounted to more than five shillings a lesson—a payment in proportion to the five pounds which he was wont to ask for some of the pictures whose easy, masterly, solid execution, sweet colour, and fidelity to nature, have now increased their value fifty-fold.

He mounted another step by the friendship of Mr. Harvey of Catton, and of Sir William Beechey, the portrait-painter, who occasionally visited Norwich. The latter warmly welcomed and assisted Crome during his visits to London, when the country lad would present his shrewd clever face, with its singular profile, and heavy hair and eyebrows, at the studio of his friend, who imparted to him valuable ideas and remarks upon art which his defective education scarcely furnished him with the means of acquiring. Mr. Harvey offered to Crome the single opportunity which the painter enjoyed in early life of familiarising himself with the productions of the first masters. He possessed some good Flemish and Dutch pictures, which were then, and afterwards, carefully studied by Crome, who admired them with reverence and enthusiasm. Crome appears to have owed nothing throughout his career to the French and Italian schools, except through the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Opie, but to have based his style exclusively upon the Dutch manner; as he confined his range, with few exceptions, to the scenes of his own country. This narrow range, and definite unchanging style, give intensity and character to every line of his pencil and every sweep of his loaded brush.

His next step in life was the establishment, in 1803, of the Society of Norwich Artists, in whose annual exhibitions most, although not all, of his paintings were shown. He contributed to the first exhibition twenty-four pictures, and altogether, from the year 1805 until his death sixteen years after, 266 pictures, sketches, and drawings. The management and furtherance of this object no doubt kept Crome much at Norwich, and is one cause of the preponderance of Norfolk subjects in the pictures he has left behind him. The fine picture of Mousehold Heath, now in the National Gallery, was exhibited by him first in Norwich in 1816. Two years before, he visited France, and brought home the subject from Boulogne, with its sweep of beach sprinkled with the figures of the fisher people, and the fleet of boats, showing their red sails on the fresh sparkling sea, whose line appears beyond the brown sand; and, in addition, the study for the picture of the Boulevard des Italiens, where the houses on either side of the avenue, the grotesque carriages, the picture-dealer's stall, the lady with the large bonnet and the two poodles, the passers-by gronped about among the tables and stalls, give so vivid a record of the aspect of Paris in the first days of the Peace, and bear witness to the extraordinary attention and acuteness with which Crome must have mastered the details of the scene before him. But his visits to the Continent were rare, and in any case it is known that his oil paintings were all executed in Norwich, his method being to furnish himself, whilst travelling or exploring, only with the drawings and sketches which were afterwards transformed into pictures at home. Crome died in 1821, at the age of fifty-two; he brought up his children to practise his art, and the name of John Berney Crome, as well as those of another son and a daughter, occur frequently in the catalogue of the Norwich exhibitions. His love for the Dutch pictures which he had studied in the early days when the anticipation of a successful career was beginning to dawn upon him, haunted his deathbed, and, the recollection of his favourite painter kindling for a moment his latest breath, he expired, exclaiming 'O Hobbema! Hobbema! how I have loved thee!'

The exhibitions which Crome established differed from those which are now so frequently held in provincial towns, in that they included only the works of local artists; a system then adopted, as far as England was concerned, for the first time; suggested, perhaps, by the local exhibitions of Dutch art common in the principal towns of Holland. The Norwich Society was called 'The Lovers of the Arts; a Society instituted for the Purpose of an Enquiry into the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture.' The articles provided that each member should furnish a design annually, to be placed in the Academy's room; also that the members should meet once a fortnight to discuss subjects connected with the study of the fine arts. Crome was president about the fourth year, and occasionally afterwards; Cotman, Ladbroke, and others subsequently filled the post. The exhibitions continued for twenty-eight years, from 1805 to 1833, uninterrupted by a difference which took place in 1816, when a few members seceded and formed a rival society, which lasted for three years only. The catalogues (a perfect set of which exists in Norwich, collected after many years' search) announce that the exhibition is 'now open in the great room in Sir Benjamin Wrenche's court;' these catalogues are in quarto form, large print, interspersed with woodcuts by way of *cul-de-lampe*, and each one with a Latin or English quotation on the title-page. They show that besides the two hundred and sixty-six pictures provided by Crome,

three hundred and forty were contribnted by Cotman, one hnndred by Vincent,* a painter of great power, thirty-one by Joseph Stannard, and eighty-six by James Stark, both artists of repute, the latter the executer of the beantiful drawings in the 'Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk,' and the last snrvivor of the Norwich School.

John Sell Cotman, born in 1782, was the son of a Norwich silk mercer; he had the advantage of a good local education, and the enjoyment in childhood of one of those gentle scenes of sloping garden, tree, and river which make the villas of Thorpe, a hamlet adjoining Norwich, so complete a contrast to its busy streets. He went to London early, to prepare for the vocation he had chosen, and spent some years in the stndy of art, retnrning to Norwich in 1807, when he joined the 'Lovers of the Arts,' and painted diligently for their exhibitions. He soon after settled in Yarmonth as a drawing master, where his great ability attracted the attention of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, who, as eminent for his encouragement of art as for his taste and success in the collection of choice antiquarian and historical literature, became to him an invaluable friend. Cotman lived at a small honse on the Gorleston Road, near Ysrmonth, facing the sea. In this abode he worked ont the English and French architectural subjects pnblished in his engraved illustrations, the production of which was varied by the painting of nnmerous oil pictures, and still more frequently by that of the many examples in water colour for which he has acquired a special roputation. His principal work, 'Tho Architecture of Normandy,' was suggested by Mr. Dawson Turner, who had been struck with the fine materials which abonnd in that province for pictorial illustration; and, knowing the fitness of Cotman's talent for such a task, he indnced him to visit Normandy, for the purpose of making a series of drawings, and offered to write a descriptive letterpress to elncidate them.

Cotman had mnch endeared himself to his friends and pnpils by his pleasant disposition and genial temper; he accompanied the family party of the Turners to Normandy, and spent some weeks in wandering within the shadows of the rich and picturesqne architectnre with which its towns and villages are so profusely decorated. He came home with an abnndant record of these, and amply prepared to introduce his acquisition to the English public. A number of small sketch-books contained the drawings in pencil which he had made from these charming snbjects; these drawings were copied by him at home in sepia or Vandyck brown, the ontline and details in pen-work, the light and shadow in washes, enlarged to the size requisite for the projected volume. From these finished drawings he himself etched the copper plate, sitting at work at an upper window of his house near the sea, a large screen of silk paper in a frame of wood tilted before the great sheet of copper to shade his eyes; afterwards printing the snbjects off himself at a copperplate printing press in Yarmouth, thns originating every part of the process from the first sketch or design np to the final issue of the finished etching. These designs havo the peculiar merit which characterises his varied prodnctions—the grand and simple light and shade, the breadth and dignity of style, the noble and picturesqne treatment of his subject, the power, richness, and tastefulness of his use of the pen, either alone or in combination with colour. His plates are chiefly executed in tho method of etching called the 'broad point,' and in the command of this branch of art he has never been surpassed. As a colonrist he was sometimes harsh and over-vehement—certainly far too bold for the taste and jndgment of his own times—bnt as a draughtsman he is incomparable. After the work on Normandy was finished Cotman left Yarmonth, and moved to Norwich, and later, in 1834, finally settled in London, where he obtained the post of Professor of Drawing at King's College, dne, it is said, to his great contemporary, J. M. W. Turner, who appreciated his artistic gifts. He lived oight years longer, bnt the close of his life was clouded by depression. Dissatisfaction that his work was not valned as he felt it deserved, vexation that oil painting, his favonrite branch of art, was impossible to him to the extent he desired to practise it, in consequence of the enforced incessant teaching necessary to provide for his family, preyed upon his mind, and he died disheartened, not foreseeing that his talent would be recognised later, and himself estimated as one of the best ornaments of that artistic period at Norwich which, from the birth of Crome nntil the death of Stark, lasted for nearly a century. To snpply even short biographical notices of snch men as Crome and Cotman, who seem to exist only in their works, is a thankless nndertaking. The

* Of all the Norwich artists, Vincent was the least known to the London public; but the picture of the Thames at Greenwich, exhibited at Burlington House in 1878, and the picture of Gorleston, in the Exhibition of the present year, are works of the highest quality, which would do honour to any school.

wide extent of actual surface touched by their pencil into life is their most legitimate biography, graven for ever by themselves. Yet the life of the artist is perpetuated, as long as his works endure, even more vividly than that of the man of letters, the statesman, or the soldier. We have his handicraft before our eyes—the thing he touched, the scene he created, the colours he has endued with significance and beauty. Neglected in their lives, forgotten at their deaths, these Norwich painters have been restored to a fresh existence by the discerning admiration of a later period, and, if it be any consolation to the departed to live in posthumous fame, this at least will be vouchsafed to them, probably far more than to their literary townsmen and contemporaries.

Art. III.—1. *A History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments.* By Henry Brugsch Bey. Translated from the German by the late H. D. Seymour. Completed and edited by Philip Smith, B.A. Two volumes. London: 1879.

2. *Facsimile of an Egyptian Hieratic Papyrus, of the Reign of Rameses the Third, now in the British Museum.* Printed by order of the Trustees. London: 1876.

3. *Records of the Past, being English Translations of the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments.* Published under the sanction of the Society of Biblical Archæology. Vols. I. to X. London: Not dated.

No events of the nineteenth century have been more surprising than the resurrection into the light of historic day of long-buried and long-forgotten nations. An unknown past has glided from the grave, to tell its own story in unexpected language. Forgotten tongues, forgotten arts, forgotten peoples have been restored to the domain of history. The decrees of Darius, committed to the long silent trust of the stone of Behistan, have been anew proclaimed by Rawlinson. Layard has dragged the monuments of Assyria, and Smith the crystal throne of Sennacherib, from beneath the ruinous heaps of the Mesopotamian valley. Schliemann has brought from Mycenæ the arms, the jewels, and the golden masks of Homeric kings. Dennis has collected from the sepulchres of Etruria the memorials of a people as far superior to the Romans, who afterwards occupied that country, in taste and in art, as they were earlier in time. H. R. H. the Count of Syracuse has recovered, by researches of a like character, the toilette articles, the workbox, and the feminine implements of Italian ladies of the age, or before the age, of Lucretia. In Cyprus, Cesnola has rifled the sanctuaries of Venus and the tombs of her worshippers. But in Egypt monuments have been recovered that were hoary with age before the hanging gardens of Babylon were constructed or the tombs of Etruria were plated with copper. Reaching back to a period which, not so very long ago, was considered to be that of the reign of Chaos and old Night, they loom through the grey dawn of history, and tell their own story in language which each year renders less ambiguous to the student. The very life of a great people—as remote from human knowledge a century back as if they had been dwellers in another planet—is presented to our gaze in its minutest details. Their faith, their morals, their worship, their ideas of a future life, their arms, their arts, their amusements, are becoming more accurately known than those of our own ancestors when Cæsar invaded Britain, or those of the Gauls who defended Alesia against the Roman legions.

Fifty-two years ago, when the discoveries of Champollion and of Young were in their infancy, we first called attention to this subject in these pages; but although the researches of the learned were carried on with great assiduity and some success, their efforts to unlock the mystic secret of the hieroglyphics or holy writing of Egypt failed to overcome the scepticism of Sir G. C. Lewis. Even when Sir Gardner Wilkinson, after a long residence amid the temple tombs of Egypt, first published the work which brings before us the life of ancient Egypt with so much truth and vivacity, he relied mainly on Greek authorities, and on the pictorial representations of Egyptian life, which form in truth only the background to the hieroglyphic texts. But if we may trust the assurances of more recent scholars, we have now got far beyond this twilight of comparative incertitude. We can compare the renderings of hieroglyphic inscriptions and of hieratic papyri made by English, by French, and by German scholars. And Brugsch Bey, in his 'History of Egypt under the Pharaohs, derived entirely from the Monuments,' adds the authority of the archæologist to the charm of the writer of romance. The language of many pages of his book affects the imagination with something of the magic wildness of the music of Weber. We must let him, as far

as practicable, tell his own story to our readers :—

'The wonderland on the banks of the mighty Nile is a land of continual and startling discoveries, and will remain so for all coming times and generations. In the hope of finding important discoveries in the soil of Egypt in consequence of new excavations, we should esteem it unwise to give to our views the absolute form of a fixed unalterable judgment. But we may well be allowed to compare the information in the inscriptions of the few monuments which have been preserved with the accounts which the Greeks have handed down to us, and from this to form our own opinion, and leave it to the consideration of the future if by a happy accident our conjectures should be confirmed or refuted.'

The period of Egyptian history which is brought before us by Herr Brugsch extends from the formation of the brilliant capital of the ancient empire, the city of Memphis, by the first Pharaoh, Mena or Menes, to the time when 'the Persians, who, after a short interval, took up the part played by the Assyrians, gave Egypt her final death-blow.' During the period of the thirty-first or Persian dynasty—

'we are standing by the open grave of the Egyptian kingdom. The array of kings, whose names are enrolled in these last dynasties, some of them native and some foreigners, appear as the bearers of the old decaying corpse, whose last light of life flickered up once more in the dynasty of Saïs, only to go out soon and for ever. The monuments become more and more silent, from generation to generation, and from reign to reign. The ancient seats of splendour, Memphis or Thebes, have fallen into ruin, or at all events are depopulated and deserted. Only the strong bulwark of the "white citadel" of Memphis serves as a refuge for the persecuted native kings and their warriors in times of need. The Persian satraps dwell in the old royal halls of the city. The whole people have grown feeble with age, disordered to the marrow, and exhausted by the lengthened struggle of the petty kings and satraps of the mighty power of Assyria.'

The accession of the Persian dynasty in Egypt, thus taken as the close of the monumental history of the country, dates in B.C. 340, only eight years before the final conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great. At the latter date there had elapsed, since the era of Menes, according to the detailed estimate of dates to be found in Herr Brugsch's former works, 4,423 years. It is, however, only shortly before the era of the twelfth dynasty, or about 2,500 years before the Christian era, that 'the long silence of the stones begins to cease, and the mouth of the monuments to sing, and tell us tales of the olden time.'

Not that an absolute silence has been maintained down to that comparatively recent date. In the Museum at Turin exist the precious fragments of a papyrus which, in its perfect state, contained not only the names, but the lengths of the individual reigns, of a long series of kings. The list supplied by Manetho is only questionable in consequence of the errors of copyists. At Abydos, some thirty years ago, a table of stone was discovered in a corridor of the temple of Seti I. at Harabat-el-Madfouneh, which gives a succession of sixty-five kings from Menes down to the last reign of the twelfth dynasty. A similar table has been found at Saqqara. But there is by no means an accurate record among these authorities. 'Even in remote antiquity uncertainty and doubt seem already to have prevailed as to the succession of kings in the olden time; nay, even the stone monuments differ about their names and order. The enquiry is far from being closed, and it must be left for new discoveries to determine, precisely and finally, the names of the old kings.'

It is considered by Herr Brugsch to be a settled point, although the fact is questioned by the younger school, that

'the forefathers of the Egyptians cannot be reckoned among the African races, properly so called. The form of the skull—so at least the elder school teaches—as well as the proportions of the several parts of the body, as these have been determined from examining a great number of mummies, are held to indicate a connexion with the Caucasian family of mankind. . . . Comparative philology, in its turn, gives powerful support to this hypothesis. The Egyptian language—which has been preserved on the monuments of the oldest time, as well as the late Christian manuscripts of the Copts, the successors of the people of the Pharaohs—shows in no way any trace of a derivation and descent from the African families of speech. . . . The whole number of the buildings in stone, as yet known and examined, which were erected on both sides of the river by the Egyptian and Ethiopian kings, furnishes incontrovertible proof that the long series of temples, cities, sepulchres, and monuments in general exhibit a distinct chronological order, of which the oldest starting point is found in the pyramids, at the apex of the delta, south of the bifurcation of the great river. As, in proceeding southwards, we approach nearer and nearer to the rapids and cataracts of the Upper Nile, right into the heart of the Ethiopian kingdom, the more does the stamp of antiquity vanish from the whole body of extant monuments; the more evident is the decline of art, of taste, of beauty.'

The inference is that Egypt was originally colonised by a people reared in the lofty

Asiatic cradle of the greater part of the human race.

This question of blood relationship with the great European family of nations throws light on a law of descent which we believe is now for the first time brought to light, and which is explanatory of much that has been hitherto obscure as to the succession of the Egyptian dynasties. The same rule that obtained among the Celtic peoples, and which has regulated the public law of Europe, with the exception of the kingdoms and lordships that adopted the opposite principle of the Salic law, prevailed in Egypt from the days of the first dynasty. It is on the authority, apparently, of Manetho, that we are told that it was the third king of the second dynasty, Bainnter, or Binothris, who, having no son, erected a standing law to consecrate the usage that

'the tender sex of the women should share the power of inheriting the crown. The working of this new usage was important to the fate of many a dynasty, as when the queen, after the demise of her husband, took the reins of government, or stepped into the place of her youthful son; or when the heiress left by the dead Pharaoh, who had not the good fortune to be lamented by a company of sons, gives her hand to a foreign husband. So far as the monuments which have been carefully examined seem to show, according to the ancient manner and usage, the mother's pedigree had a high value in inheriting, because it gave an unconditional feudal claim to the son as the true heir of "the father of his mother." The husband of a princess heiress from her pharaonic blood had not the least right under the title of husband, and it was the son, issue of this marriage, who, on account of his maternal descent, was regarded as Pharaoh by right and by birth. If, on the contrary, a king married a lady of noble family, either Egyptian or foreign, the children, as appears from certain monumental indications, did not entirely possess a legitimate right to the crown.

'The father of the new king was distinguished by the title of "atef nuter," the father of the divine one, while the mother is called "mut suten," the mother of the king. The succession of the dynasties is founded, in the greater number of cases, on alliance with princesses heiresses, whether the husband was of pharaonic descent or not. Thus are explained all the difficulties of succession in the royal house.'

So far from this female succession having been introduced in the time of the second dynasty, the above remarks appear to carry it back to that very rude state of society, found to exist rather amongst Turanian than Aryan races, in which certitude of descent was held to be with difficulty ascertainable except on the female side. As far as historic evidence goes, however, it is rather the inflexibility of the law regulating royal descent than its special form of pedigree that secures national welfare. Exceptional as was the Salic law, even in France itself, it was effectual in preventing any dispute as to the succession to the throne, except in the case of the English claimant who affected to ignore that law. But the attempt to change this ancient family regulation bathed both Spain and Portugal in the blood of repeated revolutions and civil wars. In the same way we shall see how, in the history of Egypt, the infringement by a powerful prince of the family law, in the selection of a foreign bride, led to the decadence of one of the most famous lines of sovereigns that ever reared their monuments on the face of the earth.

The importance of this view of the law of the descent of the double diadem of Egypt is not trifling. Before passing to what is the real pith and marrow of the book, the revelation of the stirring, energetic, not ignoble life of a mighty people who were civilised nearly five thousand years before a Roman soldier trod the shore of Britain, it may be well to sketch that backbone of their history which (as was always the case down to the time of Voltaire) is defined by the dynastic succession of the kings and queens. Now that we see that it was not in virtue of such a relationship as made Henri de Bourbon succeed Henri de Valois on the throne of France, but according to that more natural line of descent which makes Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heir-apparent to the crown worn by his great-grandfather, we can glance, with less perplexity than has hitherto been the case, down the long array of the thirty-one dynasties that ruled in Egypt from Menes, the first Pharaoh, to the time of Alexander the Great.

From a date which the former volumes of Herr Brugsch assure us cannot possibly be very widely distant from the year B.C. 4455, at least sixty-five Pharaohs, descending in some way from Menes, reigned at Thinis, in the eighth nome of Upper Egypt; at Memphis; at Elephantine (opposite Syene); or at Thebes. A transference of the seat of empire, first for a distance of nearly three and a half degrees of latitude to the south, then for six degrees to the north, and then again for one and a half degrees to the south, indicates greater changes in the varying conditions of the Egyptian State, during a period of two thousand two hundred years, than are a necessary sequence of the division of these early Pharaohs into ten dynasties, to one of

which is only attributed (as yet) a reign of seventy days. At a date not yet decided, but ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 years after Menes, a rival kingdom was established, of which the capital was at Heracleopolis, a city about half a degree north of Memphis, where two successive dynasties of kings reigned for 285 years. The selection of Thebes as the capital of the two kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt seems to have coincided with the conquest or extirpation of the collateral lines of the Heracleopolite kings.

There is at present a gap in the history after the time of the seventh king of the twelfth or first Theban dynasty, during which an opposition dominion was established at Xoïs or Sekun, in Lower Egypt. This is the fourteenth dynasty of Manetho, who attributes to it a duration of 484 years, under seventy-six kings. The internal discord thus shown to have been existing gives a key to the long silence of the contemporary monuments during this period of Egyptian history. And it further affords an explanation of the success of the invasion of Lower Egypt by a foreign race, that of the Hyksos or shepherd kings, who reigned for upwards of 500 years at Tanis, or Zoan, in the fourteenth nome of Lower Egypt, and who were not finally expelled until the date described as the Second Period of Egyptian History—that of the new monarchy, which was established at Thebes by the powerful and magnificent kings of the eighteenth dynasty. Thus a period of about the length of that which has elapsed since the Christian era is occupied by an early history, of which the details are incomplete, but during the whole of which, with the exception of rather less than 300 years, the kingdom was undivided. This portion of Egyptian history is succeeded by a thousand years of division or of struggle, of which the records are few and broken. This, again, is followed by a period of the utmost splendour, ushering in another cycle of a thousand years, during which three successive Theban dynasties were followed by kings reigning at Tanis, at Bubastis, and at Saïs, and by Ethiopian, Assyrian, and Persian conquerors, down to the time of the submission of Egypt, reduced to the rank of a Persian province, to the Macedonian sceptre.

The notions that we have formed of the duration of kingdoms and of dynasties, since the opening of the page of written history by Herodotus, are but ill calculated to prepare the mind to accept the records of these secular terms of rule. The oldest of European dynasties, which claims a succession of 260 heads, during 1,813 years, and which gives something like proof of the sequence of 217 pontiffs since the year A.D. 327, was independent of the law of descent. The present head of the royal house of France can trace an unbroken descent of 26 generations from Hugh Capet; but during that cycle of 840 years the regnant line has thrice been broken, and the descendants of younger branches have twice been called on to step into the front rank. The longest male line amongst the nobility of Europe, that of the Montmorencis, which claims to have raised its *cri* of '*Dieu aide au premier Chrétien!*' in A.D. 497, is now represented in France only by two aged ladies. The twenty-two dynasties of China do indeed cover a longer period than the thirty-three dynasties of Egypt (including Alexander and the Ptolemies). Their slowly changing order has endured to our own time. But the era of hereditary kings in China is fixed not earlier than the commencement of the foreign reign of the Hyksos in Egypt. When Fou Hi invented the art of writing in China, the hieroglyphic system of Egypt was already perfect both in significance and in execution. The founding of Memphis preceded that of the Great Pyramid by a period equal to that which divides the reign of Queen Victoria from the Norman Conquest. If we add to this the whole period of the Papacy, from the fabled primacy of Peter to Leo XIII., we shall not have measured a period so long as that which, commencing with Menes, preceded the establishment of the mighty eighteenth dynasty at Thebes. We must add a term equal to the duration of the French royalty, from Charlemagne to 1789, before we reach the period of final decadence, when Persian and Ethiopian kings strove for the spoil of Egypt. We may well ask, in wonder, are these veritable records of human life and empire?

A reply to this question, which may convince the most sceptical, may be drawn from the extraordinary freshness, vivacity, and mutual harmony of the records now translated by the learned German. But it must be borne in mind that the expression, 'derived entirely from the monuments,' does not convey the exact state of the case to an English reader. The inscriptions on stone, in temples, tombs, *stelæ*, and sarcophagi, which Egyptian scholars now read, as one of the most famous of them recently remarked to ourselves, about as easily as a newspaper, are almost exclusively in hieroglyphics. But the most important papyri, such, for example, as that narrating the expedition to Antioch of Thothmes III., are

in the hieratic character; and it is from these papyri, as well as from the pictorial inscriptions on the tombs, that the facts illustrating the life of the people have been principally taken. The hieroglyphic inscriptions, while they form the surest determinants of date, are for the most part so filled up with courtly or religious formulæ as to have far less importance, as regards the human interests of ancient Egyptian life, than the papyri.

While rendering to the learned author of this work the tribute of respectful admiration which is his due, we shall have occasion to express regret that, on one or two points on which he has abandoned that tone of philosophic reserve which commanded such confidence in his earlier writings, he has placed himself in opposition to ascertainable facts. When we have further said that the references to 'De Prisse' on p. 67 of the first volume, and to a Frenchman of 'that name' (or, as the text would read, of the name of Prisse-papyrus) on p. 92, are scarcely graceful allusions to that most beautiful limner of Egyptian scenery and monuments, M. Prisse d'Avesnes, whose death we have to lament while the ink is wet, and whose last splendid work on Egypt is an honour to the Government which supported the publication, as well as to the artists who produced it, we shall have indicated our main points of divergence from the German author. As to the translators, we have to notice a few—a very few—instances in which we find it impossible to make sense of their work, or to be sure that our sense is their sense. And we must also raise a protest against the hybrid form in which the name of the German Egyptologist is introduced to the English reader. We are unsparing in our comments when Frenchmen of letters write about 'Sir Beaconsfield,' or announce that 'milor Salisbury has been raised to the dignity of an earl.' But even these trips are scarcely less defensible than the description given in the preface of the author of the work as 'Dr. Henry Brugsch-Bey.' We can understand an European taking an Oriental title, if he take it as an Oriental resident. We can understand that academic degrees are common to the learned world. But to begin with an English (or even a German) academic title, to go on by translating a baptismal name, and to conclude by an Oriental complement, is to produce a *mélange* of a character more original than admirable. 'M. Mariette-Bey' comes in under an introduction by the same master of the ceremonies. As an instance of the perplexity to which we refer, we cite the following sentences:—

'The information of the monuments is silent about a physician of the name of Tota, Atot, or Ata; mention is only made of a roll of a very ancient book bought in Thebes by Mr. Ebers, which, when Teta sat on the throne, was prized as a means for making the hair grow. More important than this information, interesting at most to hair-dressers, is the fact that the writings of the pharaohs on medical subjects reach back as far as the first dynasty of the Thinites.'

How the roll of a book can be the means of making the hair grow, may indeed conceal some 'goot meaning,' 'save the phrase is a little variations.' More interesting is the reflection how persistent is that human weakness which for more than 6,000 years has rewarded the skill of the professors of cosmetic art. We know from the tract Sabbath of the Mishna that the oil of roses, and the use of acid remedies for the tooth-ache, are as old as the codification of the oral law. Nay more, the use in those early days of artificial teeth is proved by the debate on the question whether it was allowable to go out on the Sabbath with these contrivances in the mouth. The decision, a very characteristic one, was that if the tooth was regarded as an ornament it was legal so to do, but not if it was regarded as a useful implement. It was also allowed to bear about the person on the Sabbath a fox's tooth, which, if extracted from the living animal, was good to procure sleep. But the prescription of Tota carries us back for some 2,500 years before the Exodus. We might have formed our own conclusions as to the care that must have been given to the arrangement of the complex head-tiring of the early Egyptians. We have their actual wigs in the British, as well as in the Berlin, Museum. We now have afforded us a glimpse at a monarch who exercised the paternal care of instructing his people as to their pommades! We must be pardoned for expressing the regret that this ancient *recipe* is not translated. It would be curious to compare its chemical ingredients with those of the latest effort of American crinology, petroleum pommade, which is said to be of miraculous efficacy.

Having indicated the limits within which the acceptance of this new history of ancient Egypt is to be restricted, we shall do most justice to both author and translator by allowing them, as far as possible, to speak for themselves. This is how the history opens:—

'In the eighth nome of Upper Egypt, west

of the river in the direction of the Libyan mountains, there stood a small town called by the Egyptians Tini, a name which the Greeks converted, after their manner, into This or Thinis. It was the ancient metropolis of the eighth nome. Lying near to the great city of Ahydus, Tini probably formed only a separate quarter of that celebrated city, as would appear from numerous notices in the old Egyptian records. The town of Tini had chosen for its tutelar deity the warlike god Anhur, whom the Greeks and Romans identified with their god Mars, while at Ahydus Osiris was worshipped with the most holy rites of the dead. Both cities have now vanished from the face of the earth; but their memory is preserved by the vast necropolis, and by the splendid buildings of several sanctuaries which the pious faith of the Egyptians raised on the outermost border of the desert, at the place which the present modern inhabitants of this country call by the Arabic name of Harabat-el-Madfouneh (Harabat the sunken).

'Although we have next to nothing to relate of the history of the little town of Tini, which, in the time of the Roman dominion, was only known for its dyers of purple, it must have enjoyed a very great reputation among the ancient Egyptians. As late as the period of the nineteenth dynasty, the highest functionaries of the blood royal were distinguished by the title of "princes of Tini," a mark of honour such as only existed in the following titles, "princes of Kush" and "princes of Hineh" (the moon town, Eileithyiapolis). The highest glory of this town was undoubtedly founded on the circumstance that the first king of the Egyptians, and his successors who composed the first two dynasties, according to the enumeration of Manetho, were descended from a family which sprang from this place. The name of this ancestor of all Egyptian kings—whom the classic authors call indifferently Min, Menis, Meines, Meinios, and Meneres—was in the native language Mena, an appellation which will be best translated in English by its original meaning, "the constant." All that we know of him is limited to some notices which we owe to classic authors. According to them, this pharaoh was the first legislator of the Egyptians, but they accused him of having perverted the good manners of ancient times, and of having replaced sobriety and a simple manner of living by royal luxury and sumptuous splendour. They related with regard to this that a long time after him a king named Technactis, or Tnephachthus, the father of the unfortunate king Bocchoris, having experienced, during an expedition against the revolted Arabs, the advantages of a modest repast and a bed of straw, was so much disgusted at the royal mode of life, that he henceforward adopted the most simple frugality. He even ordered the sacerdotal caste to engrave upon a stone a decree containing curses pronounced against King Mena, and to place it in the temple of Amon at Thebes.'

Thus the papal excommunications and counter-excommunications as to the orthodoxy of Pope Formoso had an antetype in this more ancient race of kingly pontiffs.

It is only 'according to another tradition,' that we are told that Mena was the first to lay down rules for the service of the gods and the worship of the temples. He diverted the course of the Nile, which before his time ran close to the Libyan chain of hills, by the construction of a dyke (which the French engineer, M. Linant, declares to be the existing great dyke of Cocheiche), and thus gained land from the sea for the site of Memphis, or Men-nofer, 'the good place,' called also Cha-nofer, 'the good appearance,' or Macha-ta, 'the land of the scales.' Here he built the temple-palaces of Ha-ka-patah, the house of worship of Patah, or Ptah, who is spoken of at one time as the Egyptian Vulcan, and at another as the great architect of the universe.

'The dead of the Memphitic district rested in "the land of life," Anch-ta, of the towns in the stony desert in sight of the town of Memphis. Osiris, the judge of the dead underground, had his special temple—his cerapeum, as the Greeks called it—bearing the name Han-ub, "house of gold." The holy canal at the place of the harbour was called Chet, or Mu-khet, i.e. "the waters of the voyage below." It carried off the floods of the inundation to the low-lying lands behind "the great circumference," Shen-ur.'

The god Ptah bore also the name of Sokar, or Sokari, of which name the trace is thought to linger in the name of the modern village of Sakkarah, near Memphis. The wife of Ptah bore the name of Sochet, and was symbolised by the sun's disc. Their son was Nofer-atum, later called I-m-hotep; in Greek Imnthes, the Æsculapius of Egyptian mythology.

'The monuments further inform us that a holy snake, under the name of zotef, was worshipped in the temple of the god, and that the acacia, the mulberry, and the persea were counted among the holy trees of Memphis. The bark of the god bore the name "ship of the lord of eternity;" his high priest was called, in allusion to the highest title of the god, foreman," while the priestess had the flattering appellation, "beautifully formed." On the first days of the months Tyhi and Mechir were the chief feasts in Memphis.'

These days, in the fixed Egyptian year, corresponded to January 9 and February 8, commencing the first two months of the winter tetramerus.

'Mennofer is the most constantly recurring name of this city. The Greeks made of this Memphis, and the Copts Memphi, while in cuneiform the Egyptian name is rendered by

Mimpi. The traces of the ancient name are still preserved in the modern name of Tel-Monf, by which the Arabs of the present day designate a heap of ruins on the site of the royal town of the ancient Pharaohs. All that remains of this celebrated city at the present time consists of fragments of columns and altars, and carvings which once belonged to the temples of Memphis—a far-stretching mass of mounds out of which shine in the clear sunlight the half destroyed chambers and halls of ancient houses. Those travellers who visit the remains of Memphis in the hope of recognising some vestiges worthy of its fame will be little satisfied with the sad prospect that meets the eye.'

Memphis, though but little of value has been recovered from its ruins, is the city to which most frequent reference is made both on the monuments and in the papyri. Even the number of the temples and sanctuaries which it contained is there recorded. The high-priests of Ptah were personages of great importance. The post was often filled by a prince of the blood, until the removal of the seat of government diminished the political dignity of the Memphite pontiff.

Of the kings reigning at Memphis Herr Brugsch has very little to say, excepting from the well-known sources of Herodotus and Josephus; although the reality of the personages thus obscured under the veil of imperfect translation and erroneous copying is vouched by the tables of Abydos and of Sakkara, as well as by other monumental records. We could wish that a little more had been said of the important discovery, at the latter village, by M. Mariette, of the Serapeum, or mausoleum of the Apis bulls, the stelæ in which give such a definite certitude to the dates of the later Egyptian dynasties. Even of the famous Queen Nitocris we only further hear that her name occurs in the Turin Papyrus as Nit-aker, the perfect Nit, in the list of the Pharaohs of the sixth dynasty, before Nofer-ka (which will be about thirty-seventh in the list), although indications are said to have been recovered of her reconstruction, for her own mausoleum, of the pyramid of Men-ka-ra.

'An unparalleled addition to the history of the old Empire, and the greatest treasure of antiquity,' however, was, we are told, the discovery of the statues of King Khafra, the builder of the Second Pyramid, commonly called that of Cephrenes, but of which the title on the monuments is Urt, or 'the great.' In the remains of a temple built in connexion with the Sphinx, in the shaft of a well full of clear water, were found (we are not told by whom or when) a number of statues of King Khafra, the greater part of which had been broken or damaged.

'Only one survived the fall, and, preserved with only slight injuries, gives us Khafra's sitting figure of royal appearance, dignified in look and manner. Behind the king seated, the figure of a sparrow-hawk spreads its wings in calm repose, as if to protect the royal lord. The name and titles of the king appear in writing on the upper part of the base of the stone, close to his naked foot. The polish of the stone, a diorite, shines out of a green colour. It was seldom chosen for the execution of a monument.'

It would have added to the interest of the 'History of Egypt under the Pharaohs' if a representation of this valuable portrait had been among the very few illustrations given. As it is, a woodcut from a photograph of the head of a wooden portrait statue of an ancient Egyptian, found at Sakkarah, and now in the museum of Boulaq, is the only illustration worth notice. The features are wonderfully expressive, and the proportions of the face and head, which do not far depart from a spherical form, lend some weight to the idea of De Rougé, that a gradual attenuation of the average human figure might be deduced from the change in the proportions of the pictorial representations, to which we called attention five years ago * in writing on the Canon of Beauty in Greek Art. The view, however, can only be admitted under considerable reserve; as in the history of ecclesiastical art in England we can trace a very rapid change from the squat broad figures which illustrate the sculpture of the eleventh century, in the representations of the miracles of the Confessor, to be seen in Westminster Abbey, and the ruefully wire-drawn saints of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The other illustrations of the 'History of Egypt' are two maps, and two groups of figures bearing tribute, taken from a tomb at Thebes, now in the British Museum. These, however, are but poorly executed, and very disadvantageously contrast with the admirable fac-simile drawings in the great Harris papyrus, printed by order of the trustees of the British Museum, or with the delicate beauty of the plates given by M. Prisse d'Avesnes in his 'Histoire de l'Art Égyptien d'après les Monuments,' published at Paris in 1860; a work of which it is difficult to speak in terms of too high admiration.

Of the faith and worship of the various nomes, each devoted to its special god; of

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 285, p 97.

the pomp and splendour of the court; of domestic labour and foreign travel; of warlike defence and invasion; and of the energetic, joyous, active life of the Egyptian people, Herr Brugsch gives us much that is of the highest interest. From the earliest times of the pyramid-building sovereigns, the office of architect was the occupation of the noblest men at the king's court. One long line of architectural pedigree is traced, for a period of 700 years, through 22 generations. A yet higher office was that of the prophet of the pyramid of Pharaoh, whose office, somewhat like that of the ancient Attic bards, was to celebrate the memory of the deceased king. The direct relationship of the Pharaonic dynasties to divine progenitors forms, however, one of the special peculiarities of that far-descended royalty, and throws into the shade the pedigree of the Heracleidæ, or the descent of the Saxon kings from Odin. The memory of the departed, and the veritable reality of the invisible world, were among the main springs of Egyptian life; and the worship of the king who had joined his divine ancestors was a consistent part of this ancient faith.

The king is usually spoken of in the monuments as King of Upper and Lower Egypt. His dignity is intimated by the appellation Perao, or 'of the great house,' the Pharaoh of the Pentateuch; which may be compared with the style of 'the Porte' at the present day. To his subjects he was Nuter and Neb, God and Lord. In his presence prostration was the rule; the courtiers rubbing the ground with their noses, unless, by special permission, they were allowed to touch the royal knee. The style of the 'Giornale di Roma,' in the days of the temporal power, 'la Santità del nostro Signore,' was anticipated by the pontiff kings of Egypt, who are often designated by the title 'His Holiness.' The Pharaoh is also respectfully designated by a grammatical construction which is best represented in English by the pronoun 'he.'

The wife of the king, his daughters and granddaughters, were prophetesses of the goddesses, Hathor or Neit. The house of the royal women was placed under the care of officers who enjoyed the confidence of the king. The princesses were given in marriage to the highest nobles: young men of talent and promise were admitted to the society of the children of the king. The Pharaoh himself distributed decorations, such as the necklace of gold 'nub;' and made rich presents of lands, slaves, and maidens. The house of the children of the king was under the direction of a noble who was responsible for the health, as well as for the education, of the royal family.

The persons in the first rank at the court are designated as Erpa, hereditary highness; Ha, prince; Set, the illustrious; Semerua-t, the intimate friend. Among the high officers were the overseer, Mur; the enlightener, Sehat; the great, Ur; and the follower, Emkhet, who were attached to the person of the king.

'A steward had charge of the king's household, another had charge of the wardrobe, another acted as hairdresser, took care of the nails of his holiness, and prepared his bath. One was over the singing and playing, and prepared the means for the Pharaoh's pleasure and enjoyments. Other nobles were charged with the administration of the magazines of wheat, dates, and fruits in general, of the cellar, of the chamber for oil, of the bakery, and the butchering, and the stables. The treasury filled with gold and silver, and the offices for expenses and receipts, had their special superintendents. The Court of Exchequer was not wanting. The private domains, the farms, the palaces, and even the lakes and canals of the king were placed under the care of inspectors. By Pharaoh's order skilful persons of the class of the nobles were appointed to the charge of the buildings and all kinds of work in stone. From the caverns of the rocks of Ta-roou (the Troja of the Greeks and Romans, the Tura of the present Arabs), in sight of Memphis, they brought the white limestone for building the royal pyramids and the tombs, and for artistic works, as sarcophagi and columns. They also betook themselves to the southern lands, at the opposite boundary of the country, to loosen the hard granite from the Red mountain behind the town of Sooan (the Assooan of our day), and construct rafts for the more easy conveyance of the vast masses of stone to the lower country in the favourable time of the high water.

'The dreaded company of the overseers were set over the wretched people, who were urged to hard work more by the punishment of the stick than words of warning.

'The population inhabiting the towns, as well as the villages of the country, was governed by the prefects of the Pharaoh. The judges watched over the strict obedience to the written law, and administered justice to the oppressed people, whose complaints the attorneys (Anwälte) of the king were bound to hear. A great variety of punishments were administered to an unjust accuser by the provost-marshal.

'The armed force—which was composed of young foot soldiers armed with clubs, axes, bows and arrows—was placed under the command of experienced officers. A general-in-chief prepared the campaign, organised the masses, made the necessary preparations for military expeditions, and gave the orders for battle. Of a more peaceful kind was the much-praised office of the hirsheshta, which

literally means "teacher of the secret," for they possessed all hidden wisdom in these ancient times.'

The sense thus attributed to the title of Hirshcshta closely coincides with the interpretation which is given by the Targums (and on the margin of the Authorised Version of the Book of Genesis) to the name bestowed by Pharaoh on Joseph, of Zaphnath-Paaneah. Herr Brugsch resolves this expression into a string of not only monosyllabic, but monoliteral words, and makes Za-p-n-nt-p-aa-ānk signify 'the governor of the district of the dwelling-place of the living one,' which a Greek of the time of the Ptolemies would have rendered by the translation, 'the monarch of the Sethroitic nome.' What the Greek translators of the time of the Ptolemies actually did, however, was to transliterate the phrase in the Hebrew text into the formidable word *φονθομφανήχ*. The next Greek writer who treated on the subject, and who possessed information of an unusual kind, wrote the word *φοθομφάνηχος*, and added *σημαίνει γὰρ τὸ ὄνομα κρυπτῶν εὑρετήν*. In accordance with this explanation it should be remarked that the Hebrew verb צָפַן, Zāphan, means to hide, while פָּעָה, Pāāh, means to call out; so that the evidence is rather in favour of the interpretation of the Targum and of Josephus than of the more novel one of Herr Brugsch. We are very reluctant to appear at all to justify the hard measure which Sir G. C. Lewis dealt out to the Egyptologers of his acquaintance. But we must confess that the singularity in command of the language of the hieroglyphics on which Herr Brugsch so evidently prides himself does not carry absolute conviction to our minds. We see how he differs from the Jewish writers as to a word about which they probably knew something, and on which their view is supported by the great lexicographers, Buxtorff and Gesenius, as well as by Josephus. As to modern *collaborateurs* he is equally unhesitating. Of 'the united labours of two scholars, one French and the other English, both men of the highest merit in the pursuit of ancient Egyptian researches,' he adheres to what he formerly 'had the frankness to remark upon the less successful parts in the translation' of the journey of the Mohar, 'more particularly as to the conception of the meaning which forms the foundation of the whole letter.' Of the Great Harris Papyrus he says: 'The translations of it, which several scholars have written with the document before them, are partly unintelligible, unless we have the original at hand, partly evidently incorrect.' Of his own reading of a reference to an eclipse he says: 'This I still continue to maintain, notwithstanding all the objections of M. Chabas, so long as no better founded objection is brought against it.' As to one of the most curious of all the inscriptions, one cut on a stone of the time of King Ramessu XII., which was formerly set up in the temple of Khonsu, and which records the sending of the sacred animals from Thebes to a foreign country, in order to expel a devil which had taken possession of the queen, the first interpretation, 'which is due to the labours of two masters of our science, Dr. S. Birch and M. E. de Rougé,' will recommend itself to most readers rather than that contained in the 'History of Egypt,' notwithstanding the remark: 'Our own translation has, perhaps, the modest merit of having utilised the latest discoveries in old Egyptian philology for the elucidation of this stone.' Yet while thus quietly asserting the superiority of his own learning over that of his most famous contemporaries, Herr Brugsch allows it to be seen that he is unaware of the cause of what he mentions as 'a very remarkable fact, that at the epoch of the twelfth dynasty—that is, forty-three centuries before our days—the point of the greatest height' attained by the Nile in Nubia 'was 8·17 mètres above the greatest height which the inundation ever reaches in our day;' and he makes the acreage of four fields devoted to the service of the statue of King Ramessu VI., which are described, with their boundaries, as districts of some importance, amount to about 16 perches of ground. It has long been a matter of remark that the loss of the benefit of the rise of the Nile in Nubia was due to an earthquake which rent the rocky dam of the cataract that formerly pent back the waters. The inundation below Syene was not diminished in its flow.

We have further to express regret, not unmingled with surprise, at the mode in which certain references which promised to yield definite information as to Egyptian chronology are still left to be regarded as matters of opinion alone. The study of cuneiform writing is young, compared with that of hieroglyphics. But the Assyrian dates are absolutely determined by the late Mr. Geo. Smith's discovery of the record of an eclipse of the sun which occurred in the year 763 B.C. The reference of this eclipse to the regnal year not only determines the whole of the newly recovered Assyrian chronology, but, by the slight correction which it enables us to make in the connexion of the Hebrew and the Greek

reckoning in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, establishes the perfect synchrony of the Bible dates with those of Assyria and of Egypt.* And yet we find Herr Brugsch at war with M. Chabas as to a point which should be so easily decided as that of the eclipse of the moon in the fifteenth year of King Takelut II. Nor has the proper scientific treatment been applied to the record of the falling of the neomenia on the 21st Pachons in the twenty-first year of Thothmes III. A reference is indeed made to the attempts of men of science to arrive at astronomical determinations by complicated calculation; but the difficulty is one not of calculation, but of interpreting the references made to phenomena. A remarkable instance of that contempt for the plain ordinary rules of arithmetic, which sometimes leads to considerable waste of time, occurs in page 102 of the first volume.

'A learned German, Mr. Gensler, who has specially occupied himself with enquiries and learning relating to the course of the stars in connexion with the monuments, has latterly put forth the opinion that the period of thirty years' (a cycle first referred to in the reign of King Pepi) 'served to regulate, according to a fixed law of numbers, the coincidence of the solar and lunar calendar by means of eleven synodic months intercalated in the period.'

We heartily wish that Herr Gensler had been the only learned German who had taken the pains to put forth an opinion without having cleared his path by the humble method of acquiring some accurate elementary knowledge of the conditions of the problem he undertook to solve. The plain fact is that so far from 371 months, the number proposed by Herr Gensler, coinciding, 'according to a fixed law of numbers,' with a period of thirty years, the lunar period is 5½ days too long, if the vague Egyptian year be intended, and nearly two days too short, if compared with astronomical years. Thus, even if the Egyptian astronomers had been sufficiently ill-informed to imagine that such a coincidence existed, the revolution of one, or at the utmost of two, of such cycles would have convinced them of their error.

Herr Brugsch deduces from an inscription in the rock-cut tomb of Knum-hotep at Beni Hassan the opinion that as far back as 2500 B.C. the Egyptians had a knowledge of four different years. Of these the revolution of the sacred vague year, without intercalation, is of the most value to the historian. The fixed year, corresponding, there is some reason to believe, with the present Coptic year, is a second mode of reckoning. The lunar year, coinciding with the reckoning of the Greeks and of the Phœnicians, would be a third. As to the fourth, the suggestions are somewhat hazy. But with reference to the Hib-set, or 'feast of the tail' (if that be really a cycle of thirty years), there is a close parallel to be found in the Chinese cycle of sixty years, which appears to have been adopted for convenience of numeration rather than for any more abstruse reason. The first of these cycles is said to have commenced with the full moon of the year Kia Zing (B.C. 2757), about 500 years later than the first mention of the Egyptian triakonteris. The division of the circle into 360 degrees is intimately connected with all these early *radices* or systems of reckoning.

The real key to the chronology of Egypt is found in the Almagest. In that treasure of ancient learning Ptolemy refers to a series of lunar eclipses, which he attributes to given days in the vague Egyptian year. It thus becomes easy to carry back the reckoning of this invaluable measure of time, and to ascertain the coincidence of any recorded eclipse and the consequent determination of its date in astronomical time. A very simple table showing the revolution of the vague year (we would print it but for the aversion of most readers to tables) would form the skeleton of any sound Egyptian chronology, a reckoning which we hope to see recovered from its present aspect of mystery and haze. This calculation, which is referable to the absolute conjunctions or oppositions of the sun and moon given by Ptolemy, is in accordance with the concurrence of the fourth day of the month Xanthicus with the eighteenth day of the month Mechcir, in the ninth year of Ptolemy Epiphanes, as given on the Rosetta stone; allowance being made for the difference between real and visible new moon.

With reference to one result of his labour which possesses extraordinary fascination for a large class of readers, Herr Brugsch has curiously failed to do justice to his own brilliant discoveries. The question how far the records of Egypt throw any light on the study of Hebrew Scriptures is one of more than merely archæological value. Herr Brugsch himself remarks in his preface: 'The most searching investigations have almost completely overcome the last remaining difficulties which lay as hindrances in the way of understanding the Holy Scriptures.' And yet an author who, after long years of study, could justly hesitate as to his power to group together

* See 'Bible Educator,' vol. iii. pp. 330, 361.

the scattered data in one complete history, 'on the ground that a work so comprehensive, based above all on the explanation and understanding of the superabundant number of texts, would need long years for its completion,' has been led, by one or two hasty assumptions, to miss the most remarkable series of synchronisms that ever fell, without straining or special pleading, to the lot of a student to indicate. We hope to be able, without fatiguing the reader by any parade of calculation, to allow the records in this matter to speak for themselves.

The assumption which has hitherto prevented the detection of these remarkable synchronisms is the following: Ramses II., or Ramses-Miamonn, the third king of the nineteenth dynasty, covered Egypt with magnificent buildings. He erected splendid temples at Abydos, at Memphis, and at Thebes; and 'in Nubia Ramses must be especially designated as a founder of temples and towns "to his name."' He transferred his court to Zoan, a city 'on the eastern frontier of Egypt, in the lowlands of the Delta,' which Herr Brugsch characterises as 'the key of Egypt;' he 'strengthened its fortifications, and founded a new temple city, the holy places of which were dedicated to the great gods of the country, Amon, Ptah, and Hormaku, with whom as a fourth he associated the foreign Baal Sutekh. Zoan, or, as the place is henceforth called, Pi Ramesu, the city of Ramses, became henceforward the especial capital of the empire.'

It is, however, a very different style of argument from that which has earned such well-merited fame from this great interpreter of the past that draws from the above facts the inference that—

'The new pharaoh, who knew not Joseph, who adorned the city of Ramses and the city of Pithom, the capital of what was afterwards the Sethroitic nome, with temple cities, is no other, *can be no other*, than Ramessu II., of whose buildings in Zoan the monuments and the papyrus rolls speak in complete agreement. And although, as it happens, Pithom is not named as a city in which Ramses erected new temples to the local divinities, the fact is all the more certain that Zoan contained a new city of Ramses, the great temple district of the newly founded sanctuaries of the above-named gods. Ramessu is the pharaoh of the oppression, and the father of that unnamed princess who found the child Moses exposed in the bulrushes on the bank of the river.

'While the fact that the pharaoh we have named was the founder of the city of Ramses is so strongly demonstrated by the evidence of the Egyptian records, both on stone and papyrus, that only want of intelligence and mental blindness can deny it, the inscriptions do not mention one syllable about the Israelites.'

The candour of the last admission does honour to the writer. But it cannot make up for the essential want of connexion in his argument. Briefly stated, the logical sequence is as follows: Because King Ramses Miamun, who built noble temples of stone in various parts of Egypt, built one at Zoan, and so favoured this ancient city that it was afterwards called Pi-Ramessu, without, however, losing its original name, therefore the children of Israel, who, 430 years before the exodus, were settled in the land of Rameses; who are mentioned as preparing bricks, not as working in stone; and who built, not temples, but (according to Gesenius) granaries, not at Zoan or Pi-Ramessu, but at Pithom and Ramses; were the labourers of this great building king. Were no check on this theory possible, it could only be regarded as a wild guess. But when it is remembered that the assumption is in direct contradiction to the explicit statements of the Bible, we must decline to cut 200 years out of the third chapter of the First Book of Kings without something more worthy the name of evidence.

In fact, if, instead of the unsupported assertion that Ramses Miamun 'must be regarded beyond all doubt as the 'Pharaoh under whom the Jewish legislator Moses first saw the light,' we compare the Hebrew with the Egyptian records, we find such an identification to be impossible without a totally unauthorised tampering with the text of the former.

In the list of Egyptian kings which Herr Brugsch has given in an appendix, he has used, antecedent to the date B.C. 666, the rough reckoning of thirty-three years to a reign. In a former publication he has given with more exactitude the recorded lengths of many individual reigns. The difference between the two methods, over the whole period of Egyptian history, is little more than half a century; the era of Menes being dated 4400 B.C. by the former, and 4455 by the latter, mode of reckoning. Without proposing to fix dates to a year, we shall find it more convenient, in the case of some of the reigns with which we have to deal, to take the recorded, instead of the average, lengths. For the Jewish chronology we take as a guide the latest and most exhaustive work on the subject, which is to be found in the 'Bible Educator.'

In the fifth year of the reign of Rehoboam, King of Judah, Herr Brugsch states, Shashanq, the Shishak of the Book of Kings, 'made his expedition against the

kingdom of Judah, which ended in the capture and pillaging of Jerusalem.' According to both the average and the detailed dates of Brugsch, which in this instance agree exactly, the fifth year of Rehoboam coincides with the fourteenth year of Sasank. This date was forty-one years after the foundation of the temple by Solomon, 'in the 480th year after the children of Israel were come out of Egypt.' Taking that epoch of settlement as the 'rest' (Joshua xxi. 44) which occurred in the second Sabbatic year after entering Canaan, a further term of fifty-five years, making a total of 575 years from 5 Rehoboam, carries us back to the Exodus. This reckoning is also checked by the detailed dates given in the books of Judges and of Samuel.

The date thus indicated by the Hebrew Scriptures falls on the fifth year of Amenophis or Amenhotep III., according to the detailed dates of the eighteenth dynasty. The titles are given to this sovereign on the monuments of 'tamer of the Syrian shepherds,' and 'pacificator of Egypt;' affording a view of the events recorded in the Book of Exodus which we may well understand that the courtly royal scribes of Egypt would be only too ready to give. This prince reigned for thirty-five years. But it must be remembered that the Book of Exodus nowhere states that Pharaoh himself was drowned. In fact, the expression, 'Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea,' may be taken distinctly to negative such a gratuitous assumption; as the destruction of a king at the head of his army could not fail to have been stated in a triumphal ode, if such a signal catastrophe had occurred. There is thus no objection to dating the occurrence of the exodus in the early part of the reign, which, on other grounds, is the most probable supposition. The indications of season given in the Pentateuch require a period of three years from the first vision of Moses to the exodus. That the accession of a young king should be selected as the time for attempting a release is in accordance with human nature.

On this view of the case, Thothmes IV., on whose massive and menacing features we may look in the colossal portrait bust in the British Museum, was the Pharaoh, or at least one of the sovereigns, under whom the bondage in the brick furnaces was most intolerable. It is in accordance with this view that we find that it is in this reign that Egyptologists have dated the famous tomb of Rosenchere, on the walls of which is portrayed so vivid a picture of the toil of a Semitic race in the making of bricks. The length of the reign of the predecessor of Thothmes IV., Amenophis II., is undecided. But forty years from the date of the exodus brings us into the reign of Thothmes III., whom Herr Brugsch calls 'the greatest king of Egyptian history, the victorious conqueror and ruler of a whole world, from the southernmost lands of inner Africa to the columns of heaven in the land of Naharain.' The tenth chapter of the second book of the Jewish Antiquities of Josephus, which we cannot doubt to represent an otherwise lost portion of sacred history, details the appointment of Moses to the command of an Ethiopian war, and his marriage with Tharbis, daughter of the King of the Ethiopians, events which it is easy to understand as occurring in this reign. How the jealousy of the king was excited by this triumph, as asserted by Josephus, will further become fully intelligible.

Thothmes III. was the brother and successor of one of the most famous personages in ancient history, the woman king Ma-ka-ra, whose former appellation of Hatasont Herr Brugsch has now replaced by the less euphonious name of Hashop. To the glory of the reign of this great princess the monuments bear eloquent witness. First as the sister-wife of Thothmes II., then alone, lastly associated with her younger brother, Thothmes III., she carried the Egyptian name to the coast lands of Africa, and added new sources to the wealth of her empire. To her throne came the Prince of Punt, bringing with him presents from the shore of the great sea. On the walls of a great temple built by this queen exist coloured pictures and inscriptions, giving the details of the expedition to the balsam-bearing land of Punt, and of the return of ambassadors from that country. The earliest representation of any attempt to transplant a tree to foreign soil is to be found among these pictorial records. Thirty-one 'incense trees,' each set in a tub, are shown as being carried on board the vessels of the queen. An inscription explains the picture.

'Laden was the cargo to the uttermost with all the wonderful products of the land of Punt, and with the different nut woods of the divine land, and with heaps of the resin of incense, with fresh incense trees, with ebony, objects in ivory inlaid with much gold from the land of the Amoo, with sweet woods, Khesit wood, with Ahem incense, with holy resin, and paint for the eyes, with dog-headed apes, with long-tailed monkeys, and greyhounds with leopard skins, and with the natives of the country, together with their children. Never was the like brought to any queen since the world stands.'

The buildings of this great queen are held by Herr Brugsch to be 'some of the most tasteful, most complete, and brilliant creations that ever left the hands of the Egyptian artists. They are specimens of the matchless splendour of Egyptian art history, whether we consider the treatment of the stone, as to form and proportion, or the rich coloured decoration.' Queen Maka-ra knew how to recognise and to encourage talent. She raised a memorial stone 'as a mark of gratitude to her architect Senmut, the son of Rames and Ha-nofer. It contained his portrait in black granite, in an attitude of repose; and on the right shoulder was the significant inscription: "Nen kem em an apu," there were not found in writing his ancestors.'

We shall not attempt, by any philological legerdemain, to identify Hatasont with the Thermuthis of Josephus. But it deserves note that the reign of the Mephra-Muthosis of Manetho represents the reign of Thothmes III. and Hatasont, while Thothmes II. appears in Greek characters as Mephra. The death of Thothmes II., according to Brugsch's details, occurred the year before the birth of Moses, as before determined. It is thus in accordance with the best light yet thrown on the subject to imagine that the Bath Pharaoh, who came forth with her maidens for a solemn rite on the banks of the Nile (for the Hebrew word signifies a ceremonial ablution), was not an unnamed princess, furtively rescuing a chance foundling from the law of her father, but one of the most splendid and majestic queens that ever wore the double diadem of Egypt—fitting foster-mother for the greatest of prophets.

One of the discoveries mentioned in the 'History of Egypt' is of signal interest as bearing on this portion of ancient history. 'A place is mentioned in Middle Egypt,* which bears the name of the great Jewish legislator. It is called T-en-Moshé, "the island of Moses," or "the river bank of Moses."' It is not marked on the map of Egypt, but it is indicated as lying on the eastern side of the river, near the city Arsinoe, the capital of the successor of Amenophis III. This city is situated nearly halfway between Thebes and Memphis, in latitude 27° 45′ N. Whether this lingering echo of a mighty name be held to indicate the spot where the rushen cradle was rescued from the crocodiles, or that where Moses 'smote the waters that were in the river in the sight of Pharaoh,' the identification of the spot is keenly to be desired.

* History, vol. ii. p. 112.

We are far, however, from having exhausted the synchronisms arrived at by simple comparison of the two histories. Josephus states* that the exodus occurred in the Egyptian month Pharmouthi. In the year B.C. 1541 the 14th of Abib or Xanthicus coincided with the 27th Pharmouthi. As the beginning of the Egyptian year receded a day in every four years, there is thus afforded a latent indication of time, which alone fixes definite limits for the year of the exodus. The Armenian Chronicle, referring to the ninth king of the eighteenth dynasty (whom we have seen to be Amenophis III.), says: 'Hujus ætate Moyses Judæorum ex Ægypto dux fuit.' The establishment of this great dynasty at Thebes, and their conquest of the Hyksos, or shepherd kings of the Delta, explain the verse, 'Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph.' Four hundred and twenty years before the reign of Amenophis III. brings us to the time of the seventeenth dynasty, that of the Hyksos, reigning at Tanis, or Zoan, of whom Eusebius says: 'Horum tempore, ut imperaret Ægyptum, Josephus apparuit.' Herr Brugsch quotes a Christian tradition preserved by Syncellus, according to which it was 'received by the whole world that Joseph ruled the whole land in the reign of King Apophis.' The names of the Hyksos kings have been carefully obliterated from the monuments; but of two which are yet distinguishable the first cartouche of one contains the name Ra-aa-ab-tani, and the second 'encloses the family name Apopi or Apopa.' According to Manetho, Apophis was the fourth of the Hyksos kings. It is probable that the dates of these reigns will hereafter be better determined, as there is a roll of papyrus in the British Museum which gives account of the relatives of King Apepi, reigning in the town of Avaris, with a king Ra-Sekenen, who resided at Thebes, apparently in subjection to the former. Indeed, from the inscriptions on the tomb of Baba at El-Kab, which dates about this period, Herr Brugsch cites a passage which he thinks must refer to the seven years' famine of the Book of Genesis: 'I collected the harvest, a friend of the harvest god. I was watchful at the time of sowing; and now when a famine arose, lasting many years, I issued out corn to the city at each famine.' The clearest indication of the date in question is that which refers to the fourth king of the dynasty, but even this is vague. It may very well be the case that Baba 'lived and worked under the native

* Ant. II. xiv. 6.

king Ra-Sekenen-Taa III. in the old town of El-Kab about the same time as Joseph exercised his office under one of the Hyksos kings.' But it is perhaps a little too confident to add: 'The only just conclusion is that the many years of famine in the time of Baba must precisely correspond with the seven years of famine under Joseph's Pharaoh, one of the shepherd kings.'

It only remains to add to the above synchronisms, that the expedition of King Ramses Miamun to the north of Syria, prior to his eighth regnal year (or about B.C. 1400), coincides with the date given in the Book of Judges to the reign of that Jabin, King of Canaan, who reigned in Hazor, and who had nine hundred chariots of iron. The heroic poem of Pentaur, of which a translation is given in the 'Records of the Past,'* as well as in the 'History of Egypt,' describes the horsemen and chariots of the King of Khita, and twelve other allied or subject peoples, as 'numerous as the sand, and they stood three men on each war chariot.' They are thus shown in the illustrations to Sir Gardner Wilkinson's 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.' This document appears to identify the town, which is read as Kadesh, near which Pharaoh's chariots and horses gave way before' the army of Khita, with the famous capital in later times of the Greek kings of Syria, Antioch, by the expression 'on the west side of the river Orunatha'—an undisguised version of Orontes. There were numerous holy cities or towns named Kadesh. Jerusalem itself, which was occupied by King Ramses in his eighth year, being then a Jebusite city, is known as El-Kuds; and the Kedesh Naphtali of the Book of Judges is well known not to be the city on the banks of the Orontes. But the breaking of the power of the great Syrian king by the King of Egypt—a remarkable rehearsal of those conflicts which occurred between the king of the North and the king of the South in the time of the Maccabees—may have rendered possible a successful attack on a portion of his forces by so insignificant a body as a hastily levied guerilla band of ten thousand men.

It is of course idle to anticipate what may be the results of future discovery. But a simple comparison of the two chronologies is enough to show that, at each period of the sacred Jewish history which brings the Israelites into more or less direct connexion with the Egyptians, the monuments of Egypt have some record that gives an account of some international relation with the Israelites or with Palestine, from a point of view which is naturally very dissimilar to that of the Hebrew writers, of whose general accuracy they thus afford unimpeachable testimony.

It is only doing justice to the memory of a very meritorious student of cuneiform script to mention the fact that a large portion of the eighteenth chapter of the 'History of Egypt' is drawn, not from Egyptian monuments, but from the 'Mémoire sur les rapports de l'Egypte et de l'Assyrie dans l'antiquité éclaircis par l'étude des textes cunéiformes' of M. Oppert, published at Paris in 1869; and that English translations of the records of Assur-bani-pal, studied by M. Oppert, occupy sixty-four pages of Mr. George Smith's 'Assyrian Discoveries.' Mr. Philip Smith remarks in a note :* 'The narratives of the double capture of Thebes by Assur-bani-pal are of singular interest for the light they throw on the striking allusion to its fate in Nahum iii. 8–10, which had no known historical counterpart till the discovery of these records.' It should be added, however, that the date of the prophecy of Nahum, which Josephus † fixes in the reign of Jotham, 115 years before the destruction of Nineveh, has to be brought down by some three-quarters of a century to allow of the reference to the capture of Thebes as historic in the time of the writer.

It is a matter of great regret to ourselves to have to speak on the 'discourse on the Exodus,' which closes the second volume of the 'History of Egypt,' and on the map in illustration, which, with its German lettering, is reissued as a guide to the English reader.

The basis of all geography is the work of the geodesic surveyor. Land surveying, even when it deals with a superficies as solid and permanent as may be found in inland and in mountainous countries, demands the skill of the expert. But a very special degree of skill is required for the work of the hydrographer, whose task it is to delineate with exactitude the constantly varying lines of coast, and to mark the growth of shoals and of deltas. In no part of the world is the skill of the hydrographer more required than in the low lands of Egypt, the annual changes in the aspect of which, caused by the inundation of the Nile, have been said by ancient authors to have led to the origin of the art of surveying. To suppose that a map of the Delta, correct at

* Vol. ii. p. 65.

* Egypt under the Pharaohs, vol. ii. p. 265.
† Ant. IX. 11, § 13.

any given period of time, would be applicable to the condition of the same part of the country a century earlier or later, is to ignore the primary laws of hydrography. But Herr Brugsch has founded a detailed and somewhat angry argument on the assumption that the lapse of more than 3,000 years has caused no alteration in the coast line of the Egyptian Delta.

That the whole of the vast mass of alluvial deposit which forms an irregular triangle between Memphis, Alexandria, and some point not yet determined on the Syrian coast, has been brought down by the Nile, we need not stop to show. The only question that can arise on the subject with persons at all familiar with the laws of river action is that of the period of time within which this deposit has taken place. As to that we showed on a former occasion* a very remarkable coincidence between the measurements given by Herodotus and the results of the gauging of the flow of the Nile, and of the proportion of mud carried down by its waters, carefully carried out by Mr. Fowler, C.E. To what we then said we need only thus far refer as entirely unanswered up to the present time. But the unqualified disregard shown alike to the laws of river action, and to the statements of ancient historians, by the map and essay of Herr Brugsch, are so astounding, as to require a little further direct evidence to be adduced as to the position of the northern boundary of Egypt in the time of the exodus.

We have carefully compared the map now published with seven others, of which the authenticity is not to be disputed. These are: (1) The Chart of the eastern part of the Levant, giving Captain Mansell's soundings east of Alexandria in 1857, published at the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty in 1858; (2) the 'Carte Générale de l'Égypte,' published by the Dépôt Général de la Guerre in 1807; (3) the 'Atlas Maritime' par S. Bellin, dated in 1764; (4) De Witt's General Atlas, 1678; (5) the 'Theatrum Orbis Terrarum' of Ortelius, of 1606; and (6) the Geography of Ptolemy, dating as early as A.D. 147. To these may be added the map of M. Linant de Bellefonds, referred to in our former number; and a smaller map issued by the same engineer, with a portfolio of plans illustrative of the public works of Egypt, which brings down the series of maps to the year 1872. These maps of M. Linant, however, appear to be based, as to physical outlines, on the great survey of 1807, which also Herr Brugsch has closely followed as to the coast outline.

Of the various features of a delta system, that which is always the newest and the most subject to change is the berm, *cordon*, or spit of sand which is thrown down by the river as it advances to the sea, and which forms the first sketch of a future delta. In 1807 a comparatively narrow *cordon* of this nature was in course of formation from about 32° 50′ to 33° 40′ east longitude, running from about 31° 4′ to 31° 8′ north latitude, and enclosing a lagoon of from six to seven miles wide in the widest part, which Herr Brugsch has chosen to call 'Sirbonis See,' or 'Jam Zuph.' In 1858 this *cordon* had entirely changed its form. A lagoon had been formed on the north of it, and a second or northern *cordon*, reaching as far as 31° 14′ north latitude, was in course of deposit. In 1766 the coast presented a totally different outline. The *cordon* which had formed in 1807 to the north of Lake Bourlos was then only represented by isolated sandbanks; and neither in this map nor in that of Bellin is the spit in question to be detected. In 1606 the mouth of that branch of the Nile which Herr Brugsch calls the 'Phatnetische Mündung' is shown by Ortelius at a point twelve minutes south of its position in 1807, and sixteen minutes south of its position in 1857. And in the maps to Ptolemy's 'Geography' (on which the degrees of latitude are marked) no portion of the Delta lies north of the parallel of 31° north latitude.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson, who arrived at a very inadequate idea of the action of the Nile from the observation of the very slight deposit that occurs where the water is shallow, and at a distance from the main channel, gives the northern limit of the Delta at 31° 37′, having taken it, probably, from the great French survey. Our own Admiralty Chart gives the northern limit of 31° 41′. Thus, in the first half of the present century the Delta was pushed forward into the Mediterranean by four geographical miles, according to the official surveys of the French and the English government surveyors. During the 1660 years which elapsed between the French survey and the date of Ptolemy, the growth is shown by the maps to have been thirty-seven minutes of latitude. The advance of the coast line must have been more rapid in the earlier period when the width of the Delta was less; so that at the date of the exodus there is every reason to conclude that the Delta had nowhere advanced northward of the parallel of 30°, and that the easternmost

* Edinburgh Review, No. 297, p. 63.

branch of the Nile then flowed through that very Wady Toumilat down which M. de Lesseps led his fresh-water canal, and in which M. Linant de Bellefonds, in his last map, marks the ruins of the city Avaris, as well as of Ramses or Heroopolis.

It is thus as certain as are the laws of river action, and is borne out by a series of independent documentary proofs, that what Herr Brugsch speaks of as the 'long tongue of land which, in ancient times, formed the only road from Egypt to Palestine,' occupies on his map a position which must have been at the bottom of the Mediterranean, and from eighty to a hundred miles north of the coast of the Delta, at the time of the exodus.

Had Herr Brugsch paid the slightest attention to the precise language of the Book of Exodus, he might have been prevented from now occupying, in the face of the educated world, a position which is so entirely inconsistent with the fame of a careful antiquary. The only account of the escape of the Israelites which is at present known is that contained in the Pentateuch. It may be open to a scholar to accept or to reject it. But, if he does the latter, we see no reason why he should suppose there was any exodus at all, far less attempt to indicate its precise route. From Ramses, we are told by the Book of Exodus, the Israelites journeyed to Succoth, from Succoth to Etham 'in the edge of the wilderness.' Thence they turned to encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon. Here, the sacred writer repeats, 'encamping by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon,' they were caught by the Egyptian forces.* The flying host are described as 'a mixed multitude, and flocks, and herds, and very much cattle,' 'beside children.' From the Zoan to the Etham of Herr Brugsch is a distance of twenty geographical miles; thence to his Migdol is seventeen miles; thence to his Pi-hahiroth, eighteen; and thence to the great newly formed sand dune, which his map calls Baal Zephon, twenty-five. The places of which the Hebrew writer speaks as side by side, the German writer separates by distances that would have tried the endurance of a picked German army to cover in the time. In the first three days eighty geographical miles, and in the second three (or at the most four) days, an equal distance, are supposed to have been covered by the fugitives! And this is the work of a writer who justly condemns 'those who, without knowledge of the history and geography of ancient times, have attempted the task of reconstructing the Exodus of the Hebrews, at any cost, on the level of their own imperfect comprehension.'

The truth is, that the word 'identification' has been used with a freedom which is totally unjustified. In countries remote from sea or river basins, where ancient monuments are found, it may be possible to identify their sites, although the utmost caution is requisite. Rock-cut inscriptions, when they afford any distinctly local information, are of course the most valuable authorities. The coincidence of distances with the indications of ancient itineraries, or other records, is an important consideration. The military value of a position, as well as its relation to the water supply of the country, forms one of the surest guides to the explorer; and when to one or more of these indications is added that of the lingering on the spot of an echo, or even of a translation, of an ancient name, identification may be probable or even certain.

When, on the other hand, we find districts of variable superficies, whether eroded by tidal or river action, or silted up by ever increasing alluvial deposits, in which no rock-cut monuments exist, and in which any ruins that occur are indistinguishable as to date or original importance, the case is very different. The lingering of a name, in such case, might have a certain import. But this would depend upon what the name is. If it were the mere common name of some natural object—as tower, fort, ditch, marsh—the geographical value is *nil*. Beacons or light-houses, as we know from well-determined cases at the mouths of the Rhone and of the Tiber, are moved century after century, in accordance with the advance or retrocession of the shore line, while still retaining their old names. Herr Brugsch assumes that 'the Semitic name which was adopted by the Egyptians, Migdol, that is, "the tower,"' which he makes the equivalent of the 'purely Egyptian name Samout,' was on a site which 'is fixed by the position of Tell-es-Semout, a modern name given to some heaps of ruins, which at once recalls the ancient appellation of Samont.' To say nothing of the extreme unacquaintance shown with the mode in which the signal towers on the deltas of the affluents of the Mediterranean are known to change their position, century after century, we miss here even the single link of the word, as Tell-es-Semout, to an Arabic

* Herr Brugsch appears to have overlooked altogether the 17th verse of the 13th chapter of Exodus, which is perfectly explicit. 'When Pharaoh had let the people go, *God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines*, although that was near,' &c.

scholar, means the 'Heap of the Acacias;' and no similar word exists in Arabic with the meaning of tower. Neither is the argument that Tinch must be on the site of Pelusium, because both words refer, in different languages, to mud, convincing to any one who knows what the task of the explorer really is. Yet this is what Herr Brugsch calls rediscovering, 'by means of their ancient names and their modern positions, the four geographical points which Holy Scripture calls Ramses, Succoth, Etham, and Migdol, situated at a day's distance from one another.' Herr Brugsch does not scruple to misquote. He says: 'The Hebrews stop at Etham on the third day from their leaving Ramses.' The Book of Exodus makes Etham the second stage of the flight. Herr Brugsch imagines Baal-zephon is eighty geographical miles from Ramses, not 'over against Migdol,' but two long days' march from it. It is not making a proper use of language to speak of two such accounts as being accordant with each other.

It is not merely the natural regret, which is aroused by seeing a writer of European fame gratuitously impair his own authority, that we have to express in directing attention to the fallacy of arguments of this nature. Justly or unjustly, literary men of distinction in this country have accorded but a modified assent to many conclusions of Egyptologers. Not altogether unjustly, that hesitation will be increased by the comparison of the positive language of Herr Brugsch with the utter incertitude of the data on which it is based. Nor is it the credit of Egyptian research alone that will suffer. It is not too much to say that the claims of the great body of German criticism to the assent of those who have to form their opinions on authority rather than on personal research, will sustain a very heavy blow and great discredit from the discovery that one of the leaders of German literature has pinned his credit to a map which any Woolwich cadet could show to be not only imaginary, but utterly impossible, as a representation of the Egyptian Delta 3,500 years ago.

A geological map of the Delta would at once enable the hydrographer to decide whether it was possible or impossible that the site delineated as that of Zoan by Herr Brugsch could have been that of the ancient city.

A noble facsimile of the great Egyptian hieratic papyrus, of the reign of Rameses III., made by order of the trustees of the British Museum, lies before us as we write. It is a production in all respects worthy of the eminent men to whom we owe it. The original, which is the largest known papyrus in existence, was discovered, with four other rolls, all in the hieratic script, in 1855, in a tomb at Medinet Habu, and was purchased by the late Mr. A. C. Harris, of Alexandria. The roll is 133 feet in length by 16½ inches wide, and is written, by three different scribes, in a remarkably bold script. So perfect is the facsimile, that it is only by the touch that the reader becomes convinced that the pages do not contain actual leaves of papyrus mounted on paper. The roll was divided by Mr. Harris into seventy-nine leaves, containing in all 117 pages. From eight to sixteen lines are written on each page, in letters varying from ¼ to ⅝ inch in height. The headings of sections, and characters marking totals, are in red; the remainder of the writing in a fine full black. Three pages, the 2nd, the 24th, and the 43rd, are pictorial, representing figures of from 11½ to 16 inches high, and containing cartouches and perpendicular lines of hieroglyphics. On the first of these plates King Rameses stands on the right, wearing the *hut*, or lofty golden crown, with the uræus, and clad in a white linen garment, with the royal collar, belt, and tunic or apron. He holds in his left hand the hook (*hek*) and scourge (*neχeχ*); and stretches his right hand forth towards the deities Amen-ra, the goddess Mut, and the hawk-headed Khonsu, who occupy the remainder of the page. On the 24th page the same king is represented as before, but the deities who face him are the four gods of An, or Heliopolis; viz. the hawk-headed Ra, or Harmachis; Tum, or Atum, 'lord of the two countries of An;' and the goddesses Nansaas and Athor, the last three human-headed, and bearing their characteristic insignia. On page 43 the king is uncrowned, wearing a gold-coloured headdress and tunic; and the deities are the Memphic triad, Pthah, Seχet (the lion-headed or cat-headed goddess whose name was formerly read as Pasht), and Nefertum. The details of these figures, as well as the hieroglyphic inscriptions, may be studied with as much minuteness as if they were inscribed on the marble of the temples.

It affords a curious example of the want of accord yet prevailing among Egyptian scholars to compare the translation by Professor Eisenlohe and Dr. Birch, prefixed to the facsimile sheets, with that of a portion of the same manuscript given by Herr Brugsch, with the before-cited remark that 'several scholars have completely mistaken the sense of the document just in its most important passages.' We do not presume

to offer any decisive opinion where such doctors disagree. But it is due to a great English scholar, the value of whose long labours is yet but imperfectly estimated by any but the learned, to remark that in this splendid work, as well as in the last new edition of 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,' Dr. Birch has done all that is possible to command confidence as to his results, by printing in the notes the hieroglyphic equivalent of each questionable hieratic word. The value of work of that nature is imperishable. Whether, for example, 'A-as-su, a Khasu,' or 'Alius, a Phenician,' be the reading ultimately adopted, the comparison of the hieratic and the hieroglyphic symbols, thus put into the hands of the reader, will never cease to be instructive.

We must refer those who would follow out this comparison in detail to the pages of the 'History of Egypt,' and of 'Records of the Past.' An instance of the variations is as follows. Brugsch reads page 75, line 5, 'Such as showed themselves refusing to acknowledge anyone as a brother were locked up;' and adds a note to the effect that the literal meaning is 'walled up,' and that 'this punishment was sometimes inflicted by the kings.' Birch renders it: 'He made the places as they were before, each regarded one his brother. They were built up;' with a note giving the hieroglyph signifying to surround with a wall. The next line goes on: 'He set up the temples' (Birch). 'He restored order to the temples' (Brugsch). It is clear which version most commends itself to the common sense. Two other signal discrepancies between the two translations are, that where Dr. Birch renders 'Said the king, the son of the Sun, Rauses-ma, beloved of Amen the king, the great god,' Dr. Brugsch translates: 'Thus says King Ramessu III., the great god;' while the third line, which the German translator renders: 'The people of Egypt lived in banishment abroad. Of those who lived in the interior of the land none had any to care for him,' reads in the Museum version: 'The land of Kam had fallen into confusion. Everyone was doing as he wished; there was no superior authority for many years which had priority over others.'

We have no wish to undervalue the great difficulties that evidently still beset the translator. It may even be admitted that the general outcome of these differing versions is much to the same effect. But we must be pardoned for the remark that the learned men who have undertaken to render vocal the long silent language of the monuments of Egypt have hardly advanced as yet beyond the harmony of a Dutch concert.

That a history of Egypt, based on the concurrent testimony of hieratic papyri, monumental hieroglyphics, and cuneiform tablets, is in course of gradual recovery, we think may be fairly admitted. How much of the merit of the work, whenever it assumes something like complete form, may be due to Herr Brugsch, and how much to the students with whom he is as yet so little in accordance, time will probably show. Some advance may be attributed to the present volume, although, considering the abstruse nature of the enquiry, it will be only those statements on which the different authorities are in accord that the public will as yet be prepared to accept. More valuable, because less liable to mistake, are those portions of Egyptian research which relate to the history of art from its early cradle by the Nile. In Herr Brugsch's remarks on this part of the subject we recognise the outcome of a refined and poetic taste. It would have given us much greater pleasure to linger over those portions of the work with which all cultivated men must sympathise, than to dwell on those points as to which we have felt it to be an unavoidable duty to speak without hesitation. In spite —or perhaps in consequence—of the constraint caused by the effort to translate the original German into vernacular English, there is a quaint charm in many passages which will delight even those who are familiar with the graphic illustrations of Prisse d'Avesnes, or with the rich treasures of the Egyptian galleries of the British and the Turin Museums. But we have felt that it would be an abdication of the highest duty of criticism, in the face of the unqualified assertion of Herr Brugsch that his results, 'which are entirely opposed to the views hitherto adopted with regard to this part of the history of the Hebrews,' tend to 'establish the supreme veracity of the Sacred Scriptures,' to point out the extraordinary inaccuracy of the map on which his proposed identifications are based. Not only are the most distinct statements of the Books of Kings, and of that portion of the chronology of the Bible which is most clear and consistent, entirely ignored, but the record of the exodus is reduced to a positive absurdity by the distances which the flying nation is made to cover in the time stated by the Book of Exodus. And so far are these unnecessary difficulties from being 'derived entirely from the monuments,' that even the fundamental assumption of the identity of Zoan and Rameses is extremely improbable; while the pro-

posed identification of the site is opposed by the at least equally competent authority of M. Linant de Bellefonds. A blow has been given to the faith which men of letters can attach to the most confident assertions of German criticism, by the neglect of Dr. Brugsch to ascertain the possibility of his topographical theories before he proclaimed them at the International Congress of Orientalists. And the 'lively marks of satisfaction with which his hearers were pleased to honour him, and which were echoed by journals held in the highest esteem,' are only so many attestations of the sagacity of the Italian proverb: 'Chi va piano va sano, e chi va sano va lontano.'

ART. IV.—*Correspondence of the Family of Hatton.* Being chiefly Letters addressed to Christopher, First Lord Hatton, A.D. 1601–1704. Edited by EDWARD MAUNDE THOMPSON. 2 vols. For the Camden Society.

THE appointment of the Historical Manuscripts Commission has led to many important literary results, and not the least of these has been the discovery of family papers stowed away in cellars, and even in lofts over stables, which the carelessness of past centuries had docketed as 'worthless papers which may be burnt or destroyed.' As a general rule the possessors of these documents were as ignorant of their existence as of their value when discovered; and thus among these very Hatton-Finch papers, when they were sent to the Rolls House, in Chancery Lane, for the inspection of the Commission, some were found—the Anglo-Saxon charters, for instance—which it would have been hoping against hope to expect could ever come to light in any private collection, however comprehensive. This is not the place, however, to trace the steps by which the Hatton-Finch muniments passed away from a noble family and became the property of the nation. Suffice it to say that these papers, contained in forty-nine large volumes, comprising the period between the years 1514–1779, were purchased in 1874 by the trustees of the British Museum, and are now numbered among the Additional MSS. in the national collection. This discovery in the first instance by the Historical Manuscripts Commission has now been followed by the publication of a portion of their contents as 'The Hatton Correspondence,' for the Camden Society, by Mr. Thompson, who has discharged his task with a judicious modesty and with a critical skill which are worthy of all praise. When it is considered that the letters of one of Lord Hatton's correspondents alone fill three thick volumes, and that others were hardly less diligent, we may well wonder at the courage which could cope with this great mass of documents, and the dexterity which, like that displayed by the 'good fairy' in the popular tale, could reduce the tangled skein to symmetry and order.

Having said thus much in general, we will now turn to the Hattons in particular. The first Hatton of whom the world knows or cares is of course Sir Christopher, Queen Elizabeth's dancing Chancellor, who, like other Christophers, was by no means such a fool as he seemed. He had the grant of Ely House from his royal mistress, and his name still lingers in Hatton Garden, built on those beautiful slopes where Cardinal Morton, Bishop of Ely, grew fine strawberries in the days of Richard III. From him our Hattons, as we may call them, were not lineally descended. They sprang from John Hatton, a younger brother of the Chancellor's father, and, on the failure of Sir Christopher's direct line, succeeded to his estate in the person of another Sir Christopher Hatton, who thus inherited both the names and the property of his collateral, the Chancellor. This second Sir Christopher died in 1619, leaving a son, Christopher the third, who was a Knight of the Bath, as his father had been before him, and who, in 1643, was raised to the peerage as Baron Hatton of Kirby, in Northamptonshire. After the Restoration, as a staunch Royalist, he was appointed governor of Guernsey, then a very important post, where, among other prisoners, he had the custody of the Parliamentarian General Lambert, who passed the rest of his days in that island, having escaped the fate which befell so many of Cromwell's followers by the respect which his character had inspired even among the most exalted Royalists. This first Baron Hatton died in 1670, and was succeeded by his son, another Christopher, both in his governorship and his title, which was advanced to a viscounty in 1682. It is to these two Lords Hatton, and especially to the viscount, that the letters in these volumes are addressed. Living for the most part away from the world and the court in their island, they were eager for news, and their main supplies from the well-head of London gossip were drawn by the prolific pens of Charles Lyttelton, a cadet of the distinguished family of that name long settled at Hagley, in Worcestershire, and of

Charles Hatton, a brother of Viscount Hatton, who married a daughter of the notorious Serjeant (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) Scroggs, from whom he derived much of the political or court intelligence with which his letters are stored.

Of these 'two principal newsmen,' Mr. Thompson tells us that Charles Hatton writes with 'some humour,' and, after William's accession, with a 'certain Jacobite zest for fault-finding;' Lyttelton, in a 'blunt, straightforward way of his own,' as befitted the man who was nothing if he was not a Royalist, who began his military career as a boy at Colchester, was colonel in the Duke of York's or Admiral's regiment, a corps corresponding pretty nearly to our useful marines, who was successively governor of Harwich, Landguard Fort, and Sheerness, and who finally rose to be a brigadier-general under James II. Evelyn calls him 'an honest gentleman and soldier,' and from the epithet 'sérieux' applied to him in Grammont's memoirs, it is probable that, though his second wife was maid of honour to the Duchess of York, he was not 'fast' enough for the gay and dissolute crowd which thronged the Long Gallery at Whitehall. In a word, he seems to have been in the fashionable world of the day, but not of it, and to have been never happier than when he was expecting the Dutch to attack his strong forts on the Essex coast in the frequent hostilities of the time. After the Revolution he was true to his cause and his lights; his regiment was broken up, and though he retained his governorship for some time, and at last took the oaths, he spent the remainder of his life at Hagley, or at a charming estate at Sheen, which his old brother-in-arms, Lord Brouncker, a man of a very different character, had left him by will. In 1693 he succeeded to the baronetcy and the family estates on the death of his brother, Sir Henry, and died at an advanced age in 1716. The other Charles—Charles Hatton—was more of a courtier than Lyttelton, and loves to tell of town gossip; but he has other tastes than those of fops, bullies, and sots. He had a strong turn for what we should now call 'natural science,' and especially for ornithology and arboriculture. Thus he procures gulls and red-billed jackdaws, i.e. Cornish choughs, for the king's aviary in St. James's Park. He is never so happy as when he can tell his brother of a rare plant or tree, and he chronicles the advent of a new pear and the flowering of Lord Mordaunt's tulip tree, the first of its kind in England, with as much particularity as though the first blooming of that lovely American tree were an event of national importance.

These were Lord Hatton's chief correspondents; but there were others for whom, if they would only have written more, we could have even spared some of honest Charles Lyttelton's voluminous letters. First in rank and in importance is Finch, Earl of Nottingham, who, at the critical period of 1688, favours Lord Hatton with some remarkable letters on the state of affairs. He had married Lord Hatton's daughter Anne, and in corresponding with his father-in-law, who was little older than himself, he displays a cautiousness, not to say a cunning, worthy of a secretary of state of those days. But all his cunning did not avail him to keep office when William III. turned him out in 1693, on the occasion of the Triennial Bill. Both Lyttelton and Hatton agree in describing that event as 'great news,' and it seems that the surprise of the public was only exceeded by that of Nottingham himself, for he insisted that Trenchard—whom Lyttelton calls 'Trencher'—must have been mistaken in the king's 'meaning' when he asked him to surrender his signet; nor was he entirely undeceived till he waited in person on William. Then, too, there is the notorious Scroggs—Scroggs, who, according to Dugdale, was the son of 'a one-eyed butcher near Smithfield Bars, and his mother a big fat woman with a red face like an alewife,' a description which reminds one of dear old Prideaux's fancy portraits of some of his enemies at Oxford or Norwich. Whatever his parents might have been, Mr. Thompson well points out that Scroggs was a man of education, having entered at Oxford in 1639 at the age of sixteen, where he took a degree. In 1653 he was called to the bar, and having 'a bold front, handsome person, easy elocution, and ready wit,' he rose rapidly, was knighted about 1662, became serjeant in 1669, Judge of the Common Pleas in 1676, and Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1678. He 'ratted,' as is well known, on the occasion of the Popish Plot, from the attacking to the attacked side. We first hear of him in this correspondence in an account given by Charles Hatton, afterwards his son-in-law, of the consternation caused in 1671 in Westminster Hall by the appearance of a 'mad cowe,' which had tossed several persons in the neighbourhood, and made the King's Bench rise in disorder. Some cried out that the Fifth Monarchy men were up, and come to cut the throats of the lawyers, who were the great plague of the

land.' Lest this fate should befall them, the lawyers threw away their gowns, 'that they might appear to be meaner persons;' and, says Hatton, 'your friend, Serjeant Scroggs, who of late hath had a fit of the gout, was perfectly cured, stript himself of his gowne and coife, and with great activity vaulted over the bar, and was presently followed hy the rest of his hrethren.' We forbear to follow the fortunes of this mad cow, which, after she had been houghed or hamstrung, trampled a sentry at the Cock-pit in Whitehall. Bnt this sudden cnre of the serjeant's gont reminds us of a like wonderful cure of the same disease not many years ago in the person of a well-known member of Brooks's Clnb, who, though for years obliged to hohble upstairs, ran down with the nimblest of that society and out into St. James's Street on an alarm that Mr. Green's halloon had caught the roof of the cluhhouse with its grapnel, and was just about to pull it off. This good story, however, is of Hatton writing of Scroggs. When the serjeant writes to Lord Hatton himself, it is all ahont wine and drinking, and especially of claret, in which we are sorry to say he not only convicts himself of intemperance, hut accuses the ladies staying at his house at Weald Hall in Essex of sitting up drinking till past midnight. But then we must add that one of these ladies was his own daughter, Charles Hatton's wife, so that her propensity to the bottle was perhaps inherited.

Besides peers, snch as Lord Windsor—who in 1658, just before Cromwell's splendid funeral, when the Puritanical fashions were going out, 'observed that all gentlemen were (wear) swords, and, that I may not looke more like a humking (humpkin) than the rest, I desire you to bwy mee a lytle wryding (riding) sword and helt. I would not exceed five pound price'—ladies wrote to 'deare Kytt,' that is to say, to Christopher Hatton, while his father the haron was still alive. The spelling of all these ladies, with the exception perhaps of Lady Hatton, Kytt's mother, whose tender style and more accurate spelling betoken an earlier and hetter edncated generation, was simply atrocious. It would almost equal in this respect the worst examples of the yonng gentlemen of the present day who present themselves at army examinations. Here is Elizabeth Bodvile, a lady of birth and fashion, writing in 1658 or 1659. She addresses 'Kytt' thus on a proposed marriage for himself: 'I have delivered your letter to the coll., and he intends to writ to you and to my Lord Spencer, hoes huisnes and yonrs may both be done at a time. He tells mee of a mach which your mother has implied (employed) a friend of his about for you. I beelive hee would gladly goe halfes with him in it. I sopose 3 hunderd pounds will doe much with him, therefor if you pleas I will hee your frind to him in it. Both hee and shee often tells mee of this, and profesis a great dell of love to you. My thinks the reats (rates) are resnabell enufe. . . . My Lord Middillcexs is like to diy of the small pox; and Mrs. Crue (Crewe) is like to rune quit mad, for shee was hnt 3 quarters mad before.' In spite of her bad spelling, which it would take not one but several of Lord Macaulay's charity-girls to correct, Elizabeth Bodvile had a smart wit. A little further on she writes: 'One (on) Munday I was at the new Aprer (Opera), and I chanced to sit next to Mr. Lane' (prohahly Dick Lame, often mentioned by Charles Lyttelton), 'hoe told mee a hlack cap and a staf was a hetter sight then that was. . . . I was this day thare agane, where I met one of the godly partty, my Lady Cauly hy name. Sir Charles Sidley (Sedley) is like to diy' (he lived, however, till 1701, Mr. Thompson tells ns). . . . 'Heare is nnwes that a yong lady in Cainhridgshier has drounded her selfe for love, they say; hut more fool shee, for that is hut cold love, my thinks. Shee thru her selfe into a well, and the water was not deepe enufe, and they say shee was starved to death. And now to hreak your hart, my Lady Barkle (Berkeley) is like to diy of a fright' (she appears from other letters to have been a flame of dear Kytt's). 'Pray doe not you be desparat and dround your selfe in a well to, for you know as long as there is life thers hopes.' She was a sensihle woman too, for later on, when the first Lord Hatton had seemingly heen disappointed of the office of Privy Seal, she writes to Kytt: 'I doe not love to tell things which will not he wellcome, hnt I sopose you have allreddy hard it, hut I hope you have more witt then to be troubelld att it. I was att Court whare the Dnck of York came and told mee that this day the king had giveing my Lord Roharts the privi seall. I was to aquant you that to morrow att ten you are expected; likewis I would have you belive to that you will not bee worst lookt one (on) by your friends for your father's not heing Lord Privi Seall. Good night, and pray sleep never the les. I hope your good fortune is still to come.'

Prelates, too, and those of no mean repute, wrote to Lord Hatton, such as Fell, Bishop of Oxford, who, besides writing on politics to his lorship, descants to his second wife on the spurious works of edification attrib-

uted to the author of the 'Whole Duty of Man.' With the first Lord Hatton a greater than Fell corresponded. We can make allowances for the obsequiousness of the time-serving Dean of Christ Church, who at last was rewarded with a bishopric, but it shocks our feeling of propriety to find the great Jeremy Taylor writing a very fulsome letter, in which every other word is 'my lord' or 'your lordship,' to such a very ordinary piece of humanity as that first Lord Hatton, and extolling him to the skies, when we know all the while, from other letters in this correspondence, that he was, at the best, a morose husband and so unkind to his children that he would not speak a word to them for days and days together; not to mention the fact that it was reported that he docked his soldiers in Guernsey of their pay, and was cruel to his prisoner Lambert. But then we must remember, with Mr. Thompson, that in the seventeenth century 'a peer was a personage to be approached only in one way,' that way being down a very avalanche of flattery; and as few men are before their time, even the golden-tongued author of the 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying' was not in this respect in advance of his. Of the other learned professions the Bar is poorly represented in these letters. Scroggs had wit and force of expression sufficient for the whole bench; but, as we have seen, Scroggs will write to his friend Lord Hatton of wine alone, and, so far as this correspondence is concerned, might have been a vintner or a publican.

As a compensation for this lack of law we have a series of very interesting letters from a Doctor of Medicine, that famous Dr. King who, on February 2, 1685, happening to be present when Charles II. was seized with apoplexy, 'with great judgment and courage (though he be not his sworn phizitian), without other advise immediately let him blood himself.' It is well known how, under this treatment, the king came to himself and lingered a day or two. For this great service the bold physician was to have received 1,000*l.*, but he was put off with a knighthood, which, as the practical Bishop of Oxford remarks, was 'in truth fining him a hundred pound,' which he had to pay for fees. In this correspondence it is not so much of medicine as of match-making that we find King writing to his friend. His lordship's 'melancholia,' consequent on the loss of his second wife, indeed afflicts the physician, but he knows a cure for it in the shape of 'a lord's granddaughter'—we suppose on the *similia similibus curantur* principle—'who is about 19, finely accomplished, bredd by the Countess of K——, her grandmother, 5 or 6,000*l.* certaine, or thereabouts.' Then he tells him in 1687 'a peice of news,' how Duke Albemarle, Sir John Narborough, and others, armed with a patent from the late king, have raised a sunken Spanish ship in the West Indies, and have divided 250,000*l.* in gold and silver between them. In March 1688, he has seen Lady Hatton's picture by Mr. Sadler, 'very fleshey and well coloured, and it is a very fine peice, and extremly like too.' On this occasion he tells him, 'we hear the Bp. of Oxford' (Fell, who did not fill his see long) 'dyed Tuesday last, not a R.C.' (Roman Catholic). The doctor's next letter was written in the tumult of the Revolution, when William was in Devonshire, and James at Salisbury. It is more like a sermon than anything else. In it the worthy knight is evidently afraid for his life, and prays 'God to fitt us for himselfe, and make our passage easie, if it be his will, and at last receve us unto His everlasting arms of happiness, wher we shall be out of gunshott and all manour (manner) fears to all eternity.'

Later on, December 13, 1688, he is still in dire dread. 'The mobile' (a word which was not yet for some time shortened into 'mob') 'have been extreamly insolent and ungovernable, and are not yet supprest.' It was just then that James had been captured at Feversham. The Prince of Orange had not yet come, and Jeffreys had been discovered and dragged to prison. 'I was in Cheapside when the Chancellor was brought to my Lord Mayor. There never was such joy, not a man sorrie that we could see. They (the mobile) longed to have him out of his coach, had he not had a good guard. Dr. Oates, I am told, is drest in all his doctor's robes and gowne, and expects liberty quickly.' All sorts of rumours filled the air. 7,000 Irishmen had come up from the army, and were cutting throats; and as for James, the story ran that 'the king died two hours after he was taken.' In May 1689, the doctor is less distracted with the state of affairs, but still writes on the doings of Dundee in Scotland, and of the siege of Derry in Ireland. After all, he was a good Protestant, and began, like so many around him, to sympathise with the powers that were. We do not hear of the doctor again till the end of January 1692, when he writes what may be called his first professional letter, detailing the death of the illustrious Robert Boyle, of whose case he had no hope from the first. After being up with him two days and

nigbts he had just got 'hot in bed after something I had taken for my great colde,' when be was sent for; 'and tho' I had not a graine of hope be would live till I cam, yet considering it was the last attempt I could make to serve won (*sic*) who for many years past had great affection for me, and relyed under God, as he often told me, upon my care, I was resolved to goe to him. It was one o'clock in the night, hut be was dead before I cam. His lamp went out for want of oyle; soe did his sister's, too. He was buried last night at St. Martin's, and lyes by his sister.'

That sister was Lady Ranelagh. Charles Lyttelton supplements this accounnt of Boyle's death thus: 'There is an odd report goes that when Lady Ranelagh lay dying there was a flame broke out of one of the chimneys, which being observed by the neighbonrs, gave notice of it, and on the chimney being looked into there was no cause found for it in the world, yet appeared to flame for some time to those without; and the same thing happened when Mr. Boyle died;' a popular superstition, which seems to have fastened on Lyttelton's imagination, for on April 6, 1695, he writes: 'Dr. Busby, of Westminster, died last night too; and I heard an od story that the people in the street, when he was expiring, saw flashes and sparks of fire come out of his window, which made them run into the house to put it out, but when they were there saw none, nor did they of the house.' We may smile at such superstitions of the vulgar in the seventeenth century, hut yet it is not so very long ago that the rustics in a metropolitan county were firmly convinced that a noble lady had been carried off on her deathbed very much after the fashion of the old woman of Berkeley.

But tbe medical profession in those times had other dangers than the risk of catching cold on being dragged out of bed at dead of night to visit a dying patient. In the same letter Dr. King proceeds: 'I suppose your lordship has heard of the barbarons murder of Dr. Clinch (Clench). He lived in Brownlow Street in Holborn. Monday night last, abont 9 at night, 2 men came in a hacknie coach to call him to won not well, but he was not at home, and they said they'd come againe. Abont 10 the same night they came to the end of the street and sent the coachman for him. He, poor man, tooke his cloak and went to them into the coach. They bid the coachman drive to the Py witbout Aldgate. But as soone as they bad him they began their villanies, for bis hat was fond in the street near Barnard's Inn, and we believe be was soon dead. And then to blind the coachman tbey enquir'd for a man ther near Aldgate nobody knew. By this time the dead man began to be colde and stiffish, that they were sure he was dead. When they cam back as far as Leaden Hall Street they call'd the coachman and gave him 3*s.* and 6*d.* to buye 2 pulletts for supper. The man got them quickly, and when he cam back ther was only the doctor dead and almost colde; the murderers gon.' This was the Dr. Clench of whose 'excrable murder' Evelyn also writes. Dr. Clench was famous, besides his tragical end, for a most extraordinary son, a John Stuart Mill of those days, of whom Evelyn also writes, who, though not twelve years old, displayed not only a most wonderful memory, but also 'a most prodigious maturity of knowledge,' which fairly puzzled both Pepys and Evelyn, who examined him. 'All the while,' says Evelyn, 'he seemed to he full of play, of a lively sprightly temper, always smiling and exceeding pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childisbness. . . . In sum, *horresco referens*, I had read of divers forward and precocious youths, and some I have known, hut I did never either hear or read of anyhody like to this sweet child, if it he right to call him child who has more knowledge than most men in the world. I counselled his father not to set his heart too mucb on this jewel:

'"Immodicis brevis est ætas et rara senectus."'

But to return to the crime. Dr. King assnres his lordship 'that 14 days since two huffing men cam at night for me in a hack, but I was abroad.' He is pretty sure that they meant to serve him as poor Dr. Clencb had heen served. More than this, 'it was reported in the cittie that it was me, to the great concern of many of my friends.' Next Saturday night Dr. King was to be one of the pall-bearers. 'I am not well, yet intende to go, to pay tbe last respect to him.' As he wrote one Harrison had been arrested for the crime, and, it is consoling to think, was speedily convicted and executed.

So mucb for what may be called the 'off' correspondents of Lord Hatton. We now return to his two 'chief newsmen,' Charles Lyttelton and Charles Hatton, one the dear friend, and the other the brother, of 'deare Kytt,' afterwards Visconnt Hatton; for their letters form the staple of tbese volumes, into wbicb those of the rest are, as it were, worked and embroidered. And first of Charles Lyttelton, who, when we first hear of bim, was a gay young man about town, ready to do any fair lady a service, as wben

he begins his correspondence with 'Decrest Kytt' by apologising to Mrs. B. (? Elizabeth Bodvile) for not executing her commision for a muff and mantle. She may have both for 40*l.*, and now that fur tippets are so much in fashion, both for coachmen and ladies, it is well to note that Lyttelton adds 'for tippets is not the mode (i.e. fashion) soe much.' At the same time the young man was sadly in want of a wife, but the lady must be 'well furnisht,' and he alludes to one not in that condition. In fact he wanted what young men so often want—a wife with money. This was in 1656, and being a good Royalist, though he speaks of Charles II. as Charles Stuart, Lyttelton was sadly afraid that he might be sent to the Tower. He had been already once sent prisoner up to Cromwell by Major Creed from Worcestershire, besides having been taken prisoner earlier still at Colchester. Besides Kytt, a great friend of his was that Lord Windsor who gave Kytt the commission for the sword. These fears, however, soon passed away, the king had his own again, and Lyttelton's fortunes were in the ascendant. In 1659 he was jilted by Miss Frances Murray; but though, according to his own account, he 'swore and stormed,' he adds, 'I bore it like a man, and with such evenesse that I thought I was no longer suspected as a rival.' In 1660 he was at Breda with the king, and in 1661 we hear that he is going to Jamaica, Blake's recent conquest, as lieutenant to Lord Windsor, just appointed governor of the island.

By this time Charles Lyttelton had forgotten Miss Murray, for he was newly married to Mrs. Lister, a widow, daughter of Sir William Fairfax. In 1662 he was knighted, sailed for Jamaica with his wife, and soon afterwards, on Lord Windsor's return, succeeded him as governor. He worked hard at his new post, but he found 'Jamcico,' as he sometimes calls it, 'a melancholy place'—as he might well think it, living as he did in pestilential Port Royal. The colony, we fancy, flourished under his care, and he built forts and equipped fleets, but his domestic affairs went to rack and ruin. He got 'no forwarder,' to use a good old English phrase, and worse than all his wife and little son died of fever and consumption. All this was too much for the ardent young man. Between 1662 and 1664 he was recalled, as we gather at his own request. He now seems to have thrown in his fortunes with the Duke of York, in whose regiment he about this time received a commission, and rapidly rose to be colonel. This command brought him frequently to the sea-coast, and so we hear of him writing from Portsmouth, Southampton, Harwich, and Sheerness. His letters are full of the doings of the Dutch and English fleets, but he finds time in December 1664 to inform Kytt, as a friend, 'that the common whispers and open talke' of military men 'has beene that you' (that is, Lord Hatton and his son) 'have received the pay of the souldier at Garnesey for above a 12 month, and payed the souldier never a penny; and if this be not true you will doe very well to say something in justification of yourselves.' At that time he was quartered with his company at Winchester, and 'mighty well paid.' In 1665 he attended the court of the Duke and Duchess of York in a progress into Yorkshire, and hopes for promotion, which soon came. He was made colonel, which led to his being stationed at Harwich, where we find him in 1667 'expecting the Dutch every hower.' By this time he had married his second wife, Anne Temple, for he had sent her off from the coast to the Countess of Oxford. The Dutch were indeed near; four days after Lyttelton wrote they were with seventy sail at Chatham. So matters went on for years in fights and bickerings with the Dutch, who in 1671 were desired to strike their flags to British ships of war, an order with which it seems they complied, and thus avoided an open breach. Lyttelton's letters are full of these quarrels, with which we will not weary the reader. He enlivens them, however, with court gossip, and with 'Harry Saville's adventures at Althorp and elsewhere,' which prove that unworthy favourite of Charles to have been as great a profligate as the Duc de Richelieu in the days of Louis XV. For his escapade at Althorp he was forbidden the court by Charles II., but he was soon received into favour, and appointed the king's vice-chamberlain; afterwards, as we shall see, to fall into fresh disgrace and to rise to renewed favour.

At this time the king's coffers were said to be filled with 3,000,000 livres of French gold, all in the Tower; but, for all that, in 1671–2 the Exchequer was closed, and most of the bankers in the country ruined—a measure which Charles Lyttelton heard 'an honest country gentleman' say had a good effect, as making money more plentiful by dispersing the balances lying at interest with the bankers, and 'undoubtedly it will inhance the value of land everywhere.' But it was sad to think that many of Lyttelton's friends had suffered by losing the money deposited with their bankers. To make matters worse, we were soon afterwards at

open war with the Dutch, and Sir R. Holmes had fallen on their Smyrna fleet. The king and duke were at Sheerness, where Lyttelton saw 'a greate many brave ships in good readinesse, but not half mand.' In May 1672, the crisis was coming. Lyttelton was in Landguard Fort with the 'Duch fleet before him, looking very terribly, both for number and quality.' The English fleet, under the Duke of York and Lord Sandwich, was wind-bound at Dover; but as the Dutch had sailed away, 'I hearken every moment to hear them at it.' On May 28, as is well known, the two fleets met in Sole Bay, or Southwold Bay, when, after a desperate struggle, the English had the best of it, and the Dutch retired, though the victors suffered severely. Their greatest loss, however, was that of Sandwich himself, who, after fighting heroically in the 'Royal James,' was drowned on leaping overboard just before his ship blew up. For some days it was hoped that he was either a prisoner or had escaped; but on June 4, Lyttelton, writing from Landguard, says: 'My Lord Sandwich's body was found last Tuesday at sea, at least forty miles from the place of battle, floating upon the water, and was known by the George and star on him; though when he first came in it was easie enough to know him. He had in his pocket three rings—one a white sapphire with his crest and garter, and the most glorious blew sapphire that I ever saw in my life; the other was an antique seale. So soone as I heard of it, I went and hronght the body hither, which lay in a small boate, as it was towed hy the smack which found him. I presently writt to my Lord Arlington of it, and gave order to my surgeon, Mr. Thatham, who is here with mee, to prepare for the embalming of it, which he has done; and since I had a letter from my Lord Arlington, who commanded me by order from His Majesty to embalm him, and to keepe the body with all possible honour and decency till it be sent for away, and gave the man that found it and who went with the news himself, fifty pieces; His Majesty being resolved to bury him at his own charge and expence for his great and eminent services, especially this last at his death, wherein he certainly made for some howers as brave and generous a defence before the ship was burnt. . . His son also perished with him. . . He lyes now in my chappel in his coffin, with black bays over it; and some black bays and scutcheons round, which is all the ceremony this place will afford.' So ended the most faithful servant of Charles II., one who had been instrumental as a naval commander in restoring him to his throne, and whose many virtues and few failings are microscopically depicted in the Diary of Pepys, which does not, however, come down to the year of his patron's death, and is thus completed by this graphic account by Charles Lyttelton. It is a satisfaction to think that the tenderness shown to the great naval commander hy the Governor of Landguard Fort was requited by the gift from his successor of that 'most glorious blew sapphire' which the earl had in his pocket. We hope it still glows among the ancestral treasures of the house of Lyttelton.

But we must hasten on. On the night of December 29, 1672, occurred a strange catastrophe in the Hatton family which powerfully excited the sympathy of their friends. On that night the powder magazine at Castle Cornet, in Guernsey, was struck by lightning, and in the explosion Lord Hatton's mother and his wife hoth perished, together with several of their servants. Lord Hatton himself had a miraculous escape, as he was thrown in his bed on to the battlements, and escaped uninjured, as also were two of his children. Lyttelton was at Rochester when he heard the news through Sir William 'Scruggs,' as he calls him. He immediately hastened to town, and, together with Charles Hatton, saw the king and Lord Arlington, and took measures 'for the bringing my ladyes to towne and their interment.' They were hoth huried in Westminster Ahbey on January 11, 1672–3, according to the invaluable Westminster Abbey Registers of Colonel Chester. Lord Hatton remained four years a widower, and in 1676 married Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Yelverton. She hore him several children, and died in 1684. In August 1685 Viscount Hatton married his third wife, Elizabeth, danghter of Sir William Hazlewood. By this lady, who at last bore him a son, he had a large family. In 1706 he died himself. To return to Charles Lyttelton, on the disagreement between France and England, he was sent to Flanders, where we find him ten days landed at Bruges on May 18, 1678, where he had the command of twenty-eight companies, expecting 3,000 men more that week. At Ostend there were twelve companies of the Guards under Lord Howard, but he adds: 'We are in a mighty mist what our businesse is heere. This place is not to be defended nor worth it,' while before it lay the French king with 60,000 men. What most concerned Lyttelton was that he was 'undone with making my eqnipage to come hither, and with the charge heere to maintaine it;' hut the Duke was very kind to

him before he came away, and promised to do his best to make him a brigadier, a piece of promotion, however, which he did not receive till after Charles II.'s death.

On June 11, 1688, just after the Bishops had been committed to the Tower, amidst the prayers and blessings of the populace, Lyttelton writes: 'Yesterday at 5 minutes before 10 in the morning the Queen was delivered of the Prince of Wales. I come now from seeing him as he was undressing, and he is a delicate fine boy, very well complexioned, and lookes healthy and sprightly. He is to have no wet nurs.' When the Prince of Orange landed, Lyttelton remained at his post at Sheerness. On November 15 he writes: 'His Majesty is pleased to make me eldest Brigadier of Foot, though he thinks it for his service I should continue here.' 'Poore Harry is marcht with the army.' Poor Harry was his eldest son, who no sooner reached the King's headquarters than he followed the example set him by so many of his superiors, and 'marched off' to the Prince of Orange. In a note Mr. Thompson has printed a letter written by Lyttelton to his wife from the History of Worcestershire by Nash, in which the loyal father describes an interview with the King after the desertion of young Harry. 'I told the King I could not see his Majesty without some confusion that so much of my blood had forfeited his duty.' The answer of the unfortunate James was generous and touching. 'He could not wonder that my son had done so since his own children were so disobedient.' It was a consolation, Lyttelton adds, that the King told him at his 'couchee' the night before 'my Lord Churchill waited four hours after he came to the Prince of Orange's quarters before he was admitted to see him,' and then was 'faine' to go five or six miles before he could get quarters. Besides this, it was reported that the Prince 'pays nobody a penny but those he brought with him, 'soe that I believe our spark will grow quickly weary of his adventure.' 'The poor King is mightily broken. A great heart can't so easily bend.' Shortly after, as we hear from Charles Hatton, the whole town was ringing with stories of Mary's levity, whether it were real or assumed, on taking possession of her father's palace. It was then that the witty Catherine Sedley made her famous retort to the Queen. 'The Countess of Dorchester,' says Hatton, 'lately went to visit a certain Lady, who received her very cooly.; upon which the Countess told her she was much surprised.' 'For,' said she, 'if I have broken one commandment, you have another; and what I did was more naturall.'

As for Lyttelton's undutiful son, he was soon received into favour. In September, 1690, his father thus writes of him: 'I have had so much concern about my sons being wounded at a duell with the Major of the Guards, Will Matthews, that I really forget if I have told you of it. They fought at Fulham, and my son was run through the thigh, and 'tis a great wound, but I hope the worst is over, and he is in a faire way to recover. He came hither, after he was drest upon the place, in a coach; but bled all the way.' Soon after the Revolution the regiment in which Lyttelton had served so long was broken and his occupation as eldest Brigadier of Foot was gone. He seems, however, to have retained his governorship of Sheerness, and to have followed William's campaigns in the Low Countries and in Ireland with respect if not with admiration. In August, 1692, it must have given him a pang to hear of a terrible earthquake and hurricane in his old governorship, Jamaica. In less than two minutes the greatest part of that Port Royal which he had built was 'destroyed or sunk, with all the factories, storehouses, and magazines.' 'It is said the church is sunk a fathom under water, and that there, and in other places of the island, above 5,000 people are destroyed.' One of his last letters is from Hagley, dated March 9, 1696, complaining that the Commissioners of Taxes had charged him '2ble' (double) as a reputed Papist, though he had taken the oath and test without which he could not have held the governorship of Sheerness 'in the present Government.' It is sad to think that all this annoyance was done to affront him and to 'pick a thank by a pragmatick shopkeeper,' but even in this enlightened age we have heard of such things as income-tax assessments made use of as a means of petty persecution by some parochial Jack in office.

We now leave Lyttelton and turn to Hatton, who must bear away the palm in reporting the freaks and follies of the town. In 1673 he tells us how November 5 was observed with 'an incredible number of bonfires,' and how the Pope and his cardinals were hung up and then burnt in effigy. 'Two hundred bonfires were counted between Temple Bar and Aldgate.' Duels were very rife. About 1675 'one at Marybone, by Lord Ossory and Col. Macarthy, against Buckley and my Lord Gerard's son,' only because Buckley jostled Ossory as he was coming into the Bedchamber.' There were riots between the English and

French weavers, and murderous brawls over drink, as when Mr. Scroope grossly insulted Sir Thomas Armstronge, and at last 'drew upon him; whereon Sir Thomas drew, and the first passe ran Mr. Scroope through the heart, who fell down dead.' Worse still, on the night of May 17, 1676, the Lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard, being in drink, abused the sentinels in St. James's Park —pretty much on the site of that parade across which so many of us now tramp by day or night in peace—and afterwards Mr. Gerard, meeting Captain Witte's foothoy, 'struck him soe that the boy fell down dead.' It was said to be only a box on the ear, but when the surgeons examined the body 'the neck was broke.' Lord Cornwallis was put out of the Guards for this, and had to stand his trial for murder, while Mr. Gerard, who it seems was the guilty party, fled to France. So the trial took place in Westminster Hall, Hatton duly reporting it, and it turned out that Gerard killed the boy by 'taking him by the shoulder, tripping up his heeles,' and flinging him on the ground. 'The summe of evidence in breife,' says Hatton, 'wase that both the Lord Cornwallis and Mr. Gerard threatened to kill the sentinell, and that one of them bid the sentinell kill the boy, and said "We will kill somebody."' Lord Cornwallis made a brief defence; nothing had been proved against him, and if he ran away it was because the corporal was coming with his guard. Next morning he had delivered himself up to the coroner. Then Lord Privy Seal moved that their lordships should retire. They were absent above three hours, and in the interim 'they'r wase brought by the Lord Cornwallis' servants Naples bisquits and wine, which wase first presented to the Lord High Steward, and after given about to the company.' In the end all the lords acquitted the earl of murder, but six found him guilty of manslaughter.

In the same year we hear of mad doings at Epsom. 'Mr. Downs is dead. The Lord Rochester doth abscond, and soe doth Etheredge and Captain Bridges, who occasioned the riot Sunday sennight.' It was a very simple matter. They were tossing some fiddlers in a blanket for refusing to play, and seized a barber who came up at the noise, and held him till he 'offered to carry them to the handsomest woman in Epsom;' but he outwitted them, for he directed them to the constable's house, and, he refusing to let them in, they broke open his doors, and broke his head, and 'beat him very severely.' At last he escaped and called his watch, when Etheredge made a 'submissive oration' to them, and soe far appeased them that the constable dismissed his watch. But presently after the Lord Rochester drew upon the constable; Mr. Downs, to prevent his pass, seized on him, the constable cried out murther, and the watch returning, one came behind Mr. Downs, and with a 'sprittle staff' cleft his skull. The Lord Rochester and the rest ran away, and Downs having 'noe sword snatched up a sticke, and striking at them they run him into the side with a half-pike, and soe bruised his arm that he wase never able to stir it after. He hath given his estate, which was 1,500*l.* per annum, to his sister, and it is reported the Lord Shrewsbury is to marry her.' It was not, however, only from lords and gallants like Rochester and Etheredge that poor fiddlers came to grief, and blood flowed. That unhappy race of men suffered even more at the hands of high-born ladies. Lady Elizabeth Montagu, writing to Lady Hatton on November 27, 1683, after mentioning that Algernon Sydney had been tried and convicted, goes on: 'The other night Lady Mary Garett (Gerard) and her women, and some other of her companions, was at a tavern, whear they had musick; and after some time they went away and would not pay the musick, and soe thare was a quarrell amoungst them, and some of the fiddlers was killed; and thoes that did it was taken, and one of them was the lady's woman in man's cloaths, who was a Friench woman; and she is much concerned, and tells many stories of her lady, who thare is a warrant from my Lord Chief Justice to take; but I fancy she will not be easyly found, for if she should, it is beleived she will be punished. They say the woman will be hanged.' It does not appear whether Lady Mary was punished at all, but in the next year she was divorced from her husband. When noble lords and ladies could thus behave, what wonder is it that we hear of 'young gallants tilting every day,' and of captains and subalterns all over the country quarrelling and 'drawing on' and murdering inoffensive people?

We have already mentioned Harry Savile and his adventures at Althorp. In 1676 he was again banished the court for impertinence to the Duke of York. 'The duke wase saying that Burnet was a much better preacher than any of the doctors soe much cryed up at court. H. Savile told him he was not a competent judge, for he never came to court to hear any of them preach.' This was pretty well from the king's Vice-Chamberlain to his master's brother and heir presumptive. But worse followed, for when the duke spoke of the necessity of soldiers to prevent tumults, Harry Savile

told him that an army had turned out Richard (Cromwell), and he feared might turn out others; and that he hoped to see England governed without any soldiers. This was his offence, in which it will be seen he was prophetic. Bnt though this speech was insolent, Hatton tells us it was wondered at that he should be turned ont for this, when he had been so much more insolent to the king himself; as when 'not long since, being in the king's company when they were very merry and highflown in drink, of a sudden he appeared very melancolly; and the king enquiring the reason, he told him that we should very shortly be all in confusion and up in arms, and that he wase thinking what to doe with himself, and that he had resolved to get up behind the old king at Charing Crosse; and was thinking what sport it would be for him to peepe throngh his arms and see the king with Chiffings (Chiffinch) and the Sergeant Trumpeter (for with an oath he averred he would have noebody els with him), mounted on their great horses and charging the three nations.' 'For this,' adds Hatton, 'he was only pnt out of company for that time, and the next morning all the blame wase layd on the wine, and he pardoned.' Later on, in a letter from Lyttelton to Lord Hatton, on January 5, 1681–2, we hear that Savile was still in favour with Charles; and while of Argyle, who had just been sentenced to death in Scotland by the Duke of York on evidence which Halifax said would not have hanged a dog in England, we are told, 'Arguile is not much pittied, being looked on generally as a very ill man to the Crown,' of Savile it is recorded that he is to be a Commissioner of the Admiralty.

The troublous times of 1688 interrupted the scientific and gossiping correspondence which Charles Hatton had so long kept np with his brother. He now became a soldier, and dates from the camp near Windsor, as well as from Plymonth, where his regiment was. On October 16 he writes that the Dntch are daily expected with a very great force. 'I trust the nation in general will behave themselves with loyalty to their prince and regard (*sic*) to their country, and that the Dutch in 1688 will succeed noe better than the Spaniards did in 1588. As to my own particular, I shall endeavour to act according to those principles of loyalty in which I have been edncated and to which I am obliged both by my religion and allegiance, and submit myself to whatever state Providence designes.' On November 20 Charles Hatton is still at Plymouth, commanded by the Earl of Bath, 'under whose conduct, should the Dutch think fit to attacqne us,' we feel very secure; but all intercourse with the rest of the world had been cut off since that wicked Prince of Orange had entered Exeter. There had been some deserters, and, horrible to relate, 'it hath been reported that I wase one, bnt I assure myself that your lordship, knowing how firmly I have imbibed the principles of the Church of England, will be secnre I can never depart from my allegiance to my Prince.' Alas! on the 25th we hear that Plymouth had surrendered to the Prince, the Earl of Bath having declared for him. We next hear of Hatton in London: 'I moved your lordship for a letter to Mr. Temple, but should your letter now come I would not follow him to deliver it, for last night about 6 a clocke he took occasion by water to go into another world. He went npon the water about 12 at noone, enquired how the tide wase. Betwixt five and six in the evening he took boat at Whitehall, went with the first oares who plyed him, who wase a stranger to him, refused those who used to carry him, bid the waterman carry him below bridge, and just as he wase shooting the bridge, layd down in the boate a shilling and a peice of paper on which was writ the following words: "My folly in undertaking what I cannot perform hath done the King great prejndice, which cannot be stopped any other waye but this. May his undertakings prosper! May he find a blessing!" Then bid the waterman farewell, and leap'd over. Afterward he rose up againe, but the eddise (eddies) suck'd him in before the waterman could bring his boate about, and so wase drown'd.' So perished John, son of Sir William Temple, and William's Secretary of War. His fate is well known to the readers of Macaulay, but the manner of his death has never been told so well before. According to Charles Hatton he had promised to secure Ireland for the king withont bloodshed, bnt had been imposed on by false assnrances from Tyrconnell. Impntations made on him by inconsiderate persons worked on his naturally melancholy mind, and caused him to take that 'fatal resolution.'

Soon after came what was called the Pewter Pot Plot, which Charles Hatton calls rather more ridiculous than the Meal Tnb Plot, which bronght so many good men to death. The writer was soon to learn that a man might suffer much for very little canse. In his foolishness, as his niece, Lady Nottingham, writes, he kept bad company and published a book, containing very 'scurolous things on the Government,' so he was seized, carried before

the Council, and so 'bewitched' that he confessed the authorship, and was sent to the Tower. This was on June 26, 1690, and in the Tower he remained for some months. His wife, the daughter of Scroggs, stood by her husband like a true woman, and details his sufferings in terribly illiterate letters. 'They have peech him of high treason,' she writes to Lord Hatton, 'which makes a great sound, but most doe say there is nothing that can tuch his life.' At first she could not see her husband, but on August 24 she writes: 'Last Tuesday, my lord, I got an order to have the freedom of the Tower. I went immediait thither. I thank God I found him very well in helth, and I did not return to the Pell Mell till this day, which I had not come home soe sune but to meet the doctors and the sirgent (surgeon) about my son, which is in a very weak condition.' All this time the poor gossip who had played at treason was kept a close prisoner, and allowed neither to stir out nor to see any friend. So things went on till November 11, when he writes to his wife: 'I am very sorry, my dearest, that your son Robin continues soe very ill. God grant he may receive benefit by the advice of the new surgeon. But, my dearest, I fear my threats will prove more effectual than I designed; for I told thee in jest if thou did pass Sunday thou shou'dst be shut out, which is likely to prove true in earnest, for the hungry head jailor here is soe greedy of his pretended fee he growes every day more and more barbarous and vexatious. Had he been educated at Ambonia (Amboyna) he con'd not be more merciless. And finding that noe person will take notice of his extravagant usage of me he is the more encouraged thereto.' This 'giugle-key,' as Hatton calls him, this 'hungry cur whose mouth no crust could stop,' was constant in persecution, and all the time it was growing wintry, and Hatton's cloak transformed into a coat was 'too thinn for that cold place.' We are sorry to add, that it appears from Mrs. Hatton's letters that 'gingle-key' was no less a person than Lord Lucas—she calls him 'Lucus'—the governor of the Tower.

We cannot say how or when Charles Hatton was bailed and released from durance. It was some time before, March 5, 1690–1, when we find him writing to his brother about Mr. Ashmole's baking pears, and of his 'famous great haw tree,' in which strain his correspondence continues to the last. On June 5, 1703, he writes, 'Mr. Pepys, who was a very valuable person, and my particular friend, to whom dying he left mourning, is dead, and was yesterday buryed; severall persons of quality and note being at his funeral.' Though he had once burned his fingers with politics, Charles Hatton could not altogether refrain from expressing opinions unfavourable to the new order of things. Thus, on February 13, 1693–4, the anniversary of the accession of William and Mary, he writes ironically: 'We are a very ungrateful rebellious generation. The ominous 13th of February, to the work of which day we owe the present felicity, prosperity, glory, or renown of the nation, which I doubt not but will be recorded to all posterity, and which day but five years agoe was thought soe auspitious, that upon that account Ash Wednesday was made a festival, yet now it hath had noe observancy paid to it but what the noble and loyal Lord Lucas' (his old enemy, 'gingle-key') 'hath done by the discharge of the gunns at the Tower. I doe not heare it, nor have seen this evening, the expence of one farthing candle to make an illumination, nor have we one ponre squibh or cracker.' In this bitter frame of mind he persevered to the end. His last letter, dated March 9, 1703–4, thus speaks of the anniversary of William's death: 'Yesterday was generally observed here as a day of mourning, not of thanksgiving. Severall sermons for King William were preach'd in most churches, and in our market the butchers' shops were generally shut up, and few would sell any meat tho' it was market day, they postponing their gaine to faction; from the effects of which, good Lord, deliver us!' At this distance of time it may be left to the impartial reader to pronounce which was the 'faction' and which was the 'nation' in England in 1703. While the Jacobite faction looked on the anniversary of William's death as a day of thanksgiving, the whole people mourned for him.

We need not dwell on the way in which the gay and frivolous Charles and the gloomy and revengeful James outraged the feelings and forfeited the fidelity of their subjects. It took more than twenty years to do it; but the day of reckoning came at last, and the sentence of deprivation then pronounced by the good sense of the nation was final and irrevocable. If any further proof were required to show how the cup of bitterness was gradually filled drop by drop till it was full to overflowing, it may be found in this Hatton correspondence, written entirely by devoted royalists, who, in spite of their affection for the house of Stuart, bear damning evidence against the doomed dynasty. Charles Hatton was a man not much troubled with liberal tendencies, but even he is

scandalised at the ratting and tergiversation of his friend Scroggs; as when he says the unscrupulous serjeant would be only too happy if he could 'secure the Court favour by deed of entail.' In all England, James II. had no truer servant than Charles Lyttelton, the brave soldier and gallent gentleman, but his noble heart sickens at the Bloody Assize. He had known the violence of the bad old Cromwellian times; but writing from Taunton on October 7, 1685, he declares that the outrages lately practised exceeded 'such as I have known at any time in our former civill warrs, which I cannot believe but we shall heare more of when Parliament meets.' As for the executions and quarterings of traitors, he declares that 'the country lookes as one passes already like a shambles;' and from this 'you may think what it will be when all is done.' When the adherents of the king could thus express their horror, it is easy to imagine how the leaven of rebellion must have worked in the hearts of all lovers of English liberty and English Protestantism. Against that revolutionary spirit it was in vain that supposed Romanists like Fell, writing from Christ Church, descanted sententiously on the way in which Algernon Sydney died 'with the same surliness wherewith he lived; and indeed men's deaths are seldom better than their lives;' or when he declared that the manner of the Duke of Monmouth's death was 'matter of great mortification to me. 'Tis a strange instance of obduration . . . that men should believe themselves saints when they are incarnat devils, and take themselves to be secure of heaven when they are sinking into the pit of hell.' In a few more months Fell, the suspected Roman Catholic of Dr. King, passed away, making, we hope, a less surly end than the noble patriot, and meeting that mercy which James had denied on earth to the unfortunate Monmouth. Fell died on March 24, 1687–8. On December 11 in that year James II. left Whitehall; and two days afterwards Dr. King writes to Lord Hatton of the feeling in the city: 'There never was such joy, not a man sorry that we could see.' And for good cause. The nation was as sick of the king and his politics and his popery as Charles Lyttelton of the shambles at Taunton, and had adopted the motto of the surly Algernon Sydney:—

'Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.'

Art. V.—*Report from the Select Committee on Intemperance.* Ordered by the House of Lords to be printed March 17, 1879.

A committee of the House of Lords was appointed at the end of the session of 1876 'for the purpose of enquiring into the prevalence of habits of intemperance, and into the manner in which these habits have been affected by recent legislation and other causes.' Two years were spent in accumulating the evidence of physiologists, magistrates, chief constables, and other persons interested in the extension or the suppression of the liquor trade; and the report which was founded on this evidence contains the most exhaustive investigation which the subject has yet received at the hands of Parliament.

We shall confine our remarks to the practical questions: (1) has past legislation, especially the legislation of 1872 and 1874, had any effect in diminishing the amount of drunkenness which unfortunately prevails in the most populous districts of the country? (2) Are we likely to effect this object, either by amending the provisions of the laws now in force, or by introducing some entirely new system of licensing? The answers of the committee to these two questions are not very encouraging. To the first they give a distinctly negative answer; and as regards the second, with the exception of a half-hearted recommendation that legal facilities should be given to municipalities for adopting either the Gothenburg *bolag* or Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, they condemn all the substitutes which have been suggested for the present system of regulation by the magistrates. They make, it is true, numerous recommendations of importance and utility for the amendment of the licensing laws; but they do not give us much reason to hope that the adoption of these recommendations, or indeed that any legislative enactments will materially diminish the consumption of alcohol.

As to past legislation, we are apt to forget the importance of the reforms introduced between the years 1869 and 1874. The main points of these reforms were:—

1. The extension of the licensing powers of the magistrates, so as to include the beer-houses and other retail licenses as well as the public-houses, which alone had previously been under their control.

2. The increased severity of the penalties attached to offences against the licensing laws, especially in the case of second convictions.

3. The new closing regulations, which very materially reduced the number of hours

during which the publican was permitted to keep his doors open. Before the year 1872 he was in the country subject to no restriction in this respect, and even in towns his business was only suspended for three hours in the middle of the night.

It is generally admitted that these alterations in the law have had a beneficial effect. Between the years 1869 and 1876, in spite of the growth of the population, the magistrates reduced the number of beer-houses by no less than six thousand; but the mere reduction of number gives but an inadequate idea of the good effects thus produced. The beer-houses were, as a rule, less well conducted than the public-houses; and the six thousand which were abolished would presumably be those which bore the worst characters and would therefore be the cause of the greatest amount of drunkenness and disorder. A great improvement appears to have taken place both in the character of the licensees and in the manner in which they conduct their business; and, above all, the streets of the large towns are much quieter, and less frequently disturbed by drunken brawls, than they were ten years ago. In these respects we are repeatedly told that Lord Aberdare's Act has 'worked wonders,' and we are far from underrating the value of these results. Here, unfortunately, the wonders cease. There is no evidence whatever to show that drunkenness has yielded to the attacks which have been made upon it. The witnesses can only say that, had it not been for restrictive legislation, the causes which have tended to increase drunkenness of late years would have produced yet more disastrous effects.

It is extremely difficult to gauge the amount of intemperance which prevails in the country. The statistics, constantly quoted in support of the most widely divergent opinions, are more than proverbially misleading, whether we rely on the estimates of the national expenditure on intoxicating liquors or on the police returns.

The national drink bill is a very alarming document; and, though subject to fluctuations, it increased most rapidly during the period of prosperity which followed the year 1869. It rose from 112,885,603*l.* in that year to 147,288,759*l.* in 1876; or, put in another way, the expenditure per head rose from 3*l.* 16*s.* to 4*l.* 9*s.* During the last two years of commercial depression this amount has been reduced by 5,000,000*l.* a year; but it still exceeds 142,000,000*l.* The whole of this enormous expenditure, however, must not be attributed to increased intemperance. A large proportion (Professor Leone Levi calculates four-fifths) represents the moderate consumption of the temperate. Higher wages and increased incomes enabled all classes to live better, and to consume a larger amount of the luxuries and the necessaries of life. The consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar increased more rapidly than that of beer and spirits. It is calculated that the consumption of sugar per head rose from 33·11 lbs. in 1860 to 59 lbs. in 1876; of tea, from 2·67 lbs. in 1860 to 4·50 lbs. in 1876: and during the same period the consumption of spirits rose from 0·93 gall. to 1·27 gall.; of malt from 1·45 bush. to 2 bush. per head. The statistics, therefore, though they represent the amount of drinking, are not an accurate measure of the amount of drunkenness which prevails. The police returns are not more trustworthy guides. The number of persons apprehended for drunkenness was 100,357 in 1867, 131,870 in 1870, and 203,989 in 1875; so that in nine years the numbers were more than doubled. If all other causes were constant, this enormous increase might be taken as a proof that the character of the population had deteriorated; but these statistics are affected not only by alterations in the law, but also by a number of circumstances which vary at different times and in different localities. We will quote two cases to explain our meaning.

The towns of Birmingham and Manchester have about the same population, but yet the number of apprehensions for drunkenness in 1876 was in Manchester 9,612, in Birmingham only 2824. It is scarcely probable that the iron-workers of Birmingham are much more sober than the cotton-spinners at Manchester, but it appears that the former town covers a larger area than the latter. In the one case every policeman has to watch over 16 acres and 661 persons; in the other he has only 5 acres and 442 persons. This disproportion will to a great extent account for the apparent sobriety of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain in his evidence (2364) somewhat significantly says: 'The statistics of Birmingham might to-morrow be made ten times as bad as they were before; just one turn of the screw would bring in ten times the number.'

The second case we shall cite is that of London. In the year 1833, out of a population of 1,500,000, no less than 32,600 individuals were apprehended for drunkenness; in the course of forty-three years the population had grown to 4,500,000, and the apprehensions had actually diminished in number; in 1876 they were but 32,328. Here is apparently a clear proof of an extraordinary improvement in the metropolitan

district, but this pleasant delusion is ruthlessly destroyed by Mr. Davis, the legal adviser to the Police Commissioners, who shows conclusively that the diminution is entirely due to a change in the police regulation introduced by Lord Melbourne when he was Home Secretary (1191). Many similar cases could be given to show the fallacies into which we may be led by statistics, unless the local circumstances of each case are ascertained and taken into account. We believe that the increase in the number of apprehensions, which is especially remarkable in the great northern towns, is mainly due to the greater severity of the recent Acts of Parliament, and to the fact that the magistrates have been stimulated by legislation and by public opinion to more energetic action against drunkards, and that the police have in consequence been also more active in the discharge of their duties. Allowing, however, for all these disturbing causes, it cannot be denied that the figures quoted above indicate that, in spite of restrictive laws, both drinking and drunkenness increased concurrently with the rising trade and prosperity of the nation. The agricultural labourers are apparently becoming more sober; but the mining and manufacturing classes, who are congregated in large towns, were unprepared to take advantage of the rapid improvement of their position which was caused by the largely increased wages which they earned and by the more ample leisure which they enjoyed. Their increased earnings, instead of benefiting them and their families, were too often squandered in the indulgence of their coarsest appetites, or found their way into the tills of the publicans.

An intelligent working man, in a report made to the Society of Arts of his visit to the Paris Exhibition, describes in vigorous and graphic terms the disastrous effects of drink on the working classes of this country. He says:—

'I have been secretary of one of the richest trade organisations in the country for a period of twenty-five years, and can attest that drink is the foul and bitter curse of the English race, and all the associated philanthropy of our country cannot cope with its dire effects. Our trade famishes because our wages are swallowed up in drink: the purchasing power of the people is utterly destroyed by its use. . . . Man for man, the English workman is at the head of all producers of the world, with the exception of the American; but I hold to the views expressed by H. M. Commissioner at the Washington Exhibition, viz., that he fears more from the drunkenness of our people than from any other cause in the competition of ours with other countries of the world.'

It would be impossible to obtain more genuine or more emphatic evidence of the prevalence of intemperance, and of the moral and economical evils which result from it, than this condemnation of the working classes by one of their own number.

If, then, past legislation has, as the committee allow (Report, sec. 36), been powerless to produce any perceptible decrease of drunkenness,' is there any hope that greater success will attend the efforts of Parliament in the future? The committee conclude their report with a summary of recommendations. They are twenty-one in number, and, with a single exception, they consist of suggested amendments of the existing laws, many of them calculated to produce beneficial effects. We welcome the recommendation that public-houses should be opened an hour later and closed an hour earlier than they are at present; and after the experience of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act in Scotland, and more recently of the Sunday Closing Act in Ireland, we think the suggestion that the liquor shops should be closed on Sunday, except for two hours in the middle of the day for consumption 'off' and for two hours in the evening for consumption 'on' the premises, is one which might be adopted with advantage to the public, and without exciting any serious opposition. The restoration of the provision of the Act of 1872, which rendered it obligatory on the magistrates to record the convictions for certain grave offences on the licenses, and which was repealed two years later by Mr. Cross's reactionary measure, is supported by a decided preponderance of evidence: and the suggestion that the price of licenses should be raised will be especially agreeable to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, considering the great value which the system of monopoly has given to the license and the vast size to which many of the gin palaces have grown, it is not unreasonable that the scale of duties should be revised and the rate of payment increased. The remaining recommendations for the most part relate to matters of detail and of procedure, into which it is not necessary here to enter.

We may fairly assume that these recommendations, made by an unusually strong committee of the House of Lords, after an enquiry which has extended over two sessions, include all the practicable amendments of which the existing licensing system is capable. Their adoption would doubtless improve the Acts of 1872 and 1874 in some important respects, but we are not sanguine enough to believe that they

will be more successful than those Acts have been in checking the national vice.

The question then arises whether some more efficient licensing system may not be devised than that of magisterial control. Very different answers have been given to this question. On the one hand we have the advocates of free and open licensing, on the other Sir W. Lawson and the prohibitionists; and between the two extremes stand those who would establish some system of local control over the licenses, either by means of elected licensing boards or by the introduction of the Gothenburg or Mr. Chamberlain's schemes.

The free-trade system is unlikely to find favour with the public, and may be dismissed in a few sentences. Its supporters hold that the liquor trade should, like all other trades, be left to the law of supply and demand, and that every person of good character should be entitled to have a license granted to him; at the same time they would raise the price of the license, and would insist upon very stringent police regulations. The main advantage which they anticipate from this system is the abolition of the monopoly and of the fictitious value which the monopoly gives to the license. The licensees, they say, could no longer afford 'to beautify their premises so much,' or to supply those artificial attractions, which add very much to the danger of the system (Mr. S. Rathbone's evidence, No. 305). It appears to us equally fair to argue that free competition, which it is proposed to establish, would force the publicans to have recourse to these very attractions to keep up the popularity of their houses. The open system was tried for four years (1862–1866) at Liverpool, and was abandoned, not because it failed, but because the composition of the bench of magistrates was changed, and the minority which opposed its introduction in 1862 was converted into a majority in 1866. This period was too short to test the experiment, and the committee, after hearing many conflicting opinions, came to the conclusion 'that the evidence given as to its working was not sufficient to warrant the committee in drawing any definite conclusions as to its effects on intemperance' (Report, par. 30).

Under the Beer-house Acts the experiment was tried on a large scale and for a longer period; but the Act of 1869, which placed the beer-houses under magisterial control, and the subsequent disestablishment of six thousand of their number, is a sufficient proof of its failure. The experience of the same system in Sweden is not more satisfactory. Before the year 1854 little or no restraint was placed on the manufacture or sale of spirits in that country. The result was that the consumption of spirits amounted to ten gallons a head—more than four times the consumption of Scotland, a country which is not generally supposed to include sobriety among its many virtues. The term 'free licensing' has a specious sound, and theoretically there is not a little to be said in its favour; but it cannot be tried as a local experiment, for the decisions of the authority which grants the licenses may be overruled by the authority which confirms the grant; and, further, the composition of the bench of magistrates is, as in the case of Liverpool, liable to changes and fluctuations; and its general adoption by Parliament would be vehemently resisted alike by publicans and teetotallers, and would be opposed to all the principles of recent legislation and to the public opinion of the country.

The views of the Alliance are diametrically opposed to those of the Liverpool reformers, and are maintained with something like religious fervour. The Alliance plainly asserts 'that the traffic of intoxicating liquors as common beverages is inimical to the true interests of individuals and destructive to the order and welfare of society, and ought therefore to be prohibited.' Admitting that, in consequence of the frailty of man, absolute prohibition is as yet impossible, the members of the Alliance are for the present satisfied with promoting the somewhat anomalous Permissive Prohibitory Bill, which is annually rejected by the House of Commons.

It is scarcely worth while to repeat the arguments against absolute prohibition. We will only give the opinion of one witness as to its operation in the country of its birth. A British consul, who is quoted by Professor Leone Levi, states (Evidence 9767)—

'A long residence of nearly fourteen years in this state [Maine] has given me unusual opportunities for studying this question, and I have no hesitation in reaffirming that, with the exception of some isolated villages, the Maine prohibition law has been a failure in the larger towns and cities; that the actual good it may have produced has been more or less counterbalanced by the hypocrisy and consequent demoralisation of a very large class who, though nominally and politically prohibitionists, are not consistent in their conduct, and of which I have daily proofs.'*

In spite of this evidence, Sir W. Lawson and his friends would give a two-thirds majority of the ratepayers in any district which adopted his Bill power absolutely to prohibit

* Prof. Leone Levi, Question 9767.

all sale of intoxicating liquors. This prohibition applies to wholesale as well as to retail sale, and would affect wine merchants and refreshment rooms as well as public-houses and beer-shops. The arguments against this measure have been repeated over and over again, but they have never been stated in a more succinct form or in more forcible language than in par. 31 of the Report of the Lords Committee. The Bill is shown to be unjust and unsound in principle, and likely to prove in practice inoperative or mischievous. It is unjust to give a majority, however large, the power of controlling the tastes of their neighbours, and of depriving them of the moderate use of liquors which are to them simply an article of diet, because some few among them drink to excess. The prohibition will be inoperative in cases where the district in which it is in force is conterminous with one in which it is not in force, mischievous where such an escape is difficult or impossible, by leading to illicit and secret sale, and 'by the incessant agitation and strife which would in most cases result from the absolutely indispensable provision that the adoption of this Act should be subject to revision from time to time by the further votes of the ratepayers.' It is further to be observed that it is most improbable that the large towns would adopt the Act; it would come into force only in those more sober districts where it is least required. With these objections to its principles it is unnecessary to follow the committee in their criticism of the machinery by which it would be introduced; but it would be easy to show that the principle of the plebiscite, or vote of the unrepresented and irresponsible majority of ratepayers, is new to our constitution, and would be capable of very dangerous extension.

The third class of reformers, who would substitute some system of local control for the magisterial system, deserve more careful consideration. We propose in the first place to deal with the Gothenburg system and Mr. Chamberlain's plan, and then with the larger question of electoral licensing boards.

So much has been said and written of late years about the Gothenburg system that the principles on which it is based are very generally known. Before the year 1855 the manufacture and sale of spirits in Sweden was practically uncontrolled. In that year a restrictive Spirit Act was passed (malt liquors are in Sweden somewhat anomalously classed among temperance drinks). Under this Act the number of distilleries was reduced from 30,000 to 500, and the consumption of spirits per head of the population from 10 gallons to 2½ gallons. Ten years later a number of philanthropic gentlemen at Gothenburg formed a company, or *bolag*, to conduct the liquor trade of that town on temperance principles. The municipality, under the powers which they had obtained by the Act of 1855, after fixing the number of licenses to be issued, let them all, *en bloc*, to the company for a period of three years. The company, on its part, undertook that no individual connected with it, either as shareholder or manager, should derive any gain from the sale of spirits. The shareholders were to receive no more than interest at the current rate on their paid-up capital. The managers of the houses were to be paid fixed salaries, and were to be allowed to make what money they could by the sale of food and temperance drinks. The profits arising from the sale of spirits, which now amount to 40,000*l.* per annum, are devoted to public purposes; three-fifths are paid to the town and two-fifths to the agricultural society.

The experiment, which has now had a trial of fourteen years, has on the whole been fairly satisfactory. Intemperance has greatly decreased, but it is somewhat difficult to determine how much of this decrease is due to the operations of the bolag. In the ten years which intervened between the legislation of 1855 and the establishment of the bolag in 1865, the number of apprehensions for drunkenness fell from 10·46 per cent. of the population to 4·86, and in the following decade they again fell to 3·83. The last period was one of unusual prosperity, and at Gothenburg, as elsewhere, intemperance somewhat increased; but yet the number of apprehensions was, relatively to population, smaller than in 1865, and in this respect the town of Gothenburg presents a very favourable contrast to other Scandinavian cities.

Mr. Ekman, a member of the municipal council of Gothenburg, gives his opinion as 'to the results of the company's operations' in a letter to Mr. Erskine. 'It cannot be said that they have been as satisfactory as one could have expected, looked at solely from the information furnished by statistics; but here comes the question, What would have been the situation of matters here now had these improved regulations for the sale of spirits not been in force?' (Evidence, vol. i. app. A, No. 4). The Gothenburg system has now been adopted by all the Swedish towns except Lund, and by many towns in Norway; but its popularity is probably due quite as much

to the hope which the inhabitants entertain of applying the large profits derived from the sale of liquor to the reduction of taxation as to their desire to promote habits of temperance.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is based on the Gothenburg system, but differs from it in one important point. He would substitute the municipality itself for the company to which in Sweden the municipality lets its licenses.

In the application of either of these schemes to England there is one element of difficulty which did not exist in Sweden—viz. the vested interests of the publicans, which would have to be purchased. Under the free-trade system no vested interests were created; the bolag was consequently able to carry on its operations with a capital of only 5,700*l*. To meet this difficulty Mr. Chamberlain proposes that the town council should have compulsory powers of purchase over all the licensed premises in their districts on the terms prescribed by the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Act, 1875, and to effect the purchases he would borrow the requisite amounts on the security of the borough rates. After providing for the interest and sinking fund, all the profits derived from the trade would be handed over to the education rate and to the poor rate in equal proportions.

The Lords committee, in what is probably the most important paragraph of their report, recommend 'that legislative facilities should be afforded for the adoption of these schemes or some modification of them.' A division was taken on this recommendation, and it was carried by a majority of six to three Peers. The members of the committee who voted in the majority do not appear, as far as we can judge from the subsequent paragraphs of the report, to have fully appreciated the importance of this recommendation. It practically concedes the principle of 'local option.' No possible reason can be given for making an exception of municipal towns. If it is desirable that in these towns the ratepayers should through their representatives have the control over, or even the management of, the liquor trade, why should other districts, which are not blessed with a corporation, be deprived of a similar option?

The committee do not by any means commit themselves to the unqualified approval of either of the schemes in question, nor do they appear to anticipate that their adoption would effect any remarkable change in the habits of the people of this country. They recommend, however, that the experiment should be tried, and their reason for doing so is that 'legislation has hitherto been powerless to produce any perceptible decrease of intemperance,' and that 'it would seem somewhat hard, when such communities are willing at their own cost and hazard to grapple with the difficulty and to undertake their own purification, that the legislature should refuse to create for them the necessary machinery or to entrust them with the requisite powers.' *

This policy, as well as the reasons which are given for its trial, appear to us to be equally unsound. It is not a mere matter of local government, but it is a distinct measure of Imperial policy. It rests with Parliament to decide whether the local authorities can safely be entrusted with these large and novel powers, and whether, in addition to the superintendence which they now exercise over the public health and order, they should have the regulation of public morality committed to them; and Parliament must be responsible for the results of any legislative experiments which it may sanction. The committee admit that there are serious objections to the schemes in question; 'but,' they add, 'if the risks are considerable, so are the expected advantages.' We venture to think that, in their estimate of the risks and advantages, they have somewhat understated the risks. In the first place, the concession of compulsory powers of purchase, which are admitted to be indispensable, requires very careful consideration. These powers are jealously guarded by Parliament, and are only granted in cases where the exercise of the rights of private property is clearly opposed to the public welfare. This is the case with the powers granted to the local authorities under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Act, 1875, which Mr. Chamberlain cites as a precedent for his demands. It is obvious that the two cases are not analogous. The municipalities are responsible for the improvement of our towns, and fairly obtained powers to purchase the filthy slums which render these improvements impossible; it is a very different thing for them to ask for similar powers to purchase the interest of an entire trade in order that they may carry it on themselves. Then, again, we hear a great deal of the evils of the partial monopoly which the present licensing system has created; but Mr. Chamberlain proposes to make the liquor trade an absolute monopoly in the hands of the ratepayers and their representatives. Is it likely that the town councils would be proof against the temptations to which monopolists are

* Report, par. 36.

inevitably exposed? In the absence of competition the price and the quality of the municipal beer would be absolutely determined by the town councillors; and not improbably 'Strong beer!' and 'Cheap spirits!' might become popular cries at the local elections.

In the third place, an enormous amount of patronage would be placed at the disposal of the municipal bodies. It is so notoriously difficult to exercise the powers of patronage without incurring suspicions of partiality and unfairness that in the public service patronage has been replaced by competition. We see no prospect of applying the system of competitive examination to publicans and barmaids, and in the absence of this resource a vast field would be opened for all kinds of jobbery and corruption. And even if the local authorities were virtuous enough to resist all such corrupt influences they could not avoid the unpopularity which invariably accompanies patronage.

The main objection, however, to Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is that it would convert the municipalities which adopt it into vast trading companies, with almost limitless opportunities for speculation. It is true that these bodies not unfrequently undertake the duties of gas and water companies; but gas and water are necessaries of life, which can best be supplied by a single organisation, and that organisation may very conveniently be the authority which has the management of the streets, under which the pipes for the conveyance of gas and water are carried. These considerations do not in any way apply to the liquor traffic; nor do there appear to be any circumstances connected with the trade which justify an infringement of the wholesome rule that public authorities should not run the risks or undertake the responsibilities of trading companies.

The enormous sums of money which would be required to purchase the vested interests of the publicans would, it is argued, be invested in a most remunerative business; and the profits arising from it would not only suffice to provide for the interest and sinking fund, but, by contributing to the rates, would relieve the ratepayers from the annually increasing burden of local taxation. Here lies one of the dangers of the system. If it is a financial failure, the ratepayers will suffer a heavy loss; if it succeeds, they and their representatives, not a few of whom are directly or indirectly interested in the sale of beer and gin, may not improbably be tempted to push the trade, with a view of increasing its contribution to the rates. 'Low rates!' can never be an unpopular election cry. At present, we admit, the municipal officers who advocate the experiment are actuated solely by an earnest wish to promote the cause of temperance; but we have no guarantee that their successors in office will be equally disinterested; and what was in its origin a measure for the promotion of temperance may in process of time degenerate into a vast speculation, the profits of which are to be applied to the reduction of rates.

The dangers which we have pointed out are by means imaginary. The counterbalancing advantages are said to consist in the diminution of the number of licenses, in the better administration of the law, and in the improved quality of the beer and spirits. It does not seem very certain that the liquor sold under municipal monopoly will be of a better quality than that which is now subject to public competition; nor is it clear that the law will be more carefully administered when the persons who grant the licenses will themselves hold them, and when the justices who now have to try the public-house cases will have to inflict penalties on their own servants, the managers of the municipal liquor shops. The greatest stress, however, is laid on the diminution of the number of licenses; for it is assumed with some show of reason that the greater the number of licenses the greater will be the amount of drunkenness.

Before going further it will be worth while to enquire how far this assumption is borne out by the facts. So far is this from being the case that the statistics furnished to the committee apparently point to a directly opposite conclusion. We have already shown that between the years 1870 and 1876 the number of licenses was considerably reduced, and yet the number of apprehensions rose from 131,874 to 203,989. Local statistics are even more remarkable. Of the nineteen towns, with a population of 50,000, situated north of Birmingham, Norwich appears to be the most sober; yet it has the largest number of licensed houses in proportion to its population. Liverpool, on the other hand, stands in the unenviable position of being by far the most drunken town in England: one out of every twenty-four of its inhabitants is annually apprehended for drunkenness; yet only five of the above-mentioned towns can show a smaller proportion of licenses to population. Or, again, take the cases of Stockport and Bolton, which have exactly the same proportion of licenses; in Stockport the proportion of apprehensions is one in 73 inhabitants, while in Bolton it is only one in 125.

The absence of any direct relation between the number of licenses and the amount of intemperance is further illustrated by the following table, taken from a very interesting memorandum on the local distribution of drunkenness, which was drawn up for the use of the committee by Messrs. Dendy and Poynting. England is for this purpose divided into two parts by a line drawn from a point a little south of Grimsby to the junction of the Wye and the Severn, and a comparison is made between the northern and the southern division :—

—	No. of Apprehensions for Drunkenness per 10,000 Population.	No. of Licenses per 10,000 Population.
Northern towns with a population of 10,000	159·48	59 48
Southern towns with a population of 10,000	44·79	69·70
Northern counties...	72 74	55·19
Southern counties...	23 56	60·56

Allowance must be made for the density of the population and for the greater amount of drinking accommodation afforded by the public-houses and gin-palaces in the manufacturing towns of the north, but yet it is tolerably clear that the drunkenness which prevails in that part of the country is due to other causes rather than to the number of licenses. We do not deny that the number of drinking shops is far in excess of the requirements of the people, but we doubt whether anything short of extreme measures in the direction of suppressing these superfluous licenses would have any good effect ; and extreme measures would lead to a great increase of illicit trade, and probably to the abolition of the Birmingham or any other system which would render such measures possible. With all deference to the opinion of the committee, we venture to think that the experiment which they recommend for trial is a very hazardous one, and that the objections which have been urged against it more than counterbalance the advantages which it is likely to produce.

The only other scheme for reforming the licensing laws which remains to be discussed is that of local elected boards. The substitution of such boards for the magistrates as the licensing authority was the ostensible object of Sir W. Lawson's motion which was negatived by the House of Commons last March. The functions now performed by the magistrates in granting and renewing licenses are of a purely administrative nature, and in principle there can be no objection to their transference to an elected board. The question is a practical one, Would these boards perform the duties of a licensing authority more efficiently than the magistrates ? by which the temperance reformers mean, Would they take more effectual steps for diminishing the number of licenses ?

The magistrates, it must be remembered, had nothing to do with the beer-houses before the year 1869 ; they have now absolute power to refuse a new license either for a public-house or for a beer-house, but their power of refusing to renew a license is much less ample. Technically, they have the same power of refusing to renew an old license as they have to grant a new one ; but Parliament and the courts of law have admitted to a certain extent the vested interests of the license-holders, and consequently the renewal of a license can in practice only be refused on the grounds of disorderly or bad conduct. With this limited discretion the magistrates have reduced the number of beer-houses from 44,501 to 38,845, and have in the meantime only granted 900 new publicans' licenses to meet the wants of an additional 1,500,000 of population. We very much doubt whether any elected board which could at present be devised would, with the same powers, have accomplished as much. If the magistrates were deprived of their licensing functions, they must be discharged either by the board of guardians—for there is no other authority in the rural districts—or by a board appointed *ad hoc*. The former alternative would clearly be a change for the worse, and there are very serious objections to the latter. It would involve a multiplication of boards and officers, adding to the already hopeless confusion of our system of local government. The constant change in the composition of such a board would render uniformity of action almost impossible. The election of members would be an annual cause of turmoil and corruption, the teetotallers on the one hand, and the publicans, of whose electioneering influence we have had some experience, on the other, exerting themselves to the utmost to ensure the election of their nominees. And, lastly, the ordeal of an annual election, and the comparatively limited nature of the duties to be performed, would deter men of high standing, independence, and ability from taking any part in the matter. In some cases fanatical members of the Alliance, in other cases the brewers and publicans, would obtain a preponderating influence ; but most commonly the boards would be composed of members less independent in character and more open to appeals *ad misericordiam*,

and even to corrupt influence than the magistrates are at present.

We do not argue against popular election; but we wish to point out the difficulty of establishing on this basis a strong and independent licensing authority. If local government reform is ever seriously taken in hand, and if the duties which now devolve on countless small boards are concentrated in the hands of a single local authority, there could be no objection to entrust it with duties of granting and renewing licenses. Such a measure would satisfy the desire, which is very generally felt, that the inhabitants of a district should have a voice in deciding upon the number of public-houses which they require, without producing the bad effects we have indicated.

We have now, as fully as our space will admit, investigated the results of recent legislation and the various suggestions which have been made for its amendment. Of the three possible modes of dealing with the liquor trade—free trade, prohibition, and regulation—the two first are impracticable; the third mode alone remains. In regulating this trade the Legislature has two distinct objects in view—the preservation of order and the diminution of drunkenness. In other words, it would discourage individuals from drinking to excess, or, at any rate, it would prevent those who do from being a nuisance to their neighbours and the public. As regards the preservation of order, a decided improvement has been effected. The licensing authorities have now very ample powers; everything depends upon the manner in which they exercise those powers. The law, especially if the recommendations of the committee are adopted, would be severe enough; it only requires to be fairly but stringently administered. As regards the diminution of drunkenness, but little has been done, and though we do not positively assert that nothing can be done by Parliament, all the evidence seems to prove that we must look elsewhere for really efficient means of checking the national vice. And we do not look in vain.

A strong feeling against intemperance is rapidly spreading and gaining strength; this feeling is in a great measure due to the action of temperance societies, which have been established in all parts of the country. The Church of England and other religious bodies have taken a leading part in promoting this movement, and we give them full credit for their exertions. We deprecate, however, the attempts which are sometimes made to combine a system of religious propagandism with the temperance movement. The coffee shop is not unfrequently used as an instrument for disseminating some form of religious belief, generally of a somewhat sensational type; and the distribution of tea is combined with a distribution of tracts—a combination which deters many persons who like tea, but who do not like tracts, from frequenting the coffee shops. The extreme views which are held by some of these societies have brought no little unpopularity and some ridicule upon them; it cannot, however, be denied that they have done good service, by stimulating the energies of the licensing authorities, by bringing the evils of intemperance prominently before the minds of the people, and by encouraging the establishment of cocoa shops and temperance clubs as counter-attractions to the public-house.

The experiment of cocoa stalls was first tried on the large scale in Liverpool. The 'British Workman Public-house Company,' which was formed in 1875, has established thirty-one coffee-shops, chiefly in the neighbourhood of the docks; it commenced operations with a capital of 20,000*l.*, which was doubled in 1878. The results thus far have been eminently satisfactory: the shops are said to be crowded with customers, and the shareholders have received three dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. In London a 'Coffee Tavern Company' has been started, with a capital of 50,000*l.*, and has already fourteen houses at work; they are said to be greatly frequented by the working classes, and promise to be a remunerative investment. Similar efforts are being made in all the large towns, and even in the country districts. In addition to these more ambitious schemes coffee carts, barrows, and even omnibuses are constantly to be seen in the streets and thoroughfares and at the entrances of factories and other works; some of them ply their trade all night for the benefit of those whose callings keep them out late or take them from home at a very early hour. An omnibus which is now at York appears, from Canon Ellison's account, to be a marvel both as to its resources and its cheapness. 'In addition to offering a means of advertisement it supplies you with a ride, a rest, a warm, a cup of coffee, and a look at the daily papers—all for a penny.'*

Mr. Lecky, in his 'England in the Eighteenth Century,'† states that the introduction of coffee into this country in the last years of the seventeenth century had a perceptible influence in diminishing drunkenness; and he quotes from a paper on the 'State of

* Ans. 9055. † Vol. i. p. 477.

the Revenue in Scotland,' by Duncan Forbes, in 1742, in which the writer laments the decline of the revenue derived from beer: 'The cause of the mischief we complain of is evidently the excessive use of tea, which is now become so common that the meanest families, even of labouring people, make their morning meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale which heretofore was their accustomed drink.' We sincerely hope that an increased consumption of tea and coffee may again produce the 'mischief' of which Duncan Forbes complains; but for the coffee-house movement to be thoroughly successful two things are necessary: the shops and taverns must be made as comfortable and as attractive as their rivals, the public-houses, and they must be made to pay; for the permanent success of a vast enterprise of this kind must depend not merely on the benevolent but often spasmodic efforts of philanthropists, but on the more certain though less disinterested co-operation of those who are seeking for a safe investment for their money.

We are often too ready to blame the working classes for their intemperate habits, without sufficiently taking into account the excuses which are to be made for them. Their education has hitherto been neglected; their homes are unhealthy and worse than comfortless; the water supplied to them is often bad in quality and insufficient in quantity; and, driven from their homes, they have no resource but the public-house. These wants are now acknowledged, and are gradually being met by the agencies which we have described. By degrees we hope that a higher tone of feeling may be introduced among them, as has been the case in the richer classes of society. At the beginning of the present century drunkenness was common among the richer classes of society, who now regard it with disgust and abhorrence, and there are indications that this better feeling is extending itself, for the committee state 'that, as a rule, the higher class of artisans are becoming more sober, and that the apprehensions for drunkenness are becoming more and more confined to the lowest grades of the community.' Legislation has done something for the cause of temperance in the past, and may do something more in the future; but we rely rather upon the moral and social agencies which we have indicated than upon any legislative enactments which the wisest of Parliaments could devise.

ART. VI.—1. *Philosophie de l'Art dans les Pays-Bas.* Par H. TAINE. Paris: 1869.

2. *Rembrandt et l'Individualisme dans l'Art.* Par ATH. COQUEREL fils. Paris: 1875.

3. *L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt décrit et commenté par* CH. BLANC. Two vols. Paris.

4. *Rembrandt, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par C. VOSMAER. Second edition. Hague: 1877.

5. *Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique—Hollande.* Par EUG. FROMENTIN. Third edition. Paris: 1877.

6. *The Etched Work of Rembrandt.* A Monograph. By FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN, F.R.C.S. London: 1879.

7. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt van Rhyn.* By CHARLES HENRY MIDDLETON, B.A. London: 1878.

8. *Kunst und Künstler.* Herausgegeben von ROBERT DOHME. *Rembrandt van Rijn.* Von C. LEMCKE. Leipzig: 1878.

9. *The Great Artists: Rembrandt.* From the text of C. VOSMAER. By J. W. MORLETT, B.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. London: 1879.

REMBRANDT is to many minds the most interesting of modern painters. We say of modern painters, because his work, with that of his fellow-countrymen in the same age, reflects for the first time in the history of art a state of mind which is essentially akin to our own.

It was the destiny of the Dutch people to open the modern era of history by victoriously asserting and illustrating the principle of human freedom at once in the spheres of government and society, of thought and of art. To the generation whose desperate resolution and tenacity in war had established the liberties of their country against the strength and the fanaticism of Spain, succeeded generations whose task it was to exhibit to the world fruits worthy of those liberties. The result fairly corresponded to the effort that had preceded it. Throughout the seventeenth century—at least from 1609, the year when the independence of the Dutch provinces was recognised in the armistice signed with Spain, to 1672, the year when a failure of vigilance, if not of valour, allowed Louis XIV. to overrun the southern frontier—throughout this period the place of honour in European history belongs unquestionably to Holland. First among the nations in naval strength and in commercial and colonial enterprise, first in industry and energy, unsurpassed in state-

craft, alone in the self-respecting equality of her citizens, alone in honourable hospitality to exiles, alone in tolerant and assiduous love of learning and letters—no element of sober, dignified, and practical greatness seems wanting to make the nation admirable.

It is a somewhat commonplace reflection, to which M. Fromentin, in the book quoted at the head of these pages, succeeds nevertheless in giving a striking turn, that not all the heroism nor all the wisdom of Holland in her great age has earned for her from after generations so much attention, so much affection, so many pilgrimages, as the skill and diligence of a few score of her artificers, some of them famous in their own day, the greater number obscure, and not a few who died in the depth of penury and neglect. A solitary like Ruysdael, a roysterer like Jan Steen, is familiar, in the very trick of his thought, touch, character, to thousands to-day to whom the strategy and the constancy of a William or a Maurice, the policy of a Heinsius, the prowess of a Tromp or a Ruyter, the learning of a Grotius,—even the wisdom of a Spinoza or the inspiration of a Vondel,—are but names and the shadows of names. In the enthusiastic criticisms of W. Bürger, in the finest narratives and prefaces of M. Charles Blanc, in the lucid and effective generalisations of M. Taine above all, it has been set forth how the greatness of the Dutch school coincides in date with the emancipation of the Dutch people, and how the same temper animates their politics and their painting. Nearly all the chief men of the school were born in the years immediately before or after 1609, which was the year of the armistice signed between Spain and her revolted provinces. With their first breath they thus drew the spirit of independence; and independence, originality, the spontaneous rejection of tradition and authority, is the common characteristic of their work.

It is not often that the progress of art really reflects, in this close and obvious way, the progress of historical events; but the reality of the connexion between the two seems proved, in the case before us, by a comparison of what took place in the Dutch provinces with what took place in the sister provinces of Flanders. While Holland had made herself Protestant and free, Flanders had allowed herself to be forced back into allegiance to Spain and to the Church. Up to this time Dutch and Flemish art had been to all intents and purposes one; but henceforth they were one no longer. Flemish art presently underwent, in the hands of Rubens and his school, a great and dazzling revival, but a revival along traditional paths, a revival of which the inspiration and the character were ecclesiastical, ceremonial, courtly. What happened a few years afterwards in the Dutch school, on the other hand, was in no sense a revival at all: it was a new departure. In a community which had broken with Catholic tradition and with feudal forms, there was no longer any demand for an art which should continue to run in the traditional grooves. In such a community, men must choose either not to paint at all, or else to paint on new principles. The Dutchmen chose the latter course. They painted with greater activity than ever; but they painted not for the Church nor for princes, but for their own homes; and we all know in what manner.

The breach with precedent was complete. Precedent directed the painter to occupy himself almost exclusively with themes of another world—the precedent of the Middle Age, with themes of Christian devotion—the precedent of the Renaissance, with themes of Christian devotion and of pagan poetry together. Under either rule, the artist had hitherto devoted nine-tenths of his powers to representing the best only of the things he saw, and those not for their own sake, but in order to shadow forth other and still better things of which the Church or the poets told him. But now, by a sudden shifting of interest, he begins, in Holland, to occupy himself almost exclusively with the themes of this world. He takes all facts as they come, and takes them simply as they are, for the sake of their humanity, their reality, their variety, and of the part they play not in his hopes or imaginations concerning another world, but in his observations and experiences in this.

Of the new generation of Dutch painters, one division go out, among timbered lanes or windy dunes, or by sunlit water-meadows or fozen meres, to study and report the effects and qualities of their native scenery and native atmosphere. Another division interest themselves most, not in the landscape itself, but in the pastoral life which peoples it: their choice is to study and exhibit the groups of cattle, the sheep and shepherds, the peasants at rest or labour. Other divisions find their interest indoors; some in the company of harlots and tatterdemalions, some in that of silken dames and gallants. Others love to exhibit the gestures of those who chaffer over the variegated wares of the fruit-stall or the fish-market. Others, again, delight in these wares by themselves, and find materials for their pictures in nothing else but fruits and fishes, and dead game

furred or feathered. Others apply themselves to portraitnre; but this in itself is nothing new. In the old days when the Church and the poets between them had monopolised nine-tenths of art, the one-tenth not so monopolised was already taken up with portrait. What the Dutch school did with this branch of art was to give it a new extension and a new importance by painting groups of many figures in combination, not, according to a common practice of the Florentine and the Venetian schools, under the disguise of actors or bystanders in some great religious or mythologic scene, but in their natural characters and habiliments as they lived. Such groups of civic or military personages—magistrates, officers of corporations, officers of train-bands, members of commercial tribunnals and the rest—are among the most powerful and most characteristic creations of Dutch art. And they are the only class of its creations which have never found their way out of their native country, but impose an unavoidable pilgrimage upon the foreigner who seeks to be acquainted with them.

The art of Holland, indeed, at the date of which we speak, has sometimes been described as an art of universal portraiture. It has been said that the Dutch school effected the revolution of painting by simply applying to everything the same literal and straightforward principles which hitherto had been only applied to the features of men and women that it was desired to leave to posterity. But this is only another way of saying that in the hands of this school art, from being sacerdotal, aristocratic, monotonously subservient to a fixed ideal, becomes for the first time secular, popular, human, variously natural and free.

Such as it thus first became in the seventeenth century, such in principle, with intervals of exception and reaction, has the art of painting remained ever since. And such, from the very nature of the modern world, it must in the main no doubt continue. But there is a set-off against the merit of that great and spontaneous achievement by virtue of which the Dutch painters of this age take their place as leaders and pioneers of modern art. Leaving Rembrandt, who is at once a typical master and a great exception in the school, for the moment out of sight, and taking the rest of the school as a whole, its weak point is this, that it fails to afford to contemplation delight of the same degree as is afforded by the works of the older and traditional schools. There are minds, we are aware, incapable of taking much pleasure in the ardent and solemn imaginations which make up the world of old Italian art, yet quite capable of taking pleasure in the sincere and faultlessly expressed realities which make up the world of ordinary Dutch art. But to minds capable of taking a sensitive and discriminating pleasure in the work of both schools, there can be no kind of question which pleasure is the more intense. Nor is this because the work of the Italian schools is the better done. Perhaps, indeed, the combination of technical powers put forth upon the monumental undertakings of Italian art, in the perfection of the crowning age, was greater than any combination of technical powers put forth upon the homelier performances of Holland. But, on the other hand, much of the still immature work of Italy, which certainly delights us not the least, is, strictly speaking, not nearly so well done as the Dutch work. One of the surprising features of the new art in Holland is that it is so evenly, so signally, so universally well done. Every important Dutch painter of the seventeenth century (we again postpone the consideration of Rembrandt) is at all moments perfectly sure of his hand; perfectly well instructed as to his means, which are so precise and sound that the result seems beyond the attacks of time; perfectly efficient in the solution of all the problems to which he applies himself. Whatever the materials before him, and however minutely he transcribes them, he knows how to harmonise his work into a just and agreeable result; he knows infallibly well how to draw and place objects and figures in space, and how to give them their exact force and value among their surroundings; how to express the subtlest relations of near and far, to give to things on earth their due degrees of solidity, and to clouds their perspective, their lightness, their remoteness; how to play with the contrasts of open or imprisoned daylight in public place or garden, in courtyard or chamber, in corridor or alcove; how to realise the very structure and substance of humanity beneath garments which serve not less to express the life of the frame within, than to reflect and take their part in the life of the atmosphere without.

In spite of all these and a hundred other secrets, which the ordinary Dutchman of the seventeenth century possesses and practises to admiration, why is it that his work leaves us cold in comparison with any fragment from the churches or palace walls of Italy in her great ages? The only answer is that the elements with which painting must work, the appearances which it must

in some mode or another represent and combine, in order to give us the most intense pleasure we are capable of receiving from it, are, and must surely for ever be, those of bodily symmetry, distinction, grace, of facial sweetness, expressiveness, power, with beauty of costume and environment, and poetry of skies and landscape. All these elements we are accustomed to find the work of the Italian schools, even when it was least mature, exhibiting or striving to exhibit. Some of the same elements, in various degrees and admixtures, have entered into the work of one and another of the modern schools. But the founders of modern art, the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, hardly show any feeling for such elements at all. Their physical types are, at least, types of a plain and self-respecting gravity, at worst, types of ribald deformity or sensual abjectness. Their dress and scenery have no more than the picturesqueness, sometimes of domestic opulence, sometimes of pothouse disorder. Their landscape is perfectly harmonious and justly felt within its special range of light and colour; but that range is narrow, and the Dutch landscape painters as a rule avoid such occasions of splendour, poetry, and deeper imaginative suggestion as even the quiet scenery of their country might have afforded. A man like Everdingen, indeed, imported into Dutch art some sense of the poetry of mountain and forest gloom, and Everdingen found in Jakob Ruysdael a follower of greater power, originality, and penetration than himself. And men like Both, or again Dujardin, imported some of the poetry of classic sentiment from Italy. But, making all due allowance for exceptional tendencies, it is true of the Dutch painters in general that they do not speak to our finer emotions. They apply the most delicate perceptions, the truest pictorial instinct, the most skilful handling, often to an unrejoicing, and sometimes to a revolting, order of facts. In a word, the faults of this school, in many respects so exemplary, are the faults of spiritual commonness and of prose.

But commonness, prose, the absence of charm and distinction, are qualities of northern art by no means new in the seventeenth century. M. Taine has explained, in his decisive way, how physical coarseness, the absence of bodily symmetry and grace, are the calamities of the northern as compared with the southern races of Europe, and atmospheric gloom, the absence of sustained light and radiance, the calamities of the northern as compared with the southern climate; and how the differences between northern and southern art are the permanent and inevitable result of these conditions. M. Taine's great talent, we had almost said his genius, consists in thus bringing out clear and convincing relations between distinct orders of facts; but usually, and here not least, he is obliged to simplify and to overstate both orders of facts for his purpose. Certain, nevertheless, it is that northern art had always suffered in some shape or another from an inveterate inability to realise any high conception of human breeding or beauty. Flemish painting under the Gothic and religious rule, from the Van Eycks to Memling, had in part made up for this shortcoming by the expression of strength with devotion in men, and of mildness with devotion in women, by an unexampled force and splendour in the colour and finish of costumes, jewellery, armour, and by a landscape primitive indeed, but of much loveliness both in sentiment and detail. German art, in the hands of Dürer and his contemporaries, had in like manner made partial amends for want of beauty by a still greater character of strength, of rugged sincerity, penetration, and conviction, and by a somewhat kindred, though inferior, care and splendour of colour and detail. But the bane of both schools, though much more of the German, had been that overmastering tendency towards the characters of commonness, uncouthness, physical disproportion, imperfection, and grimace.

Under the rule of the Renaissance, this tendency of the Northern schools took another turn. We find flocks of artists making their way from the north to Italy, sitting at the feet of the great masters of Venice or of Rome, imbuing themselves enthusiastically with the principles the of antique, and returning to propagate those principles at home; and all to no purpose, or worse than none. The work of the painters of the Netherlands through the greater part of the sixteenth century, from the days of Mabuse and Schoorel to the days of Bloemaert and Poelemburg, exhibits a perpetual struggle between ambition and natural endowment. A Heemskerk, a Goltzius, a Cornelissen, these and a score of other would-be masters of the classic style, have left to posterity a depressing spectacle in their lumbering, their sprawling parodies of Raphael, Michael Angelo, or the Venetians. They wished to carry on the great tradition according to which the perfected and ideal physical frame of man had been the one worthy theme of art. They hoped to add another chapter to that which M. Taine, to quote him once more, calls the

great poem of the naked and heroic human body. So much effort and so much enthusiasm were never perhaps so pitifully wasted. No set of men ever tried so hard to be eloquent in a language which they were not born to utter. They forfeited the native virtue of veracity without acquiring the foreign graces after which they strove.

It was a good day for northern art when the genius of Rubens for the first time transmuted into something unchastened, indeed, and exuberant, but still living, impetuous, and masterly, the official sanctities and mythologies of the Italianised schools of Flanders, which until his day had been so clumsy, cold, and pretentious. It was a still better day when the painters of the liberated Dutch provinces, in the manner we have seen, gave up those sanctities and mythologies altogether. Commonness and prose, where they are vices in the blood, are best not paraded in the attempt to perform achievements to which commonness and prose are fatal. The Dutchmen showed knowledge of themselves, as well as of the new conditions under which they lived, when at the close of the sixteenth century they spontaneously forswore high art, and took with one consent to painting pictures of daily life and nature. By so doing they not only secured to themselves a success which in its own homely and unimaginative way was immediate and complete; they threw a whole world open to the experiments of the modern spirit. They were not, the majority of them, men of a stamp themselves to solve what is, we can now see, the great problem of modern art—the problem how to combine the new spirit of freedom and naturalism with the old spirit of intensity and ardour, the old power in appealing to the emotions. But one man among them, at least, of such a stamp there was, and that man was Rembrandt.

In saying that Rembrandt was at once a great type and a great exception among the artists of his race, what we meant was this. He is the most Dutch of all Dutchmen in his incapacity for conceiving physical beauty and distinction, or realising combinations of linear grace. So he is in his rejection of authority; in his defiance of convention; in his acceptance of the crudest facts; so that he will exhibit a mother attending to the most pitiful necessities of her child, and call her Mary, a boy humiliated in abject bodily terror, and call him Ganymede. But at the same time he is like no other Dutchman in that his scenes, for all their crudity, are never common, and his mode of expression, however blunt, never produces the impression of prose. Beautiful his work is not, but it invariably arrests and haunts. There is about it at once a simplicity and a strangeness, an air of reality and of mystery, a combination of the poignantly human with the unaccountably fantastic, a force, a penetration, a personality and intensity, which together appeal to the beholder with a power comparable in degree, if not in kind, to the power of the appeal made by any of the greatest masters of other schools. Everyone is struck by Rembrandt. Everyone feels that he is a poet and a magician, and a poet and a magician of a new kind. In recent years he has become the object of a renewed study and a redoubled enthusiasm. A political revolutionist like Prondhon has hailed him as the prophet of a new era, as the first painter fired by the spirit of democracy, and bearing witness to the claims of the outcast and the miserable to human brotherhood. M. Charles Blanc, the veteran French critic, who has given so much of his life to illustrating and making known in various forms the genius of this master, puts a similar claim in a somewhat paradoxical shape, considering the impressive antecedents of Christian art, when he says that Rembrandt is, in the true sense of Christianity, the first and only Christian painter. M. Athanase Coquerel, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, in his double capacity of Protestant pastor and cultivated lover of the fine arts, has dwelt on the religious and intellectual significance of Rembrandt's work from a specially Protestant point of view; treating it as a great example of the efficacy, in art as in other things, of the principle of individualism, of dissent, of personal conviction and construction. Among painters and critics of painting, the apostles of what is called realism, who aver that it is no part of art's business to represent things as the least better than they are, have proclaimed Rembrandt their founder and patron. Many distinguished artists, such as M. Flameng in France and Professor Unger in Germany, have helped to make known by engraving the pictures of the master scattered among various private and public galleries; to whom should be added, in a second line, the Russian amateur, M. Massaloff, who especially deserves thanks for a set of etchings from the forty works which are out of reach of the ordinary student at St. Petersburg. Students and men of letters of many countries have devoted themselves to interpreting the master's genius, to ransacking the documents of his history, to exploding the errors of their predecessors. The productions of his hand with brush or needle have been catalogued

and re-catalogued. In right of the power and attraction of his double work, as the most original of painters and the most masterly of etchers, his place is fixed by common consent among the eight or ten foremost artists of the world. His country acknowledges him, not perhaps as her most memorable, but as her most living and best remembered name.

The books which we have named for reference at the head of this article are only a few out of the number of which Rembrandt has in quite recent years been the occasion. We have omitted those in which W. Bürger (Thoré), the most devoted of Rembrandt enthusiasts, published the notes and expositions intended to form the basis of a complete treatise which he did not live to finish. Of M. Charles Blanc's repeated Rembrandt publications, we only include the smaller edition of his two-volume catalogue, illustrated and introduced by a brief memoir, of the etchings. The standard and indispensable biography of the master is now the second edition of the work of his countryman, M. Vosmaer, written, fortunately for the general student, in French, and setting forth in a convenient form all that recent researches have brought to light concerning the life and fortunes of Rembrandt, his family, friends, and pupils. Two catalogues, one chronological and the other systematic, both necessarily subject to future correction, complete the work of M. Vosmaer, whose strength, it should be said, lies rather in devotion to his subject, and in the accurate collection and exposition of facts, than in special penetration or balance of critical judgment. For these latter qualities, as well as for the charm of a French style of singular flexibility, individuality, and force, the work of the painter and critic lately dead, M. Fromentin, is quite without a competitor in our list. M. Fromentin, in recording the impressions of a tour in Belgium and Holland, discusses, amongst the works of other masters, only a small number of those of Rembrandt. But these are among the most important, and are treated by M. Fromentin with a fulness, a point, a convincing impartiality and insight, which fairly place his work among the classics of criticism. From the misunderstandings and irrelevancies to which the ordinary literary critic is subject, M. Fromentin was saved by his technical knowledge and experience as a painter; from the inarticulateness of the ordinary painter, by his exceptional gift for letters. Neither is his criticism, like that of most artists when they are not what we have called inarticulate, but have the power of putting words to their meaning, made one-sided by the force of his own personal artistic instincts and prepossessions. Probably no more just and searching analysis of a picture was ever written than that by which M. Fromentin has sought to redress the verdict of somewhat inconsiderate enthusiasm which has been generally adopted in the case of Rembrandt's largest, but not greatest, work — the famous so-called 'Night-Watch' of Amsterdam.

After France and Holland comes our own country. English students have in the last few years had exceptional opportunities of studying certain aspects of the master's genius. The exhibition held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club two years ago brought together a collection, such as had certainly never been brought together before, of the choicest examples of his engraved work from the private cabinets of this country and of France. At the Grosvenor Gallery last winter a collection of some sixty original drawings illustrated the mastery over human actions and expressions, the mastery over landscape relations and effects, which his hand was accustomed to assert in those intimate notes in which he would scrawl down, with a touch so seeming-careless but so unerring, the hints, suggestions, observations, destined to be worked out hereafter. The National Gallery possesses a choice of excellent examples of Rembrandt's painting in his various periods and manners (we do not count the interesting and much-debated 'Christ blessing Little Children,' from the Suermondt Collection, which, however hard it may be to assign among the pupils of the master, we hold to be certainly not his own). All that the Rembrandt student in England has now to desire is that the Royal Academy should seek to secure the co-operation of the private owners of pictures throughout the country, in order to furnish yearly exhibitions, not, as they have been furnished heretofore, of all sorts of old masters miscellaneously, but of single masters or groups of masters successively; and that one such yearly exhibition should consist of the works of Rembrandt and his school.

In connexion with the exhibition of etchings in 1877, an amateur well known for his able practical work in that branch of art —we mean Mr. Seymour Haden—wrote a preface to the exhibition catalogue, in which he put forward certain views which had been already the subject of discussion among students, but had not till then appeared in print. The point of these views lies in this. Among the etchings, both signed and unsigned, usually attributed to Rembrandt in

his earlier time, between the years 1628 and 1638 or thereabouts, are many, including some of the most important, of which the work is different from and inferior to his best work of the same period. These Mr. Haden repudiates, and maintains to have been executed, some wholly and some in part, not by Rembrandt himself, but by pupils and assistants in his studio. We shall return to this question presently. In the meantime it is enough to say that Mr. Haden's practical attainments, and long familiarity with the etched work of Rembrandt, give interest and authority to his criticism on technical points; while on points other than those strictly technical he shows an unfortunate habit of round assertion and headlong inference. His reprinted essay ought hardly to be called a 'monograph;' it is in fact a string of somewhat dogmatic notes and suggestions, some of them valuable, some, in our judgment, the reverse. Mr. Haden further does himself less than justice in the tone of the personal attacks which he has thought it fitting to make on a fellow-worker in the same field, whose book stands next on our list.

Mr. Middleton's descriptive catalogue of Rembrandt's etchings is the result of many years of careful study, and is, as we can testify after searching trial, a thorough and serviceable piece of work. A whole literature has been devoted to this section of the master's activity. Etchings present to the student and collector a double aspect—that of their artistic value, and that, as we may call it, of their natural history. From the former point of view, no one has ever rivalled Rembrandt in this, the most expressive and personal variety of the engraver's art. Nearly all the Dutch painters of his time were etchers, but beside Rembrandt the rest were children alike in invention, observation, character, and in technical accomplishment, variety, resource. From the point of view of what we have called its natural history, the class of facts to be noted about an etching are, first, the vital facts which concern its genuineness as distinguished from copies, its preservation, its brilliancy, and the further facts, sometimes vital, sometimes unimportant, which concern its *state*, that is the particular stage in the career of the engraved plate at which any given impression has been struck off. It has been the habit of artists themselves, and still more of those who come into possession of their plates after them, to add new work from time to time to an etching for the sake of completing, altering, or reviving it. A catalogue, to be complete and serviceable, must give accurate and distinct accounts of important as well as unimportant variations, and of unskilful as well as of skilful copies. This minute and unthankful work Mr. Middleton has done more freely than it had been done hitherto, either by M. Charles Blanc or the earlier authorities. His work is the more useful for following, instead of the old arrangement according to divisions of subject, and without regard to chronology, a new arrangement in which only four broad divisions of subject are recognised, and within each of these we are enabled to follow the mind and hand of the master consecutively from youth to age, instead of being to our confusion bandied backwards and forwards between the two. The arrangement of Rembrandt's work, in all kinds alike, according to date, had been first attempted by Vosmaer, and was applied practically to the etchings, at the suggestion of Mr. Haden, in the exhibition of 1877. The weak point of such an arrangement is that many pieces not dated by the master himself have of necessity to be placed conjecturally, from the internal evidence of style; and in such conjectures it is impossible to make sure of being right within a year, or even within two or three years. Neither Mr. Middleton's classification nor his chronology is unassailable, but both give proof of careful consideration, and, with some few exceptions, may be adopted for working purposes.* His brief biography, and his apparatus of index, facsimiles of the test points marking differences of state, copies, and the like, with cross-references to other catalogues, references to the great public collections of the British Museum, Paris, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Cambridge, and Oxford—we wish that at least Berlin and Vienna had been added—all these are excellent. In the general and introductory parts of Mr. Middleton's book, a critical vocabulary somewhat wanting in colour and precision, and a some-

* For instance, Mr. Middleton's canon, just in the main, but hardly without exceptions, that Rembrandt used the monogram R.H. exclusively up to, and never after, the year 1632, causes him to assign to 1630 a print of 'Christ disputing with the Doctors' (M. 177), of which the date on some impressions reads quite unmistakably 1636. Again, it is a pity to separate, by classifying the one under Portraits and Studies, the other under General and Fancy Compositions, two pieces like the 'Man playing Cards' and 'The Man with Crucifix and Chain' (M. 147 and 269), which are portraits of the same sitter, etched, though in very different styles, in the same year, 1641. Or again, Mr. Middleton's system leads to some strange juxtapositions, as when we find the rare 'Study of a Copse and Paling' placed next to the 'Portrait of Van den Linden' (M. 166, 167).

what uncertain note when he touches matters of art lying outside his immediate undertaking, furnish a marked contrast with the practised elegance of M. Blanc's literary workmanship, but after all are trifling blots upon what is a work, not of literary ambition, but of practical guidance to the student, and as such is fitted to be of permanent and standard service.

Lastly, in a deserving series based upon recent German publications, and illustrated with duplicates of the original woodcuts, Mr. Mollett gives for English readers, as Professor Lemcke had already given for those of Germany, a readable abridgment of the biographical work of Vosmaer. Mr. Mollett's little book is fuller and more systematic than the essay of Professor Lemcke, but has this disadvantage, that the cuts, whether from imperfect printing or whatever cause, will not bear comparison with the same cuts in the German work.

We have been thus particular in briefly describing the nature of the chief recent publications bearing upon our subject, because in our further observations we shall not return to them more than is necessary, but shall endeavour in our own way to sum up the salient points of Rembrandt's career, as that career now stands disengaged from the fables by which the gossip of the generations following his own had surrounded it; and at the same time to state, as we conceive it, the essential nature of his achievement in relation to modern art.

Rembrandt van Rijn, or of the Rhine, the son of Harmen, the son of Gerrit, the son of Roelof, was born at Leyden on July 15, 1607.* He came of a family of millers, various members of which had for several generations held the principal share in a mill, and at one time shares in a second mill, situated on a rampart at an angle of the Rhine, just within the gate called the White Gate of the city of Leyden. Facing this rampart across the road were three or four substantial houses, and in one of these the miller Harmen and his wife Neeltje, the daughter of a baker, were living when their fifth son was born and christened Rembrandt. They were well-to-do tradespeople, owning, besides the chief share in the family mill, some house and garden property in the suburbs.

Of the boyhood of Rembrandt we know nothing except that, after the course of elementary schooling customary in the Protestant Holland of those days, he was put to the high school in hopes that, his elder brothers having been brought up to trade, he, the youngest, might learn Latin and be sent in due time to the University. But he would not learn Latin; he would only scribble and draw. Before long his parents determined to make the best of their son's vocation, and put him to study painting under a distant connexion of their own, Jakob van Swanenburch. This Jakob was, it would seem, the least remarkable of a family of painters of the same name in Leyden; but he had studied high art in Italy, and was of good position in his native town, his father having been a magistrate as well as a painter. With him Rembrandt remained for three years, probably from 1620 to 1623. Then, the promise of the boy being already manifest, he was sent, at about sixteen years old, to work with another and more distinguished master, Pieter Lastman, at Amsterdam.

At Amsterdam Rembrandt stayed at this time for half a year only; and for the six following years he seems to have lived and worked at home at Leyden. It was still the fashion, and continued to be the fashion with a certain number of painters, even through this revolutionary period of Dutch art, to travel in Italy as a preparation for practising at home. But Rembrandt's was no temper either to desire or to submit to the lessons of the South. All his life long he was, indeed, an eager student and collector of the products of many schools, including those most opposed to his own. But to imitate, to take example, to allow foreign influences to modify his own instincts and predilections, was the last thing of which this uncompromising spirit was capable. No man was more apt than Rembrandt to take pleasure in works of art of all kinds, or made, as we shall see in the sequel, greater sacrifices in order to surround himself with them. But to collect and appreciate is one thing, to be influenced is another. It was his own personal report of humanity and nature that Rembrandt was born to deliver, not an echo or concordance of the reports of other people,

* Mr. Middleton, who follows M. Vosmaer in adopting this date, has shown how two signatures of the master, in one of which he states himself to be twenty-six years of age in 1634, and in the other twenty-four in 1631, seeming thus to give the two different dates 1608 and 1607 for his birth, are not really inconsistent, since the signature of 1634 was written on June 22, when, in truth, supposing him born in 1607, he would not yet have completed his twenty-sixth year. We have, then, only to suppose that the other signature, which makes him twenty-four in 1631, was written in that year on some day *after* his birthday, June 15, and we have the date 1607 doubly established. It is idle to claim, with Mr. Haden, an equal authority for the other date, 1606, given by a contemporary writer, Orlers.

however high their authority or however well they pleased him.

His mode of imposing his own personality, of transmuting everything which he touches, is, indeed, never more truly apparent than when he chooses, as he occasionally does, to take over a group, a motive, an idea, out of the work of some one else. Thus, he more than once made drawings, of his swift and vehement kind, after the Last Supper of Lionardo da Vinci; but Rembrandt could not see human beings as Lionardo saw them, and his hand has instinctively transformed the accomplished ideal characters of the Italian into Dutchmen of the bluntest type, the most humble feature and aspect (we speak particularly of the example in the King's Library at Dresden). Again, Rembrandt once follows a motive of that master of the austere and strenuous ideal style, Mantegna, in showing a Mary seated and bowing her head and body sideways over her child to nestle her face passionately against his. But in giving the Virgin of his little etching the attitude of Mantegna's great engraving, he utterly discards Mantegna's special element of style. He changes the sentiment from the key of high devotional pathos to the key of cottage sublimity and pitifulness; he places the figures in a cottage interior, perfectly realistic in spite of the symbolic serpent that we see beneath the Virgin's foot, and outside the window he stations a forlorn, plebeian Joseph wistfully looking in and wondering. Or again, and from a model nearer home, from the work of Hans Sebald Beham, a German line-engraver on a miniature scale, whose style had been derived in about equal parts from Dürer and from Marcantonio, Rembrandt borrowed the notion of engraving a couple of fellows of whom one shouts, 'Tis very cold,' to the other, who answers back, 'That's no matter.' But these slight pieces are in no sense 'copied,' as Mr. Haden calls them, from those of Beham. Rembrandt changes the field labourers of the earlier master into ragged snarling beggars; he gives them quite other looks and gestures, and his whole touch and treatment are unlike those of Beham with an unlikeness not at all to be explained by the more natural difference between the burin and the work of the etching-needle. And so in all similar cases.*

We have now traced the young Rembrandt to the threshold of the period when he takes his stand and earns his living for himself. We have so far anticipated as to assure ourselves that he will adopt no lessons and follow no precedents save such as recommend themselves to his personal gifts and instincts. We shall the better understand his future career if at this point we allow ourselves to anticipate still further, and try to realise for good and all what those gifts and instincts were. In what manner, then, was Rembrandt destined to assert himself as a man of unequal but searching and profound experiment among men of even, contented, but unexciting achievement—as an artist accustomed impetuously to feel and imagine among artists only accustomed placidly to see and paint—in a word, as a poet among men of prose?

The first and most obvious element of imaginative effect in Rembrandt's work is, of course, his chiaroscuro, or management of light and dark. The appearances of objects which interested him more than any other were those which indicate their solidity, their relief and projection in space; and as these appearances are made up of shadow and light, so the problems of shadow and light are the great problems of his art.

Early art, especially in Italy, had scarcely occupied itself with such problems at all. Early artists had seen the world, so to speak, not solid, but flat; the appearances of things which they had aimed at representing had been their linear contours and local colours; so long as they got these true and fair, they had been content with a very partial indication of the relations of light and shadow which express the relief of objects in space. It was not till the full Renaissance in Italy that Lionardo da Vinci first of all, and then Correggio, began to occupy themselves with effects of chiaroscuro; Lionardo with the object of pursuing to the end, and carrying into the third dimension, as they had never been carried before, the refinements of expressive draughtsmanship; Correggio in the desire of completing his new effects of flesh modelling, and realising the full roundness and softness of angelic tissues against clouds and gulfs of distance. Since the days of these two, the problems of chiaroscuro had played a great part in painting. It had been found that to lower the general lighting of a picture, and to bring out the points of chief interest in sharp illumination, was an easy way of producing a striking effect. Certain masters had gained a great reputation by what were called nightpieces, of which the object was to strike by a representation of the effects of firelight or twilight in a dark

* It is proper to add, that the whole paragraph in which Mr. Haden specifies the 'reputed authors' of certain designs borrowed, or supposed to be borrowed, by Rembrandt, is misleading, partly from hasty expression, partly, it seems, from insufficient acquaintance with the facts.

room. Others, without choosing subjects naturally requiring strong chiaroscuro, had nevertheless adopted that method of painting in which chiaroscuro is everything. One artist who, in pictures of an almost miniature scale and delicacy, adopted the dark key, was Adam Elsheimer, a German who worked and had many followers in Rome in the third quarter of the sixteenth century. Another who painted in the same key, not with delicacy but with a coarse and lurid power, and on a large scale, was Caravaggio; and he too had a great following. A Dutch artist fifteen years older than Rembrandt, Gerard Honthorst, painted scarcely anything else but torchlight and twilight pieces, and was famous under the name of Gerard of the Night. Among masters in closer relation to Rembrandt himself, Jan Pinas, and his own teacher Lastman, were accustomed to work, though not exclusively, in the same manner. And to that manner, to the dark or swart manner as it was called, Rembrandt, since it suited his own powers and instincts, from the first attached himself.

In his hands, however, the swart manner became something quite different from anything which it had been in the hands of others. It became a mode of idealising the objects of life and nature in their appearances of light and dark, as potently and as subtly as the old Italians had idealised them in their appearances of colour and line. Rembrandt's achievement in chiaroscuro was to show how, by the adoption of a special scale of light and shadow, painting might express, caress, force home, with a power and animation altogether new, a certain class of the aspects of masses in space, their living and breathing aspects of substance, of surface, of come-and-go. The full scale of nature's own relations of light and shadow is, we must remember, beyond the power of painting to imitate. The maximum of light which painting can obtain upon the canvas is something much below the pitch of full natural daylight. Hence every effect of light and dark in a picture is a compromise, and every painter has to decide for himself what particular form of compromise he will adopt. That usually adopted consists in compressing the entire scale of light and dark so that slight differences in these qualities in a picture correspond to and stand for much greater differences in nature. Others will not accept this form of compromise; but will either, beginning at the lower end of the scale, get the relations between their shadows exactly equivalent to the same relations in nature, in which case their means are exhausted before they get to the upper end, and the light parts of their work become confused, as often with Turner, in an indiscriminate blaze; or else, beginning at the upper end of the scale, they will get the relations between their lights exactly equivalent to the same relations in nature, and in that case their means will be exhausted before they reach the lower end, so that the dark parts of their work are swamped in a general obscurity. Both Mr. Ruskin and M. Taine have pointed to this last form of the compromise as being characteristic of Rembrandt. But this is not yet a complete account of the matter. If we say that Rembrandt enshrouds in gloom all those parts of his picture which in nature would be seen in shadow varying from half-shadow downwards, because he wants the whole available scale between pictorial light and pictorial dark to express the full range of transition, and full subtlety of relation, among those things which in nature would be seen in light varying from half-light upwards, we define a part of Rembrandt's practice in the matter, but only a part. Thus, he loves to employ the highest powers of his scale in the rendering of objects which in nature are very conspicuous for lustre—as armour, jewels, feathers—and to realise this lustre, he paints with unheard-of devices of impasto, of relief, of glazing, till the substance of the work itself stands up in gleaming facets. Then he renders, as nearly as possible in their true relations with these, and with an inexhaustible subtlety of gradation, the qualities of subordinately illuminated things—as the gloss, softness, and life of the hair, the glow, substance, and modelling of the human tissue in head and hands; their retreating and advancing planes and masses. By this time he has got low down in his scale, and comparative obscurity absorbs the rest—the dark background, which ordinary portrait painting employs as a screen to relieve the figure, being with Rembrandt not only this, but a natural descent from the point to which he has already pursued the expression of relief in light and shade.

But Rembrandt does not keep his painting, except occasionally, in any such uniform or calculable relation with nature as this. Rather, having this for his general principle, he further proceeds to deal with the phenomena of light and shade as their master; altering, concentrating, scattering, rearranging them as suits his imaginative purpose. A picture of doctors listening to the lecture of an anatomical professor shall seem illuminated by an arbitrary concentration of pale light upon the corpse; so shall the pale body of Christ seem self-luminous

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in an 'Elevation of the Cross,' or in a 'Deposition;' in 'Jacob's Dream,' in the 'Message to the Shepherds,' and in the 'Resurrection,' the phosphorescence of a hovering angel shall startle the night with mystery; alike in groups and single portraits, in Scripture scenes, in landscape, the light shall be collected and flung in sheaves wherever it is wanted, and wherever it is not wanted shall be obliterated and swamped. Rembrandt's most ambitious portrait group, the 'Sortie of the Company of Banning Kock,' is so forced out of all regular relation to nature, its obscurity is so freakishly illuminated in the figures of a buff lieutenant, and a phantom child all gleaming blue and gold, that whole generations of men have asked themselves in vain what season of the day or night it represents.

To Rembrandt's habit of thus interpreting scenes of natural daylight according to a scale which sacrifices the lower gradations of light in order to obtain fuller truth in the upper, and to his further habit of arbitrarily concentrating and distributing light according to the interest of the scene, has also to be added a third habit, that of choosing, very often, scenes not of natural daylight at all, but of such dim or artificial light as it is within the power of painting to interpret with comparatively little compromise. Especially in order to give poetry and mystery to his homely versions of Old and New Testament history, Rembrandt would now and again follow the example of the professed painters of night pieces, and choose an indoor or outdoor scene to be illuminated with the flicker of flambeaux or firelight. Such scenes he would treat not crudely, not harshly, like his predecessors, but with the subtlest art. He would diffuse his artificial light from a concealed focus—a hearth with figures darkly relieved in front—a rushlight screened by the hand of Joseph beside the manger—a lamp swung behind the column of a temple—and would follow out to its last issue the struggle of this light amid the surrounding gloom, from its full glare near the focus to its expiring, almost indistinguishable gleam upon the rafter of a roof or the litter of a distant corner.

This, in truth, is the great difference between Rembrandt and other followers of the dark manner—that his transitions are never crude or abrupt, and his darkness is never opaque or dull. In the midst of gloom, he never lets the light perish, but is as careful of its remotest glimmer as of its central coruscation. He breaks his shadow with light and his light with shadow with an infinity of counterchange and gradation. Reaching the lower part of his range quickly, he cannot, as we have said, in that range give objects any longer their true relations. But the objects are there notwithstanding; the gloom is mysterious and eventful with the presence of forms, faces, and objects hard to decipher, but yet making themselves felt. The background, as you search it, proves never to be slurred or empty, but always peopled and worked out; you can look into and make discoveries in it to the last. It is not till a day of sunshine that you discern, at Dresden, all the faces of Philistines at the marriage feast in Timnath, who grin and make merry while Samson turns to expound his riddle, and his bride sits white-vestured, radiant, victoriously smiling in the midst; nor that you can tell, in the other great picture near it, what fills the vague blackness into which the angel takes his flight, while Manoah and his wife kneel beside the sacrifice, their humble, awe-struck countenances making a strange contrast with the splendour of their scarlet and purple apparel. And so, at Brunswick, of the dark wood in front of which the pale Magdalen half trails, half lifts herself in loving humility at the feet of Christ; so, at Munich, of the roof above the 'Nativity,' where fowls roost among the dim rafters against the scarcely discernible blue of the night, and again of the women in the 'Resurrection,' who have drawn near the tomb in the darkness, and one of whom drops her jar of spices at the angelic apparition that fills the air; so of the figures that people the dim temple aisles in the 'Woman taken in Adultery' of the National Gallery; so, in a word, of almost all the backgrounds and distances of Rembrandt's painting.

Add that all this play and interest of light and shadow takes account of figures and objects, not as peopling mere space, but as peopling space occupied with atmosphere; an atmosphere which has a life, an activity, a transfiguring power of its own, now rarer, now denser, now obstructing light, and now transmitting it, enveloping and investing the surfaces of things with its own halo and vibration, and constituting, as M. Taine puts it, a universal presence and most significant actor in the scene. M. Taine, no doubt, would have us believe too much when he ascribes all the qualities of Rembrandt's light and shade to the impression naturally received by visual organs of exceptional sensitiveness in the dense atmosphere of Holland. But it is in a passage rarely equalled for that which may be called the rhetoric of criticism that M. Taine discusses the part played by this element in the art of Rembrandt:—

'He exhibited all the swarming and mysterious life of the atmosphere, the interposed atmosphere, coloured and tremulous, in which living things are plunged like fishes in the sea. He lit it with the light of his country, a feeble and yellowish gleam like that of a lamp in a cellar: he entered into the painful struggle of that light against darkness, the fainting of the thinner rays which straggle expiring amid the gloom, the tremulousness of the glimmering reflections which cling for a moment upon slippery walls and vanish, and all the life of that vague multitude of half-lights which people the kingdom of the dark, and which, invisible to common eyes, seem in his prints and pictures like the creatures of some submarine world beheld dimly athwart gulfs of sea. For his eyes, emerging from this obscurity, the full light of day had the effect of a dazzling rain; he felt it like a burst of lightning, like a miraculous illumination or the explosion of a sheaf of missiles. So that in this inanimate world, the world of light and shade, he found the most complete and most expressive drama for the painter, all contrasts, all conflicts, all that is most mortally dismal in the light, all that is most fugitive and melancholy in uncertain shadow, all that is most violent and irresistible in the irruption of the day.'

This is the writing of a very accomplished man of letters, who allows himself to be led by his own eloquence somewhat, we think, beyond the true soberness, and aside from the true bearings, of the facts. With such a passage it would be instructive to compare, if we had space for further quotation, the passage in which M. Fromentin, writing as a practical painter, defines the character of Rembrandt in another great aspect of his practice, his character as a colourist. Rembrandt has been praised with extravagance as one of the great colourists of the world. M. Fromentin, on the other hand, shows, with a perfect relevancy and cogency, that Rembrandt, though he produced most powerful effects of colour, is not entitled to be called a colourist at all, in the sense in which that name is given to painters who care for colour more than for anything else, and use colour as their special means of idealising the world. Such painters, the colourists properly so called—and their number includes men working according to ideals so diverse as Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Velasquez, Rubens—such painters all agree in this, that in their work a local tint preserves its identity, its individual quality, through all transitions of light and dark. Deepening, paling, it is nevertheless constant to itself, and never tends to become white or colourless in the lights, and black or neutral in the darks. It is precisely to these changes, absorptions, degradations, that the local tints of painters not belonging to the colour group do tend. Such changes are conspicuous in the work of Rembrandt. As light and dark are what he cares for more than anything else, so his extremes of light and dark devour his local colours, absorbing them and destroying their identity. In a scale of light short of full illumination, Rembrandt will produce effects of colour as rich, as jewelled, as constant to their own nature, as those of Tintoret himself; especially in certain favourite tints of deep red, as for example the scarlet and purple of Manoah and his wife, at Dresden, the crimson velvet of the Cambridge 'Portrait of an Officer,' the colour between scarlet and crimson of the famous portrait of his wife at Cassel, the red, sombre but still rich, of the man loading his gun in the 'Night-Watch,' the red, running to dusky orange and gold, of the centurion Cornelius in the picture belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, the blaze of crimson, brick-red, and orange, laid on in loaded touches without fusion or blending, which looks so strange and violent at a close inspection, but falls into such perfect relations as you retire, in the family group at Brunswick. And the heads and hands of his principal personages he generally keeps within those degrees of the scale of light at which he can paint them with full local truth and richness of flesh colour. But whatever else in the picture is in higher illumination than this, has to sacrifice its specific quality as colour in order to attain its required quality as light. The lustrous objects of the scene, surrendering their individual tints, appear not, indeed, as colourless, but as gleaming in some nameless hue made up of all the other hues in the picture so blended and broken up in light as to be indistinguishable. See, for instance, the pearls and jewels, the armlets and necklaces, the feathers and gauze scarf of Saskia, in the same striking and highly wrought portrait at Cassel which we have already mentioned. And as it is with colours at the upper end of the scale of light, so it is at the lower. They undergo a similar loss of identity: the figures and objects which reveal themselves in that transparent and suggestive darkness, which we have described as filling the chief part of Rembrandt's canvases, reveal themselves not in the individual hues of nature, but in variations of umbered, golden, bronze, or greenish neutral tint, in which, as in the high light, all the other hues of the picture, instead of being separately continued, are blended, transformed, and drowned. Look, for instance, at the faces of the armed companions that fill the background of the 'Night-Watch,' at those of the Philistines

in the aforesaid banquet at Timnath, at those of the labourers whispering their discontent over their wages, in the 'Parable of the Vineyard' at Frankfort, at those of the shepherds peering into the stable, or of the Maries swooning beneath the cross, in a score of 'Nativities' and 'Crucifixions.' All these are faces painted not in the colours of humanity, but in a monochrome determined by the general harmony of the picture. Or again, as a crucial instance, take the peacock on the table in the picture at Dresden, of Rembrandt seated laughing with his wife on his knee. A painter who belonged to the colourists might have kept this accessory object ever so subordinate in value, but would have preserved its proper peacock colours. Rembrandt paints it, to suit his harmony, in a dull, broken monochrome between brown, grey, and green.

The colourist, then, we recognise as being in Rembrandt, though powerful and original, yet quite subordinate to the master in light and shadow. It might almost be added that both colour and chiaroscuro were subordinate in his work to another and more vital element still, the element of human emotion and expression. Only in truth these elements are not separable from one another. The true way of putting it is to say, that chiaroscuro in the first degree, and colour in the second, were this painter's means for making humanity live in pictures. And his view of humanity was the most original and the most penetrating. We have said that he had little eye for physical beauty or distinction. But he had a much rarer gift, an eye for the moral beauty which may accompany physical degradation; an instinct of compassionate penetration, which enabled him to seize and put on record those unconscious aspects of their life by which the abject, the coarse, the forsaken, appeal mutely to the human heart within us. This was, indeed, only a part, although the most interesting part, of the gift, surely without rival among painters, which Rembrandt possessed for the observation of character, and of all outward signs, looks, gestures whatsoever, that either record past experience or express a present crisis. We have it in his own words, written in reference to work upon which he had spent special pains, that the expression of life and movement—'the most and the most natural movement'—was the point on which his mind was bent above all others. A preoccupation of this kind has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. Take the work of Rembrandt in his portraits and portrait groups. At their best, these have the vitality, the serious force and grasp of realisation, the sense of solid and breathing presence, which was common to many masters of his age and school, qualities enhanced in his case by the peculiar force and refinement of his flesh modelling, the peculiar splendour of his illumination and suggestiveness of his backgrounds. But he is not at all times quiet enough for portrait, or content enough to be governed by the facts before him. In these undertakings, his love of movement, of bustle, of come-and-go, of the poetry of light and shadow, all those strivings of his spirit after an ideal world of its own, sometimes get the better of him and give the result, for all its grasp of character, an air of something phantasmagoric and unreal. Such an air unquestionably belongs to the famous group of the 'Night-Watch,' and makes of it a work more exciting, it may be, to contemplate, but less masterly, appropriate, and sufficient than other works in the same vein by Frans Hals, or even by a colder craftsman like Van der Helst.

It is in subjects of dramatic interest that Rembrandt finds scope at once for his grasp of character, and for his love of life, movement, hustle. And in subjects of dramatic interest he is inexhaustible. He knows all the life and all the types of his quarter, the comfortable burgess, the physician, the preacher, the trader of outlandish garb and mien, the swarms of street and wharf, the vices, the humours, the picturesqueness of the populace, the deformities of the lazar-house, the riot of the tavern and squalor of the garret; he has watched and drawn every look and action of railing beggar or bawling chapman, of chaffering goodwife or wheedling Jew, of pursy official and starveling vagabond. All these things he knows and has recorded a thousand times; using, without the least regard to style, whatever means were the readiest to follow and fix the object and the moment of interest. A few hasty sweeps of a brush loaded with bistre upon the paper, a few significant scramblings of the needle upon the copper, perpetuate, with an astonishing insight and precision, the speaking movement, the pathetic glance, the quivering lip of supplication, the outstretched hand of importunity, the tottering step of palsied age, the snarling mask of plebeian spite, the swollen features of unloveliness in woe, the huddling gestures and pitiful kindnesses of those who would comfort one another amid rags and darkness. It is in the temper of this latter class of his observations that Rembrandt is altogether singular. He has not the least shrinking from what is most abject, most repulsive even, in either the physical or

moral world; but amid the repulsiveness, the abjectness, he discerns and puts on record, not only whatever is picturesque, whatever speaks to and entertains the eye, but above all, and like no one else, whatever is poignantly human, whatever speaks to and lays hold upon the heart.

Another great singularity in Rembrandt is that, except in notes and studies, he does not usually thus record the diversified life around him, as most of his countrymen record it, for its own sake merely. He uses all these materials chiefly to illustrate the Bible. Images of worship being no longer needed for the churches of reformed Holland, the themes of worship, we know, had for the most part been abandoned by the school. But Rembrandt returns to those themes in a new sense. The stories of the Bible appeal intensely to his religious sentiment and to his love of dramatic interest together. He pores over those stories in the temper of a dissident, a private, a democratic Christianity. The chord within his nature which responds most keenly to the teachings of Christ is the chord of compassion, of equality, of sympathy with the poor and needy and those that are ready to perish. He was capable of seeing the best in what was vilest, and, like his Master, had compassion on those multitudes. And so he seeks to make the stories of the Bible live in the only way in which he could sincerely and of his own instincts conceive them. He thinks of the scenes of the Old and New Testament in terms of contemporary Amsterdam. He confers on Abraham and Joseph, on David and Manoah, on Tobit and Tobias, on angels and celestial ministers themselves, all the plainness, all the humanity, all the predicaments, but also all the life and expressiveness of every day. His Mary and Joseph are the homeliest-featured helpmates, she humbly brooding over and loving her child, he helping, puzzled, tender in humility greater still, as they sit within the cottage gloom, or tramp forlornly on their exiled way through ford and thicket, or take their midday rest in returning, he seated on a bank with bread and clasp-knife, and turning to look kindly at the child as the mother beside him removes its wrappings. And so on through the whole range of Biblical personages: they receive from Rembrandt a new plainness and humility, but in plainness and humility a new life and pathos.

The only transformation, the only embellishment, by which the master seeks to give to his Christian subjects a touch of oriental and historic colour, consists in a certain apparatus of costume, as turbans and silken scarves for judge and Pharisee, or flashing swords, casques, breastplates for soldier and centurion. In this he was for once at one both with earlier and recent precedent—the works of his own master Lastman, among others, furnishing abundant examples of this use of far-fetched fripperies and costumes. For Rembrandt, with his love of lustrous objects, and his need of such objects to form centres of illumination in his pictures, these materials of scarf and turban, of silk, cloth-of-gold, brocade, of sword and mail, of plume, brooch, and badge, naturally possessed a special attraction. To procure them he was accustomed to ransack the wharves and the brokers' booths, till his house became in all its corners a very museum of curiosities. The pictorial effect and magic of his work these trappings necessarily enhance; its human effect, on the other hand, they occasionally somewhat mar and vulgarise. For Rembrandt will not abate a jot of dramatic truth or realistic bluntness in one of his personages more than another; and these qualities are apt to match strangely with a barbaric splendour of apparel.

We have, then, by this time before us a list of the elements which give to the work of Rembrandt its special character—a character which is shared in greater or less degree by that of a whole group of satellites whom he drew around him. He was an exception, we have learnt, among his countrymen, first by his magic of light and shade, with a subordinate, though not inconsiderable, magic of colour; next by his unrivalled grasp of character and life, and especially of the pathetic sides of plebeian character and life; thirdly, by his habit of depicting facts, without compromise indeed, yet not usually for their own sakes, but for the sake of realising scenes consecrated by religious emotion; and, lastly, by an additional element intended to be poetical, though in truth its effect is often no more than one of somewhat puerile fantasy, the element of outlandish richness and research in the costumes of certain classes of his characters.

All these elements, except of course the single one of colour, are just as characteristic of the second great division of Rembrandt's work, the division of engravings, as they are of his paintings. In the art of etching, perfected as he knew the means of perfecting it, Rembrandt found the only mode of linear expression which could have been made suitable to his special genius. The chastened, the severe, the firmly and deliberately ploughed line of the burin, in what is called line engraving, is really suited only to the expression of a chastened and severe conception of physical form. It is a

mode of work best corresponding to those instincts in art which find in purity of form, and determinateness with suavity of linear contour, the most interesting of natural facts. Even in the work of the greatest of line engravers, Albert Dürer, there had seemed a certain conflict, a certain incongruity, between the unerring precision and purity of the engraved line itself, and the conception of form which that line was employed to realise; a conception wavering at first between the symmetry of the Italian ideal and the realism, the uncouthness of the North, but finally, in the mature practice of Dürer, deciding definitely in favour of the latter. Rembrandt's conception of the human fabric was much more uncouth and Teutonically plebeian still than that of Dürer, without Dürer's countervailing qualities of strenuous manhood, energy, and precision. Neither did linear contours interest Rembrandt, except as serving to circumscribe and define the gesture and feature of life; for the qualities, the rhythm and modulation, of lines as such he did not care, and even as a means of indicating the places of things and their forms, he greatly preferred light and shadow. Etching, with its rapid, unrestrained, lightly moving stroke, thus supplied exactly the appropriate means for the only kind of design upon metal which could for him have had any attraction. With the etching needle he could record, without stopping to chasten, the most fugitive lines of expressive movement; he could add as much or as little modelling of surfaces and shading of backgrounds as he pleased; and by the use of the dry point, with devices of burr and printing, he could produce, at comparatively small expense of labour, effects of light and dark the most consonant with his instincts, the most varying from crisp to soft, from sudden to gradual, shadows the deepest without opaqueness, the most velvety, transparent, and mysterious. Much that was best in himself, much that was most spontaneous and intimate, as well as much that was most fanciful, Rembrandt was accustomed to express in this form; and when we think of his achievements as a whole, we justly put one of the central Bible etchings, like the 'Christ healing the Sick,' or the finest etched portraits, like the 'Six,' the 'Haarings,' or the 'Lutma,' or nude studies like the 'Woman with the Arrow,' or the 'Woman in Shadow,' lying down, or a landscape like 'The Three Trees,' and many on a lesser scale—we justly put etchings like these, in a general estimate of the master's work, on almost the same level of importance as any of his paintings in the same respective orders of subjects.

The characteristics of Rembrandt's genius which we have thus endeavoured to define are general, and hold good of one period of his career almost as much as of another. Naturally, however, they declare themselves at different periods in somewhat different forms, and with variations of technical practice. Speaking broadly, Rembrandt's manner both in painting and etching exhibits a progress, from great delicacy and scrupulousness of touch and handling in his earliest days, to extreme dash, audacity, and summariness of touch and handling in his latest; and in this progress, it is possible to mark with fair distinctness a first, a second, and a third stage. The three most important of his pictures that still remain in Holland, the 'Anatomy Lecture' (1632), the 'Sortie of the Company of Banning Kock,' or 'Night-Watch' (1642), and the 'Syndics of the Drapers' Company' (1661), are usually quoted as the great typical examples of the three manners. At the same time, the manners proper to such several stages not seldom overlap, and in portrait painting especially, works of the master widely separated in date bear not seldom a close resemblance. We speak particularly of the most sedate, masterly, and dignified group of his portraits, those in which he has most frankly submitted to be governed by the facts before him. To this group belong alike the noble double portrait of a 'Naval Constructor and his Wife,' at Buckingham Palace, painted in 1633, and another double portrait of 1641, that of the 'Pastor Cornelis Ansloo with his Wife;' with several fine single figures in full length, such as the portrait of Martin Daey and that of his wife, the one belonging to 1634 and the other to 1641; and the admirable nameless full-length at Cassel, bearing the date 1639, of a fresh-visaged personage leaning against a column in a vestibule. In the etchings, again, though it is easy to trace a general development of style from the delicately minute to the daringly vigorous, and though there is little resemblance between a characteristic work of Rembrandt's earliest time like the 'Presentation with the Angel' (M. 178), or the nude study of a 'Diana bathing' (M. 258), and a characteristic work of his later time like the 'Christ and the Woman of Samarin' (M. 293), or the nude study of the 'Woman with an Arrow' (M. 252), nevertheless almost any single year will show us work the most various in treatment and purpose. Thus the year 1641 gives us the elaborately

and the slightly finished studies of a single sitter which we have already noticed (M. 147, 269), the highly wrought portrait of 'Cornelis Ansloo,' the vehemently conceived and roughly scrawled ideas for lion-hunting scenes (M. 272, 273, 274), as well as some of the earliest examples of Rembrandt's expressive, feeling, and refined workmanship in the art of landscape etching (M. 305, 306, 307).

Resuming, now, the chronological thread of Rembrandt's life—the six years of his ripening youth which he passed in his father's house after he came back from Amsterdam have left comparatively little trace. His earliest authentic picture, a little St. Paul in prison seated beside a window, belongs to his twentieth year, and is preserved in the Museum at Stuttgart. The next year, 1628, shows us two etched studies of his mother, whose well-marked features, firm and dignified in old age, he has perpetuated in this way over and over again. One of these earliest etchings in especial is so distinguished for perfect character and drawing, with the touch of a finished master in the modelling of the features, the animation of mouth and eyes, the trick and delicacy of the hair, that it has helped to make some critics sceptical as to later work in which less accomplishment is shown. That Rembrandt had thus early made some reputation by works to which we have no longer the clue, is clear from the fact that he had already a first pupil, destined afterwards to become famous, in the person of Gerard Dou, as well as from a story of his having about this time sold a picture for a hundred florins to an amateur of the Hague, and of his consequent surprise and elation. We may guess, also, that at this time Rembrandt and another young artist of his native town, Jan Lievens, who was of his own age, a fellow-student under Lastman at Amsterdam, must have been in relations of interconrse and mutual influence. Lievens in a year or two went, if the traditions concerning him are true, to England, and afterwards settled at Antwerp. Mr. Haden has confused the matter by classing him among the pupils of Rembrandt. That he was so there is no evidence whatever, though there is proof of their having had subsequent communication. Some etchings of 1635 bearing the initial of Lievens are actual duplicates of others bearing the signature of Rembrandt, and in a few more the work of the two shows a close coincidence; but what the precise relations of these several pieces are it seems impossible to distinguish.

In 1629 we find a few studies, both etched and drawn, of 'St. Jerome.' This subject had been a favourite one with northern artists ever since the days of Dürer and Erasmus, and Rembrandt handled it many times in one form or another. A picture in which he showed the saint kneeling upon a mat within a cave, with his back to the spectator and his attendant lion beside him, has been engraved by one of the pupils who joined his studio within a year or two of this time; and the supposed original of this engraving, dated 1629, has passed with the Suermondt Gallery into the Museum at Berlin, where, however, the authorities cast doubts upon the work. One thing more is to be noticed in connexion with the year 1629; in it appears the first of those studies of his own physiognomy which throughout all the rest of Rembrandt's life were destined to give him so much occupation. No artist was so constantly taking his own portrait. There are extant, among his paintings, fully thirty such portraits of himself from youth to age; and among his etchings an equal number. Sometimes as many as a dozen of these last belong to a single year. It was a homely visage enough which so preoccupied its owner. Thick light hair disposed to straggle and curl, a thin moustache brushed sideways according to the fashion of the time, a scanty beard, generally shaved excepting a tuft beneath the lower lip, a massive, roughly modelled head, the determined mouth by no means finely cut, the nose thick at the end and somewhat pinched at the bridge, the powerful brow concentrated in level wrinkles above searching, somewhat narrow eyes—such were the features of which Rembrandt has left us versions in every manner of workmanship and every key of expression. Vain of his looks he can hardly have been, but interested in them, fond of watching and studying them, as a strong and self-conscious personality is fond of watching and studying whatever belongs to itself, this he certainly was; and the vainest of beautiful women never spent so much of her time before the mirror. What is more, Rembrandt in his youth and early manhood was almost as fond as a woman of ornaments and costumes; and he has painted and etched himself once and again in armour, in rich furs and outlandish hats and feathers, in all sorts of strange and rich caparisons. Especially in the days of his prosperous marriage with a comely and well-portioned bride, when they were both wont to masque for one another's pleasure in the richest properties of his studio, Rembrandt seems really to show a sort of fantastic coquetry, a pride in the silkiness of his long locks, a desire to look the knight or gallant instead of the

plain burgher and craftsman that he was. But whatever touch of vanity, or of a desire to find cause of vanity, Rembrandt's own rough externals may have afforded him, the root of the matter of course was, that he found the most convenient model in himself. He could subject his own person to whatever disguises, his own features to whatever contortions, he pleased; he could arrange himself in whatever light, natural or artificial, full or reflected, sharp or soft; upon himself he could study at his ease those problems of facial modelling in light and shade, those secrets of facial structure and expression, which his genius was always urging him to master. And the fact is, that in these studies of himself, the early etched studies especially, he seems often to have no other object than to record a look of sudden and strong expression, as terror, bedevilled mirth, or snarling malice, which he has assumed on purpose before the glass. Strict fidelity in portraiture is the last object at which he aims; and in many cases the features are so modified that we cannot tell for certain whether they are indeed his own.

It is in the next year, 1630, that these studies first occur in numbers. In that year the full activity of Rembrandt's career begins. In that year he leaves his father's home for good, and establishes himself at the centre of Dutch life, Amsterdam. Here he was quickly joined by pupils a few years younger than himself. To what extent some of these pupils may also have been his assistants, and have carried out work which has since passed current under his name, is a question that has given rise to much discussion since it was recently raised by Mr. Haden. Mr. Haden's own contribution to the solution of the question may be summed up thus. He has shown, to something like certainty, that some of the larger and more important etchings produced in Rembrandt's studio, in the course of the first few years of his residence at Amsterdam, were completed from the master's designs by other hands than his own, excepting sometimes the principal heads or other passages which he might reserve to be put in by himself. The famous 'Descent from the Cross' (M. 187) and 'Ecce Homo' (M. 200) are the chief of several examples in which this participation of other hands may be regarded, we think, as proved. Unfortunately, Mr. Haden was not content with establishing his main point, but accompanied his exposition with offhand assertions as to the real authorship in each case of the work rejected. These assertions show quite insufficient study of the facts, and Mr. Haden, in reprinting them, has virtually retracted them in a preface, but at the same time has qualified the retractation in his text by the following unscholarlike plea: 'The accounts we have of many of these men and, with two or three exceptions, the men themselves, are too obscure, and the work they did too bad, to render a more laborious identification of them than we have here thought it necessary to make anything but a waste of time.'

Mr. Haden, it seems, has yet to learn that time is never so much wasted as in advancing confident opinions on any subject whatever upon insufficient grounds. It is perfectly true that among the members of the pleiad who worked in Rembrandt's manner and under his influence were some, like Ferdinand Bol, of refined and serious talent, and others, like Van Vliet, whose work is seldom anything but the coarsest parody of their master's. But it is not less true that the minutest comparative study of the work of all these satellites must be undertaken before an opinion worth having can be formed concerning their respective shares in the early productions of Rembrandt's studio. Nor is it probable that study, however minute, will ever really settle the points at issue. Take the case of a well-known work, the larger etching of the 'Raising of Lazarus.' Like not a few other subjects, this was treated in half a dozen ways at about the same time by Rembrandt and various members of his group. In all, the central idea is to give a thaumaturgic character to the scene, to represent it as an act of incantation, in the performance of which the Saviour stands erect, a magician conscious of his power, within the vault or cavern where Lazarus lies buried, but at some distance from the tomb; at his command the dead awakes, and the bystanders testify their amazement. The impulse to the treatment of this theme seems to have been given by a picture painted in 1632 by Rembrandt's former master, Lastman. Within the next year or two, as we may judge, appears the celebrated etched version bearing Rembrandt's signature. Here the Christ is a figure much more classical in pose and drapery than is usual in his work, and the execution may possibly be in part that of pupils; while other parts—notably the expression and gesture of Lazarus, which are almost exactly repeated in a subsequent picture of the 'Resurrection of Christ'—are in the most characteristic manner of the master himself. In the year 1633, a little-known pupil, Jan de Wedt, paints the same scene in a somewhat similar spirit, but in breadth instead of height, with a quite different arrangement of all the figures, and with the addition of a new personage who helps to

remove the grave-clothes from the risen Lazarus (this picture is at Darmstadt). Next we have an etching by Van Vliet, the coarsest and most repulsive of his whole work, in which a conception of the scene akin to that of Rembrandt, and containing some attitudes nearly identical with his, but seen from a different point of view, is embodied in figures of debased and hideous feature, and with a harsh violence of illumination. Lastly, an etching of Lievens represents again a kindred conception of the scene, only that here the Saviour faces us on a kind of terrace, beneath which, in front, lies the open tomb; and, emerging from the tomb, we see nothing but the hands of Lazarus flung up like those of a drowning man. We have tried, but quite in vain, to satisfy ourselves of the exact relations and derivations of these kindred embodiments of a single subject. And relations of similar intricacy occur repeatedly among the works of Rembrandt and his followers in his early days.

Even among the paintings of the master, in this comparatively unformed time, there are not a few which criticism must hesitate whether to ascribe to himself, or partly or altogether to his assistants. We think that the authorities of the Berlin Museum are doubtless right in restoring to the youth of the master himself the once disputed 'Rape of Proserpine,' a small mythological piece of the most careful execution, and conceived with a characteristic union of far-fetched fantasy in the ornaments and costumes, and realistic point and bluntness in the action of the attendant maidens, who are trailed along the ground clenching their teeth as they tug frantically at the skirts of their mistress, to rescue her from the grasp of the ravisher. On the other hand, there is a large picture at Munich which has generally been accepted, and from M. Vosmaer has received especial praise, but which we are altogether unable to recognize as the work of Rembrandt. This is a 'Holy Family,' of nearly life size, in which the Virgin, seated, with one knee raised, in a dull lilac gown, and wearing on her shoulders a gauze scarf, caresses the shoulder and foot of the swaddled child lying across her lap, while a middle-aged Joseph leans with blandness over the empty cradle to look on. We more than doubt this picture, not merely because the chamber is represented in an ordinary diffused light, such as Rembrandt hardly ever, except in a few portraits, employs; nor because it is signed, in characters suspiciously clear and large, Rembrandt f. 1631, a signature which the master hardly ever, or, as Mr. Middleton thinks, positively never, adopts at this date; nor because the same mother and child are almost identically repeated, only more in profile, in a signed work of Ferdinand Bol, at Dresden—for the master is often thus repeated with variations by his pupils; but because, over and above all this, the work has precisely that touch of everyday elegance, of insipidity with correct drawing and accomplishment, that lack of individual invention and point, which, where Rembrandt is concerned, are the strongest negative proofs that can exist. We think it probable that the picture is of Bol's handiwork, about the year 1645, and that the signature of Rembrandt is spurious.

Enough, however, of discussions which concern rather the special student than the general reader. We will only add, that we agree with Mr. Middleton in thinking that the reasons which may be sufficient for assigning in part to pupils the workmanship of the large published etchings of this period are insufficient for similarly assigning to pupils the small heads and studies of beggars. These, as a rule, could hardly have been intended for the market; there could have been no reason for their being marked with the monogram of Rembrandt when they were the work of another hand. Some of the beggars so signed, it is true, are little better than, and very like, similar studies published by Van Vliet in his own name in 1632 and 1635. Some of the studies of aged heads resemble, though in a less degree, similar studies by Lievens; but there are extant painted studies from the same models, notably three at Cassel, which are unquestionably by Rembrandt's hand, and show that he was exercising himself at this time upon these very models in the study of flesh painting, of character, of light and shade. No man is always at his best, and we must remember that Rembrandt, a man of experiment all his life, was still at his most experimental age. If we see engravings bearing his signature, in one or another of its customary forms, which closely approach, now the manner of Bol, now that of Lievens, now even that of the objectionable Van Vliet (so far as these fluctuating talents can be said to have definite manners of their own), we need not necessarily infer that they are in each case the actual work of the satellite and not of the master. Mr. Middleton declines to make this inference, and while he accepts Mr. Haden's contention concerning some of the larger prints, that they were done with the help of pupils, has often an easy task in disposing of Mr. Haden's assertions as to the particular pupils in question. He has perhaps not been quite explicit enough as

to the part taken by Mr. Haden in calling the attention of students to the general question; but when that gentleman charges him with simply 'appropriating and mutilating his conclusions,' the charge falls, from its own extravagance, to the ground.

Granting that Rembrandt had even more help at this time from pupils than we believe to be the case, his first three years at Amsterdam were years, in any case, of extraordinary industry. In 1632 he painted, among other things, the first of his large groups of portraits, that which exhibits his friend and patron, Nicolas Tulp, demonstrating before his class in the anatomy school. This celebrated piece, with much dignity of individual character in the heads, lacks the animation of Rembrandt's finest work, and is to some extent disfigured by the imperfect drawing and arbitrary lighting of the corpse. The next year, 1633, produced several of the most important plates etched in Rembrandt's studio, besides almost a score of known portraits, some of them exhibiting his powers in their fullest force and sanity; and, among subject pictures, an 'Elevation of the Cross,' and a 'Descent from the Cross,' the latter repeating with variations the motive of the great etching, which were the first two of a set of five illustrations of the life of Christ painted in these years for the Stadtholder, Frederick Henry of Nassau. These five, of which the last two were not completed till six years later, now hang together in one of the small cabinets of the gallery at Munich. They are on a uniform scale, the small scale, which to our thinking suits the manner of Rembrandt in religious episode better than the heroic dimensions which he sometimes, for no very obvious reason, adopted. The execution of these commissions for the Stadtholder brought Rembrandt into acquaintance and correspondence with two men of higher standing than most of his accustomed friends—the secretary, Huyghens, and the Paymaster-General, Uytenbogaert. It is in a letter to Huyghens that Rembrandt uses the phrase we have quoted about having attained, in the last two pictures of the series, the expression of the 'most and most natural movement' which he had yet compassed. The comment on his words is to be found especially in the subject of the 'Resurrection,' in which, with a singular and rude audacity of conception, he has figured the angel hovering with expanded wings, and violently, yet without effort, heaving up by one end the cover of the tomb, from which the guards, who have been asleep beside or upon it, are hurled toppling confusedly, their armour glinting in the gleam of the angelic brightness, while the head and body of Christ raise themselves feebly, with an action like that of Lazarus, and still wrapped in their cerements, out of the tomb, and the Maries are to be discerned in the obscure foreground gazing with amazement at the miracle. As an example of the same partiality for suddenness and violence of action, and an example which does not shock, as that we have just quoted would shock but for the mystery which enshrouds the action, the 'Binding of Samson,' belonging to the same period, is conspicuous. Of this picture, treated nearly in life size, there are two versions, one in private possession at Vienna, and one in the gallery at Cassel. M. Vosmaer is surely unfortunate when he compares a version of the same subject at Brunswick, which is the work of a pupil, Jan Victor, and asks whether the same Victor cannot have been the painter of the scene as figured at Cassel. The design of Victor is in truth conspicuous for coldness and artificiality, that of Rembrandt for an amazing dramatic force and energy. Three nailed warriors have seized the shorn giant within a cave; he has fallen backwards, wildly kicking, upon one who grasps him with both arms about the throat; another, bearing down with all his weight the resistance of the prisoner's elbow, clutches his beard with the left hand and slashes out an eye with the right; a third manacles his right wrist; a fourth, fantastically dressed in brigand red, stands projected against the opening of the cave, and threatens the overpowered foe with his partisan; while a white-vestured Delilah, holding out the shears in one hand and the shorn locks in the other, looks down with a victorious smile as she flits from the presence of her deed into the daylight.

But we must not pause over the description of individual works. In the year of Rembrandt's first commissions for the Stadtholder a new influence entered for the first time into his life. In 1632 he had lost his father, and thenceforth began to sign with his full name, instead of with the monogram signifying Rembrandt Harmenszon. Several etched portraits of his mother in her widowhood suggest that at this time he may have joined her for a while at Leyden. In 1633 he fell in love with Saskia, the orphan daughter of a jurist and politician of repute, Rombertus van Uylenburg, and married her in the summer of 1634. She brought him no inconsiderable fortune, and the marriage was in all points prosperous. For the next eight years Saskia fills a great place in the life and the art of Rem-

brandt. He drew, etched, painted her, in every mode and guise. Of all these likenesses of his bride, the most charming at once for expression and simplicity is the drawing of her in a broadbrimmed hat, with her cheek resting on her hand, made, as would seem from a writing in his own hand at the foot, three days after their first betrothal, and now preserved in the museum at Berlin. In too many of his painted portraits he either spoils the charm of his work by endeavouring to fix some dimpled laugh or other too fugitive expression, as in the early example at Dresden, or else, as in the profile picture of the same year at Cassel, he produces a splendid and fascinating result, but one which depends more upon the magic rendering of pearls, brooches, and feathers, a masquerading costume of crimson velvet and jewellery, than upon any convincing fidelity or directness of likeness. From the best of the paintings, however, and from a number of etched likenesses, some of them in the masquerading vein, but others of entire simplicity, we are well enough able to realise the glowing fair complexion, the gold-brown hair, with its wandering ringlets about ear and cheek, the open looks, the maidenly, and in due course the matronly, sweetness and content of Saskia. A picture at Dresden of 1640 shows her in her ripest bloom; in one, probably of the next year, at Antwerp, she looks sweet but a little worn and fragile; one or two most touching sketches upon copper seem to be the record, taken at her bedside, of an illness which presently carried her away. A picture at Berlin, dated 1643, shows her, if this indeed be Saskia, in the somewhat altered form and feature in which she was present to the widower's memory afterwards.

The year of Saskia's death, 1642, had been the year of Rembrandt's great civic picture, to the fame and the phantasmagoric strangeness of which we have made allusion already. Banning Kock, the captain of the company whose sally to the shooting match had been thus transfigured upon canvas, was not satisfied with the fidelity of his own portrait, and had recourse to a less poetic painter for another version of his features. We do not again encounter in Rembrandt's work such an instance of the conflict, to use M. Fromentin's very just phrase, which this picture exhibits in an extreme degree, and most of the portraits of Saskia had exhibited more or less, between the man of visionary ideals and the man of facts and realities that existed side by side in Rembrandt. Subjects of Scripture and fancy continue to give scope to the one element in his nature, and portraits to the other. His manner becomes more large and daring, and he begins to effect his blendings and breakings of tints and tones with one another by means which look rough and strange at a near view, and only fall into harmonious significance as you draw back. His wife's death made no difference in his industry or his habits of life. He seems to have continued to live with his children in the large house in the Breedstraat, in which, after several migrations, he had been for some years settled, and in which he was accustomed to accommodate his pupils, if we may trust the gossip reported from one of them at second hand, in studios separately partitioned off, that there might be the less danger of their losing their individuality and failing to show of what their native powers were capable.

Each year adds its regular tale of Bible compositions, portraits, studies of character and costume, both etched and painted. To these are added the new element of landscape. The first dated landscapes in Rembrandt's work belong to the years immediately preceding his wife's death (the signature and date 1636 on a little panel at Cassel are plainly spurious); and landscape forms for the twelve years following a constant branch of his practice. Coupling this fact with the fact that these were also the years of Rembrandt's closest friendship with the wealthy amateur and man of letters, Jan Six, Mr. Haden hazards the conjecture that Rembrandt at this time lived in part at least at Six's country seat at Elsbroeck. But there are no adequate grounds for such a conjecture, which for the rest seems inconsistent with Rembrandt's close avocations as a painter and teacher of painting.

To dwell for a moment on the character of Rembrandt's work in landscape—between the ordinary sentiment of his etched and of his painted landscapes, there is a curious discrepancy. In the former class, with a very few exceptions, Rembrandt is content to record his impressions of the level and uneventful scenery near his adopted city; expressing, with a perfect precision and subtlety, a justice and distinction of touch which are exclusively his own, the shadowy softness of a foreground copse, the trending sinuosity of a sunken lane, the gabled picturesqueness of farm buildings beside a sea wall, the perspective of level fields or gentle undulations diversified with a cottage here, a windmill there; the poetry of pastoral meadows and intersecting channels, of horizons peopled with the distant spires of a merchant city, or bounded by the scarcely discernible barrier line of the sea. It is

only in an exceptional piece like 'The Three Trees' that Rembrandt tries in etched landscape effects of anything like epical power and gloom. But in his painted landscapes —and they are not numerous—epical power and gloom are the rule. He plants a dark monumental windmill upon a dark and lofty bank, and conducts along the stream that rounds its way beneath them a reflected solemnity of sunset; or he dreams of mountain distances, and intervening valleys overhung with sullen masses of cloud, through which a gleam falls here and there upon peopled hamlets and travelled roads of men. His prevailing landscape colour is a darkly glowing brown, and it is only by exception that he suffers a blueness in the sky, or in the fields a gleam of verdure.

In the portraits painted by Rembrandt of himself, in the years following his wife's death, and notably in the etched portrait beside a window, of the year 1648, we observe that he has discarded the fripperies of a former time, and depicts himself as a sober citizen in every-day attire. In portrait, as in landscape, the quality of his line upon the copper grows with every year more assured, telling, and concise; and this is the time of some of his most perfect and interesting engraved portraits, as those of Jan Six, with its admirable life in pose, countenance, hair, its masterly contrast of indoor mystery and outdoor daylight; as well as those of the Jew doctor, Ephraim Bonus, the painter Asselyn, and the picture dealer Clement de Jonghe. This is also the time of the masterpiece among his Bible etchings, the great plate of 'Christ healing the Sick;' in which the just enthusiasm of posterity has not known whether to admire most the conduct and mystery of light and shade, or the profound and moving quality of invention in the groups that encompass the Saviour; the disputatious and supercilious Pharisees; the populace that believe and wait for the miracles to come; the maimed, the halt, the miserable, who have dragged themselves on crutches, or helped one another with trussels and barrows, to the feet of Christ, and point in piteous appeal to their afflictions; the wayfarers who have ridden in strange garb and on strange beasts of burden from afar at the report of the power of the healer.

In the meantime, while Rembrandt was bent upon the things of his art, troubles were preparing that he had not taken thought to prevent. With the passion of a collector, and with that dangerous idea that is apt to possess itself of ardent workers, that money spent upon the materials of their work cannot be spent extravagantly, he had filled his house from floor to ceiling with pictures of all schools, portfolios of the costliest engravings, costumes, specimens, casts, minerals, treasures of art, curiosity, and natural history in every kind. Already in Saskia's lifetime, whispers had gone abroad among some of her family that the couple were spending more than they ought. Such whispers they had indignantly repudiated, and even sued at law those who disseminated them. But almost at the same time we find Rembrandt pressing Huyghens for prompt payment on account of work done; and it is clear that, though he was at this time in receipt of a large income from pupils and from the sale of his works, he was spending all that he earned, not, indeed, in vulgar extravagance, but on acquisitions of which he did not measure the extent or cost. Saskia, before her death, showed her confidence in his integrity by expressly leaving him in the enjoyment, subject to no restraint from trustees or otherwise, of her fortune, which in the event of his death or remarriage was to revert to his son Titus. Soon after 1650 we hear of loans and mortgages. By-and-by a scandal concerning an illegitimate child born to the painter by a servant-maid, Hendrikje, results in a second marriage; and in order to raise the amount necessary to put Titus in possession of the property due to him in this event under his mother's will, Rembrandt has formally to declare himself bankrupt. The times were bad, the proceedings were long and tedious; the proceeds of a sale of Rembrandt's accumulations of personal property were miserably below their value. Nevertheless, when all was over, he was able to put his son in possession of the full amount of the inheritance due to him from his mother, and to begin life again in a new house, though parted from his treasures. To the inventory of these treasures, which has been published over and over again since it was first brought to light among the archives of the insolvent debtors' court, we are indebted for the possibility of realising in full detail what had been the surroundings of Rembrandt's household existence in the days of his prosperity.

It is clear from the character of the house in the Roozengracht of Amsterdam, to which Rembrandt removed after his disaster, and which M. Vosmaer has had the good fortune to identify, that he by no means, as has been sometimes represented, passed the remainder of his days in squalor. He had never been a seeker of society, or been himself sought by those who moved in literary and academic circles. But his misfortunes did not lose him the friends he

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had; and among these one at least, Jan Six, whose portrait he painted in the very year of his bankruptcy, 1656, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen and scholars in Holland. Neither did these misfortunes at all interrupt the indomitable tenor of his industry. In the year of the bankruptcy, Rembrandt painted, besides the portrait of Six, two at least of his best conceived and most expressive Scripture scenes on a large scale, the 'Jacob blessing the Sons of Joseph,' and the Frankfort version (there is another differently treated at St. Petersburg) of the 'Parable of the Vineyard.' The chief actual trace which Rembrandt's disasters have left in his art is to be found in the portraits which he engraved of a certain father and son, Haaring by name, who were officials of the insolvent debtors' court; and these are among the most masterly of his whole work.

That the latter years of Rembrandt's life were, nevertheless, more solitary, more depressed, and accompanied with less of recognition and respect than his earlier years, is certain. The tide of fashion was beginning to set against the native, the revolutionary manner of Dutch art, and in favour of classic graces from Italy and periwigged dignities from France. Many who had been carried away in earlier years by the force and originality of Rembrandt's own achievements, had now fallen away and made compromises in favour of academic principles. In the meantime Rembrandt's own temper and convictions became more defiant, and his artistic practice more daring and contrary to convention. A magnificent example of his best powers in this, which we have called the violent period of his practice, is the group, painted in 1661, of the Syndics of the Drapers' Company at Amsterdam. Another example, gorgeous in Rembrandt's old key of crimson and orange, but bewildering, as we have said, at a near view by the roughness and calculated irregularity of its handling, is the anonymous family group, of a few years' earlier date, at Brunswick. Another most moving and most dramatic work, of which the date is given by M. Vosmaer as 1668, but with greater probability as 1658 by the compilers of the catalogue of the Darmstadt Gallery, where it is preserved, represents Christ bound to a column before his scourging. The National Gallery has a fine portrait of this latest manner of the master. But as the years go on, his works become few and far between. He had given up etching in 1661—among his last works in that kind being some studies of the female nude, in which no concession is made to the ideal graces, but which derive a real dignity from the force, the certainty, the austere frankness of their handling, their richness, colour, and relief.

Of Rembrandt's death we know nothing, except what is recorded in a bald official entry, to the effect that he died on October 8, 1669, leaving behind him two children. All the offspring of his first marriage had died, we know, during his own lifetime; and the mother of the children who survived him seems to have been a third wife, of whom nothing is recorded but the name, Catherina van Wijck. Among the last of all the paintings left by Rembrandt we still find portraits of himself. One of these, according to his old love for sudden and vivid expressions, exhibits him before his easel, maulstick in hand, turning to laugh a toothless laugh of the keenest merriment at some one who comes in and accosts him. But we prefer to think of him as he appears in certain other portraits, in battered but not ignoble age, his head covered with a cap or white cloth, his looks intently levelled upon what is before him, his rough face wearing the dignity and power of those whose thoughts have been set, not on small ambitions or transitory successes, but upon the disinterested pursuit of an ideal. And to the ideal within him Rembrandt had in truth been faithful. He had made slips, had mismanaged his affairs, had ended his days obscurely; but he has left an honourable as well as an immortal name. He had not been mean—the old stories about his grasping temper are well disproved now, and when we find him helping his kinsfolk at Leyden, as their business declines from bad to worse, we seem to trace a part of the causes of his own impoverishment. He had not been unkind—witness his wife's dying proof of love and confidence. He had been whimsical, fantastic, stubborn, caring less for the company of the learned and highly bred, excepting a very few who sought him out, than for that of a group of plain craftsmen and citizens like himself—printsellers, jewellers, writing masters, and some of the less famous and less courted among his brother painters. His manners had no doubt been rough, and his answers sometimes blunt and strange. He makes no such chivalrous figure in history as is made by many of the great artists of Italy, or even by his Flemish contemporaries, Rubens and Vandyck. Even in his best days with Saskia, the semblances which he has left us of himself vary between the aspect of masquerading picturesqueness, as in instances too numerous to record, and the aspect of somewhat plebeian jollity, as in the

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well-known drinking picture at Dresden. The only portrait in which he presents himself as really and simply a gentleman, is that admirable one in the National Gallery of the year 1640, painted with a fusion and softness almost like those of Correggio, as well as with an inner glow and force of flesh-colour that are all his own.

But, gentleman or not, smooth in his dealings with his fellowmen or rough, Rembrandt had seen his own goal and reached it. At the dawn of modern art, he had given proof and earnest of faculties in the modern spirit which have not again found equally potent utterance. By his treatment of light and shade, he had conquered for painting a new kingdom in the world of visible facts and of their poetry. By his treatment of action and expression he had conquered for it a new kingdom in the world of human character and life. And yet his system of light and shade is too strange, and his version of human existence too devoid of beauty, for us to regard him as having solved any of the problems of modern art for good. One possible solution, indeed, he has offered, and such is the force of genius that in his own works we find ourselves not only impressed but satisfied with it. But in the work of others whom he immediately inspired we find the same solution deeply unsatisfying. Several of the painters of Rembrandt's pleiad may approach him, as portrait painters, in force and glow; one or two, Eeckhout or Fabritius, for instance, may occasionally catch some of the pathos and intensity of their master in religious scenes. But as a rule we are chiefly struck, in the works of this group, by what is forced in their chiaroscuro, by what is cold and strained in their action, by what is vulgar in their types and fantastic in their costumes. The truth is, that the achievement of Rembrandt must rather be regarded as a great experiment than as a great example. From him, we accept what he chooses to give; but we cannot accept from others, or for good, painting in which daylight is sacrificed to chiaroscuro, and beauty to character and pathos. Neither can we allow that the art of Rembrandt, as some allege, is the only Christian art worth the name. Nay, if it is the business of religious painting to make the objects of adoration adorable, surely the masters of the old tradition were right to do this by investing them with beauty and majesty. Shapes of bodily perfection, countenances of power and charm, raiment of splendour, paradisal skies and flowers—these visible prerogatives are the highest which it is in the power of painting to dispense; and to dispense them is in the power of painting only. Rembrandt lived among a people that knew not beauty nor majesty, and in an age when the power of the old tradition had gone irretrievably by. It is his glory that he knew how to move, how to impress, by the exhibition of the aspects of physical gloom and spiritual abasement, almost as much as those others by the exhibition of the aspects of physical radiance and spiritual exaltation. But his achievement is no reason for making light of theirs. His work, in religious art as in other things, is in the nature of an alternative and an experiment—an alternative of genuine value—an experiment of the deepest interest; and it is his glory to have added a new and most striking chapter to that inexhaustible history, the history of human ideals.

Art. VII.—*The Scotts of Buccleuch.* By William Fraser. Privately printed. 2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh: 1879.

At the conclusion of an article recently published in this Journal, on the 'Memorials and Charters of the Lennox,' edited by Mr. Wm. Fraser, we mentioned that a similar work was known to be in preparation by the same accomplished archæologist on the illustrious Border family of Scott, and more especially on that branch of it which is worthily represented by the Duke of Buccleuch. This valuable and interesting book has now seen the light of day, under the same cautious restrictions as to publication as its predecessors in this noble series of family histories. Few are the copies in existence, and favoured are the lovers of rare books who can boast of this addition to their libraries; for no care and no expense have been spared in the production of these dual volumes, in which, as has been said, 'a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin.' But fortunately one of these copies has come by lawful means into our possession, and we are enabled, without any breach of trust, to place before our readers some of the most attractive portions of its contents, which they might possibly search for in vain elsewhere.

The Scotts are, as is well known, a Border family of antiquity and distinction, which has risen in the last two centuries to a very high position in rank and wealth in Scotland. But they cannot claim a place amongst the great historical nobility of this

kingdom in the times preceding the union of the crowne, such as that of the Hamiltons, Douglases, Campbelle, or Lennoxee; nor can they take rank in point of antiqnity above the Highland clans of Mackenzie, Fraser, and Macleod. It was not till 1606 that the Laird of Buccleuch was raised to the rank of a baron; and amongst the Scotts the branch of Buccleuch is junior to the Scotts of Harden, and possibly to the Scotts of Ancrum and Balwearie, bnt these last are Fifeshire Scotts, whose residence on the Border is of more recent date.

The name was probably originally no more than a designation of nationality, though it occurs as far back as in a charter of William the Lion granted in the twelfth century. In like manner 'Inglis' denotes an English origin, and there were Irelands of that 'ilk' living in the barony of Wilton and the shire of Roxburgh at the same time, representing within a short distance the three national appellations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Bnt that which stamps the race with imperishable greatness, far above the distinctions of rank and the achievements of statesmen and warriors, is the existence of a descendant who in our own times has made the name of Walter Scott famous in literature. That name has been borne with honor from generation to generation. It was a 'Walterus Scotus' who held the lande of Allardyce from William the Lion under the charter just alluded to. It was a Sir Walter Scott who, as Knight of Buccleuch, succeeded to the estates of the family during the first half of the sixteenth century, fought at Flodden and at Pinkie, and fell by the dagger of the Kerrs in 1552. It was a Sir Walter Scott who was created Lord Scott of Buccleuch in 1606. It was a Captain Walter Scott, of Satchells, who, although he was only

> 'An old soldier and no scholar,
> And one that can write nane
> But just the letters of his name,'

contrived to leave behind him a metrical history of the family, published in 1688.* The apprentice handiwork of the most illustrious man who ever bore the name, was a pedigree of the family of Scott of Buccleuch, including the branches of Sinton, Harden, Raeburn, and Scottstarvit, drawn out by the author of 'Waverley' himself when a very young man. This holograph is now an heirloom in the family of Harden; it measures 3 feet by 4½ feet, and contains a complete record of the race. Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford was himself a cadet of the Scotts of Raeburn, who were cadets of the Scotts of Sinton and Harden. The Harden branch (now represented by Lord Polwarth) separated from the branch of Murthockston and Buccleuch in 1346. The kinsmanship of the two branches is therefore very remote.

Bnt the poet of the nineteenth century did far more for the annals and the fame of his forefathers than to frame their pedigree. His genius threw over them that light that never dies; and the peculiar charm and merit of these volumes is that they take us to those homes and haunts of the Scotts which are already familiarly known to the whole world in many of the best loved pages of poetry and fiction. It was from Branxholm Tower to Melrose that William of Deloraine rode in search of the mystic volume of Michel Scott, across the country from Teviot to Tweed, teeming with recollections of the Scotts, and associated with none more than with Sir Walter himself. The whole scene and circumstances of the 'Lay'—the feud between Scotts and Kerrs, the abduction of the young heir of Buccleuch by the goblin page, the gathering of the Border clans—'Mount, mount for Branksome, every man'—the advance of the English wardens, and the mortal combat of Musgrave and Cranstoun, all centre round this old castle of the Buccleuch. There is scarcely a line in the 'Lay' which is not illustrated by these memorials: scarcely a page in this book which does not derive fresh interest from the poem. It was in Newark-on-Yarrow that the Last Minstrel sang that Lay to the last representative of the original line of Buccleuch, the illustrious widow who,

> 'In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!'

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch was ap-

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* Sir Walter received from Constable in 1818 a copy of the first edition of Satchells' 'True History of several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable Name of Scott,' now extremely rare. He read aloud the jingling dedication addressed to his own great-grandfather, which concludes with a broad hint that, as the author lacked *broad pieces*, his more fortunate kinsman might bestow on him, like Jason of old, a share of his *fleeces*. On this, Sir Walter wrote the following lines on the blank page of the volume:

'I, Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, a poor scholar,
no soldier, but a soldier's lover,
In the style of my namesake and kinsman do
hereby discover
That I have written the twenty-four letters
twenty-four million times over,
And to every true Scott do wish as many golden
pieces
As ever were hairs in Jason's and Medea's golden fleeces.'

pointed, in 1519, bailie of all the lands of Melrose, 'in consideration of divers diligent labours and travails which he and his kin and friends had undergone for the good of the Abbey.' These lands (principally in Eskdale) had been granted to the monks in the twelfth century by the munificence of the great family of Avenel. Two beautiful specimens of their charters are presented to us in fac-simile by Mr. Fraser, dating from 1180. Thus we are brought to the source which inspired the author of the 'Monastery' with the mystic apparition of the White Lady of Avenel and the fierce feudalism of Julian Avenel. And when the future author of 'Waverley' started, in 1801, in company with the Ettrick Shepherd, to explore the Bucks Cleugh and to search for the tombs of his ancestors in the kirk in the forest of Rankilburn, an incident occurred which doubtless suggested one of the most amusing of the antiquarian adventures of the inimitable Monkbarns, when he was led by his enthusiasm to find a Prætorium and a monument of Agricola at the Kaim of Kinprunes.

'"We found," says Hogg, "no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and churchyard, and a mill and mill-dam, where corn never grew; but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says:

"Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist."

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country that there was a font-stone of blue marble, out of which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptised, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot where the altar was known to have been, dug out to the foundation, we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a-turning over some loose stones, to see if the font were not concealed there, when we came to one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott's eye brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pot that some o' the farmers hae been huisting their sheep out o' i' the auld kirk lang syne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying that we had just ridden all the way to see that there was nothing to *be* seen.'

The cradle of the Scotts of Buccleuch was not at Buccleuch, in the county of Selkirk, but at Scotstonn and Kirkurd, in the county of Peebles. But Buccleuch and Murthockston were acquired by them at a very early date; and the latter estate was exchanged in 1446 for the Castle of Branxholm, near Hawick, which thenceforth became their principal residence. There was, however, an ancient fortalice or mansion in the 'Bucks Cleugh,' a deep ravine in Selkirkshire, on a rising ground, at the junction of the Rankilburn and the Buccleuch burn. The site is now occupied by a farmhouse. The word *cleugh*, which means a fissure in a cliff, is of common occurrence in the south country names of Scotland; and the prefix *Bucks* was appropriate to the ground afterwards erected by King Alexander II. into the royal forest of Ettrick for the purposes of the chase. Hence came the title which is now so familiar to Scottish ears and to the world. But this moorland tenement bore even in bygone days but a small proportion to the wide and widely increasing possessions of the family. There was, indeed, a mill on the Buccleuch burn; but Satchells tells us it was used

'To grind dog's bran, though there grew no corn.
All the corn I have seen here in a year
Was scarce the sowing of six firlots of bear;
And for neighbours to come with good will,
There was no corn to grind into that mill.'

From these small beginnings the lands of the family rapidly extended by royal grants and exchanges, until they grew in modern times into one of the largest territorial possessions in the kingdom. Thus the lands of Bellenden were acquired in 1415 by the Laird of Rankilburn in exchange for lands from the Abbot of Melrose; and Bellenden became the gathering-spot of the clan, when preparing for battles or Border raids:

'From Yarrowcleugh and Headshaw came,
From Woodhouselie to Chester glen,
Trooped man and horse, and bow and spear,
Their gathering word was Bellenden.'

The Bellenden banner is still preserved amongst the trophies of the Buccleuch family. It bears two stars and crescents with the stag trippant on a field azure, and was probably carried at the funeral of Earl Walter in 1634. This is the standard which was 'lifted' in the poetical contest between Sir Walter and the Ettrick Shepherd in 1815, and inspired the former with the well-known song:

'When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her *crescent* he paused and withdrew,

For around it were marshalled the pride of the Border,
The flowers of the forest, the bands of Buccleuch.
Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more,
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.'

Branxholm was fully acquired in 1446, and raised into a barony in 1463 by King James III., as a recompense for the loyal services of the then Sir Walter Scott at Arkinholme, and to this were added many other domains, and the governorship of Hermitage Castle. The proper country of the Scotts lay between the rivers Teviot and Yarrow. On the Ale Water, above Riddell, the centre of their domain in Ettrick, and on Borthwick Water, the land was chiefly owned by them, and they had also great part of upper Teviotdale. By the expulsion of the Maxwells from Eskdale, and of the Beatties from Ewesdale, they acquired lands in those districts, and on the forfeiture of Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, they purchased from the Earl of Lennox large tracts in Liddesdale. The Tower of Langholm, acquired by the first Earl of Buccleuch from the Earl of Nithsdale, brought them still nearer to the Border, and within a march of bonnie Carlisle. Thus the Scotts of Buccleuch became, before the close of the sixteenth century, the largest landed proprietors and the most powerful family on the Border. To these possessions have since been added the estates of the dukedom of Queensberry, but with them we are not concerned on the present occasion.

These Border families could hardly be compared in rank with the great Highland clans, whose chiefs were frequently allied to royalty, who were themselves sovereign in their wild domains, and who were incessantly engaged both with the Crown and amongst themselves in savage contests for supreme political power. But the Borderers were an equally warlike and intrepid race. It was a land, says Sir Walter in his Introduction to the 'Monastery,' where the horses remained almost constantly saddled —where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and feverish truces. Feuds raged between the Scotts and the Kerrs, the Armstrongs and the Elliots, with almost as much intensity as the internecine warfare north of the Highland line. And to these causes of bloodshed was added a more constant and formidable source of danger and of strife. The Border families were the nearest neighbours of England. Even in the intervals of what was called peace, raids and forays were frequent into the adjacent counties of Northumberland and Cumberland; cattle were lifted, deer were stolen, men-at-arms were slain, and the English were not slow to resent and repay the incursions of their turbulent neighbours. Scarcely a hamlet or a tower from Solway to Tweed had not been ravaged by English armies, and the ruins of the great abbeys of the Border bear witness to this day of the savage dealings of the enemy. The defence of the marches, and a state of preparation for war with a power *nimium vicina Cremonæ*, were therefore the first duties and interests of the Border families. To them patriotism, which was too often forgotten in the feuds and intrigues of the northern earls, meant protection and safety, or at least revenge; and their loyalty to the Crown was strengthened by their obligation to defend the frontier of the country. By them, therefore, the national spirit of Scotland was most vigorously kept alive, and they were less prone than their northern countrymen to mix themselves with intrigues in the courts of England and of France.

Amongst these loyal families of the Border the Scotts of Buccleuch were conspicuous. In spite of a matrimonial connexion with the great house of Douglas (for about 1472 David Scott had married Lady Jane, a daughter of Archibald Bell-the-Cat, Earl of Angus), the Buccleuch remained faithful to King James III. and to his son, and their fidelity was not unrewarded. The same devotion to the Crown and to the Regent Albany marked the long career of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, who flourished from 1504 to 1552. Like others in those troubled times, this doughty knight found himself alternately the friend and the enemy of the House of Douglas; but he remained attached to the person of the sovereign. This occasioned one of the most memorable passages in his history:

'In the year 1526 King James went to Jedburgh to hold a justiciary court. The court having met, many complaints of reiff, slaughter, and oppression were made. It is alleged that so corrupt was the administration of justice that without bribes little justice could be obtained, and that many of the kin, friends, and servants of the Earl of Angus, who, with the rest of the Douglases, ruled as they pleased, had sentences unjustly passed in their favour, to the dissatisfaction of the King and the other lords, who desired justice to be impartially administered. Impatient of their assumption and arbitrary exercise of power, the King, by a secret letter, written with his own hand, to Sir Walter Scott, be-

sought him to come with his kin and friends and all the forces he could muster to Melrose, in order to intercept his Majesty returning to Edinburgh, and emancipate him from the power of the Douglases. This letter the King sent secretly by one of his own servants. Delighted in being honoured with such a commission from his sovereign, and intent upon its execution, Sir Walter Scott assembled all his kin and friends, and whomsoever he could prevail upon to join him, to the number of six hundred spears of Liddesdale and Annandale, and rode with them to Melrose, where the King was to spend his night on his way to Edinburgh.

'Soon after Lord Home and the Lairds of Cessford and Fernihurst had taken leave of the King, Buccleuch with his company appeared in sight in battle array, and boldly advanced to attempt the liberation of the King from the control of Angus. But the latter and his friends, on discovering that it was Buccleuch and his followers, advanced to fight them. "Sir," said the Earl of Angus to the King, "yon is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your grace from the gate. I avow to God they shall either fight or flee; and ye shall tarry here on this knowe, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass yon thieves off the ground, and red the gate unto your grace, or else die for it." The King, as desired, remained where he was, attended by George Douglas, the Earl of Lennox, Lord Erskine, and other lords. But all the others marched with the Earl of Angus against Buccleuch, who encountered them in a field near Melrose. The victory at first was uncertain, but Lord Home, having heard how matters stood, returned with haste to the King, accompanied with the Lairds of Cessford and Fernihurst, with fourscore spears, and made so vigorous an attack on the lap and wing of Buccleuch's men, that Buccleuch and his friends were repulsed and fled. They were furiously pursued, especially by the Lairds of Fernihurst and Cessford; but when, at the foot of a path, the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by one Eliot, a servant to Buccleuch, the pursuit ceased. Buccleuch lost eighty of his men. This conflict took place on July 25, 1526, at Darnwick on the Tweed, at the bridge above Melrose.'

The scene described is precisely that referred to in the 'Lay' as—

'That unhallowed morn arose
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
Where royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day,
Where Home and Douglas, in his van,
Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood clear
Reeked on dark Eliot's Border spear.'

And the reader will remember that the interest of this poem centres in the mutual passion of the Scottish Capulet and Montagu of these rival houses, which met in arms upon that day.

The defeat of Buccleuch was the triumph of Angus, and the unhappy slaughter of Kerr of Cessford gave rise to a mortal feud with the Kerrs, who avenged the death of their chief twenty-seven years later by assassinating Sir Walter Scott in the streets of Edinburgh. This was the crime deplored by the 'Last Minstrel' in the touching lines:

'Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell.
When startled laymen fled afar
The furies of the Border war,
When the streets of high Dunedin
Saw lances gleam and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell,
Then the chief of Branksome fell.
While Cessford owns the rule of Ker,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot.' *

Soon afterwards, however, the King escaped from duress, Angus fled to England, and Scott was triumphantly vindicated and raised to posts of honour and distinction by James V. When the English invaded Scotland in 1544, Buccleuch was one of the most strenuous opponents of the policy and pretensions of Henry VIII.; he took an active part in the battle of Ancrum Moor, in which the invaders were signally defeated; and he was engaged with various success in the contests and adventures of that eventful time which Mr. Fraser has retraced with a faithful and discriminating pen.

In fact, these volumes are a mine of Border anecdote and adventure, and we regret that our limits compel us to leave the larger portion of it untouched. But the story of Kinmount Willie, the hero of the well-known ballad of that name in the Border Minstrelsy, is so curious, and had such important political consequences, that we must be allowed to tell it again.† The State Papers of Elizabeth, recently published, have enabled Mr. Fraser to complete the narrative from authentic sources.

The men of Liddesdale were the most turbulent of the Border clans, and the Arm-

* This feud had in truth begun much earlier than the bard supposed, and has proved much less mortal, for numerous marriages between Scotts and Kerrs, the descendants of the victims, have riveted, from that day to this, the relations of good neighbourhood between them. Let us hope the battle of Melrose is forgotten. The present representative of Kerr of Cessford is the Duke of Roxburgh. Fernihurst belongs to the Marquis of Lothian.

† The ballad of 'Kinmount Willie' is also published in Mr. Aytoun's 'Ballads of Scotland,' vol. i. p. 96.

strongs were the most turbulent of the men of Liddesdale. Magnus in 1529 informed Wolsey that 'the Armstrongs of Liddesdail reported presumptuously that they would not be ordered neither by the King of Scots, their sovereign lord, nor by the King of England, but after such manner as their fathers were used before them'—that is, they plundered indiscriminately from friend and foe. Willie Armstrong, of Kinmount, was one of the most daring and dreaded freebooters of this redoubtable race.

A day of truce was held in the year 1596, at which Thomas Salkeld attended on behalf of the English warden, Lord Scrope, and Robert Scott, of Haining, for Walter, first Lord of Buccleuch, then Keeper of Liddesdale. Willie of Kinmount accompanied the Scottish warden. The meeting was peaceful; but as Willie was riding home in the evening, some English men-at-arms pursued him along the north bank of the Liddell, crossed the stream, and, having captured him on Scottish ground, carried him off to the castle at Carlisle. For this breach of the truce and of the Border laws Buccleuch claimed immediate redress. Scrope replied that he could not give up so great a malefactor without the authority of Queen Elizabeth and her council. The negotiations having failed, Buccleuch resolved to liberate his prisoner by a surprise of Carlisle Castle.

'This was a bold resolution on the part of Buccleuch, as the castle of Carlisle was well fortified and strongly garrisoned, in the midst of a populous and hostile city, and commanded by Lord Scrope, the English Warden of the West Marches, a brave and accomplished soldier. Buccleuch, however, took his measures with great skill and secrecy. He sent trustworthy men to survey and measure the height of the walls, and to examine a postern gate, which it was thought would be a good point of attack. Of the men of his own clan, he proposed, as we are informed by Satchells, to take with him, not the chief men, but the younger brothers and sons, to provide against a possible forfeiture. With Scott of Harden and Commonside, Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and a limited number of selected men of his own clan, Buccleuch set out for the appointed rendezvous at the Town of Morton, the stronghold of Kinmont, on the water of Sark, in the Debateable Land, and ten miles distant from Carlisle. There he met the sons of Will Armstrong, with their retainers and others of the clan, who had come to assist in the rescue of their kinsmen. Having caused scaling ladders to be prepared, and such necessary tools as would be requisite for breaking through the walls and forcing the gate, they prepared to set out on their enterprise.

'The party numbered eighty well-armed horsemen, with whom Buccleuch marched forward, entering English ground within six miles of Carlisle, and passing the water of Esk at the fall of night. A few horsemen were sent forward as scouts, followed by an advanced guard and the storming party with the scaling ladders, the whole brought up by Buccleuch, and the remainder of the expedition in rear. Advancing in this order, they passed the river Eden, then swollen through the rains, about two hours before daybreak, and near Carlisle bridge. On arriving at this point the storming party was ordered forward, but on applying their ladders to the wall they found, to their great mortification, that they were too short to enable them to reach the top of it. Making a breach through the wall near the postern gate, a small number of them were enabled to pass singly into the outer court, Buccleuch himself being one of the first to enter. The postern being then broken open, the remainder of the storming party entered, and quickly became masters of that portion of the castle. . . . The storming party made their way to the cell of the prisoner. And here no time was lost. Buccleuch had provided himself with information as to the exact position of Kinmont, and having amongst his followers men who were well acquainted with the interior of the castle, they soon found the prison in which Armstrong was confined, and, having broken it open, carried him forth in their arms. Some other prisoners were brought out, but they were immediately returned by the orders of Buccleuch, who also strictly prevented any depredations from being committed. He had issued strict commands to do nothing, so far as it could be prevented, that could give the least cause of offence either to King James or Queen Elizabeth. . . . Whilst being carried beneath the Warden's windows, Kinmont is said to have shouted a "good night" to his lordship, promising to pay him for his lodgings when first they should meet on the Border.

'The enterprise having been completely successful, and the day having now broken, Buccleuch hastened to collect together his followers and marched to the river, where, as the alarm had now spread, a number of men had collected on the other side of the ford. He ordered his trumpets to sound, and advanced with his whole force; but his opponents did not wait to give him the opportunity of attacking them, and left the passage of the river free. Having crossed the river, he advanced with his company through the territory of the Grahames of Esk and Levin, and arrived on the Scots border about two hours after sunrise.

'In swimming his horse through the flooded Eden, Kinmont complained of the weight of his irons, remarking that he had never crossed it with such heavy spurs. Buccleuch did not judge it prudent to seek for a smith on English ground, but after crossing the Border Kinmont was soon relieved of his fetters.'

This exploit was hailed with enthusiasm by the Scots; but Queen Elizabeth was so

incensed by what she regarded as a heinous outrage, that the peace then subsisting between the two Crowns was in danger. The English ambassador Bowes imperatively demanded that Buccleuch should be given up. King James replied that after all Kinmont had only been liberated from an unlawful arrest. Buccleuch himself was heard before the Council, when he pointed out that he had not invaded England with any hostile intention, or assailed the Castle of Carlisle with intent to take it; and that the first wrong was done by the officers of England to himself, as a known officer of Scotland, by the breaking the assurance of a day of truce, and the taking a prisoner in warlike manner, within Scotland, to the dishonour of the King and of his realm. The Privy Council declared that there was no breach of treaty, and refused to surrender Buccleuch. The decision was conveyed by James to Elizabeth in a letter under his own hand, beginning:

'Madame and dearest Sister,—In respect of the harde impression that ye have conceived concerning Bukeleuchis late attempt at Carlisle, I have taikin occasion by these fewe lynis to pray you most hairtelie to consider aricht and take in good pairt my answere therein.'

But Elizabeth was inexorable, and determined to stop the yearly payment granted to King James in respect of the lands in England he had derived from the Lennox, until redress should be obtained. To the letter she replied under her own hand:

'My dear Brother,—I am to speake with what argument my letters should be fraught, since such theames be given me as I am lothe to find and am slow to recyte, yet since I needs must treat of and unwillingly receave, I cannot omitt to sett afore you a rare example of a seduced king by evill information. . . . Shall any castle or habytacle of myne be assailed by a night largin, and shall not my confederate send the offender to his due punisher? Shall a friende stycke at that demaunde he ought rather to prevent? The law of kingly love would have sayd nay,' &c.

The Scots still refused to deliver up Buccleuch, and were even, it seems, ready to risk a war with England rather than submit. A proposal was made to refer the matter to commissioners; but whilst this was pending, Buccleuch destroyed his own case by making another inroad into England, and carrying off spoil and prisoners. After this there was no possibility of refusing to surrender him. He was accordingly given up at Berwick, choosing Sir Robert Carey, Deputy-Warden of the East Marches, as his guardian. He was well received in England, and being a comely man and a brave one, he took the fancy of the Queen. She asked him 'how he dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous.' 'What is it,' he replied, 'a man dare not do?' Elizabeth turned to a lord in waiting and remarked, 'With ten thousand such men our brother in Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe.' So, says Satchells:

'She passed from all her former wrong,
By reason Buccleuch was a valiant man.'

The Border raids, properly so called, ceased with the accession of James to the English crown. Severe measures were taken to crush the freebooters or Border thieves, who retained their old habits. Large numbers of them were transported. Each parish was ordered to provide a sleuth-hound to pursue these marauders, and the Keeper of Liddesdale succeeded for a time in pacifying the district. For these services in 1606 Sir Walter Scott was created a Lord Baron of the Parliament of Scotland, with the title of Lord Scott of Buccleuch. The Border disturbances did not altogether cease for another century; but they assumed the character of private crimes, and were gradually put down by the law. Lord Scott of Buccleuch transferred his valour to a nobler field. Having raised a corps of stalwart Borderers, he took service under Maurice of Nassau, and served in the last campaign of the war between Spain and the United Provinces, whence he returned shortly before his death in 1611.

His son, who lived in great state and affluence at Branxholm, married Lady Mary Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol, and was raised to the dignity of an earl by King James in 1619, in remembrance of the famous actions and good and thankful services of his father. This first Earl died in 1633, having also served with some distinction in the Netherlands, as was much the fashion of the time amongst the Scotch who were ardently devoted to the Protestant cause.

Francis Scott, the second Earl of Buccleuch, was doomed to lead a short and stormy life. He succeeded his father when he was but seven years old, and he died within four years after he had attained his majority; but those years, from 1633 to 1651, were perilous times to the great nobles of Scotland, who were divided alike by the struggles of the Commonwealth and the struggles of the Kirk. At the age of twenty he was married by his guardians to Lady Margaret Leslie, second daughter of the Earl of Rothes, who was already the widow of the first Earl of Leven. This lady, the

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wife of many husbands, plays a great part in the romantic history of her daughters. She bore four children in marriage to Earl Francis; a son who died in infancy, and three daughters, Mary, Margaret, and Anne, to whom we shall presently direct the attention of the reader, for they are the most interesting personages in this eventful history.

Earl Francis took a part at a very early age in public affairs. At fourteen he sat among the nobles of Scotland, at the close of the famous Parliament which continued for 1639 to 1641. He participated actively in the great contest which was then beginning. At seventeen he was appointed colonel of foot within the sheriffdoms of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and he was a member of the Commission of Estates for the organisation of the forces of Scotland. He advanced with the Scottish army into England, and contributed to the military chest; but at this time he was acting with the Covenanters,* and against the Duke of Hamilton, who raised forces to rescue the King, which were defeated by Cromwell at Preston. The execution of Charles I. immediately decided the Scottish Parliament to proclaim Charles II.; Buccleuch was one of the commissioners named to congratulate the young King on his happy arrival in his northern kingdom; he superintended the new levies raised north of the Forth after the battle of Dunbar. When Monk besieged Dundee in 1651, he retreated to Aberdeen, and so escaped the fate of his colleagues of the Committee of Estates, who were taken prisoners by Monk. Buccleuch remained at Aberdeen, whence unavailing letters were sent out to rally the scattered friends of the royal cause. One of these letters has recently been discovered, addressed to the Earl of Wemyss, urging him, 'as you wisch religionne to be preserved, or this kingdom to be keeped from being totallie overrune be a handful of bloodie traitors,' to repair to Strathbogie to consult for government of the affairs of the kingdom, that 'we may joyne for the preservation of all that is deire or neire to us in thiss day of trouble.' It bears the signature of Buccleuch at the head of the list of names; the others are less illustrious. But in truth Buccleuch had imprudently signed the paper in blank, and left it in the hands of Sir Archibald Primrose, trusting to his discretion and fidelity. Sir Archibald himself did not sign the document at all. However this may be, the paper seems to have fallen into the hands of Cromwell, who was exasperated by it, and this circumstance led him to impose a fine of 15,000*l.* on the Earl's daughter, which was 5,000*l.* more than was demanded of anyone else. The fine was, however, eventually reduced to 6,000*l.* on its being shown that the Earl never knew the contents of the letter.

Amongst other public duties a commission was granted to this Earl of Buccleuch in 1650 for the burning of witches in the parish of Eckford. An instrument called the 'branks' was sometimes placed over the head to stifle the cries of the victim; and one of these curious relics of barbarism is still preserved at Dalkeith; it was discovered in the foundations of the old church at Glenbervie, which has been rebuilt by the present Duke.

Earl Francis died in 1651, when barely twenty-five, having made a will, or rather bond of tailzie, shortly before, by which he settled his estates (in default of heirs male) on the eldest heir female of his body, whom failing on Lady Jean Scott, his sister, afterwards Countess of Tweeddale, and the heirs male and female of her body. In him ended the direct male line of the House of Buccleuch. It is remarkable to how few heirs and offsets it had given birth in a long course of years. For a hundred and forty years, from 1470 to 1611, the Buccleuch estates had always been inherited by minors. In many instances the sons died before their fathers, and the title passed to grandchildren. The valiant Walter, first Lord of Buccleuch, had but one son. The first Earl had two sons, of whom the younger, David Scott of Cannobie, appears to have been killed in 1648 in war. Lady Jean Scott, who married Lord Tweeddale, had a numerous progeny, and her descendants still reign at Yester. But of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, nothing remained but two feeble and apparently scrofulous little girls, born but a short time before their young father's death. Their history is, however, the most remarkable portion of this narrative, for the youngest of the family, born in 1651, became Duchess of Buccleuch and wife of Monmouth, and only died in 1732 at the mature age of eighty-one years. We do not remember to have met with a more

* There is a curious letter of Charles I. to the tutors of the young Earl, written in 1639, when he was only twelve years old, in which the King says: 'Having heard that the Earl of Buccleugh had been induced to adhere to the courses of the Covenanters, which much displeased us, we are now well satisfied to know the contrairie,' &c. He undoubtedly was with the Scots army when Newcastle was stormed and taken. After his death, when great efforts were made to reduce the fine laid on his estates by the Protector, it was alleged that his services to the Covenanters were somewhat exaggerated, and that he never intended to serve against the King.

striking example of the truth of Mr. Francis Galton's acute observation, that the occurrence of heiresses or solitary offspring of great families usually indicates the physical exhaustion and decay of the races from which they spring. Thus the 'bold Buccleuch' had sunk from a valiant leader of moss-troopers and men-at-arms to the level of a couple of female infants of precarious lives and an uncertain destiny, in singular contrast to their prodigious fortunes. It must, however, be said that since the second creation by Charles II. the title has descended in the direct male line, and the heads of the house of Buccleuch have been remarkable for their longevity.

The cast of parts in this tragi-comedy is curious and eminently dramatic; but if there were some comic elements in the piece, the tragic vein preponderated over them. Two infants, as we have said, are the heroines of the story; the Lady Mary Scott, born in 1647, who was four years old when she succeeded on her father's death to his titles and estates, and became Countess of Buccleuch; and the Lady Anna Scott, born during her parent's flight to Dundee in February 1651, who was therefore only ten months old when Earl Francis expired. A third daughter, the Lady Margaret, need not be mentioned, as she died before she had completed her second year. The first care of their intriguing and enterprising mother, Margaret Leslie, Countess Dowager of Buccleuch, was to marry again. This she did by allying herself to the Earl of Wemyss, who like herself had been twice previously married. She only stipulated in letters written on black-edged paper, which are still in existence at Wemyss Castle, that 'ther may be no visit nor leter till the end of the ninth month;' and, in fact, the wedding took place a short time afterwards. The early years of the Countess Mary and her sister were spent in the old castle of Dalkeith; but this estate was soon afterwards sequestrated and occupied by English commissioners, appointed by the Commonwealth under the erroneous impression that Dalkeith had belonged to Charles I. General Monk continued to reside there until just before the Restoration, and indeed the plan of his march to London was arranged in one of the rooms of this castle. The children then removed to Sheriffhall, and subsequently to the residence of their mother upon her second marriage at Wemyss in Fife.

Next in relationship to these children was their aunt, the Countess of Tweeddale, whose husband had been excluded from the guardianship of the heiresses by reason of his proximate interest in their estates, and who viewed with a jealous eye the proceedings of their mother and of the tutors of the estates of Buccleuch. The grand object of Lord Tweeddale was to effect a union of the actual and the contingent interest in the Buccleuch estates by marrying the young heiress to one of his own sons. With this view he took an active and not unsuccessful part in obtaining from the Protector a remission of the heavy fine levied on the infant in 1654 by what was termed the Act of Pardon and Grace. But he left no stone unturned to wrest the guardianship of the children from their mother and Gideon Scott of Highchester, who had been appointed by the late Earl. Lady Wemyss (as we must now call her) represented to the Protector that 'a strong endeavour hath been made by the Earl of Tweiddaile att a late meeting of the tutors in Edinburgh, to remove her two daughters forthwith from her for the future, he being none of that number, and that for certaine ends of his own, his son being the next heir male of that family.' To this petition Cromwell replied by the following letter to the tutors:

'White Hall, the 17th of November, 1654.

'Gentlemen,—Having received the inclosed peticion from the Countesse of Wemyss concerning her two daughters, heires to her late husband the Earle of Buccleiughe, that the educacion of them may be intrusted and continued to her vntill they atteyne vnto the age of eleaven or twelue yeares respectively, which seemes to vs to be very reasonable, her Ladyship's relacion to those heires being such as none can be presumed to be more fitt and meete for that trust, nor that wilbe more carefull in the mannagement thereof; and therefore we cannot but recommend the same to your consideracion, and rest

'Your loveing Freind,
'OLIVER, P.'

This decision of the Protector was accepted and confirmed by the tutors, and the designs of Lord Tweeddale were, for the time, defeated.

But the marriage of the young Countess was the object of intrigues quite as reprehensible on the part of her mother, and of her confidant, Gideon Scott of Highchester. Their scheme was to marry the child, as soon as possible, to a son of Highchester who was then in his fifteenth year, and so to get possession of the property pending the minority of the bride. Several other matrimonial proposals were afloat, but these were set aside. The boy was taken to Wemyss on his way to the College at St. Andrew's, and seems to have won the affections of the young lady, who was already in bad health, having 'beine often subject

to seiknes some yeires past and having a running sore in her arm yet nnder cure.' Lord Wemyss and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobbs obtained from the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy a dispensation of public hanns 'becanse of some necessary exigence' asserted by them; and on February 9, 1659, the marriage was solemnised in the parish chnrch of Wemyss by the minister, the bride being a minor little over eleven years of age, and the bridegroom barely fourteen. No sooner was the fact known than the opposing tutors took measures to set aside the marriage. The young Countess was brought to Edinburgh, and being privately interrogated by the judges declared her own free choice of her hushand, avowed the consummation of the marriage, and affirmed her resolution of adhering thereto. The Presbytery of Kirkcaldy was attacked for having granted a dispensation of banns, though this was held by the Synod of Fife not to be contrary to any known Act of the Kirk; but the commissary, Sir John Nisbet of Dirlston, a famous lawyer, dissolved the marriage on April 20 on the ground that the Countess of Bucclench was a pupil within the age of twelve years, which made it void in law. Previous to this decision, on February 26, fifteen days after the marriage, the Commissioners of Public Affairs of Scotland, acting for Richard Cromwell, then Protector, had seqnestrated the person of the yonng Conntess and placed her in charge of Lady Lorne, bnt she was afterwards removed, at the desire of Lady Wemyss, to Dalkeith, and transferred to the custody of General Monk. Lady Wemyss was already acting as the medium of communication between Monk and the party who were concerting measures for the restoration of Charles II., so that she carried on simultaneously the matrimonial and the political intrignes centering at Dalkeith, and Monk himself was very mnch in her power.

During her solitary residence at Dalkeith the young Conntess continned to write in the most affectionate terms to her husband. On the very day of the sequestration she wrote:

'Edin. 26 Feb.

'Dier Heart,—I am in very good health, and sell be most glead always to hier the sam from yon. Be assored all the aloorments in the world sall never chang me from being

'Your most afectionat

'Marie Buccleuch.'

Her letters, which Mr. Fraser has pnblished, were sealed with a heart snrmounted hy a coronet, two roses on a single stem over two hands clasped, with the motto, '*Thus crowned, we flourish.* Nor was personal access denied; her hnshand frequently visited her. The end may easily be foreseen. On Angust 31, 1659, the Countess completed her twelfth year, and on September 2, in presence of General Monk and others, the parties ratified and declared their marriage *per verba de presenti*, which thus became entirely valid.

The intrigues by which the Earl of Rothes, Lady Wemyss' brother, obtained the gift of ward and marriage over the children, are related with great legal particularity by Mr. Fraser, hut they wonld not interest onr readers. Mere toneling is the aceonnt of the young bride's deplorable health. The malady in her arm still remained uncured. In April 1660 a consultation of ten physicians and chyrurgeons was held, who reported that the disease was of a 'heterogeneons natnre, viz., pituite and sharp serosities flowing from the nnequale distemper of the bones in their contrarie action.' It was the age of Molière, but it was also the age of faith! The patient was brought up to London with great difficulty to he 'touched' hy the king, who had just been restored to his throne, and in June 1660 she wrote:

'My dearest Hart,—I am in verie good healt, and my acrme looks verie weel: we thing the vertou of his Magstie tuch is lieck to cause the frash boon cast out the roton. Presnt my sarvise to my suit brothers and sisters and to all good frinds there.

'Your real

'Marie Buccleuch.'

'To the Earll of Buccleuch.

'To be left at Mistris Merry, at Edinburgh, Scotland.'

Charles II. did not recognise the title thns given to yonng Highchester in right of his wife, bnt on September 4 he created him Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras *for the days of his natural life.* In the great debate on life-peerages which took place some years ago, we do not remember that this (Scotch) precedent was cited; bnt the case is a remarkable one.

Meanwhile the health of the young Conntess continned to decline, and on March 11, 1661, she died at Wester Wemyss, at the age of little more than thirteen years and six months, the victim of her great inheritance and a very bad constitution. The last will and testament of this poor child was the snbject of as many and as scandalous intrigues as her marriage had been. In May 1660 she had made a will by which Highchester was appointed sole executor and universal legatee, with hequests of money to the Earls of Rothes, Wemyss,

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and Tweeddale. But five weeks before she died, on February 2, 1661, she signed a will of a totally different character, from which her husband was entirely exeluded, and the Earls of Rothes and Wemyss appointed sole executors and universal legatees. How this will was obtained will never be known; bnt the testatrix was in all hnt the last stage of weakness, and these dispositions were entirely eontrary to the known affection she bore her husband. Such an instrument naturally gave rise to fresh disputes and litigation. It threw the whole interest in the Buccleuch estates into the hands of Lady Wemyss' brother, but that intriguing lady herself derived little benefit from it, for Lord Rothes contrived to outwit her, as she had outwitted others. Lord Tarras never obtained even the advantages secured to him hy his marriage contract, and, having taken part in 1684 in the plots for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, he was tried for treason and condemned to be executed. The sentenee, however, was merely formal, and he was rehabilitated in his honours and lands by James II. in 1687. The Lords Polwarth, heads of the Scotts of Harden, are lineally descended from Lord Tarras hy his second marriage with Helen Hepburn of Humbie, who brought the estate of Humbie into that family.

This is Mr. Fraser's account of the matter. But we have reason to believe that the conspiracy in which Lord Tarras was implicated was Argyle's abortive expedition to the west of Seotland in 1685, and that he betrayed his associates in that enterprise, and merely saved his own life. James II. was not given to grant pardons to his enemies, except npon a valuable eonsideration. Lord Tarras subsequently acquired the lands of Minto in Roxburghshire, which he retained for a short time, hut he died in 1693, and these lands were sold, in 1703, to the Elliot family, who have continued to hold them to the present time.

The death of Mary, Countess of Buccleneh, left but one surviving child of the last Earl Francis, the Lady Anna Scott, who was ten years old when she succeeded to the rank and estates of her father and sister. Her life was, at least, a protracted one; she was destined to snrvive trials of no ordinary intensity; she lived in the reigns of six sovereigns, and the widow of Monmouth is immortalised alike hy history and by song. At Moor Park* and at Dalkeith she reigned like a princess; but she lived in England more than in Seotland, though she professed that her heart ever remained entirely Scottish. Her second marriage, to Lord Cornwallis, which took place three years after the execution of Monmouth, appears not to have affected her mode of life, and she retained for the greater part of a century a rare dignity, enhanced by the purity of her repntation and the vigor of her intellect. Grammont said of her that 'she possessed all those perfections in which the handsome Monmouth was so deficient.'

No sooner was her sister dead than the same intrigues for the marriage of the heiress of the Buccleneh began again. But Lady Wemyss was equal to the occasion. Mistrusting alike her brother, who had obtained the gift of ward and marriage of the Countess Anna, and most of the other tutors, she wrote at once to the King. Her letter is lost, hut its purport may he divined from the following answer, which is in the handwriting of Charles II. The original is at Wemyss castle.

'Madame,—I have receaved your letter of the 28th May, hy William Fleming, and am very sensihle of the affection which you shew to me in the offer you make eoncerning the Countess of Buccleuch, which I do accepte most willingly, and the rather for the relation she hath to you. I will in a shorte time send more particularly to you about settling that whole affaire, which I looke upon now as my own interest. In the meane while, I must thanke you again for it, and be most assured that I am, Madam,

'Your very affectionate frinde,

'CHARLES R.

'Whitehall, 4th June, 1661.

'For the Countess of Wemyss.'

Lady Wemyss replied six weeks later:

'Most Sacrad Soueraing,—I reseued your Majestie's most gratious letir, and hy the expressions thereof acount myself mor hapie then anie thing els in the world cowld have maid me. I sell wat for your Majestie's further comands conserning that perticular, as becometh,

'Dread Sonerain,

'Your Majestie's most devoted and humble Servant,

'MARGARET WEMYSS.

'Eleho, 25 July, 1661.

'For the King's most Sacred Majestie.'

And so it came to pass that the marriage of Anna, Countess of Buccleuch, to Monmouth was arranged, without, as Monmouth

* Moor Park, near Watford, now the seat of Lord Ebury, was her favourite residence. The house was rebuilt by a rich army contractor in the last century, but the oaks in the park still remain as they were planted two centuries ago, and the tradition is that the Duchess ordered them to be *pollarded* after Monmouth lost his head.

ever afterwards declared, the slightest reference to the parties concerned.' He maintained even on the scaffold that such a marriage of a boy of fourteen to an unknown child of twelve excused his passion for Lady Henrietta Wentworth and the irregularities of his life. But of such consequences neither Charles II. nor Lady Wemyss was likely to take account.

Mr. Burton states in his 'History of Scotland'* that 'the adjustment of the business connected with this alliance brought Rothes and Lauderdale in personal communings of great length with the King.' It would appear from the letters we have just quoted that the alliance was far more summarily adjusted, not by Rothes, but by the direct appeal of Lady Wemyss to the king.

The marriage was of course postponed until the Countess Anna had completed her twelfth year, which was on February 11, 1663. On the fourteenth of that month the King created his son—who had been previously knighted under the name of Sir James *Scott* (not Stuart), Baron Scott of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of Monmouth. As the patent was first prepared for the barony, the title was 'Fotheringay;' but that was an ominous word to a descendant of Queen Mary, and Charles changed it. Shortly afterwards Monmouth was elected a Knight of the Garter, and on the day of his marriage, April 20, 1663, he was created Duke of Buccleuch. It is remarkable that the English patent of Monmouth recites only the abilities and high promise of the youth; the Scotch patent of Buccleuch describes him as the King's natural son.†

In spite of the extreme youth of the parties, seldom has life smiled more brightly on a married pair. They inspired the well-known lines of Dryden:

'Of all the numerous progeny was none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom.
. . . . . .
With secret joy indulgent David viewed
His youthful image in his son renewed,
To all his wishes nothing he denied,
And made the charming Annabel his bride.'

But the dawn was soon overcast. Monmouth was cold, indifferent, dissipated, and faithless. His chief services were rendered in the Low Countries, or in Scotland, apart from his wife. In commanding the operations against the insurgents at Bothwell Brigg he showed a merciful disposition, for it was undoubtedly Monmouth who authorised Lord Melville to offer them terms of submission:

'The hardy peasant, by oppression driven
To battle, deemed his cause the cause of Heaven;
Unskilled in arms, with ceaseless courage stood,
While gentle Monmouth grieved to shed his blood.'

No children came of this intempestive marriage (as the French would call it) until ten years after it had taken place. The eldest son of Monmouth and the Duchess was born in 1673, but he died in infancy; a second son, born in 1674, died in 1705. He was known as the Earl of Dalkeith, married the second daughter of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and was the father of the second Duke of Buccleuch. Many more followed, but the old Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth survived all her eight children.

The character and the fate of the Duke of Monmouth have been described with inimitable skill by Lord Macaulay, and it would be a vain attempt to repeat the tale. But perhaps the great historian has dwelt too strongly on the weakness displayed by the unhappy Duke after his capture. There exists a contemporary manuscript among the Buccleuch muniments, being a copy of a letter subscribed with the initials 'J. F.,' which gives a minute account of the closing scenes of Monmouth's life, evidently by an eye-witness. Many of the details are so faithfully related by Lord Macaulay that we suppose he must have seen a copy of this paper, though he does not refer to it. But there are some touches in it which the reader will not be sorry to see in the original language of the writer.

On the same night that Monmouth was taken to the Tower the Duchess, who seems never to have neglected a duty of her life, obtained leave from the King to visit him. She was accompanied by the Lord Privy Seal to watch their conversation. Monmouth saluted her and told her he was very glad to see her, but addressed most of his discourse to the minister. He had not yet given up all hope of pardon. The Duchess interrupted him to ask whether she had ever had the least notice or correspondence with him on these matters, or had assented to or approved his conduct for the last four years. He replied in the negative; and in fact they had not even corresponded during

* Vol. vii. p. 467.

† The patent runs: 'Cumque nobis maxime spes affulgeat nobilis et serenæ indolis dilecti nostri filii naturalis Jacobi Monmouthæ Ducis, atque adeo quantum nobis postea in rebus et negotiis nostris Scoticanis (ubi emolumentum ejus proprium non parum elucescit) prodesse poterit, has ob causas &c.' It is a mistake in 'Burke's Peerage' to state that this patent included the Duchess; a re-grant was made in 1666 to Monmouth, his spouse, and the longest liver of them, and to their heirs.

his last residence in Holland. This meeting took place on Suaday. He was executed on Wednesday. The last meeting and farewell with his wife and children took place on the morning of that day. It is thus described :

'His behaviour all the tyme was brave and unmoved, and even dureing the last conversatione and farewell with his ladie and children, which was the mourningest scene in the world, and noe bystanderes could see it without melting in teares, he did not show the least consernedness. He declared before all the companie hou averse his Duches had bein to all his irregular courses, that she had never bein uneasie to him on any occasione whatsomever but about women and his faillying of dutie to the leat King. And that she knew nothing of his last designe, not haveing heard from himself a year before, which was his owen fault, and noe unkyndness in her, because she knew not how to direct her letteres to him. In that he gave her the kyndest character that could be, and beged her pardone of his many faillyeings and offenees to her, and prayed her to continow her kyndnes and caire to his poor childeren. At this expressione she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of teares, and beged him to pardone her if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him, and imbraceing his knees, fell into a sound, out of which they had much adoe to raise her up in a good whyll after. A little before his childeren were brought to him, all crying about him. Bnt he acquitt himself of these last adews with much composednes and sinceritie of temper, shewing aothing of weaknes or unmanlienes.

'About ten a'cloak he was carried out of the Tower in coach, and after haveing passed the bridge was delyvered into the Sherif's hands, who led him alonge up to the scaffold. Noe man observed more couradge, resolutione, and unconcernednes in him any tyme before thea appeired in bim all the whyll he walked on the scafold, whyll he mounted the scafold, and whyll he acted the last pairt upon it. As he walked to it all the horse and foot guards were drawen up round about the scaffold on Tower Hill. He saluted the guards and smyled upon them. When he was upon it, the Sherif asked him if he had anything to saye. He told him he was never good at the makeing of speeches, and would not begine now, for he was sure he would not be heard, and if he were it would signifie nothing.'

Charles II. always treated his young daughter-in-law with the greatest kindness and affection. She was one of the ornaments of his court. Pepys saw her at a ball at Whitehall in 1666, 'excellently dressed in rich petticoat and gown with diamonds and pearl.' Evelyn dined with her and Monmouth at Lord Arlington's, and recorded that she was 'one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and had much wit.' Her handwriting, even at the age of twelve, deaotes a strong and even masculine character, which she snpported through life. These volnmes contain a multitade of letters from her to Lord Melville, who managed her affairs in Scotlaad ; they all bear the stamp of good sense and resolution. The right of the Duchess herself to the Bnccleuch honours was not affected by the attainder of her husband ; but to secure the descent to her children a new grant was made under the Great Seal in April 1687, which was ratified by Parliament in 1693. From that date to the present time the title has descended in the regular male line ; but it is remarkable that in 216 years there have been only five Dukes of Buccleuch, aad the present accomplished nobleman, who is fifth in succession from Monmouth, has enjoyed his title for sixty years, having snceeeded his father in 1819.

Little remains to be said of the intermediate Dukes of Bucclench, except that Henry, the third Duke, had Adam Smith for his travelling tutor, and cultivated the literary society of Edinburgh. He was a member of the 'Poker' Clab, whose traditions are not quite extinct in our northern metropolis, and he was the first President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He married in 1767 Lady Elizabeth Montague, only daughter of the fourth Earl of Cardigan, one of the most beantiful and accomplished women of her day—and her day was a long one, for she lived till the year 1827, and we ourselves can well remember to have seen this venerable Duchess of Bnccleuch seated on the grassy slopes of her villa at Richmond, on the banks of the Thames, on a snmmer's evening to watch the City barges and skiffs that floated by. But that was before the day of steamboats, steam launches and outriggers.

It does not become us in this place to enlarge on the personal qualities of the excellent nobleman who has so well fulfilled all the duties of his great station as head of the House of Bucclench in our own times. Bnt we are indebted to his liberality for the princely volnmes before us, which could not have been produced without unasual cost and labonr. They are copiously illnstrated throughont with views and portraits, fac-similes of letters and autographs, which are of the highest interest ; and the second volume contains a vast collection of charters and correspondence on which our limits forbid us to touch. This is a lasting service done to history and literature, but it is not one of the greatest services Scotland owes to Walter, Duke of Bnccleuch. Al-

though we have not the good fortune to reckon him as one of the supporters of the Liberal party in politics, no man has shown on great occasions a more honourable liberality of sentiment and conduct. We shall never forget that in the autumn of 1845, when Sir Robert Peel's Ministry was broken up by the secession of Lord Derby and several other Protectionist members of the Cabinet, the Duke of Buccleuch, like the Duke of Wellington, stuck to the sinking ship, took a higher office in the Government, and helped from patriotic motives to carry the great measure of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, although his personal feelings and supposed interests were opposed to it. That was an act of self-sacrifice and public duty which has not often been surpassed. The Duke never again returned to ministerial office, though he has continued to exercise a great and sometimes too exclusive Tory influence over the peerage of Scotland, in which both parties ought to be more fairly represented. But no Scotchman and no Scottish journal can fail to recognise in the universal respect and attachment of the people of this part of the island for the Duke of Buccleuch, a just acknowledgment of his merits as a good landlord, a liberal improver of his vast estates, and a friend of progress and toleration. The works accomplished by him at Granton alone would in any other country have been deemed 'imperial and worthy kings;' and no man has had more at heart the prosperity and welfare of his countrymen. Sixty years had elapsed from the '45 to the date of his birth; sixty years have elapsed from his accession to the title till the present time. What amazing changes has Scotland witnessed in those intervals! How strange and instructive is the contrast between the wild or uncouth records of her old nobility, and the refinement and activity of modern life! To have borne a useful part in the advancement of one's country, and to have earned her gratitude, is not to have lived in vain.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Evolution of Man, a Popular Exposition of the Principal Points of Human Ontogeny and Phylogeny.* From the German of ERNST HAECKEL. 2 vols. London: 1879.

2. *Anthropogenie, oder Entwickelungs-Geschichte des Menschen.* Von ERNST HAECKEL, Professor an der Universität Jena. Zweite unveränderte Anflage. Leipzig: 1874.

3. *Natürliche Schöpfungs-Geschichte, Vorträge über die Entwickelungslehre.* Von ERNST HAECKEL. Fünfte verbesserte Auflage. Berlin: 1874.

4. *The Geographical Distribution of Animals, with a Study of the Relations of Living and Extinct Faunas as elucidating the past Changes of the Earth's Surface.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. 2 vols. London: 1876.

5. *The Human Species.* By A. DE QUATREFAGES, Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris. London: 1879.

WE have placed these works at the head of the present article, because they contain the latest and the most strenuous expression of opinions on either side in the great controversy of the origin of man which has been revived by Mr. Charles Darwin's writings. Professor Haeckel is the most decided and advanced partisan of the system of evolution we have encountered. He absolutely rejects all design in creation and all purpose in the universe. He concedes exclusive dominion to the mechanical conception of all existing things. He therefore reduces what he calls the germ-history of man to the purest materialism, with all its consequences. We should probably be doing Mr. Charles Darwin some injustice if we held him responsible for all the extravagances which have been preached in Germany in his name. In France the case is different. The countrymen of Buffon and Cuvier have not lent so ready an ear to the new faith, and M. de Quatrefages, whose name stands as high as that of any living anthropologist, supplies us with very solid arguments against it. We must refer our readers, if they desire to master the anatomical details of the problem, to these works themselves. It is not our intention critically to review them. We desire rather to point out, on broader philosophical grounds, how very slight and insufficient the basis is on which so vast a superstructure has been raised; and by what a strange perversion and misuse of the reasoning faculties man is called upon to abdicate whatever most distinguishes him from the brutes.

Science, in the abstract, consists essentially in two departments—of *fact*, and of *inference*. Under whatsoever head it may be ranged, with whatsoever subject it may be concerned, it must have a foundation in some fact or facts, constituting in itself a science, without regard to any super-

structnre that might he huilt upon it. The knowledge, and, in a still higher degree, the discovery of facts is alone snfficient to constitnte a legitimate title to that appellation. But these facts may be made the basis of conclusions, the truth or fallacy of which is altogether independent of that of the facts from which they are dedneed. The facts may be decidedly true, and the conclusions from them as decidedly false. It is scarcely neccssary to remark that, in this case, the result could have no real claim to be called a science at all, in a legitimate sense of the word. It might catch the public mind for a while, and, heing received as true, would take its place among the recognised sciences of the age; but when the fallacy was detected, as it is snre to be sooner or later, it would gradually drop out of the category of sciences, and be consigned to the limbo of effete and obsolete speculations.

Now these two departments of science, affecting severally the realms of fact and of inference, have direct relation to two entirely different faculties of the hnman intellect—the faculties respectively of *observation*, and of *ratiocination* or *reasoning*, faculties very rarely to be found united in eqnal degrees, to any great extent, in the same individual. They are, in fact, the distinctive characteristics of two different classes of men, regarded with reference to their intellectual endowments. The man of observation, prone to notice and apt to discern the peculiarities of form and substance, all, in short, that comes within the cognisance of the senses, is by no means equally apt to discern or competent to appreciate the conclusions to which they are calculated to conduce; while, on the other hand, the man of reasoning, accustomed to deal with the suggestions of the mind rather than of the senses, prone to speculation rather than to experiment, is comparatively unfitted for the more matter-of-fact employment of investigation and research. Both classes of minds and of men are eqnally essential to the progress of scientific discovery, though it cannot be said that both stand npon the same level in the estimation of their respective faculties. The facnlty of observation, important as it is, is a faculty common, not merely to all men, hnt more or less to all animated beings, whereas the faculty of reasoning, at least in its higher grades, is peculiar to man alone.

We have been led to these reflections hy consideration of the circumstances of the case as regards onr own position at the present time—in the crisis of a great scientific development, or one claiming to be such, involving some of the highest interests hy which the human race is capable of heing affected. The science of natural history, in its essence a science simply of facts, has been gradually extending its boundaries more and more into the domain of logical indnction, nndertaking to acconnt for the state of things in the material world by means of the ordinary laws of nature, which we have otherwise been accnstomed to ascribe to the independent operation of a Great Creative Power. Tracing (hypothetically) the growth of all substantial forms from a common origin in elemental matter, whether of different kinds, or, as it is now affirmed to be, only one, at present subsisting in the condition of a gas (the hydrogen), it has, or assumes to have, huilt np the whole fabric of the nniverse, organic and inorganic, withont the necessary intervention of other agency than that of the properties with which matter itself is essentially invested.

In this description, it will be observed, are included two distinct positions, distinct not merely in respect of their subject, regarded in the ahstract, bnt of their relation to the popular faith, as just adverted to. The construction of, the nniverse (apart from its organic occnpants) by the simple operation of the laws or powers of nature, is hy no means necessarily opposed to the hypothesis of a great first cause. It is not till we come to the higher department of organic, and especially of animal, existence, that we meet what constitntes in the minds of many strong grounds of objection to a theory which makes life a natural function of inert matter, and man an ordinary development of the brute creation.

It is true that these, which may be called the extreme points of the theory in qnestion, in its relation to the animal world, are not necessary features of the case. There are those among the professed votaries of development by evolntion who do not accept, or at least insist upon, either of the formulæ above enunciated—the endowment of inanimate matter with vital functions, or the comprehension of man in the same category with the rest of the animal kingdom—hut are content, on the one hand, to deduce the stream of life from an already animated organism, however constituted; and, on the other, to conclnde it in the highest species of the brute creation, without impeachment of an independent origin for the human race. Such, we believe, in respect of one or the other or both of these conditions, are the opinions of Dr. Gray,

Professors Owen and Dana, Sir W. Thomson, Darwin, Carpenter, and several others of equal celebrity.

And truly, with such authorities to the fore, we should hesitate to occupy the space at our disposal with a critical examination of, at any rate, the first of the points in question—the evolution of an animated being out of inanimate matter—seeing that we have the concurrent testimony of all the parties concerned to the non-existence of any practical proof of such a consummation. There was a time, indeed, when such an effect was actually relied upon. We allude to the experiments of Mr. Cross some forty years ago, resulting in the alleged production of a certain insect in a solution of silicate of potash by the agency of electricity. But the allegation turned out to be a mistake, and has long since been unanimously discredited. No case of what is called the *generatio æquivoca*—the creation of a living being otherwise than by the process of generation proper to the kind—has ever been realised. To borrow the language of one of the most uncompromising defenders of the theory of development by evolution, Professor Huxley, 'At the present moment there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that abiogenesis [non-living generation] does take place, or has taken place, within the period during which the existence of the globe is recorded.'* Upon the ground, then, of these conclusions, we have no hesitation in dispensing with this particular as an element in the discussion, and considering the theory in question simply in its application to the already animated tribes.

With regard to the theory itself as thus restricted, the principle upon which it is founded—namely, that of a gradual alteration of organic forms by physical forces operating through successive generations—is, though in a sense new, yet not peculiar to the present phase of the question. It is new, in so far as it is not directly, however it may be virtually, included in the ancient philosophy of Anaximander, Democritus, and Epicurus, digested into a connected system by Lucretius; whose theory of the creation or production of existing beings was the only representative of what might be termed the mechanical, as opposed to the religious, view of the matter up to a comparatively recent period. Upon the revival, however, of the study of natural history, about the epoch of the great French Revolution, the principle itself was directly propounded by Lamarck; its mode of operation, distinguished by the name of *appetency*, being assumed to be the result of the effort of the individual, continued through succeeding generations, to attain some physical end; as in the case of swine striving to reach with their snout the overhanging branches, which is supposed to cause its elongation into the form of that of the tapir, and ultimately of the trunk of the elephant. It cannot, indeed, be said that this explanation ever had a popular acceptance, both because of its manifold deficiencies within its own proper sphere, and its total inapplicability to the vegetable kingdom, in which the same conditions of specific difference prevail, equally requiring to be accounted for; but, above all, because of the objection, common to all schemes founded upon the principle of a development by *insensible degrees*—namely, that no vestige is anywhere discoverable of any of the multitudinous races of animals forming the connecting links between the surviving species, which must have existed if such had been the mode of their production.

It was in consideration of this particular objection, and with a special view to its avoidance, that the next attempt to solve the question of development by evolution was made, about five-and-thirty years since, by the author of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' which certainly experienced no such lack of popular favour, as many of our readers can vouch for themselves, and was attested by the numerous editions of the work which rapidly succeeded each other within the few years immediately following its publication. Nor is this at all to be wondered at; for, apart from the main point at issue, few works then before the public contained a greater variety of new and interesting observations in an interesting department of science, ingeniously arrayed and familiarly represented.*

We have said that it was with a special view to a particular objection essentially attaching to the condition of a progression by insensible degrees, that this work was composed; and it is in the manner in which that objection is encountered that its

* 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' art. *Biology*, p. 689, Ninth Edition.

* This work was published anonymously, and has so continued to be issued ever since. In the great catalogue of the British Museum, however, it is expressly assigned to Robert Chambers, upon what authority we are unaware. The book was reviewed at great length and with much ability by the late Professor Sedgwick in the eighty-second volume of this Journal—a name certainly second to none amongst the scientific authorities of his day.

chief merit, or rather title to distinction, properly consists. And this is the more important to be noticed, that it is almost invariably overlooked in all discussions upon the subject both by friends and foes. Conscious of the inherent imperfection of a scheme of development upon such a principle, arising from the non-existence of the various beings or races of beings by which the passage of one species into another of those actually surviving must in that case have been carried out, the author of the 'Vestiges' assumes an evolution of another description; not by insensible degrees, but as it were by sudden *strides*, following each other at regular intervals, in accordance with a natural law to that particular effect; each species continuing the reproduction of its own kind for a definite number of times requiring ages for their accomplishment, and then giving birth *at once* to the species next in the scale above it.

Such is the principle of the theory of development propounded by the author of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' to the establishment of which the various facts and speculations, constituting the substance of that part of the work which concerns the animal kingdom, are especially directed. Into the details of these facts and speculations it will not be necessary here to enter; simply because, whether true or false, there is sufficient evidence in the conditions of the case itself, as thus propounded, to determine their incompetency to sustain the conclusion they are designed to support. Admitting it were possible for animals to produce the infant progeny of the species next above them in the scale of development, insurmountable obstacles would yet remain to be encountered in the subsequent treatment of them. Few animals are so constituted as to be able to take charge of any offspring but their own. An ape might be supposed to give birth to a human infant; but without a superior influence to modify its natural constitution, amounting to as great a change in the parent as in the offspring, it could never rear it to maturity. Granted that its milk were suitable for the lactation of a human progeny, it could never continue the supply long enough to satisfy the requirements of its novel charge. The infant ape is able to take care of itself after a few months in all cases; but it is many years before a child, left to itself, as it would be virtually in a community of apes as at present constituted, could avoid starvation.

But the theory of development by evolution was not doomed to extinction by the insufficiency of the previous exposition of its principles. Scarcely had the scheme of the author of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation' passed the climax of its ascendency, and begun to fall into comparative neglect, when a fresh impetus was given to the subject by the writings and discoveries of Mr. Charles Darwin. To what an extent this impetus has prevailed is attested by a world-wide popularity and by the identification of the principle itself with the name of its illustrious promoter. Wherever literature holds its sway *Darwinism* is a household word, and its doctrine more or less familiarly discussed. Yet more than this; if we were held to judge from the present state of the controversy to which it has given rise, the comparative numbers, skill, and confidence of those by whom it is respectively defended and opposed, we should be bound to confess that the palm, if not of victory in a combat which is not yet concluded, at least of superiority, was fairly assignable to the former. Such results as these certainly could not have been realised without a very large measure of apparent validity in the doctrine itself, as well as of verisimilitude in the arguments by which it is supported—in other words, of correctness in the conclusions, as of truth in the facts from which they are deduced. And as the latter of these conditions may, in a general sense, be said to be beyond the reach of question—for we have no hesitation in admitting the truth of all the facts to which the venerable author has given the sanction of his authority—it is to the former alone, the correctness of the conclusions drawn from them, that all controversy upon the subject is literally confined. With the facts our only concern is to understand them that we may be able to reason from them. Our business is with the conclusions, to test their correctness in accordance with the recognised principles of right reasoning, that error may be eliminated and truth secured.

With this object in view it is, in the first place, necessary to observe that there is nothing in the main principle of the Darwinian theory but what is implied in all the schemes previously alluded to, with the exception of that particular qualification of development by *sudden strides*, characteristic of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.' In all alike there is the same general condition of a gradual alteration of organic forms by physical forces in successive generations, leading to the establishment of new and improved kinds or *species* of animals, culminating in that of man. It is not, therefore, in the main principle of the theo-

ry that its peculiarity consists, but in the means by which it is supposed to be realised —the efficient cause or causes of that alteration in the constitution of the animal tribes upon which their progressive improvement is assumed to be accounted for. This instrumentality was at first supplied in the theory of Dr. Darwin by the 'struggle for life,' occasioning the disappearance from the scene of the feeblest and the 'survival of the fittest' to carry on the race. The notion is a striking one; and with the advocacy of its able author, his charming style, and the interesting illustrations by which it was supported, naturally produced a powerful impression upon the public mind. A little consideration, however, gradually weakened the first effect. It was presently observed that such a description was only properly applicable to a certain class of animals—the *polygamous*, in which one male in the herd or flock assumes possession of all the females; and to that class but imperfectly, making no account of the females, whose influence in determining the condition of the offspring is at least equal to that of the males.

For this, and perhaps other reasons of a more recondite character (to which we shall hereafter have occasion to advert), it was obvious to many, and to none more clearly than to its astute author himself, that something more than the mere 'struggle for life' was necessary to sustain the theory of a development of the species by evolution. This *desideratum* was accordingly supplied by the subvention of another principle—the principle of 'selection in relation to sex,' in which the required conditions of a progressive improvement are assumed to be fulfilled by the disposition of the female to choose for her mate the most perfect of the opposite sex. How far this assumption is correct we shall shortly take occasion to consider. Such as it is, however, it constitutes virtually, with the preceding, the sum of all that has been hitherto advanced by Dr. Darwin himself in support of the theory in question.

We have said the *sum*, because it is mainly to the establishment of these two principles that the voluminous and interesting contributions of the author are devoted, and in them conjointly that the pith of the whole argument on his part consists. And we say this advisedly, notwithstanding the avowed pretensions and unquestionable merits of another publication, the 'Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication;' for we cannot admit that anything deducible from such premises can have any application in the case before us. What we are here concerned to determine is the effect of the operation of the laws of nature in the state of nature; and this cannot be affected by anything that could be achieved in a state in which those laws are superseded by *un*-natural restraints. The conditions of existence in a state of domestication, whereinsoever they differ from those in the state of nature, are by their very definition peculiar to the state of which they are predicated, and consequently out of place in an argument that concerns the ages which preceded the advent and dominion of man. Granted the very utmost that is sought to be established by such means, even to the extent of the actual production of a new species—and nothing of this kind is pretended to—it would leave the question of development by evolution (in the abstract) wholly untouched.

With regard to the two propositions upon which the Darwinian theory essentially depends, we have already alluded to an apparent objection to the first mentioned, the 'struggle for life,' and which is indeed equally predicable of the other, the principle of 'selection in relation to sex'—namely, that it is limited in its application to certain classes of animals, and those neither the most numerous nor the most important. For we confess we cannot understand how either of them could be supposed to prevail at all in at least one whole department of animal life—the *aquatic*. Surely there is but scant room for the hypothesis of a 'struggle for life,' and still less for that of 'selection in relation to sex,' among fishes! And these, with the other denizens of the deep, constitute more than one-half of the animal kingdom. But there is yet another point of view in regard of which both the conditions in question are obviously inadequate to the conclusion that is built upon them—namely, that it is only in the already advanced stages of animal subsistence that they come into operation at all. The 'struggle for life' and 'selection in relation to sex' could have no scope for exercise among the lower forms of life; many of them without the power of locomotion, incapable of either seeking their food or choosing their mates. And yet these are, in the theory before us, the foundation of the animal superstructure, comprising the earlier stages of that progressive development which by those means is supposed to be accomplished.

Upon the whole we think it must be confessed that it is not so much to the peculiar features of the theory as propounded by Dr. Darwin that it is indebted for its success, as to the general principle of the theo-

ry itself, brought more vividly before the public by his deep research and felicitous exposition, seconded by the ingenious suggestions of succeeding commentators. The hypotheses of the 'struggle for life' and of 'selection in relation to sex' can, in fact, only be regarded as having set the stone a-rolling, which has been kept in motion ever since by the force of its own inherent qualifications, and the contributions of others in pursuance of the same design. And to these qualifications and contributions, accordingly, must our attention be directed, if we would form a just estimate of the merits of the question we have undertaken to investigate.

In a general survey of the animal kingdom, if there be one thing more than another calculated to strike the observant mind, it is the wonderful variety of forms under which the vital principle is manifested, constituting what are technically denominated *species*, in number roughly estimated at 120,000, and, as regards corporeal dimensions, of all sizes, extending in apparently unbroken series from the minutest germs of life, the microscopic animalcule, up to the lordly elephant and the majestic whale. A further consideration, aided by the scalpel of the anatomist, reveals the fact that this vast body of animated nature is constructed upon more than one definite type or model —very few, indeed, compared with the number of species founded upon them; being, in the system of Cuvier, limited to four, giving rise to as many different classes, or, as they are technically termed, *sub-kingdoms:* namely, I. VERTEBRATA, animals with an osseous or bony skeleton—as the mammalia, birds, fishes, reptiles; II. MOLLUSCA, soft-bodied animals, not constructed upon a rigid framework—as the nautilus, oyster, slugs, &c.; III. ARTICULATA, jointed animals, whose members are enclosed in, and connected by, an indurated covering—as lobsters, beetles, spiders, &c.; and IV. RADIATA, animals whose members are symmetrically disposed around a common centre—as the star-fish, echinus, medusa, &c.; to which recent physiologists have added one or more to comprehend certain of the lowest forms of life, which are held to be insufficiently provided for in the system of Cuvier. Within the limits of each of these sub-kingdoms, all the objects respectively included exhibit the characteristics of the type to which they belong, variously modified to suit the requirements of the different species; the organs, for instance, constituting the arms and legs of the terrestrial mammalia being resolved, the former into the wings in birds, and both into the fins in fishes. To such an extent is this typical conformity maintained that, in certain classes of animals, organs which are externally deficient are found imperfectly developed in their internal framework, as in the case of the ophidian reptiles, serpents, &c., in which the places assignable to the arms and legs in other animals are occupied by rudimental representatives of those organs imbedded in the surrounding tissues.

With these indications of relationship between the various members of the animal kingdom (without reference to any other evidences in the same behalf), it is no matter of wonder that men of inquiring minds should have come to the conclusion of a common origin to all the members of at least the same sub-kingdom; relying upon extraneous circumstances, operating through successive generations, to account for the apparently slight differences between the adjacent members in a series representing the order in which they are supposed to have been produced. The validity of this conclusion, however, so far as regards the evidence upon which it is here founded, is, as in the case of all conclusions founded upon circumstantial evidence, entirely dependent upon the condition that there be no other equally reasonable mode of accounting for the phenomena in question. It disappears altogether in view of the fact that just the same state of things would be predicable in the case of a creation according to the vulgar hypothesis of an exercise of the divine power. Considering this mass of animal life to be dealt with, amounting, as just observed, to 120,000 different species, it is almost of necessity that they should be formed upon one or more types or models, implying a certain uniformity of character among the members of the same typical construction, which it is not unreasonable to suppose intended to be evidenced in those animals that were apparently the least amenable to it, by the otherwise inexplicable indications of imperfectly developed organs.

That all the objects in each of these sub-kingdoms should be capable of being arranged so as to present the phenomenon of a regular succession of forms, is a necessary consequence of the state of things itself as just described. A number of different things constructed upon one model must be susceptible of such a mode of arrangement, while the objects themselves must, as a matter of course, exhibit individually some of the features belonging to each of the adjacent terms of the series above and below them. Furthermore, that the resemblance

thus necessitated between the objects standing next one another in the supposed succession, should be very strong, is merely a consequence, and that an unavoidable one, of the *number* of the species in the same typical department, and has no relation to the nature or mode of production of the objects of which it is predicated. If a number of chairs, for example, be taken, varying in size and construction from the humble three-legged stool to the carved and gilded throne of state, and arranged according to a scale of progressive improvement, the more the interval between the extremes is filled up by the insertion of new ones, the closer will become the resemblance between the contiguous individuals, until the operation is stopped by the difficulty of inventing new forms sufficiently distinct to entitle them to a separate standing. And thus it is is the case of the animated tribes : nature has supplied them in such lavish profusion in each of the sub-kingdoms, that the whole interval from one extremity to the other is, as it were, filled up, leaving little room for distinction between the several grades into which it is divided.

From these facts, therefore, of a parity of structure, uniformity of succession, and close resemblance of adjacent terms, nothing, it is clear, can be deduced to favour either hypothesis of creation beyond the other. But these, although the most prominent, are not the only, nor even the most plausible, points upon which reliance is placed in support of the theory of a development of the species by evolution. An argument of yet more imposing force is founded upon the consideration of certain changes which the animal form is stated to undergo during its progress from the period of its conception to its final entrance upon the perfect state. It has been observed by modern physiologists that animals, in the course of their germinal history, pass through a series of changes resembling the permanent forms of the various orders of animals inferior to them in the scale.

'Thus, for instance,' it is said, 'an insect standing at the head of the articulated animals is, in the larva state, a true [?] annelid, or worm, the annelida being the lowest in the same class. The embryo of a crab resembles the perfect animal of the inferior order myrapoda, and passes through all the forms of transition which characterise the intermediate tribes of crustacea. The frog, for some time after its birth, is a fish with external gills, and other organs fitting it for an aquatic life, all of which are changed as it advances to maturity and becomes a land animal. The mammifer only passes through still more stages, according to its higher place in the scale. Nor is man himself exempt from this law. His first form is that which is permanent in the animalcule. His organisation gradually passes through conditions generally resembling a fish, a reptile, a bird, and the lower mammalia, before it attains its specific maturity. At one of the last stages of his fœtal career, he exhibits an *intermaxillary bone*, which is characteristic of the perfect ape ; this is suppressed, and he may then be said to take leave of the simial type, and become a true human creature.'*

These changes, as regards the heart, are thus concisely represented in Fletcher's 'Rudiments of Physiology,' p. 201:—

'This organ, in the mammalia, consists of four cavities, but in the reptiles only of three, and in fishes of two only, while in the articulated animals it is merely a prolonged tube. Now in the mammal fœtus, at a certain early stage, the organ has the form of a prolonged tube ; and a human being may be said to have then the heart of an insect. Subsequently it is shortened and widened, and becomes divided by a contraction into two parts, a ventricle and an auricle ; it is now the heart of a fish. A subdivision of the auricle afterwards makes a triple-chambered form, as in the heart of the reptile tribes ; lastly, the ventricle being also subdivided, it becomes a full mammal heart.'

Similar changes are also displayed by the brain during the progress of its development.

'It is a fact,' the same author observes (p. 224), 'that as the brain of every tribe of animals appears to pass, during its development, in succession through the types of all those below it, so the brain of man passes through the types of those of every tribe in the creation. It represents, accordingly, before the second month of utero-gestation, that of an avertebrated animal, at the second month that of an osseous fish, at the third that of a turtle, at the fourth that of a bird, at the fifth that of one of the rodentia, at the sixth that of one of the ruminantia, at the seventh that of one of the digitigrada, at the eighth that of one of the quadrumana ; till at length, at the ninth, it compasses the brain of man !'

Certainly these remarks are exceedingly curious, and even in a sense imposing. The only question is whether they support the conclusion in behalf of which they are adduced. Perhaps it might be held a sufficient answer to this question merely to continue the quotation just recited. 'It is hardly necessary to say that all this is only an approximation to the truth ; since neither is the brain of all osseous fishes, of all turtles, of all birds, nor of all the species of any of the above order of mammals, by any means

* 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' pp. 158, 159. First Edition.

precisely the same, nor does the brain of the human fœtus at any time precisely resemble, perhaps, that of any individual among the lower animals.' With this admission we could hardly be accused of precipitation in withholding our assent from any train of reasoning that could be constructed upon such a foundation. A case which is built upon resemblance can hardly be said to have a standing at all when the resemblance itself is obnoxious to dispute. And what is here stated with reference to the brain is equally applicable to the other points of comparison, the animal in its totality, and the several organs of which it is composed. The resemblance is of that vague and general description which is just sufficient to suggest the comparison, but which disappears when any attempt is made to investigate the details.

That some such resemblance should, in fact, be found to prevail is only what might naturally be expected, considering that each full-grown individual is itself the result of a process of gradual development from a sizeless and shapeless germ, in which development all its organs equally participate; and that the animals with which it is compared are chosen in a similar order of progressive improvement, however that order be accounted for. In such a case of gradual development it follows, almost as a matter of course, that both the entire animal and all its component members should, in their advance maturity from a mere *punctum saliens*, exhibit some faint resemblance—and nothing more than this is either predicable or predicated—to the creature or its parts respectively with which they are compared; that the heart, for example, of the higher mammalia should be at first discernible in the form of a single cavity; that, as it increased in magnitude, the microscope should reveal the traces of a *septum* or partition in the direction of its principal subdivision, giving it for the time being the appearance of two cavities instead of one; and that, with a still further enlargement, these two cavities should be found, each of them, to have similar partitions, successively manifested, and all equally included in the constitution of the primitive germ.

But these resemblances, be they never so close, infer no real connexion between the objects thus heterogeneously associated. It is not pretended that the objects compared together are ever entirely alike—that the unborn young of the higher animal is, at any stage of its development, identical with any of the lower animals; but only that some of the features of the one are like the analogous features of the other. Throughout its whole career it has its own features, in which the object with which it is compared is entirely deficient. It never is at any time other than the distinct and appropriate representative of the creature in whose womb it exists. The man born at the seventh month is not a *digitigrade*, whatever may be the construction of his brain; nor is he an ape, notwithstanding his *intermaxillary bone*, whenever he happens to be born at the eighth.

And yet it is entirely upon the basis of this resemblance that most, if not all, of what has since been written in support of the theory before us is virtually founded; as for example the works of Haeckel and others in Germany, where the doctrine of evolution may be said to reign supreme. In none of them is there a pretension to the establishment of any new principle, any new mode of accounting for a development of the species; only multiplied examples of physical resemblances, without any regard to the differences; as if there was a special power in the former, and no countervailing effect whatever in the latter. To deal with the subject in this style is to deal with it purely as children, whose proper characteristic it is to notice resemblances; not as men, by whom points of difference are alike observed and appreciated.

An argument in favour of development by evolution has of late years been rather confidently assumed upon the ground of the local distribution of the species, the marked peculiarity of the members of the animal kingdom, in the different parts of the world to which they respectively belong. Of the fact itself there is no doubt: the only question is as to the conclusion to be drawn from it. According to those by whom the argument is propounded, the only way in which this question can be satisfactorily resolved is by reference to the principle of the theory before us, operating under the influence of the surrounding circumstances, or *environments*, as they are called, of climate and country. How else, it is contended, can be rationally explained the absolute limitation, not only of species, but of whole genera, yea even of entire orders of animals, to definite portions of the great continents of America, Africa, and Asia, and to the islands of Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, Madagascar, and others of minor account; some of them bearing unmistakable evidence of different dates of formation, and consequently of occupation by the animal tribes? Surely, it is argued, these peculiarities cannot be supposed to have been the results of a direct intervention of creative power in each particular instance, when so

simple a mode of accounting for them is presented in the theory in question as above defined.

The conclusion here advocated is, however, by no means so secure as at first sight it may appear. In the first place, there are contradictions in the premises which are calculated to deprive it of much, if not of all, its force. If the environments be taken to be the cause of the specific characters of the animals, similar environments ought to be productive of similar species. But this is very far from being the case; the greatest difference in respect of species notably prevailing in regions where the grounds for assuming an identity of environments are the most complete. To borrow the language of one of the most determined advocates of development by evolution, by whom, indeed, this particular plea of the relation of species to countries, as evidencing the operation of the environments, has been, if not originally suggested, most prominently insisted upon:—

'Countries exceedingly similar in climate and all physical features may yet have very distinct animal populations. The equatorial parts of Africa and South America, for example, are very similar in climate, and are both covered with luxuriant forests, yet their animal life is widely different; elephants, apes, leopards, guinea-fowls, and touracos in the one, are replaced by tapirs, prehensile-tailed monkeys, jaguars, curassows, and toucans in the other. Again, parts of South Africa and Australia are wonderfully similar in their soil and climate; yet one has lions, antelopes, zebras, and giraffes; the other only kangaroos, wombats, phalangers, and mice. In like manner parts of North America and Europe are very similar in all essentials of soil, climate, and vegetation; yet the former has raccoons, opossums, and humming-birds, while the latter possesses moles, hedgehogs, and true flycatchers.' *

Against the inference naturally deducible from this description, all that the author has to allege (so far as we can perceive) is that there are, or may be, vegetable peculiarities of which we are not cognisant, whereby the influencing causes of specific character may have been diversified so as to give rise to different results. But if this were so, if there were such differences in the vegetable characteristics of the contrasted countries where the environments are otherwise admitted to be the same, would not that of itself constitute a powerful argument against the theory of development by the operation of the environments, which is supposed to be equally applicable to the vegetable as to the animal kingdom? Again, if the environments be taken to be the cause of the diversification of the species, how is it that where the scope for diversity of environments is apparently the least the greater is the variety of the species? We have before observed that there are about 120,000 species of animals; of these more than one-half are aquatic, the inhabitants of seas, lakes, or rivers; to which distinction, combined with temperature, the grounds of diversification seem almost exclusively confined. And then, what is to be said for the multitude of species to be found in the same localities, the same forests, the same jungles, the same lakes, the same streamlets, where there is literally no room for any difference in the environments at all?

But especially is the argument fallacious in respect of the claim for superiority which it assumes in behalf of the theory in question as compared with the alternative scheme of creation by an immediate exercise of divine power as generally understood. Such a claim could, in fact, only have been assumed under a mistaken impression with regard to the scheme with which it was intended to compete. By no consideration of the merits of the case should we be justified in ascribing to a Great First Cause such a mode of proceeding as is here hypothetically asserted. The Architect of the universe could never be regarded as applying His creative powers at different epochs and in different places according to the when and the where of their respective manifestations; as man, of necessity, in the accomplishment of the works of his hands. We know not what, if any, may be the general view of believers in a personal Creator with regard to this particular; but for ourselves we can only conceive of such an effect, upon such an hypothesis, as the result of an exercise of the divine will, generated in the bosom of eternity, embracing all the elements of the case—the things that were to be, and the times and places in which they should be realised; in conformity with which design or decree (if it may be so expressed) all things come into being precisely as they are, in their proper times and places, without the intervention of any further agency. Such we consider to be the most reasonable view of creation upon the hypothesis of a personal Creator. And surely in such a view there is no ground for a charge of inferiority in comparison with the theory of a development of the species by evolution.

Development by successive generation, as a matter of course, implies progressive im-

* Wallace's 'Geographical Distribution of Animals,' vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

provement; not indeed in the meaning of the terms, nor in the nature of the thing, but in the requirement of the theory. Generation *per se* is naturally opposed to change, whether for better or for worse. Left to themselves, and following their own instincts, all animals would continue to multiply in their respective kinds without improvement or deterioration, as we have hitherto found to be the case. It is true it is said that the change in question is the work of ages, and is not to be judged of by our limited experience. But the experience to which we refer embraces the whole range of time assignable to the creation itself. Be it long or be it short, it includes the whole body of animated nature, from the oldest member of the palæzoic formation to the latest production of the present era. In all alike we find the same physical characters in the same species, nor has any deviation from this general rule ever been exemplified, even under the influence of artificial culture. Novel forms of animal life have by such means been elicited, as in the case of the mule, the offspring of the horse and the ass, and others of the like denomination in the class of birds. But these are no new species, only modified individuals, incapable of perpetuating their kind; without which, even if we could suppose them producible in a state of nature, they would give no help to the theory of development by evolution. Variations also of existing species have been effectuated in a state of domestication, and that, moreover, in the direction of improvement; as might naturally be expected, such being the object in view of the means by which they were accomplished. But here neither has there ever been the creation of a new species, or any such alteration of an old one as to conduce in the slightest degree to such an effect. Breeds have been diversified, and improved in certain respects, by special treatment; and even without any means especially designed, animals in a state of domestication are prone to run into *varieties* distinguished by slight changes of form and yet stronger changes of colour; as in the case of horses, oxen and sheep, pigs and rabbits, dogs and cats, domestic fowls and pigeons. But such variations are confined exclusively to animals of a peculiar character, evidently adapted for association with the human race, and conventionally known as domestic animals. Nothing of the kind is found to prevail among the so-called *feræ naturæ*, which, however capable of being tamed, are, as a general rule, incapable of being domesticated; although here also variations are to be seen in the state of nature assignable to different countries, as of the lion and elephant in Asia and Africa—variations, however, as persistent in their respective localities as the essential characteristics of the species themselves. Dr. Virchow, therefore, is justified in his confident assertion that 'the plan of organisation is immutable within the limits of species: *species is not produced from species.*'

But all these effects are of no avail in the argument before us, which regards not the conditions of the case in the state of domestication, nor the mere varieties of the species themselves, however accomplished, but their progressive improvement in a state of nature, from which alone the conversion of one into another, which is the purport of the theory of development by evolution, is capable of being inferred. And to this conclusion all the evidence we possess is diametrically opposed. No material difference whatever is discernible between the individuals of the same species from the first trace of its appearance in the fossil state. The badger of the bone-caves of Lunel and Brabant, the oldest (we believe) of the terrestrial mammalia surviving to the present time, was precisely the same with the badger of our own day; and, what is more especially interesting to us, the same effect is equally predicable in the case of our own species, so far as the records of its existence enable us to pronounce. This is a point of so much importance that we must again avail ourselves of the corroborative testimony of one of the most eminent professors of natural science of the present day—Dr. Virchow; of whom it has been justly remarked that, 'if he has one equal, he has certainly no superior in his own department.' Starting from the recognised data of the quaternary formation, affording the oldest remains of the human frame, he observes:—

'When we study this fossil man of the quaternary period, who must, of course, have stood comparatively near to our primitive ancestors in the order of descent, or rather of ascent, we always find a MAN, just such as men are now. As recently as ten years ago, whenever a skull was found in a peat bog, or in pile dwellings, or in ancient caves, people fancied they saw in it a wonderful token of an inferior state, still quite undeveloped. The smelt out the very scent of the ape; only this has continually been more and more lost. The old troglodytes, pile-villagers, and bog-people, prove to be quite a respectable society. They have heads so large that many a living person would be only too happy to possess such. Our French neighbours, indeed, have warned us against inferring too much from these big heads. It may have been that their contents were not merely nerve-substance, but that the ancient brains may have had more in-

terstitial tissue than is now usual, and that, in spite of the size of the brain, their nerve substance may have remained at a lower stage of development. This, however, is but the sort of familiar talk which is brought in as a kind of prop for weak minds. On the whole we must really acknowledge that there is a complete absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man. Nay, if we gather together the whole sum of the fossil men hitherto known, and put them parallel with those of the present time, we can decidedly pronounce that there are among living men a much greater number of individuals who show a relatively inferior type than there are among the fossils known up to this time.' *

And in another place the same writer says: 'Every positive progress which we have made in the region of prehistoric anthropology has removed us further from the demonstration of this theory.' The same views are maintained by Bastian and Carl Ernst von Baer, whom Herr Haeckel styles the greatest naturalist of Germany.

But here it is necessary to advert to a state of things which, however essentially distinct, is yet liable to be confounded, in the controversy before us, with the point actually at issue—we allude to the order in which the different species of animals are found to have succeeded each other in the geological history of the world. This order may be described as virtually one of progressive improvement; but this improvement is not in the sense here in question. It is not an improvement in the *species*, but in the *succession*. It is not that the same species is reproduced in an improved condition, but that other species of higher grades of organisation make their appearance in successive stages. And this we have admitted to be the case (though it is so only in a general sense), inasmuch as, however it may be, it is of no avail in the argument before us. It might be, as indeed it commonly is, referred to as an argument of itself in favour of the theory of development by evolution, upon the ground of an assumed inconsistency with the alternative hypothesis of creation by a direct intervention of the divine power. But for this, in the first place, would be required a condition of perfection in the order of succession which is in no wise predicable. The species, though generally rising from the lower to the higher grades of animal life, are by no means strictly amenable to such a rule; some of the higher grades in each department being found in earlier strata than others of a lower type—as, for example, in the case of fishes; the earliest, or one of the earliest, hitherto discovered, belonging to the very highest genus of the class, the cestracions. And were it otherwise, were the different species of animals found occupying positions corresponding with their respective degrees of organisation, it would give no countenance to the doctrine of development by evolution in preference to that of a creation by an exercise of divine power as it has already been explained—in the sense, that is, of successive productions, the spontaneous developments of the one original decree. But with this state of things we have here no concern. The improvement of the species which is implied in the theory of development by evolution is an improvement in the physical character of the individuals; and as of this improvement we have found no evidence in the surviving remains of the species themselves, neither can any be inferred from the order in which they have been produced.

The evidence, however, which the physical elements of the case may be unable to afford, the moral condition of our own race has been asserted to supply. Though no signs of improvement in the constitution of the species may be discernible, indications of an original state of barbarism are assumed in certain artificial productions, the memorials of human life in pre-historic times. Articles of stone, and of bronze, and of iron, found in different strata, have been held to demonstrate degrees of civilisation following the order in which they are here represented; while the *Pfahlbauten*, or lake dwellings, discovered in Switzerland and other countries, and of a still lower type of dwelling, caves or dens in the earth are adduced as evidences of a condition of existence only one degree higher than that of an ape. It would take us too far out of the course of our present inquiry to enter into an elaborate consideration of the particulars involved in this description, the issue of which would have no real bearing upon the question before us. The point of view from which these matters have hitherto been regarded, and with reference to which critical sagacity has been specially exercised—the epoch in the history of the world to which they are to be assigned—is not that with which we are here concerned. The question with us is not as to the antiquity of the race, but as to its origin; and for the satisfaction of this question what we have here to determine is how far the state of things referred to is properly evidential of the primitive condition of mankind.

* 'The Freedom of Science in the Modern State,' pp. 60, 61.

Now that it is so in no wise it will not, we conceive, require a very profound investigation to decide. In themselves simply the conditions of the case as here represented are no more conclusive of an original barbarism than of a previous decline. It is just as possible, just as likely, that the artificers in stone, and the dwellers in the caves of the earth, were the degraded descendants of a civilised ancestry, as the barbarous ancestors of a civilised posterity. The fact is, the premises in question are inferential of nothing beyond the actual condition of the parties themselves directly implicated. It is not to be supposed that the whole world should have been formerly, any more than at present, alike everywhere and at the same time, all civilised or all barbarian. Members of the community at large, starting in quest of new fields of enterprise or occupation, and becoming effectually separated from the parent stock, would naturally fall into decay, both physical and moral, particularly in settlements consisting at first of few individuals. Thrown upon their own resources for the supply of all their necessities, and compelled to make use of all sorts of expedients, however rude, they would soon be found to have acquired new tastes and new habits suited to their new conditions of existence, under the influence of which the arts of life would gradually become circumscribed within the smallest possible limits consistent with the maintenance of life itself. Such we believe to be the original history of most, if not of all, the savage or semi-civilised tribes scattered over the face of the globe, the traces of whose condition would, of course, be no evidence of the actual state of civilisation in the other parts of the world. And certainly neither the instruments of stone nor the buildings upon piles in the water could at any time be held as evidence of an uncivilised condition of the world at large, seeing that we have had the very same indications of savage life within our own experience. Instruments of stone were the ordinary tools and weapons of the South Sea islanders when discovered by Captain Cook, and dwellings upon piles in the water are common in Borneo, New Guinea, and the Salomon group of islands at the present day.

In all, then, that we actually do know of the present and the past, there is certainly nothing whatever in a logical sense to justify the inference of a progressive improvement of the species. Changes and variations have no doubt occurred and still exist, sometimes in the sense of advancement, sometimes of deterioration; but all the evidence hitherto produced serves only to establish the absolute and essential identity of the being called man, under a thousand differences of climate, colour, and life.

This conclusion seems pretty nearly equivalent to the expression of a conviction that the doctrine of a development of the species by evolution is not merely devoid of logical demonstration—in the language of the Scottish law courts, *not proven*—but that it is, in point of fact, liable to the imputation of having been tried and found wanting. Contradicted by direct evidence in respect of its main principle, of progressive improvement, there would appear to be scarcely need for any further argument. There are, however, two or three points of evidence confirmative of the same conclusion, upon which, in justice to the subject, we feel bound to insist.

One of these is the *distinction*, and *equable distribution of the sexes*. We have been so entirely in the habit of regarding the two constituent members of the species, the male and the female, as belonging to the same category, that it may be said as a general rule we fail to realise any essential distinction between them. And yet the difference between the male and the female of any species is greater than between the individual members of any two distinct species that stand nearest to one another in the order of similarity. The difference, for example, between the male and the female of the human race is greater than between the horse and the ass of the same sex, the tiger and the leopard, or the rabbit and the hare. And still greater difference prevails between the sexes in the class of birds; of which striking examples are afforded in the case of the peacock and peahen, the male and female of the golden pheasant, and of the bird of Paradise.

Now this distinction between the sexes we hold to be incapable of explanation by reference to the principle of a development by evolution. The distinction of the sexes is not a matter of gradual accomplishment. It is inherent in the germ of life itself, and fully developed before the individual is born. In many instances both the sexes are generated together, as in the case of the dog and the cat, the rabbit and the sow. To what, then, is the distinction to be ascribed? A hen lays a dozen eggs: what determines the constant proportion of sex in the chickens? Not certainly any act of volition or knowledge on her part. Yet throughout creation this proportion prevails, and is invariable. In the human race the number of males born is always and everywhere slightly in excess of the females. Yet over this fact the struggle for life and natural selection must

be equally powerless. If there had been only one sex, the development of that sex in any case might be thought explicable upon the same principle as the development of any of the organs of the nascent offspring. But with two sexes there must be two different developments going on together in the body of the same parent, under the influence of the same environments; a state of things palpably inconsistent with the theory of a development by the simple operation of the common laws of nature. It could not be by a law essential to the individual itself; for then it must always have operated in the same individual to the same effect—either always male, or always female, or always both, which is contrary to the fact. Nor could it be by a law of indefinite development; for then it would not be confined to one or other of two sexes only, but must have led to other forms of life, of which we have hitherto had no experience. The conclusion is inevitable, that the distinction of the sexes is not a matter of development by laws which admit of no variation, but of something which *underlies* development, which is beyond our ken and above our comprehension.

And this conclusion becomes doubly confirmed when, to the distinction of the sexes, we add the further condition of their virtually *equable distribution*. We have said *virtually* equable, because, though this is the general rule, there are (as in other departments of natural science) exceptions, to be accounted for upon equally reasonable grounds. But the fact remains that the two sexes are, notably in our own race, produced in constant and nearly equal proportions: strikingly consistent with our moral and social requirements. That this could not be by blind chance, we believe everyone will be ready to admit; and certainly we know of no natural law to which it could be imputed. It is, of course, unnecessary to expatiate upon its incompatibility with the theory of development by evolution as here intended.

Another point of evidence to which we have adverted as conclusive to the same effect, is the *adaptation of the species to the conditions of its existence*. In a general sense this fact is so well understood as to leave hardly any room for comment. The webbed foot of the duck tribe as an instrument of locomotion in water; the peculiar curve of least resistance in the head of the fish, favouring its rapid progress through the same element; the structure of the leg of the roosting bird, whereby it retains its hold on the perch during sleep; the oblique action of the beak of the crossbill, tending to the disruption of the scales of the cones of the fir on which it feeds; the retractile claws of the tiger and others of the feline tribe, favouring the preservation of their sharpness; the bare and hardened tips of the tail-feathers of the tree-climbing birds, by means of which, with the aid of their feet, they are enabled to creep up the perpendicular stems in search of their insect prey; the expansive hoof of the reindeer, sustaining it upon the surface of the snow; the illuminating power of the glow-worm and other nocturnal insects, serving as a guide to their respective mates; these, and numberless others of the like description, have long been noticed and insisted upon as evidential of a design in the creation only to be explained upon the ground of a personal Creator.

And so, no doubt, they are, though the evidence to that effect be not so decided in some instances as in others. In many cases the connexion between the species and the conditions of its existence is such as might be held to be the effect of a natural law; as, for example, the white colour of the fur in certain animals in cold climates, so favourable to their safety in a region covered with snow, but which might be the effect of the cold itself upon the colouring matter of the fur, as we see in the case of the stoat or ermine, which in summer is dusky brown (its permanent condition in our country), and in winter assumes its livery of white. In other cases the agreement of the species with the conditions of its existence might be thought to be merely the expression of a necessary fact, without any regard to the mode of its accomplishment. The animals certainly could not have existed as they are but for the concurrence of the conditions in which they are found. The conclusion is apt—they are but the remains of the multitudinous races that had been initiated, but had failed to survive in consequence of the want of that concurrence which had not yet been fully realised.

And such, in fact, is the explanation relied on by the defenders of the theory in question. But, besides the non-existence of any evidence of the races thus summarily disposed of (upon which we shall very shortly have occasion to enlarge), the cases referred to are only a portion of the catalogue of examples illustrative of the point at issue, among which are many incapable of solution upon such an hypothesis. Let us take for an exemplification the notable case of the contrasted habits and physical characteristics of the tiger and the leopard. The tiger, we all know, is a denizen of the jungle, a low underwood of canes and reeds,

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in which it lives and seeks its food; and in conformity with this condition of life, it has often been observed, are the colour and form of the marks by which it is distinguished—vertical stripes of black upon a yellow ground: a 'counterfeit presentment' of the jungle in which it dwells. But the leopard also is a dweller in the same style of country; with this distinction, however, that it seeks its food, not in the jungle on the ground, but in the branches of a tree, on one of which it sits in perfect stillness waiting for the opportunity to pounce upon its prey. And in conformity with this distinction are its marks both in form and colour—spots, or rather *splashes*, of black upon a yellow ground, strikingly resembling the leaves of the tree in which it is shrouded. And that the evidence of design which this concurrence of habits and physical characteristics is calculated to afford may be the more incontestably established, we have virtually the same conditions fulfilled in two other animals of corresponding qualities: on the one hand, the jaguar, the congener of the leopard in the New World; and on the other, the puma, the partner of the jaguar in everything but in climbing the trees; the former spotted like the leopard, the latter presenting the russet hue of the soil to which its movements are confined.

Here, then, are examples of the adaptation of the species to the conditions of their existence which cannot be explained upon either of the hypotheses referred to. It could not be by virtue of any law of nature; for we neither know of any such law, nor can we conceive of any that could produce the effects in question exclusively in the case of the few species alluded to without regard to the multitudes inhabiting the same localities. Nor could it be by any mutual reaction of the habits and characteristics; as of the physical characteristics superinducing the habits, or the habits the characteristics. For, in the first case, there are many animals with the same characteristics, either striped like the tiger or spotted like the leopard and the jaguar, who do not respectively haunt the jungle or the trees: as, under the former head, the zebra and the quagga in Africa and the tiger itself in the mountainous parts of China; under the latter, the giraffe and certain species of antelopes and deer. Nor could it be by the habits superinducing the characteristics; for there are many animals which have the same habits without the same physical characteristics: as the thousands of species haunting the jungles that are not striped, including the leopard itself, and the thousands of species haunting the trees that are not spotted. There remains but the alternative of pure chance—which, of course, they who are satisfied with it are at liberty to adopt—or the will of a supreme creative Power.

Parallel with the preceding in all essential particulars is another exemplification of the suitability of the species to the conditions of its existence, equally complex, and conclusive upon the same grounds. The serpent tribes have several characteristics in common, and one grand point of distinction. All are devoid of prehensile organs except the mouth; all, with one exception, feed exclusively upon live animals; all are devoid of lips; and all use their teeth, not as other animals for the purpose of chewing their food, but of catching it. Such are their common characteristics: the essential difference is that some are venomous, killing their food before they begin to swallow it; others not venomous, killing their food in the act of deglutition. Now it is remarkable that in all these latter the teeth are inclined backwards, so that once seized the object has no power of escape; whereas in the case of the venomous snakes, where death is inflicted and all struggling terminated before the prey is seized, there are virtually no teeth at all, those in the upper jaw being limited to the two poison fangs, which are always recumbent when not in use. But there is one exception to the habits above alluded to in the case of a certain species—the *Deirodon scaber*—which lives in trees and feeds upon the eggs of birds. In such a case, with teeth in the usual position in the mouth, and without lips, it is evident that the eggs would be crushed and the liquid matter lost before it could be swallowed. But this species has no teeth in its mouth, the teeth being seated in the throat.

There are two objects (we almost hesitate to call them animals, though such undoubtedly they are) which exemplify, in perhaps the highest degree possible, the adaptation of the species to the conditions of their existence—we allude to the singular creatures vulgarly known as the *leaf-insect* and the *walking-stick*. To those who have not seen them we despair of conveying an adequate notion of their physical characteristics, which are but faintly represented in the names by which they are distinguished. Suffice it to say that the former, which averages about four inches in length, is made up of a congeries of *foliations*, the wings and legs being in outward appearance precisely as the leaves of a tree; the other, which is generally somewhat longer, having its body

and limbs fashioned with an eqnally close resemblance to partially withered sticks.* With regard to their habits we have only to observe that they live in or nnder trees, and that they are extremely slow in their motions; eonsequently it is only by their similitude to the objects with which they are snrronnded that they escape the predatory attacks of their numerous foes.

There is yet one more example of the adaptation of the species to the eonditions of its existence which is too striking to be pretermitted. We have already referred to the distinction between the sexes as a phenomenon incompatible with the theory of development by evolution. This, however, had regard simply to the fact of a distinetion, apart from the particulars by which it should be characterised. But there are in those particulars, as displayed in the case not of single species only, but of whole orders of animals, evidences of adaptation in a wider sense than that hitherto intended, a sense regarding the sexes separately according to their respective reqnirements. This diversity of dealing with the two constituent members of the same species is principally, if not exclusively, manifested in the class of birds, in which, the dutics of the female exposing her to special danger during incubation, it becomes a necessity of the case that she shonld be soberly arrayed so as not to attract attention; while, as regards the male, who is at liberty to shift for himself on the approach of danger, no such neccssity exists.

We have been so mnch struck with an illustration of this condition, which anyone who desires may readily verify for himself, that we feel we cannot close this branch of our subject more effectively than by a simple allusion to it. There is a glass case in the British Mnseum, standing alone, apart from the wall, containing a splendidly mounted specimen of the Impeyan pheasant. This bird is abont the size of a turkey, and gorgeously adorned with feathers of the brightest metallic hues. It is, in fact, one of the most beautiful birds in existence, and, as sneh, never fails to arrest the attention of tho most careless spectator. And yet of the hundreds that will have pansed in passing to admire this beautiful creation of the male sex, the vast majority will have gone by withont noticing, most probably not having seen, the female who, in her sober attire and diminished proportions, is sitting near him on her nest of withered moss so closely resembling her own feathers that it is difficult to distinguish between them. Here, then, we have a case of double development (if that be the principle npon which we have to depend for explanation) leading to opposite results under the same environments, and both in accordance with the exigencies of the respective sexes. This certainly conld be by no eommon lsw of nature affecting both sexes. Nor eonld it be by two different laws affecting the sexes respectively, as though tbere was something in the male organisation tending to aggrandisement and embellishment in which the female was defioient: for this simple reason—that in other cases the process is reversed; the female of the eagle, and some other tribes, being larger and more beantifnl than the male.

Another point of evidence which we have had in view as condemnatory of the theory of development by evolntion is the *incongruity of the elements* npon the mutual relation of which it is founded. Deriving all existing species from others of an inferior organisation, it necessarily snpposes an agreement between the species in tho process of translation, which is, however, notably deficient in respect of several important particulars. Some speeies live in water, some on land, and somo in tho air; some are carnivorous, others herbivorons, granivorons, or graminivorous; and in each of these categories the species are endowed with a totally different organisation. Supposing all the species to be derived from a common source, all terrestrial or air-breathing aninals must, in their ancestry, havo experienced a translation from one of these categories in respect of their dwelling-place; and some must havo nndergone more than one in respect of their feeding. How this could be, is the prime qnestion to be solved in adjndicating npon the theory before ns. And the answer to this qnestion is not to be satisfied by a reference to the objects as they are, with a statement in general terms of the conversion of one into another the most closely resembling. It is not with the objects themselves that we are here concerned, bnt with tho conversion, for the just consideration of which we must descend from general terms to particulars of the minntest description. We mnst strive to trace the passage from the species with one elass of endowments to the species with another—as from the animal living in the water (the primordial condition of animal life npon the earth) to that living npon the land, and from the species feeding upon vegetables to that feeding npon flesh, or *vice versâ*—endeavouring to realise the state of things in the interval, when the intermediate races

* There are specimens of both in the fly cases of the British Museum.

were neither exactly the one nor the other, or more one than the other, or both.

It would be inexcusable in us were we to attempt to follow up the proceeding here intimated, with a view to establish the fallacy of the theory of which it is a hypothetical delineation, inasmuch as we are on the very point of adducing, as the last of the evidences to which we have adverted in contravention of the theory in question, the undeniable fact of the total absence from the records of creation of the objects upon whose mode of production we should have been engaged in speculating. We have already alluded to this condition—of the non-existence of the races of animals by which the intervals between the existing species are supposed, in the theory before us, to have been filled up—and are now prepared to insist upon it as nothing less than conclusive of the whole matter in dispute.

It can require but little reflection to perceive that, if the several species of animals at present existing are the outcome of a gradual improvement, each one of another next below it in the scale of organisation, not realised at once, but in successive generations, there must have existed in the course of time a multitude of animals corresponding to these successive modifications, constituting in themselves the population of the world for the time being, and as much qualified as those now remaining to take their places among the representatives of the animal kingdom, either of the living or the dead. At the same time it requires but a very small stretch of thought further to perceive that, so far from such a principle of creation affording reasonable grounds for the inference of a development of the *species*, according to the present intent of the term, the result must have been the absolute exclusion of all *species* whatever—the production of an indiscriminate mass, or rather *mob* of animals, extending in undistinguishable series from one end of the creation to the other.

Perhaps we could make this matter more clear by a reference to analogous circumstances in another department of physical science. We are not sure that all our readers are acquainted with a certain piece of mechanism called a *monochord*. It will be enough, however, here to observe that it consists of a single cord or string like that of a harp, stretched over a frame between two fixed points, one of which, being formed like the peg of a violin, can be made use of for the purpose of tightening the string and so raising the pitch of the note. If this string be set in vibratory motion by the action of a bow when it is at the slackest, and while in motion be gradually tightened, it will give out, not a succession of separate sounds, but one continuous stream of sound, from the lowest to the highest which it is capable of producing. Here we have the development of sound, the highest from the lowest, by insensible degrees; but no evolution of musical notes, which may properly be called the *species of sound*. To this effect it would be necessary to assume certain fixed points of tension at which to set the cord in motion, to the actual exclusion of the rest of the scale. Precisely similar would it be in the case of a development of animal life by insensible degrees according to the theory before us. We should have an animal population consisting of a number of series of individuals, from the lowest to the highest, with nothing to distinguish between the component members for an infinite number of generations in succession; and it could only be by the intervention of a foreign power sweeping away whole multitudes, not by haphazard, but in regular groups of successive generations, leaving some solitary cases with sensible gaps in the series on either side, that any scope could be realised for a distribution into species.

Once admit the possibility of a transmutation of species, and the whole order of animated and vegetable creation would in a given series of ages be thrown into chaos. Everything would cease to be what it is, and be becoming what it is not. On this point M. de Quatrefages has a striking passage:

'The infertility, or, if you will, the restricted and rapidly limited fertility between species and the impossibility of natural forces, when left to themselves, producing series of intermediary beings between two given specific types is one of those general facts which we call *law*. This fact has an importance in the organic world equal to that rightly attributed to attraction in the sidereal world. It is by virtue of the latter that the celestial bodies preserve their respective distances, and complete their orbits in the admirable order revealed by astronomy. The *law of the sterility of species* produces the same result, and maintains between species and between different groups in animals and plants all those relations which, in the palæontological ages as well as in our own, form the marvellous whole of the *Organic Empire*.

'Imagine the suppression of the laws which govern attraction in the heavens, and what chaos would immediately be the result! Suppress upon earth the law of crossing, and the confusion would be immense. It is scarcely possible to say where it would stop. After a few generations the groups which we call genera, families, orders, and classes would

most certainly have disappeared, and the branches also would rapidly have become affected. It is clear that only a few centuries would elapse before the animal and vegetable kingdoms fell into the most complete disorder. Now order has existed in both kingdoms since the epoch when organised beings first peopled the solitudes of our globe, and it could only have been established and preserved by virtue of the impossibility of a fusion of species with each other through indifferently and indefinitely fertile crossings.' (*Quatrefages*, p. 80.)

But this is a state of things which we know to be contrary to the truth—there are no such beings as these transmuted and intermediate animals, capable of reproduction. That there is no trace at present of any such animals is now universally admitted; though a solitary case of approximation to the equine species was once rather vauntingly claimed for the *arohippus*, a peculiar creature of its kind about the size of a fox. But it is not one, but millions of creatures that we are looking for, and have a right to expect to find if ever they existed. We can well understand how the world in the days of Lucretius, and even up to the times of Lamarck, having, virtually, no knowledge of the evidences of animal existence contained in the bowels of the earth, may have readily accepted the theory of a development of the species by evolution, so far as this particular objection is concerned. But that it should continue to be maintained at the present day, when our museums are literally teeming with the relics of the animal world extending over the whole course of time, including multiplied examples of every form of life hitherto known to have prevailed, and yet none of the infinitely more numerous beings that must have been living contemporaneously with them if the doctrine in question were true, is a phenomenon only to be accounted for by reference to the phases of the human understanding to which we have adverted in the commencement of this article.

The science of natural history is, as we have there observed, a science of *facts*, for the advancement of which we are properly indebted to the class of scientists whose disposition and endowments are those of *observation* and research. And fully and ably have they corresponded with the requirements of the case. And had they confined themselves to this, their own department of literature, they would have merited nothing but honour and praise from all mankind. Unfortunately, however, for themselves, and yet more for the world at large, they have not been content to labour in their own vocation; but have, with more boldness than prudence, extended the sphere of their exertions beyond the region of *fact* into the domain of *inference*—the province of another class of minds and of men. Far be it from us to deny that it is possible for both departments of science to find a congenial soil in the same human understanding. Examples of such a contingency undoubtedly there have been, among which may be cited the renowned names of Aristotle and Bacon. But these are the exceptions to the general rule, under the operation of which we live, and the conditions of which we are bound to respect.

And thus, while we gratefully accept the contributions to science which the *men of observation* are continually adding to our store, we do them no intentional dishonour when we decline to attach any importance to the conclusions they have been fain to draw from them. Apart from the deficiency, which we are constrained to ascribe to the one class of intellect compared with the other in the matter of logical induction, great allowance has to be made for the power of private interest and affection in determining the judgment, as well by overestimating the force of everything that appears favourable, and underrating everything that appears contradictory, to the hypothesis in view. To such an extent is this tendency displayed as frequently to merge in the ridiculous. We most of us will remember the sensation created by the announcement at the meeting of the British Association at Belfast a few years ago, under the presidency of Professor Tyndall, of the flesh-eating propensity of the Venus's Fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*) as the case of a plant living upon animal food, confirming, it was solemnly believed, the relation of the animal to the vegetable kingdom as co-members of the one universal scheme of development by evolution. And doubtless it was under the same inspiration that Dr. Darwin himself has favoured the world with a whole volume upon 'Insectivorous Plants,' drawn up with his usual skill; though, with regard to the main point, we fail to perceive in it anything new. We have always been under the impression that plants did thrive or live upon decayed animal matter without having been led to infer a botanical origin for our own race.

But it is unnecessary to pursue this point any further. We have already said enough to satisfy our present object, which is simply to expose the weakness of the reasoning (if reasoning it could be called) by which the theory before us is assumed to be maintained. The question is essentially one to

be decided by the exercise of the judicial faculties. It is simply a question of rational induction, founded upon the evidence of facts. And if so dealt with, apart from all fanciful speculation, we feel no hesitation in asserting that the conclusion will be that at which we ourselves have long since arrived, viz. that development by evolution is merely a rhetorical expression, a form o words, and nothing more.

There is a point which, though not absolutely included in the subject we have been hitherto dealing with, is yet so intimately connected with it that we should hardly feel satisfied in passing it by altogether without notice. A development of the animal kingdom by evolution, as in the theory before us, if it does not actually imply the negation of a source of life and reason independent of the organic functions, is so naturally suggestive of it that we shall not be surprised to find the advocacy of the one doctrine, as a general rule, united with that of the other. And certainly the contrary position—that the animated being has a something which we call a soul, of a different nature from the body, and consequently not comprehended in the principles upon which that attribute of the creature is assumed to be accounted for—could not be otherwise than damaging to the theory that makes no provision for such an adjunct. Heretofore the substitute for this element of the animal economy has been expressed in general terms; as in the language of Hobbes, 'The mind is physical, wholly material; the phenomenon of consciousness is the direct result of our organisation;' or in that of Hartley, the pupil of Locke, 'Thought and feeling are vibrations of the brain;' or as described by Condillac, 'All mental phenomena are simply transformed sensations;' or again by Baron d'Holbech, 'Thought is an agitation of the nerves;' and more recently in the words of Professor Huxley, 'Vitality is nothing but the molecular change of protoplasm.' At length, however, these vague descriptions have received a more definite form, and life, with all its moral attributes, sensation and reflection, thought, perception, affection, hatred, memory, &c., is now ranged under the category of galvanic operations—the brain a galvanic battery, the nerves the connecting wires through which its influences are communicated. To sum up in the words of Stuart Mill, 'The mind is a voltaic pile, giving shocks of thought.' Herr Haeckel carries his theory with consistent extravagance into the domain of morals and religion, for he affirms that 'in natural religion founded on reason, the leading principle derives the human sense of duty from *the social instincts of animals*;' and he asserts that 'the social instinct of the higher animals (*for instance, the marvellous sense of duty in ants*) is strictly Christian.' The instincts of animals are rather to devour one another; but even this absurdity is surpassed by the notable discovery of the Christianity of *ants*.

We shall not stop to inquire into the merits of the materialist and animal theory further than to observe that, admitting it to be a fairly correct representation of the physical organism, both as regards the brain and the nervous system in connection with it (as indeed specially enlarged upon by ourselves in our last January number), it is yet deficient in respect of an essential qualification; indeed the most essential to its efficiency, and which the mere properties of matter—the so-called laws of nature—are wholly incompetent to supply. As it stands it is simply a description of a machine with certain powers always in action, but without any provision for its guidance or control. It is a telegraphic office with its machinery in full operation, but without a clerk; a steam-engine with its steam up, but without a driver.

Now, the deficiency here is just of that very element which in the animal machine is supplied by a faculty for which there is no counterpart or corresponding provision in any of the laws or powers of nature. We all understand and are fully agreed upon the general character of those laws—that they are essentially *active* and *invariable* in their respective spheres. Each has its peculiar office, which it can neither refrain from fulfilling when the occasion offers, nor fulfil in any other than its proper course. If a stone be let fall from the top of St. Paul's, it *must* by the law of gravitation fall to the ground, and that (if unobstructed) in a straight line to the centre of gravity. If a plate of copper be immersed in a solution of nitrate of silver, the silver *must* be precipitated, and the copper take its place in the solution. Or again, if a magnetised needle be exposed to the action of a current of electricity, it *must* assume a position at right angles to the current by which it is deflected. And so of all the powers or properties of matter, chemical, galvanical, magnetical, physical. There is no scope for the exercise of any discretion in the conduct of their operations.

In marked opposition to all this is the special faculty of the mind to which we have adverted—the faculty of *volition*, the power of the *will*, perhaps the most dis-

tinctive characteristic of the animal nature. By this faculty all animated beings are qualified to determine and to vary their course of action—to do or not to do, or to do in either of two or more different ways It is, in fact, the *primum mobile* of the whole vital machine, both moral and physical. It is the source of all mental tendencies and of all bodily exertions. It guides the hand of the mechanic in all its tortuous movements, and, yet more wonderful, the fingers of the musical performer in the execution of the most complicated and rapid passages. And it works backwards as well as forwards, enabling the individual to retrace his steps when he thinks they are likely to lead him astray. Such a faculty as this, it is scarcely necessary to add, cannot be accounted for by reference to any of the laws or properties of matter. It stands evidently upon a different and a higher ground. It is the expression of a something within that represents the creature itself in the exercise of its vital functions—the *Ego* which stands at the head of the animal machine, however that machine may be constituted, and initiates all its movements, however those movements may be realised.

But we must stop here. It would carry us beyond the legitimate exigencies of our present purpose to pursue the subject any farther.

Art. IX.—1. *The Gamekeeper at Home.* London: 1878.
2. *Wild Life in a Southern County.* London: 1879.
3. *The Works of the late* William Howitt. London: 1856–78.

The satisfaction of grumbling at his climate is the cherished privilege of an Englishman, and it is a privilege he has the less hesitation in abusing that he hardly means the half of what he says, though it must be confessed that it requires, in the present year, more than ordinary courage to defend it. But the thoughtful croaker is conscious all the time how deeply he and his country are indebted to their weather. Its influence on the material prosperity of England has been the hackneyed theme of philosophic historians. The atmosphere that is so often chilly and so seldom to be trusted, is bracing alike to the mind and the body. It is like the shock of a shower bath in the morning, that through a passing sense of intense discomfort sets the blood in a genial glow and quickens the brain and the pulses. Generation after generation of stalwart men are born and reared under the most favourable conditions; and the colonies we have sown broadcast all over the globe, are always recruiting their stamina at the parent source.

But if we look to the mere pleasures and poetry of our existence, we have still more reason to bless our climate. In England, whatever be its faults, there is nothing of tame monotony, and it is the very country to inspire a sense of the poetical in men who have the energy to turn it to account. We have been settled somewhere on the *juste milieu* between the extremes of the frigid and the torrid zones. Nature with us is neither shivering nor sunburned, and she shows herself in the variety of simple charms that seems the perfection of unconscious coquetry. As the festival of Easter follows the privations of Lent, so we should never enjoy our Junes as we used to do, were it not for the fogs and frosts of our winters. We delight to bask in the summer sun, because his genial beams draw the chill out of our marrow; but nothing is more wearisome than eternal sunshine. Enervating it is, of course, and your capacities for enjoyment are dulled, as your nerves and muscles are relaxed. The 'sunny south' is associated rather with siestas, sunblinds, and hammocks in the shade, than with the play of dancing lights on a smiling landscape and a frame invigorated by healthful exercise. In place of the song of birds in the fresh green of the copses, you have the chirping of monstrous grasshoppers and field crickets, and the rustling of lizards with the temperaments of salamanders over the burning rocks and through the parched herbage. Even if you go no farther to the southward than Spain or Sicily, all nature seems gasping for air and water. The foliage after the freshness of the evanescent spring, is drooping or falling from the boughs. The winter torrents have dried up in their stony beds, and the rivers have shrunk into trickling rivulets. The well-to-do natives and the belated strangers are gone into *villeggiatura* high up on the hills or in the depths of those valleys that are never ventilated. If they are to breathe freely once in the twenty-four hours, they must be up with the first glimmerings of dawn; and that no doubt is the less difficult that, thanks to the stifling atmosphere and the mosquitoes, they have been tossing the night through in feverish dreams. From an early spring to a late autumn, they seldom know what it is to rise refreshed; and even the active Anglo-Saxon is crippled for exercise. If he decides to go touring

on horseback or mulehack, he ought, as the Spaniards say, to be *hecho de bronce*. He must bring the long morning march to a conclusion, when one's day is barely beginning in more favoured climes; and we have melancholy recollections of the miserable midday hours that must be killed in some wayside *albergo* or *venta*. While you have little or no appetite yourself, whole tribes of the insect world are busy with you. There is no lounging out in the shadeless fields that are baked to the colour and consistency of asphalte; and the artist, however ardent he may be, must leave pencils and brushes in the bottom of his saddle bags. Even the glorious views in the comparative coolness of the mornings or the brief twilights begin speedily to lose their pristine attractions. You hardly care to raise your aching eyeballs to castles and shattered colonnades of marble standing out sharply against the sky line; or to gaze across the brown slopes that are strangely distorted by refraction, and whose surface seems to be shimmering with something like a mirage.

And all these discomforts are immeasurably aggravated in the actual tropics. Island Edens like the Hawaiian archipelago are only paradises for a third of the year; through the rest of it, the man of energetic habits is likely to find them much more of an inferno. We have always read with intense satisfaction the books of such writers as Messrs. Bates and Wallace; for while we acknowledge the full fascination of their descriptions, we are grateful for being spared the tribulations of their travel. Unless we timed our visit for the coolest season, which would of course be doing the country scanty justice, we should prefer to admire even Rio Janeiro, with its gardens and the hanging forests on its mountains, in the pictures and photographs which make it seem so enchanting. Admitting the graceful luxuriance of tropical vegetation, we should prefer for our own part the distant effects to more detailed examination. There is shade enough in all conscience, in the sunniest season; but death and disease are lurking under the shadows. It is the continual process of rapid decay that gives the rank vitality to the gigantic growths. The magnificent monarchs of the woods are in the embrace of murderous parasites. There is an unwholesome tint on the vivid green of the undergrowth, if you could distinguish the colours in the impenetrable gloom. The pools that have formed under the drip of the boughs are covered with a carpeting of rotting waterweeds. As you grope your way through the great fronds of the ferns, or plunge to midthigh in the beds of yielding moss, you are setting ugly reptile life in motion all around you. The silence is broken by the melody of frogs, and for all you know you may set your foot at any moment in the coils of some monster snake who will chime in with his ominous rattle. The air, in spite of the darkness, is hot enough, for it is freshened by sunshine as little as by breezes; and it is reeking with the taint of a pestilential miasma. Fancy some rustic poet, some Strephon in cottons and Panama hat, from the neighbouring pastures or cane brakes, throwing himself on a mossy bank in such circumstances, and voluptuously composing his idylls of the woods, as he abandons himself to the spirit of the surrounding influences.

Returning from these regions of the sun to 'Rural England' brings us naturally to speak of William Howitt, who gave that title to one of the most fascinating and characteristic of his works. From Chaucer among poets and Addison among essayists, our best literature is everywhere impregnated with the influences of our country sights and scenes. But Howitt may be said to have given himself over to these influences from his boyhood, and he has made Rural England the theme of his books, in place of merely introducing it incidentally. Most men who have written directly of the country have been sportsmen or professed naturalists. The sportsmen who began to write of sport have been led away by their intense appreciation of nature; and in the pages of Scrope, Colquhoun, and St. John, of Gilbert White and Waterton and Jesse, we have vividly picturesque pictures of what we all incline to admire. Howitt, on the contrary, was no sportsman. He was born and brought up in the Society of Friends, and we believe that the stricter members of the Society object to taking animal life for amusement. He does not give us the idea of being a scientific naturalist. But he loved the country and all concerning it so heartily, that he sought and found inexhaustible subjects in it. And at the same time he was catholic in his tastes, and extremely liberal in his views, while in the varied experiences of an active life he had gathered great stores of practical information. If his principles forbade him to shoot, he could understand the enthusiasm of those who indulged in the amusement. Indeed, as we learn from his earlier writings, his grandfather and an uncle on the mother's side, who inhabited a sequestered old house in Derbyshire, seldom stirred from the door

without a gun upon their shoulders; and it was his great delight in his boyish days to persuade them to take him out on a bird-nesting expedition. In his expeditions to Scotland in the beginning of the grouse season, when the heather was in its richest August bloom, we can conceive that nothing would have pleased him more than to have deferred a visit to Culloden or Kilmorac, and turned aside for a long day with the keepers. He not only tolerates sport, but he defends it, and to a certain degree owns his sympathy with it. He seems, as we have said, to have been no scientific naturalist. Yet he always walked with his eyes about him; he had made personal acquaintance with all the residents and visitors of our *feræ naturæ*, and in his 'Country Year Book' and his 'Book of the Seasons' he gives a regular calendar of the arrivals and departures of migrants. He was a practical and poetical botanist as well. Read his books critically as you please, with their successive descriptions of the succeeding seasons, and you never detect him in the slightest inaccuracy. The copses and hedgerows from January to December are photographed vividly on the retina of his imagination. He knew when and where to look for each budding tinge of colour; when each tree should be bursting in the spring time or putting forth its second shoots. And if he only writes verses incidentally, there is poetry in almost every chapter of his books.

So far as we can judge a man by his writings, we can hardly imagine a happier life than his. We glean from them connected fragments of autobiography, beginning with his 'Boy's Country Book,' which was one of the most treasured volumes in our own boyish library. His father, who came of an old Derbyshire stock, was a gentleman; though in primitive days and in a primitive neighbourhood he ranked rather as a substantial yeoman. He farmed land of his own, and lived with every comfort, till, in an unlucky hour for himself, he was tempted into mining speculations. Young Howitt's home was in the Peak of Derbyshire, and though his morals no doubt were carefully attended to, his manners were somewhat neglected. He began by going to the village school; and he ran loose out of lesson hours with village playmates. He boasts with pardonable pride that he owed his ascendency among them to his pluck more than to his social position. 'Never,' he exclaims, 'were such a crew of ragged, resolute lads under the command of one happy boy. To me, what were their rags and their dirty faces?—I thought not of them.' Never, we may add, had the birds more inveterate enemies in the nesting season. Fortunately they were so numerous in those parts that there was no thinning them; and then these young ragamuffins had their principles of humanity, and contented themselves with merely taking tithes of the eggs. Howitt's courage and activity kept him safe though they made him reckless, and he was in the care of the Providence that watches over scapegraces. He tells how on one occasion he was held by the heels over the mouth of an old coal-pit that he might reach his hands down to a blackbird's nest, though blackbirds in that parish must have been as plentiful as sparrows; how at another time he was saved by the devotion of his followers, when he had scrambled along a hanging bough over a woodland pool to gather some strange water weeds that had a marvellous resemblance to foxtails. He tells us how he was sent on solitary rides through the Peak, passing ruined halls and lonely farmhouses, carrying large sums of money to pay his father's miners. Subsequently he went to the great Quaker establishment at Ackworth in Yorkshire, where he received his regular education. We know not whether he was a diligent student or no; but assuredly few men have been so liberally educated for the practical purposes of an enjoyable life. Apart from the pleasant brightness of his style, and from the freshness of enjoyment he never lost, and which he invariably succeeded in imparting to his readers, we should desire no more cultivated or sympathetic guide in the tours he made to 'Remarkable Places.' He pulls a venerable building to pieces, telling the dates of foundation, additions, and reconstruction from the architecture. He shows an appreciative taste in paintings, developed and refined by extensive foreign travel. He had studied English history in its broadest sense, going into the minute details of domestic furniture and habits. He has the art of making archæology light and lively, and illustrating genealogy by anecdote and reminiscences, while he relieves the inevitable dryness of those topics by introducing personal incidents and sprightly conversations. So it is, and in an even greater degree, in his visits to the 'Homes and Haunts of the Poets.' Their most characteristic beauties were familiar to him as household words, and he traces with the fondness of intimate friendship the influences of its surroundings on each peculiar genius. We fancy that he lived chiefly in the country: first in Derbyshire; then in Nottinghamshire, where as a young

man mingling unnoticed in the little crowd of staring villagers, he saw Byron laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Hucknall. Afterwards for many years he occupied a cottage at Esher, in one of the most attractive neighbourhoods of our beautiful home counties. But with the gipsy's love of green fields and woods, he had something of the gipsy's restlessness, although there the resemblance ceased between the vagrants. Howitt was never so happy as when away on one of his pilgrimages among the spots consecrated by associations with historical deeds or illustrious men: or when plunging unguided on an expedition of discovery into some of the secluded nooks and recesses of old England. Guides he loved to dispense with, though he delighted to draw strangers into conversation; but he was never at a loss for congenial company, since few men have chosen better in their marriage. Mrs. Howitt sympathised in all his tastes: loved the country as dearly as her husband, and wrote with equal grace and feeling. It seems unfitting that Howitt should have ended his days abroad, though he had a romantic burial place by the Appian Way under the shadow of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. His more appropriate resting place would have been in some village graveyard among the scenes and sounds that delighted him in his lifetime. To our mind his 'Boy's Country Book' is the best of the kind that has ever been written, and the publishers would do a kindness to the boys of the day if they were to bring it out in a new edition. It describes the life of a country lad some sixty years ago, and the descriptions are for the most part as true to nature now as then. Nothing has been changed but the simplicity of manners and the primitive habits of the old-fashioned rustics, and these give it a picturesqueness that must be wanting now-a-days to any contemporary publication of the kind. Like all his later works it has the force of most faithful delineation; and there is a fresh exuberance of hearty appreciation of those innocent pleasures in which his days flew by. The only art in it is the art of graphically reproducing the pictures that had impressed themselves indelibly on his mind. Boyhood is the time of quick susceptibilities with the keenness of appreciation that must gradually be blunted. We have always pitied the unfortunates who have only learned to like the country when they have found leisure to make holiday late in life. They miss the lingering fragrance of those bright early associations which are revived by sights and sounds and scents to the country-bred boy who has passed a busy working time in cities or abroad. To him, the cawing of the rooks or the call of the cuckoo, the first primrose of the spring, or the fragrance from the fresh hayricks will bring back a rush of happy memories. For once he forgets toils and cares, and is charmed back to that pleasant state of existence when he lived in each passing hour without troubling his head about the morrow. To the spirited and intelligent boy, everything is an object of interest. He has no fear of coughs and wet feet; his neck and limbs are his own, so he has every right to risk them; and as for rents in his clothes, that is the affair of his parents. He anticipates the adventurous bent of his later years by climbing trees and scaling buildings among clamorous colonies of rooks and jackdaws; or the future explorer and campaigner in the wilds goes plunging in search of birds' nests and rural sensations through the jungly labyrinths of the English woodlands. But hear Howitt on bird-nesting; and we can hardly read him in spring without longing to be up and away in the scenery he describes so exquisitely yet so simply.

'So away we went; down by the winding brook, peeping into its bushes and under its projecting banks—in the one we found that beautiful curiosity, the nest of the feather-spoke, round as a ball, spangled all over with silver lichens, and full of feathers and eggs; under the other we found thistles and blackbirds' nests. We went up long bushy lanes into the woods, and round some large ponds, Loscoe Dams and the Egriff Dams, in the midst of the woods. All these places were beautiful places, and abounding with hawks, wood pigeons, woodpeckers, crows, jackdaws, bullfinches, and many other curious birds. Sometimes we were going along the sides of banks overgrown with bushes and green plants, each with a large stick, beating the bushes as we went; and ever and anon out flew some bird, and in we plunged, and there was a blackbird or a throstle, or a yellow-hammer or a willow wren's nest. Then we were pondering along the dim and deep woods, looking up into the tall trees, sometimes spying out a wood pigeon's nest, which is a mere layer of sticks, so thin that you may see the two white eggs through it from the ground. Off would go the great bird with a dashing, rushing sound, and up one of us would go, and putting the two eggs into his mouth, to prevent them from being broken in descending, down he came again. Anon we should come to some crow or hawk's nest, perched on the tallest bough of one of the very tallest trees; and on knocking hard on the stem of the tree, if the old bird was on the nest, off she would go, and up one of us went, be the tree high as it would. Then again we were poring round the sedgy banks of the great ponds for water hens' nests,

which were built of flags and water grasses amongst the reeds or rushes, in some difficult place to come at for water or mud; but if the little spaniel sent the bird off, we always contrived some way [of getting to it, either by wading or laying a rail or a pole or something along to it. The nest is large enough to fill a wheelbarrow often, and the eggs are large and covered with greenish-red spots. They and hawks' and carrion crows' and corncrakes' eggs made a grand show in our nests. Many a hunt we had for these corn-crakes' nests in the grassy fields; and many a hunt on the heath and in the fallow fields for those of the peewits. . . . And it was not only the birds and their nests that we became acquainted with; but in one place we saw the polecat running along to its hole in the deep wood, or startled the old fox from his lair in a great bush; in another we came on the otter watching for fish on the edge of the old pool, and saw him plunge in when he perceived us. We saw the fishes glancing along the clear streams, or basking on the sunny surface. Rabbits and hares, squirrels and weasels, wild mice and bees and wasps, and many a brilliant dragon fly, were objects of curious observance in our rounds.'

There are the outlines of a world of boyish romance in that description dashed off *con amore*. Of course it is not every boy—ner unhappily are there many of us—who has the luck to be born into such an earthly paradise. But every country-bred youth can appreciate Howitt's picture of the boy's joy in the first signs of the spring; and although he repeats it with slight variations in many of his later writings, and though the difficulty is to stop quoting when we have begun, we cannot resist extracting a passage or two before taking leave of him in his boyhood.

'When up I sprang to dress, how light and nimble were my limbs! Oh! at that age one does not feel the heaviness of the earth of which we are made. . . . When up I jumped, and threw open that little casement, what an elysium lay before me! The sun shining, the birds singing, the soft air coming breathing in—so balmy, so full of freshness and flowery odours! and all around the dew glittering on the grass and leaves; the thin mists floating up from the distant meadows; the brook in the valley running on glistening in the sun; the upland slopes seeming to smoke in the morning light; and the lowing of cattle and the cheerful voices of passing people, giving a life to the whole that made me eager to be up and out of doors. Every day I rose earlier and earlier, in the cheerful, pure, dewy, sunshiny mornings, and every day discovered some new wonder. There were green herbs shooting up under every hedge; then came out early flowers; violets, blue and white violets, all along the banks as sweet and as beautiful as if they had been planted in the night by angels from heaven. Then came primroses. Oh, these dear, old-fashioned, pallid and faintly smelling flowers. They have been loved by every generation for a thousand years, and shall be for a thousand more to come; there they were, peeping out—one, two, three, on some mossy old bank in some briery old lane; then again, they stood in a glowing cluster. Then we saw them brightening in thousands the steep side of an old wood; and as the meadows grew green, out came the golden cowslips scattered well over them, and the beautiful anemones, and the bluebells, and a hundred other flowers—'

He writes in the natural revival of the old light-hearted enjoyment, of the days when 'weariness and sleep only came together, and came then with a sweetness to which our very pleasures in after years have no pretence.' Each loving touch has all the force that truth and affectionate recollection can give it; and if the poetry seems hackneyed, it is only because it is the expression of feelings that have been familiar to us, though we may have seldom or never put them into words. The 'Boy's Country Book' is a natural introduction to the 'Book of the Seasons;' and naturally in some degree it anticipates the other. The 'Book of the Seasons' is a calender of rural pleasures. It would be an unhappy thing for Englishmen if they could only enjoy the country in seasons when they can wander in flowery meads, or lie under the cool foliage among the flickering shadows of the dancing boughs. Perhaps Nature is never so picturesque as in her extreme severity; though it may need the bracing of the intensely invigorating air to make some of her victims support their trials with fortitude. Howitt paints such January snowstorms as we have had in 'an old-fashioned winter' like the last. The frost has bitten deep into the ground. The blasts, cutting like so many scythes, are whirling the descending snow and heaping it in the hollows and against the walls and the hedgerows. 'It is a dismal time for the travellers of wide and open heaths, and one of toil and danger to the shepherds in mountainous tracts.' All vegetation has been buried deep out of sight, and the flocks, huddling together for protection and warmth, are being overwhelmed in the drifts that slowly stifle them. Even in the lowland districts there is much suffering in the animal creation. The pools are frozen hard; the streams have shrunk into rivulets, and are trickling under ice; the wild birds, half tamed by hunger, forget their shyness, and draw into the farmyards for food and shelter, or come hopping on the window sills in search of bread crumbs. Poachers and

keepers can track game and vermin by the traces they have left everywhere on the surface of the snow. You look out through the fretted frostwork on the window panes, on a scene of beauty that is none the less impressive for its sternness. But you half forget the savage side of it, when the sun bursts forth, and everything is glittering in his dazzling radiance. For like everything else in nature, these storms have their cheerful aspects. There may be a touch of selfishness in those fireside joys which Howitt dwells on complacently; when you feel all the more contented, or the merrier, because the storm is howling out of doors and rattling the hail against the casements. You know in your heart that if you are warm and well fed, there are too many of your fellow creatures who are shivering and starving. So that even the jovial revels of the Yuletide in 'Marmion' may jar on you, when the poet inspired himself for the revival of 'merry Christmas' by heaping more logs on the roaring fire. At best these revels came but once in the twelve months, and if they did 'cheer the poor man's heart through half the year,' their memory must sometimes have brought him but sorry comfort. But you give yourself over with a clear conscience to the exhilaration of a vigorous walk in frosty weather. In the abounding sense of life and health, in the swift rush of the blood and the strong heat of the pulses, you are most keenly alive to the pleasures of the senses. There is none of the languor, not altogether disagreeable though it be, which is apt to tone down your enjoyment of summer with a chastened and gentle melancholy. Sounds are borne to the sharpened ear from extraordinary distances. Walk along the crests of the Sussex Downs of a bright January afternoon, and you have a series of charming surprises in the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere. The line of the French cliffs and the eminences buttressing the coast on the remote horizon come preternaturally near to you. You hear the rattle of lumbering waggon wheels in far-away lanes in the hollows, and the melodious chime of the sheep bells from flocks penned on the distant fallows. Or should you dip of a morning into the weald behind, where the meadows are intersected by rivulets and ditches, you may see before the sun has struggled up through the mists, such phenomena as Howitt describes under the head of 'boarfrost':—

'A dense huge mist commonly sets in overnight, which has vanished the next morning and left a clear atmosphere, and a lofty arch of sky of the deepest and most diaphanous blue, beaming above a scene of enchanting beauty. Every tree, bush, twig, and blade of grass, from the utmost nakedness, has put on a pure and feathery garniture, which appears the work of enchantment, and has all the air and romantic novelty of a fairy land. Silence and purity are thrown over the earth as a mantle. The hedges are clothed in a snowy foliage, thick as their summer array. The woods are filled with a silent splendour; the dark boles here and there contrasting strongly with the white and sparkling drapery of the boughs above, among which the wandering birds fly, scattering the rime around them in snowy showers. There is not a thicket but has assumed a momentary aspect of strange loveliness; and the mind is more affected by it from its suddenness of creation, and the consciousness of its speedy departure.'

Passing through spring with its sowing, lambing, and sheep-shearing, into summer, we find ourselves landed in the heart of the haymaking season. 'The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness and maturity; the eye roves over brown pastures, corn-fields already white to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedgerows and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full, and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes, and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadowy twilight which adds infinitely to their beauty.' Leafy June and early July are indeed the prime of our English year. Then you have an approach to the certainty of a Continental season, with the heavy night dews and occasional thunder showers which keep the luxuriant vegetation in something of its vernal freshness. The noonday heat may be oppressive, but it draws out the odours that load the atmosphere with voluptuous fragrance. Man is busy and nature in repose. The mower is whetting his scythe among the falling swathes of hay, at least in the easy-going districts where they have not introduced the mowing machine. The laden hay waggons are rumbling along the lanes, leaving traces of the toppling load on the bramble sprays and hanging branches. The cattle are ruminating peacefully in the coolest shadows or standing knee-deep in the shrunken pools. Unhappily the birds which made the woods vocal in spring have hushed their song. But the pigeons spreading their plumage to the light, are strutting and cooing on the barn roof, and the plaintive notes of their wild congeners the ring doves come from the swelling foliage of the neighbouring copses. You listen to the murmur of the rippling brook, where it steals along under arching herbage. Possibly there is a gipsy tent hard by, in

some nook at the crossing-place of sundry lanes; the thin blue smoke is swirling up from the camp kettle into the stirless air; the beasts with galled backs and wrung withers are getting a bellyful on the grass beneath the trees; and for once you may envy the lot of the nomads who may be here to-day and gone to-morrow. A savoury odour from the kettle mingles with the pleasant acrid smell of the kindling sticks; the more savoury that the contents might hardly bear examination from the point of view of the game preserver. At all events the game is safe in the meantime from anybody but the poacher; and he must limit his marauding to the supply of his own larder and risk proportionate penalties. Through the harsh incessant rattle of the landrail, you hear the partridge calling to her chicks; and as the shadows fall slanting and the heat grows less, you see the hare slipping through the hedgeroots to feed, and the rabbit gambolling among the furze and the brambles. Then with the cool of the twilight come the signs of approaching night. The pheasant with its crow of satisfaction over a full crop and a well-spent afternoon, flies up into the boughs to roost over the coppice. The cooing of the wood pigeons dies away, to be succeeded by the hooting of the wood owls; and owls and bats and night jars, with all the brood of the night, go flitting round on silent pinions through the deepening shadows, while the motley tribe of the beautiful night moths are fluttering over the shrubs and flowers in the garden. You would be more loth than you are to shut yourself up within doors, were you not persuaded that the weather is settled; and as you open the casement among the creepers before retiring to rest, you may hear the sharp bark of the fox on the prowl.

Howitt's 'Year Book of the Country' followed his 'Book of the Seasons.' He professed his intention of breaking fresh ground, and to a certain extent he succeeded. But it must be owned that it was only by avoiding in great measure what made the chief attraction of the former volume; and though his episodes and digressions and interludes were entertaining, for once we must bring him in guilty of the offence of bookmaking. No one assuredly can accuse him of that in his 'Rural Life in England.' It is a cyclopædia of the multifarious subjects it embraces; but though there is method and system in it, there is no formality. Each separate chapter, complete in itself, is adorned by the simple picturesqueness of his style, and characterised by his habitual breadth of sympathies. We might say that his eulogy of the lot of the country gentleman was overdone, were there any semblance of exaggeration in the expression of his feelings. But while recognising that its pleasures brought corresponding responsibilities, it was a life that recommended itself most strongly to Howitt's tastes. Fate had made him an author working for a livelihood; but he worked heart and soul on the subjects in which he found his recreations; and he enjoyed the Parks and Halls of England all the more that his enjoyment carried none of the cares of property. He would have been quite as contented as a prosperous farmer; and had it been his hap to be born a labourer's son like some of the favourite companions of his childhood, we can hardly doubt that he would have educated himself and raised himself all the same, by sheer force of the outcome of his irrepressible feeling. What he has to say of the country gentleman might be conceived, even if we had not already shadowed it out. So we may pass on to his pictures of farmers and farm labourers.

The book was published very many years ago. Yet the agriculturists who are groaning now over what seems to them a period of unprecedented depression, may see an omen of hope in Howitt's ejaculation, 'Heaven send him [the farmer] a better day!' The farmer then, as now, complained 'of being ground to the dust by high prices and low rents.' It is true that then we were not importing live cattle and fresh meat from the Western prairies and the Canadian grazing grounds; that India was not competing with California, and California undersselling Russia in our wheat market. Yet now, as then, the course of time may bring compensation for seemingly irreparable evils. And it sounds odd to hear Howitt talking of the revolution wrought by the marvellous modern improvements in machinery, in the days before the application of steam power was dreamed of; while those laments of Cobbett to which he calls attention, over the growth of luxurious habits in the farming class, read exactly like recent letters in the 'Times.' Dismissing all that, with some sanguine anticipations which have since been fully justified by results, Howitt, as might be expected, concerns himself chiefly with the picturesque class of substantial old farmers. He has an admirable sketch of the scene on a market day, when the roads to the thriving county town are crowded with the country people bringing in their produce, and gathering in high feather for the weekly holiday. But perhaps the pleasantest picture is of the farmer at home, on one

of the occasions when he has his friends to partake of his hospitality. On the eventful morning, the friends arrive by times. We cannot say that they come prepared, for they sit down to the succession of heavy feasting as in the ordinary course of things. We have them hidden to break their fast on beef, ham, and pies, after the morning drive of a mile or two, and they are warned, though not till they have risen from the groaning board, that dinner will be ready for them at one precisely. If the board groaned before, it must have come near to breaking under the weight of that mid-day meal; and then follows a substantial tea in due course, while the evening and the evening dance are wound up with a mighty supper. We daresay that the bucolic appetite is as hearty as ever, nor have anxieties impaired the rustic digestion. But we wonder whether in these days of universal depression, there are many farming communities of that homely class who can still indulge in such luxurious profusion. We should as soon expect to be welcomed in Jamaica with the hearty hospitality of those good old planting days, when the wharves of Kingston were heaped with sugar hogsheads and its harbour crowded with our merchant shipping.

As a companion picture, we have the everyday diet and fare of the primitive race of farm servants. We are inclined to compassionate the lot of the man who has to rise long before the lark or the light of a winter morning; who has to draw uncompromising boots over chilblained feet; harness his horses with frost-bitten fingers, and turn out shivering to such field work as may be done when the fallows are bound fast in fetters of iron. And now-a-days, however sharp set his appetite may be, in most parts of England he has to 'find himself.' He has his cottage and his wages and certain allowances, and has to support himself and a family creditably on very restricted means. As Howitt paints him, if his work was hard, at least he had 'the run of his teeth' with his master, and might keep himself in as sleek condition as the teams that were cared for as the apple of his eye. As he went through more bodily labour than his master, so his powers of eating and assimilation were proportionately superior. We have him rising all the year round at five or six. He stumps into the kitchen in his hob-nailed boots, and sits down to huge basins of porridge and loaves 'as big as beehives and pretty much of the same shape.' He trifles incidentally with a pound or so of fat bacon, and with half a peck of cold boiled beans. Then he reverts to the loaves and throws in a hunch or two of cheese; and feels all the better for his light repast. No doubt from one point of view, he is to be envied by those who fancy themselves his betters. Though he may fall a victim to rheumatism in his declining years, he must be proof against half the diseases of civilisation; he never heard of nerves in his life; and should he be condemned to suffer from cold, hunger, or bereavement, it may be assumed that his feelings are far from susceptible. Whether with all that education may have done for him in the last half-century, he is so fit to exercise political privileges as the man who makes a breakfast on eggs and toast is another question. Field labour alternating with heavy meals, must inevitably engender mental torpidity; Howitt, who in a way admired and liked him, says that 'he is as much of an animal as air and exercise, strong living and sound sleeping, can make him, and he is nothing more.'

Even his master, the well-to-do farmer, is by no means æsthetic in his tastes. Otherwise some of these complaining mortals might find consolation for the harder times in the charming picturesqueness of their homesteads and their surroundings. Even the grand old country seats of our aristocracy can hardly strike appreciative foreign visitors so much as the farmhouses that enliven the English landscapes. Nor are any counties more quietly attractive than those that lie between London and the ports on the Channel. The stranger lands at Dover, Folkestone, or Newhaven, and runs up to town through 'the garden of England.' Many of the Sussex homesteads, sheltering under the swelling lines of the Downs, are almost as ancient as the neighbouring Manor House. Probably they look even more venerable, since so little has been done in the way of 'restoration.' There are the roofs of tile with their bulging lines, half hidden out of sight under masses of ivy or glowing with their roof-gardens of orange-coloured lichens. There are the tall stacks of chimneys with their moulded cornices of brick; and the gables breaking the sunshine with their cool shadows; and the lozenged lattices among the twining creepers, and the porch embowered in honeysuckle and woodbine. There is a quaint old garden more or less trimly kept, with the blazing beds of old-fashioned flowers, that load the air of a warm evening with their odours. The bees from the rows of hives are humming voluptuously over the flower borders; while there is a confused chorus of rustic sounds from cattle, pigeons, and poultry; starlings, sparrows,

and sheep folds. There are the great barns and the out-houses, and the yard with its sheds and its pigsties; and hard by the mighty walnut throws its umbrageous boughs over the cattle pond and the patch of turf, where geese and ducks are disporting themselves. And beyond is the apple and cherry orchard, one flush of pink and white blossoms in the spring—a very garden of the Hesperides in the autumn with the golden and russet fruit. Not a few of these southland farms, like such inimitable old manor houses as the 'Moat' at Ightham, stand like so many moated granges within an encircling fosse. Damp they may be very possibly, for those who care for such trifles; but for the artist or the naturalist, they are unapproachable and inexhaustible. All kinds of vegetation, from funguses upwards, seem to flourish in the wildest and most picturesque luxuriance; every variety of our ordinary song birds make their nests in those bosky bowers that almost defy the bird-nester. There are parishes in the more sunny districts of the south, and notably in the Isle of Wight, where thatch takes the place of tiles, being burrowed in all directions by the starlings and sparrows; where there are vines instead of the ivy and honeysuckle, and where the shrubs bloom even more luxuriantly, and are more tropical in their character. In striking contrast to these gentler beauties are the grim, grey substantial steadings on the Border and in the North; and yet these too have a charm of their own, that some may prefer to the other. Few of them can boast a great antiquity, for obvious reasons. The country used to be harried periodically with fire and sword; and the adjacent Peel tower, with its iron grate and the traces of burning on its weather-beaten walls, is a suggestive relic of the older state of things. The modern farmhouse has been erected by 'a spirited proprietor' for a tenant who pays a handsome rent, and commodiousness has been preferred to architectural quaintness. But it stands on a grassy 'knowe' above a rushing stream. All around it there are natural shrubberies of glorious patches of the golden gorse; it stands in its park of uninclosed pasture land, grazed over by droves of wild-eyed cheviots and herds of hill cattle. Very likely the pastures break back into the moors, and behind is a grand background of mountains, cloudcapped in the mornings of the most sultry summers. The linnets swarm in the furze and broom; the larks are singing by the score overhead; and from the bare uplands come the cry of the peewit, the whistle of the curlew, and the crow of the grouse cock.

Next to English farms, or even before them, come English villages and churches. But one sees but little of their beauties by flying glimpses from the railway. To learn to love and admire them, you must do like Howitt, and wander about unburdened by baggage, and tolerably indifferent to accommodation. The typical English village is a sight by itself, and we know nothing that anywhere approaches it in point of beauty, except some of those in the more romantic districts of Austria; in the Black Forest or in the uplands of Alsace. The irregular street seems to have been pitched down anyhow, generally over slight inequalities of ground. The brick and the tiles, the thatch and the woodwork, lend themselves kindly to the mellowing influences of time. The low walls in nine cases out of ten are out of all proportion to the preposterous roofs. There are rustic porches and latticed casements. Here and there are black oaken beams let into the plaster, which may date from the days of the Stuarts if not of the Tudors. Whether the cottagers care for flowers or no, each household makes it a point of conscience to have a garden; and all along the roadway behind the little inclosures is a bloom of stocks and gilliflowers and wallflowers. There are ancient trees grouped here and there; the swallows are skimming over the horse pond before the rustic inn with its swinging sign; and the swifts are swooping and screaming round the church tower; while the geese are straying among the donkeys on the green. The church is, of course, a standing monument of the lavish piety or superstition that in the most troubled times seems always to have found money for the graces of religion. Should it not have been transformed by reckless restoration, it is sure to be quaint if not beautiful. The grey time-tint on the venerable walls; the hoary mosses and lichens on the gravestones; the sombre colouring of the stained windows as seen from without; the flints set edgeways in the tower, or the tapering spire of weather-bleached shingles, blend in harmoniously with the elms in the rectory garden, and the yews in the churchyard with their shattered stems that have been hooped and riveted with iron; while in cheerful yet not inappropriate contrast is the snug rectory house, with its innumerable gables and its patches of trim lawn among the secular hedges of holly. A picturesque church in a populous district seems natural and appropriate enough. You can understand that when the lords of these rich manors came to compound with the clergy for a life of violence, liberal largesses would be forthcoming.

What strikes one as more strange is when you happen, as you often do, on some edifice of rare and costly architecture standing isolated in the wilds of some poverty-stricken parish. We have many such in our mind's eye at this moment. You have been walking for hours across the Southern Downs on the Northern Fells. Here and there you have come across a solitary shepherd, and the only visible sign of habitation has been some lonely barn among hardly reclaimed corn-fields, when stumbling all at once upon a tiny hamlet, sheltering from the storms in the depths of a valley, you are delighted by a church that is almost stately. The spacious interior is a world too wide for the present generation of parishioners, and any conceivable congregation might be comfortably accommodated in the chancel. Fortunately, it has escaped ornamental repair, as there are no rich resident landowners; the ponderous rafters and oaken beams have effectually insured the stability of the structure; and the storms that have cut down the copses till they look like closely clipped hedges, have made no impression on the massive masonry. Nothing can be more enchanting than the situation by contrast with the bare austerity of the surrounding heights. The church is standing on a swelling knoll; the churchyard, of which scarcely a half is tenanted, slopes down to the brook that murmurs below, encircling the mound with a gentle sweep. And the eye follows the course of the streamlet through a matted shrubbery of gorse and bramble, as it winds along between the narrowing meadows and the hills, tracing it till you lose the line in the distance among the clumps of pollard willows and alders.

On nothing is Howitt more eloquent than the influence of our scenery on artists and poets, and he does especial honour to Thomas Bewick as the most graceful and faithful interpreter of its spirit. In the account of the visit to the village of Cherryburn, where Bewick was born, and to Ovingham, where he had run wild as a boy, Howitt gives expression to the feelings of many another admirer of the self-taught genius:—

'Accustomed from a boy to delight in the country, to wander far and wide, early and late, and explore its wildest or most hidden recesses; to lie amongst summer grass by swift clear streams, indulging those sunny day-dreams which only come there; or to join in active pursuit, among the yellow leaves of autumn or the deep snows of winter, of the wild creatures of the field and forest—it was to me a source of continual surprise and pleasure to find in the pages of Bewick the most accurate reflex of all that I had seen and learned to know in nature itself. Others presented you with more showy pictures, but he gave you the truth and variety of life itself.'

The truth and beauty of Bewick's style can only be appreciated, as Howitt adds elsewhere, by those who, like him, have lived in the country and loved it. Where more finished artists copy from their predecessors or perpetuate the pretty traditions of an artificial school, Bewick goes straight to nature for his studies.

'See in what a small space he gives you a whole landscape—a whole wide heath or stormy coast with their appropriate objects. See, with a single line, a single touch, what a world of effect he has achieved. But it is the spirit of the conception and the sacred fidelity to nature that stamp their value upon his works. They are the works of an eye which sees in a moment what in a scene advances beyond commonplace; what in it has a story, a model, a sarcasm, a touch of transcendent beauty. They are the works of a heart bound by a bond of indissoluble love to the sweetness and peace of nature; rich in recollections of all her forms and hues; of a spirit which cherished no ambition, no hope on earth, superior to that of throwing into his transcription the express image of his beloved nature.

'This is the great secret of the delight in his woodcuts. They are full of all those beauties, those fine yet impressive beauties, that arrest the gaze of the lovers of nature; and they are so faithful that they never deceive nor disappoint the experienced eye. The vignettes of his "Natural History" are in themselves a series of stories so clearly told that they require no explanation, and are full of the most varied human interest. He delights in the picturesque and beautiful in nature, and in the grotesque in life. . . . He is the very Burns of wood-engraving. He has the same intense love of nature; his bold freedom of spirit; his flashes of indignant feeling; his love of satire, and his ridicule of human vanity and cant. In his landscapes he gives you everything the most poetical—wide, wild moors; the desolation of winter; the falling fane and the crumbling tower; wild scenes on northern shores, with their rocks and sea-fowl, their wrecks and tempests. In his village scenes you have every feature of village life, given with a precision and a spirit equally admirable. . . . At times he is full of whims, at others half in jest and half in solemn earnest. Again he touches you with pity for the aged and forlorn; and often rises into a tone of deep moral warning, and into actual demonstrations of the sublime and beautiful.'

By these wanderings in England and communings with nature, one is led on to Howitt's 'Visits to Remarkable Places;' nor need anyone desire better company than his. With wide versatility of appreciation, he could communicate the varied

impressions to which he was himself so quickly snsceptible. Guide books aad county histories are very well in their way, and Howitt had made free use of them. He always shows himself accurately well read, and his descriptions are based on the readiag of a lifetime. Bat he has a natural attraction to all that is picturesqne and poetical, whether he goes back to the pages of the old chroniclers for the achievements of Knights and Barons of the Middle Ages, or dilates on the rise of modern Newcastle aad the enterprise of Mr. Grainger, its self-made local architect. Stately Castles and venerable Halls suggest the half-fabalous romances of their family stories ; and historical associations are everywhere conjured up among the scenes that bring them vividly back to his memory. So is the Norman aisles of Durham Cathedral—

'Half church of God, half fortress 'gainst the Scot,'

we are carried back to the wild Border wars, with such memorable battles as that of the aeighbouring Neville's Cross, whea the moaks in the cathedral tower turned their prayers for victory into songs of triumph as they saw the ranks of the beleaguering Scots turned to flight. Amoag the edifices they reared and the monuments that commemorate them he recalls snch magnificent prelates as Flambard, and Padsey, who were more priaces of the Palatinate than shepherds of their flocks. While by way of coatrast we are reminded at Durham, as at Lindisfarne, of tho self-deaying virtues of Cuthbert, the founder of the see ; at Jarrow-apon-Tyne of the venerable Bede, and at Houghton-le-Spring of Bernard Gilpia. Association links itself to association. We follow Gilpin the apostle into the dales, whose natives in the last century were still half savages, and who preserved many of their primitive and most characteristic traits evea in the days when they were visited by Howitt. Warkworth and Alnwick bring back the Border raids and the glories of the Percys ; Raby and Brancepeth, the Wars of the Roses and the rising of the North. Lumley takes us to Lynlph, the founder of the house, and the Saxon time ; Hampton Court to Wolsey and the Reformation ; Combe Abbey to the Gunpowder Plot ; Edgehill to the civil wars ; Compton-Winyates to the Revolntion. We have folklore, legends, superstitions, and ghost stories—the worms of Lambton and Sockburn, the 'cowed lad' of Hylton, the Brownie of Bodsbeck, the ghostly apparition of Chester-le-Street. Howitt's only difficulty in arranging his routes was in the embarrassment of riches that offered themselves to his choice ; not only that England offers inexhaastible attractions in the way of natural beauties and artistic treasures, but because in the course of his readiag he had come npon so many historical spots that had caught his fancy and claimed a visit. The snbjects of not a few of his most delightful chapters are the places which had hardly local fame till he directed attention to them. It was natural enough that he should make a pilgrimage to the seat of the Sidneys or to Stratford-on-Avon ; and venerable cathedral cities like Winchester or Durham abounded, of course, in objects of interest. But how many educated Englishmen had heard before he wrote of Clopton or Compton-Winyates or Hylton Castle ? Nor can we give a better idea of the charm of his writing as it strikes us than by glancing at his visit to one of the most romantic of these out-of-the-world localities.

He had started to walk to Compton-Winyates from Edgehill. 'Perhaps there is no house in the kingdom which is located in a more hidden and out-of-the-way sitnation.' As a man of whom he asked the way remarked, 'You never *seed* a house in such a hole.'

'Within a short distance of this mlll, I observed a stile to my left, and on reaching it beheld to my great satisfaction this old house of Compton-Winyates lying down in the solitary and most secluded valley below me. I know not how to describe the feeling which came over me at the sight of it. There was something so still, so dreamlike, so unlike any aacieat hall which I had evea seen, that I stood and gazed on it in a kind of wondering reverie. It seemed as if I had suddenly come upoa an enchanted regioa, or had got a peep at the Castle of Avalon, where King Arthur aad Ogeir the Paladin are said still to abide with the Fairy Morgana. . . . It was aot of the fashioa of these times. There stood in its perfect calm that dark-red old mansion, with all its gables, towers, aad twisted chimneys ; with its oae solitary smoke asceading above its roof, aad around it no other habitation, aor aay visible ohject or sound of life. The hills and woods seemed to shut it into a perpetual loaeliness ; and the gleam of still waters came dimly here aad there through the opeaings amongst overhaagiag boughs.'

The interior was stripped of furniture. Except for some rooms in a corner, prepared for a visit of the proprietor in the shootiag season, the house had not been inhabited for a hundred years. Strips of the old paper fluttered from the damp walls, bat the fine ceilings remained in fair preservation. From the emblazonments on the masonry without, and the emblems oa the carved woodwork within, Howitt reads at

once the most striking chapters in the family history. The earlier emblazonments of the royal arms everywhere, and the later intertwining of the thistle and rose, point to the two great eras of the Court favour of the Comptons in the reigns of Henry VIII. and James I. What struck him as especially curious was the existence of a couple of chapels. One, as might have been expected in a Protestant house, was arranged for Protestant worship, and showed the Decalogue still on the walls. But the other, which had been concealed among the rafters of the roof, throws a remarkable light on the secret history of many an English family in the troublous times of persecution and the Star Chamber. Half the old houses in the Midlands and the North, as we know, had hiding places for priests and doubtless their secret chapels. But the Comptons were supposed to be ardent Protestants: they had been honoured and enriched by the kings who were most bitterly detested by Rome and the Papists. Yet the history of this chapel seems to show that one at least of the Comptons must have been a secret adherent to the proscribed faith. There were trapdoors and hidden ladders too that tell similar stories; and a further investigation of the deserted mansion only heightened the prevailing sense of desolation. The moat was full, but the basins of the broken fountains were dry and the fish-ponds choked with weeds. The overgrown gardens were left as they had been laid out centuries before, with evergreens and yew and holly hedges cut into the most fantastic shapes. And when the visitor asked the way to the nearest village, the woman in charge could only answer that 'she really could not well direct me—for there had once been a road, but it was now grown up.' One can hardly conceive coming on such a 'nook of the world' in a thickly peopled county like Warwick, and at no great distance from busy Birmingham.

Equally picturesque is the account of Hylton Castle in Durham, the seat of the long-descended barons of that name, whose last representative died a woollen draper in Newcastle, leaving a widow and daughter in extreme penury. Looking at the woodcut at the head of the chapter, the castle seems to be still a stately pile. But its desolation was almost as striking as that of Compton-Winyates, and the neglect infinitely greater, though it stands within an easy walk of the wharves and docks of Sunderland. For all we know, the castle may have been renovated since Howitt saw it; but when he went there, the old battlemented gateway was half obstructed with a wooden shed; the decaying park pales were propped or tumbling; the inclosures of masonry were as ruinous; and the drive through what had once been a magnificent deer park led into the yard of a farmhouse near the castle. As for the castle itself, 'standing in its grey solitude,' though its massive strength had staved off dilapidation, it was to the full as neglected as everything about it. But the part that dated from the time of Richard II. still showed conspicuously the shields and armorial bearings of all the great Houses of the North, with which the family of the Hyltons had intermarried. On the terrace behind was the ruinous chapel; the roof remaining, though the windows were gone, and the interior had been gutted of the family monuments.

'The whole of this large house is now empty, and in the most desolate state, fit haunt of ghosts and brownies. From top to bottom, and from end to end, reign hollowness and decay. The very winds, as I have said, seemed to triumph round it, and a loose pane of glass in one of the windows served them for a harp to play upon. . . . On the walls of the rooms hung paper rotting piecemeal, except in two or three large rooms called the wine and drawing rooms, which had stuccoed ceilings with figures, busts on the walls, and one large scene which seemed to be Venus and Cupid, Apollo fiddling to the gods, Minerva in her helmet, and an old king.'

We have taken Hylton and Compton-Winyates almost at haphazard, as rural scenes whose romance has been heightened by decay and by the sadness of their associations with a brighter past. But all the places visited—the cities excepted—are so eminently characteristic of Rural England, that we would willingly linger among them could we spare the time. Now we are among the deer and the beds of bracken, under the spreading oaks of a southern park like that of Penshurst; now we are wandering in the chestnut avenues of Bushey and Hampton Court, along the terraces on the banks of the Thames; or we are strolling through the Warwickshire lanes in the haunts of Shakespeare, noting the very wildflowers that scent his poems; or we are among Shenstone's caprices of landscape gardening at the Leasowes, or ascending the valley of the Wharfe from Bolton Abbey to Bardon Towers, passing the Strid and the scenery of the White Doe of Rylstone. We admire in turn each variety of beauty, from the soft to the stern, from spots where Nature has been left to herself, to those where art has tried its utmost to improve her. We cannot imagine more fascinating

expeditions for the artist, the angler, the poet, or the student of history than some of those that Howitt made in the North. As where he traces the Northumbrian coast northward from Tynemouth, where a greater than he had gone before him, and where each island, headland, and castle associates itself with the author of 'Marmion.' The Priory itself,—'Lofty Seaton Delaval,' 'The Tower of Widrington,' 'Coquet's Isle,' Dunstanborough, 'King Ida's Castle gaunt and grim,' Lindisfarne, have all a beauty of their own and have each their history or legends. Or when he takes his 'stroll along the borders' from Berwick to Carlisle, where each stream and bare green hill has been made famous in song and ballad; where each shattered keep has its story of siege and storm; and where some of the richest pastoral land and most thriving farms in England are dotted still with the peel towers and fortalices that were the refuges of the dalesmen from the border forays.

The library of good books on the country is not so large but that any additions are exceedingly welcome; and since White wrote his 'Natural History of Selborne,' we have had nothing more delightful than 'The Gamekeeper at Home' and 'Wild Life in a Southern County.' Why the author should suppress his name is a mystery, since his books are likely to gain him some sort of immortality. They are cheap enough to be within reach of all; they are portable enough to be carried in the pocket; yet they contain a great variety of information, given in a pleasant though gossipy style, and are the very books to be on the shelves of the country gentleman among those that he treasures for constant reference. The author goes on the wise principle of strictly localising his remarks, and confining them to the results of his personal observation. His Southern County is really a Southern parish—it is a pity he does not give its name, for the sake of the admirers who might be tempted to make a pilgrimage thither—and he lays it down with a topographical accuracy more minute than that of the Ordnance Survey. We take the general contour from the commanding position of the encampment of some prehistoric people that crowns the highest crest of the Downs. Thence tracing the course of the tiny rivulet that bubbles out of the southern slope of the chalk hills, we follow its course as it is swelled by the drains and the landsprings. The water gathers almost imperceptibly as it flows under the drip of alder trees and nut bushes, through beds of rushes, past silent weed-grown ponds, the haunt of moorhens and coots and water rats. The meadows that border it are a paradise of birds, that always love the neighbourhood of a brook. Then we come to the Wick farmhouse, with its thatched roofs and its ivy-covered gables. All kinds of the more ordinary birds build in the masses of creeping plants; in the hedges that inclose the old-fashioned garden and run down the irregular fields to the adjacent copses; in the moss-grown fruit trees in the old orchard. Impenetrable cover and long impunity have made them extraordinarily tame. We study their habits from the casements or from ambushes in the arbours and among the hedgerows, as we go sauntering about. We should gladly extract quotations wholesale, but the author's style is pleasantly rambling, and it is difficult to do him justice in brief extracts. Like all enthusiastic observers of wild nature, he seems to fall into something of the desultory ways of the animals he is watching A chord of association is touched, a sudden thought strikes him, and in a moment he is away in a delightful digression, which probably lands him still farther afield. But take his notices of one or two of what we may call our house birds, and see what a pleasant light he puts them in:—

'In the higher parts of the roof, especially round the chimneys, the starlings have made their holes, and in the early summer are continuously flying to and fro their young, who never cease crying for food the whole day through. . . . Other birds seem to sing for the pure pleasure of singing, shedding their notes broadcast, or at most they are meant for a mate hidden in the bush. The starling addresses himself direct to his fellows. I think I may say he never sings when alone, without a companion in sight. He literally speaks to his fellows. I am persuaded you may almost follow the dialogue and guess the tenor of the discourse. . . . Upon the roof of the old-fashioned farmstead, too, the chirp of the sparrow never ceases the live-long day. It is amusing to see these birds in the nesting season, carrying up long straws—towing their burden through the air with evident labour—or feathers. These they sometimes drop just as they arrive at their destination. Eager to utter a chirp to their mates, they open their beaks, and away floats the feather; but they catch it before it again reaches the ground. Fluffy feathers are great favourites. The fowls as they fly up to roost on the beams in the sheds, beat out feathers from their clumsy wings; these lie scattered on the ground marking the spot. These roosting places are magazines from which the small birds draw their supplies for domestic purposes.

'Lower down in the ivy, behind the logs of timber under the casement, the hedge sparrow

builds every year; and on the wood itself, where the trunks formed a little recess, was a robin's nest. The hedge sparrow, unlike his noisy namesake, is one of the quietest of birds; he slips about in the hedges and bushes all round the garden so quietly and unobtrusively, that unless you watch carefully you will not see him. Yet he does not seem shy, and if you sit quiet will come along the hawthorn within a yard. . . .

'At the farmhouse here, robins, wrens, and tomtits are always hanging about the courtyard, specially close to the dairy, where one or other may be constantly seen, perched on the palings; neither do they scruple to enter the dairy, brewhouse, or woodhouse adjacent, when they see a chance. The logs (for fuel) stored in the latter doubtless afford them insects from under the dead bark.

'Among the most constant residents in the garden at Wick Farm are the song thrushes. They are the tamest of the larger birds; they come every morning right under the old bay window of the sitting room on the shady side of the house, where the musk plant has spread abroad and covered the stone pitching for many yards, except just a narrow path paved with broad flagstones. The musk finds root in every interstice of the pitching, but cannot push up through the solid flat flags; a fungus, however, has attempted even that, and has succeeded in forcing a great stone, weighing perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds, from its bed. . . . In the centre of the green is a bed of gooseberries and a cherry tree; and though the fruit is so close to the window, both thrush and blackbird make as free with it as if it were in the hedgerow.'

In the same style the author conducts us all over the farm. Among the water hens in the sedges, where the kingfisher sits motionless on a stump over the stream, or goes shooting under the banks in a flash of azure; into the osier beds, and among the dry grasses where the fox lies curled up in the daytime; into the tangled ditches among rabbits and ground vermin; into the copses, where the wood pigeons building in the larches act as sentinels to the game and the song birds in the thickets; or away through the meadows where the partridges are making their nests, and the shooting wheat where the landrails are crying, to the open downs where the larks are singing overhead, and the hares are stealing out for their evening gambols, and kites and sparrow hawks and kestrels are circling and swooping in the air. He notes the budding vegetation and names the wildflowers, dwelling with the feeling of an artist on their delicate colouring; or he calls your attention to the moths and butterflies and insects; turning up a moss-bedded stone, breaking off a strip of bark, or waylaying an industrious ant that is hurrying homewards upon business.

But it is not only the animal creation and the field flowers that interest him. Near the Wick Farm is a typical village, far removed, we presume, from the contagion of modern ideas. Hard by is the washing place, used by the shepherds from time immemorial, according to unwritten laws and prescription. Jealously conservative of their ancient privileges, these village Hampdens will tolerate no interference with their vested rights. Any attempts at inclosing the approaches, or diverting the water, are immediately and forcibly resisted. The old industries are still practised, though the village workpeople begin to be undersold by the cheaper productions of the neighbouring market towns; but the farmers, with their old-fashioned instincts, still patronise the village waggon builder. 'The waggon is the pride of the craftsman who builds it, and who is careful to reproduce the exact "lines" he learned from his master as an apprentice, and which have been handed down three hundred years or more.' It is all constructed in curves, and naturally curved timber is selected in preference, so that the getting the mere materials together is a work of time. So is the building. The very painting may last for weeks; and when at length the masterpiece is finished in all its glory, it is displayed in state for days to be duly admired.

We are taken away from the comparatively lively scene among the cottages into the silence of the grey old village church. Entering by a nail-studded door in the tower, we grope our way in the darkness up the winding staircase, treading on steps made slippery by the crumbling twigs from the jackdaw nests:—

'A faint fluttering sound comes from above, as of wings beating the air in a confined space,—it is the jackdaws in the belfry, just as the sparrows and starlings in the huge old-fashioned chimneys make a similar murmuring noise before they settle. Then the tick of the clock becomes audible, and at last you step out into the belfry.

'Be careful how you tread, for the flooring is worm-eaten, and here and there planks are loose; keep your feet if possible on the beams, which are at least fixed. It is a giddy height to fall from, down to the stone pavement below where the ringers stand. Their ropes are bound round with list or cloth or some such thing, for a better grasp for the hand. High as it is to the first floor, if you should attempt to ring one of these bells and forget to let the rope slip quickly, it will jerk you almost to the ceiling; thus many a man has broken his bones close to the font where he was christened as a child. . . . The ancient building standing lonely on the hill is utterly deserted; the creak of the boards under foot or the grate

of the rusty hinge sounds hollow and gloomy. But a streak of sunshine enters from the narrow slit, a bee comes in from the larger open windows with a low inquiring buzz; there is a chattering of sparrows, the peculiar shrill screech of the swifts, and a jack-jack-daw-jack-daw-ing outside. The sweet scent of clover and of mown grass comes upon the light breeze—mayhap the laughter of haymakers passing through the churchyard underneath to their work, and idling by the way as haymakers can idle.'

Of course the bells naturally suggest a gossip about the ringers and their peculiarities; as in passing through the churchyard we are reminded by a great square tomb of the hard times in former generations, when the paupers used to be gathered round the slab to receive their dole of loaves. One subject is still leading on to another; so we get upon the great age of the cottagers in that most salubrious parish; and their rough method of measuring their years by the number of thatchings of their cottage roofs that they can remember. We hear of the superstitions that still linger among them, although the best authenticated spectral apparitions seem for the most part to date back to earlier generations. The carters, who are apt to be belated, are the greatest authorities for these. They tell of the white spectre of a headless horse, which rushes past the traveller in a certain lane, with incredible swiftness on noiseless hoofs. There is a great black dog like the 'spectral hound of Man,' whose shape detaches itself from the shadows by the roadside and comes trotting up to your heels. There are spots where horses from some mysterious cause will always start and shy and stumble; and there are meadows where they have been found exhausted of a morning, like Blount's war steed at the hostelry in 'Marmion,' as if 'fiends had been galloping them all the night.'

The old shepherd is a remarkable character; he has stuck to the same place all his life, and is honoured as an unimpeachable authority on half-forgotten landmarks. But by far the most elaborate portrait is the gamekeeper, and great part of the volume that bears his name is devoted to it. His is by no means a fancy picture, and there is a lifelike mingling of lights and shadows in it. He is stout and hale in his declining years; and can still walk all the day without knocking up. 'It's indoors, sir,' he tells you, 'that kills half the people; being indoors three parts of the day, and next to that, taking too much drink and victuals. Eating's as bad as drinking, and there's nothing like the fresh air and the smell of the woods.' He has contracted a slight stoop from walking much and carrying the gun or the game bag; but he has a bold, free, and independent bearing. It is one of his failings that he is hot-tempered and rather masterful; he is apt to make free with the tough oaken sapling which is his invariable companion in the absence of his gun. Then you are introduced to his cottage by the little brook, in the sheltered coombe, under the spreading Spanish chestnut; with the kennels filled with dogs who are continually yelping, and the shed behind, with the ferret hutches within and the vermin gibbeted without; and its assortment of traps and spades and bill-hooks. Naturally we follow the keeper about the fields and woods, looking after the game and looking out for the vermin. Nothing escapes his keen eye; and incidentally we are told all about the animals that come within the range of his professional peregrinations. We learn much as to his relations with the farmers and their labourers, who under the disguise of their stolid demeanour are often skilful amateur poachers; while they can do a good deal of mischief in a quiet way, without incurring the imputation of trespassing. As for professional poachers and regular trespassers, the keeper—or the author—is so thoroughly versed in their habits, that we master their whole strategy and tactics, with all the practice of snaring and netting, down to the exact measurements of the loops and the precise height at which the wires should be set. In short, the great merit of 'The Gamekeeper at Home,' as of its companions, is that they are eminently truthful and practical as well as delightfully descriptive. And being written from the special point of view of the sportsman and practical naturalist, they supply any deficiencies in Howitt's broader pictures of English life and rural scenery.

ART. X.—*Hansard's Parliamentary Debates of the Session* 1878–1879.

CENSURE and apology are alike thrown away upon a misspent life; the one is superfluous, the other insincere. It is with this feeling that we look back on the existence of the Parliament which is now drawing to its close, and more especially on the events of the past Session. Seldom has it occurred in the last half-century that so little has been done within the duration of a protracted legislature for the practical improvement of our social and political con-

dition, even by ministers struggling for existence against strong Parliamentary minorities. Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Stafford Northcote, the one as First Minister of the Crown, the other as leader of the House of Commons, found themselves for the first time for many years at the head of a compact and indisputable majority in Parliament, for even the majority of the preceding Government was composed of more heterogeneous elements. It is astonishing how little use they have made of it. Not without reason has it been said that if their foreign policy has been over active and over costly, their home policy has been one of total inactivity, though that has been costly too. The obstructive attitude of a section of the Irish members has no doubt increased the paralysis of Government; but their conduct, however irrational and provoking in itself, is justified in their own eyes by the allegation that, with the exception of the Intermediate Education Act, no measure has been brought forward with a special view to Irish interests. The tardy introduction of an extempore measure on Irish University Education, in flagrant contradiction to the previous declarations of the Government, must be regarded as an acknowledgment of a grievance, which it does not remedy; for the omission of the vital point of endowment must be fatal to its success. We might urge the same objection on behalf of Scotland. But the clumsiest possible method of promoting legislation is to obstruct it; and the time wasted by Parliament in childish recrimination would, if wisely used, have sufficed to remove the pretext for these delays. This waste of time and dignity has lowered the character of Parliament itself in the eyes of the nation. The debates are no longer read with interest. The newspapers cease to report them at length. We are reminded of a sinister prediction of M. de Sismondi, '*Les Assemblées législatives périront par l'ennui.*' The House of Commons is omnipotent within its own walls. Nobody doubts that it has the power to arrange and transact its business as may be most expedient, and to set bounds to the privileges, of its own members, when they are abused. But if it has the power, it would seem not to have the resolution or the address to use it. Of all reforms none would appear to be more urgent than that which the House might think fit to introduce into its own standing orders and rules of debate. No attempt has been made by the Government to deal vigorously with these difficulties, and the protests of the amiable Sir Stafford are blown away, unheard, through the fields of air.

In truth the dead-lock to which the House of Commons has been brought by the obstructive talent of a small minority of its members is by far the most important subject which forces itself on the attention of statesmen and politicians at the present time. For it strikes a blow at Parliamentary government itself, and arrests the action of the very heart of the Constitution. It is assumed as the basis of our constitutional existence, that the representatives of the people are sent to Parliament to assist in the work of legislation, not to impede it. The rules of practice of the House of Commons are framed with a large and liberal indulgence to the rights of minorities, and even to the rights of each individual member. The power of moving adjournments, amendments, and resolutions is unlimited. Nothing is more repugnant to the spirit of a British Parliament than to propose any restriction of these time-honoured privileges, which are an important guarantee of our liberties. But when these privileges are used only to waste the time of the House and to impede the progress of public business, they become dangerous to the Constitution, and this abuse can only be met by strengthening the powers of the Speaker, or by enabling the House to close a debate, or by the direct restraint of contumacious members. The attempt to weary out the patience of these obstructives by lengthened sittings is undignified and ineffectual. In fact it only serves their unpatriotic purpose. An appeal to the country would not solve the difficulty, for in the next Parliament the same difficulties would reappear, perhaps in an aggravated form. The House of Commons can alone vindicate its own authority, and it looks to the ministerial leaders of the House to guide its action. The leaders of the Opposition are equally interested in the adoption of such firm and wise measures as the case demands. The dignity of Parliament and the best interests of the nation are at stake; and they cannot be adequately supported as long as there is the slightest sign of perplexity, weakness, and vacillation.

But though we are disposed to judge the Administration with no favour, but rather with severity, for much that it has done and for more that it has left undone, we can neither adopt nor approve the intemperate language of vituperation which has been addressed to several members of the Cabinet by some orators of the Opposition, who are not the leaders of the Liberal party. We are convinced that this hyperbolical style of criticism produces a reaction positively favourable to those who are attacked and inju-

rious to those who employ it. It savours too much of passion and disappointment to hit our taste; and it is not the language in which English statesmen and English gentlemen have been accustomed to address one another. We trust it will be long before the politicians of this country have recourse to the poisoned weapons of slander and calumny which have been used too often by the democratic parties of America and France. To impute base motives to an adversary is itself an act of baseness.

The present Administration is what the House of Commons has made it, for the House of Commons has never failed to approve its measures, and even to condone its mistakes. We must look far back into history for a House of Commons so entirely subservient to the will of a minister. It was believed in the years following the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832 that the days of compact majorities were past for ever, and that the government of the country could no longer be carried on with that tenacious reliance on party cohesion which had hitherto been its chief strength and support. Twice under Tory chiefs, in 1829 and 1845, the Tory majority was destroyed; and although the Liberal party remained in power from 1830 to 1874, with only one considerable interval, and that a period of great Liberal measures, it had often to subsist on narrow majorities and to compose the differences of its own supporters. From these perils Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues are apparently free; and as long as a minister and his majority are firmly united by the bonds of internal discipline, the blasts of the storm from without only confirm the solidity of the structure. It may be laid down as a Parliamentary axiom that every administration perishes by the secession or discontent of its own supporters, rather than by the progress or attacks of its opponents.

But if the Ministry is made and supported by the House of Commons, the House of Commons is made and supported by the country. And this brings us to the practical questions which must ere long be solved, Does the country desire to return another House of Commons like the present one? Does it desire to retain in office an Administration similar to, or identical with, that which has conducted the affairs of the Empire for the last five or six years?

The trial of this issue is, we are told, to be deferred as long as the utmost limits of the Constitution permit. Though on this point, if indeed it be decided, we feel no absolute confidence. The Minister loves surprises. He may have thought it possible to lull his opponents into a false security. If the wind, now foul, were to shift to a fairer quarter, he might make sail. If the dissolution is postponed it will be because the prospects of the Government can hardly be worse than they are at present, and may possibly improve. The events of the next few weeks and the tone of the debates in Parliament in the last month of the Session will probably determine what is still unsettled.

We have more than once adverted to the disposition of the present Government to avail itself of the prerogatives of the Crown, to the extremest boundary of law. They did so in the movement of Indian troops to Europe; they did so in their use of the treaty-making power to conclude the Anglo-Turkish Convention; in the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, and in the acquisition of Cyprus. The consequence is that these prerogatives are challenged and brought into controversy. So it will be with the Septennial Act. There are advantages in securing a considerable duration to Parliaments, but it has been a maxim almost invariably observed by wise ministers not to strain the limit too far, and not to wait until they might be compelled to dissolve under very critical circumstances. Hence few Parliaments have outlived their fifth or sixth session. Should the present Parliament survive the autumn and meet again next winter, it may easily be foreseen that the provisions of the Septennial Act will be keenly assailed; and whenever the constitution of the House of Commons is again under discussion, a strong effort will be made to shorten the duration of Parliaments. Perhaps not without reason. Circumstances have entirely changed since the Septennial Act was passed. Triennial Parliaments were the law from 1694 to 1716. Elections are now greatly facilitated by modern communications; and it may justly be argued that the House of Commons would be strengthened by a more frequent appeal to the people. We are inclined to think that a quinquennial limit would be the just mean. It is impossible not to be struck with the languor and inefficacy which mark the last sessions of a long Parliament. There is a disposition to postpone critical or unpleasant questions till after the next election: to do nothing to-day which can be put off till to-morrow. The opponents of the Ministry of the day are driven to employ the dangerous argument that Parliament has ceased to represent the true opinion of the country, which must therefore be sought and expressed by irregular demonstrations out of doors. We desire to

see the authority of Parliament maintained in its integrity, even when it prevails against our own opinion. The true and legitimate constitutional mode of correcting the opinion of Parliament, if it be wrong, is by a more frequent appeal to the country.

To that appeal the energies of both the political paties in the State will now, of course, be directed; and we can only address to our countrymen the succinct advice of the late Sir Robert Peel, who said, 'Register, register, register.' The future government of the Empire depends on the assiduity and attention of the electors in seeing that their names are inscribed in the poll-book, and their claims to vote allowed. It then remains with them to use the franchise as they think best. In every constituency there is a strong party organisation, consisting of those who make political contests their business, and who feel pledged by conviction, precedent, and honour, to adhere to their party, right or wrong. On these bodies the events of the time and the arguments of excited orators produce but little effect. In fact they seldom hear or listen to the arguments of their opponents; and no inference can be drawn from the enthusiasm of those who meet to cheer their own opinions. The fate of an election, and especially of a general election, depends in reality on the fluctuating, more than on the stable, element of parties. The modifications of what is called public opinion, governed by disappointment or disapproval of what is past, or by hopes of what is to come, are the determining causes which change the fate of the day. The transfer of a very small proportion of votes from one side to the other converts a minority into a majority, because each voter is not only added to the former but is subtracted from the latter. The extension of the franchise and the introduction of vote by ballot have rendered it extremely difficult to forecast the result of an election in the large constituencies of the present day. In this respect even meteorology, the least certain of the sciences, is somewhat in advance of political prediction. But to those who are disposed to vote on national grounds and from deliberate opinion it may be shown that the present Government is responsible for many rash and reprehensible actions, and that a change in the strength of parties would bring a safer, more economical, and more progressive Administration into power.

It is curious that the principal debates on the merits or mistakes of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration have turned on his foreign policy—that is, on the branch of politics which, according to Sir Stafford Northcote's declaration at Edinburgh, the British elector is least able to understand. No doubt an intimate acquaintance with the patent and secret causes which determine the relations of foreign States, and sometimes lead to disturbance and war, is not easily attainable. But foreign politics affect the masses, not by their scientific, but by their sentimental side. The Chauvinism of the French, the Jingoism of the English, the 'Spread-eagleism' of the Americans, are different names for the same thing, common to all countries and all ages—they mean the national arrogance and irritability, which it is pleasant to smooth and dangerous to provoke. On this somewhat vulgar and often misplaced sentiment, the present Government have largely traded, and some of their most foolish actions must be set down to this account. To go back for a moment to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, which was vociferously applauded at the time by the country, it has now become clear that this investment has given us no additional power or authority whatever over the passage through Egypt. It has simply made the British Government a creditor of the Khedive, for the interest on four millions sterling lent to him at five per cent. for twenty years. What the present condition of the creditors of the Khedive is, it is needless to describe; we have no priority over the other bondholders, and must share their fate. But this transaction has implicated us in an awkward manner in the financial embarrassments of Egypt. Vain attempts have been made to set matters straight. The late Khedive rewarded us for our advances and our good offices by a very palpable affront; and it appeared at one moment that our good relations with France (which are of far greater consequence) might be impaired by this visionary and indiscreet proceeding. This Egyptian policy of the Minister was the first display of what was termed his spirit and energy. It was announced by a flourish of trumpets. England had at last resumed her place amongst the nations. All Europe was taught to admire the secrecy and vigour of the achievement. British influence at Alexandria and Cairo was established for ever. What is it now? When the pressure of emergency came at last, as it had long been foreseen that it must come, in dealing with a selfish and ruined prodigal, England was the last to make her influence felt. France took the lead, Germany pronounced the decisive sentence, and the British Government, embarrassed and perplexed by other cares, descended in Egypt from the sublime to the ridiculous. Nothing remained but to exact the deposition of the refractory prince

whom we had endeavoured to prop up; and the Sublime Porte took the opportunity of re-establishing by a great act of State its supremacy over Egypt. The son of the late Khedive has been placed on his father's throne, if it deserve that name; but the problem of the administration of a bankrupt State which owes great part of its revenues to foreign creditors, is as far from being solved as ever, and we much fear that Egypt has fallen under a *condominium* of all the great Powers of Europe, a form of government alike unsatisfactory to those who govern and to those who are governed, and fatal to any peculiar interests we may have in that country.

In domestic affairs a minister may and will to a considerable extent be master of the course he intends to pursue. He consults the feeling of his supporters in Parliament and in the country. He frames the measures which he conceives to be useful, popular, and successful. But in foreign affairs it is the reverse. No man is master of the game. You must play the cards which are dealt to you, and dealt by other players equally independent, equally able, and perhaps less scrupulous than yourself. The question in foreign affairs, therefore, is, not whether a minister has done, or left undone, what he desired or deemed most expedient, but whether he did the best he could in the circumstances in which he found himself, independent of his own will.

Whether the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield be approved or condemned, it is certain that the position in which the British Government was placed in the East was none of its own seeking. On the contrary, it was a position which Lord Derby, who was then the Foreign Minister, of all men in the world, most disliked and disapproved. For it originated entirely in the intrigues, the designs, and the warlike measures of Russia. It is now a matter of history that the insurrections in Bosnia and the Herzegovina were organised, if not by the Russian Government, at least by the Russian Panslavist societies; that Russia urged Servia into war, and abetted her in it; that Russia was all along preparing for war, and at last gave the signal for it by communicating the last Protocol of London to the Porte in the form of an ultimatum; and that Russia at last seriously menaced Constantinople. The policy of Great Britain was first, if possible, to prevent the war; secondly, war having begun, to arrest the progress of it; thirdly, when a peace had been signed which left Turkey prostrate at the feet of Russia, to substitute a European compact for terms dictated by the arbitrary will of the conqueror; and lastly to obtain for the Christian inhabitants of the Balkan provinces liberal institutions, and for Turkey and her Mussulman population a fair amount of security. We entirely agree with Lord Granville, who said in the House of Lords that he did not quarrel with the Treaty of Berlin, and that the result is perhaps as good as could be anticipated.

The alleged motive of the policy of the Russian Government in the late transactions was an ardent desire to liberate the Christian subjects of the Porte in Europe from Turkish dominion, for it was not even asserted that Russia herself had received from Turkey the slightest injury or provocation. The policy of England is equally clear. It is simply to liberate the inhabitants of those provinces from Russian dominion—a form of oppression much more to be dreaded, inasmuch as the dominion of a mighty and aggressive Empire is far heavier and more formidable than that of a feeble and declining State. If the independence of Roumania and Bulgaria can be secured and maintained, a great step will be made towards the solution of the problem, and we heartily wish it success, for it would conduce, not only to the welfare of those provinces, but to the security of the whole Ottoman Empire.

But the best card in our hand, and the best hope of Eastern Europe, as Mr. Gladstone has very well said, is what he terms the 'Hellenic factor.' The Greeks are far ahead of every other race in the Levant. They have education, a language, a history, a Church, commercial enterprise, political sagacity, and courage. It is true that they have also retained many of the ancient defects of the Greek character—a low standard of morality, a passion for intrigue, and a feverish desire of places and distinctions. A Greek gentleman of Cyprus, Mr. Alexander Mavrocordato, who writes to the newspapers of that island to vindicate the British Government from the attacks of the Greek clergy, speaks of his countrymen in language far more severe than we should care to employ. 'We (the Greeks),' he says, 'are unfortunately by nature a most arrogant and discontented tribe. Our ancestors having once been the first people in the world, we consider ourselves to be the same. This is, however, not at all the case. We are at this moment very small, and need other people's help to raise us; and if we are not modest and easily contented, we run a risk of being entirely crushed down.'* Yet, take them all in all, the Greeks are the first people of the Levant,

* Papers on Cyprus, No. II. p. 88, presented to Parliament, June, 1879.

and the only people who have visibly not only a past but a future. Nothing therefore is more manifest than that both the inclination and the interest of this country demand a strenuous support of the claims of Greece. That was the position assumed by Lord Salisbury at the opening of the Berlin Conferences; and we are at a loss to conceive (if it be true) what motive could lead any British Minister to throw his influence subsequently into the opposite scale. The Porte has been allowed to temporise and equivocate, so as to defeat the recorded intentions of Europe. The cession of a portion of Thessaly and Epirus was a part of the price to be paid by Turkey for her own deliverance from far greater perils. Honour as well as interest and policy peremptorily demand the prompt fulfilment of this obligation. It has long been the established policy of this country to extend and strengthen the Kingdom of Greece. To this object we sacrificed the protectorate of the Ionian Isles, a measure which certainly restricted our own means of action in the East, and which was not understood by Europe. Can anything be more ridiculous than to have exchanged the healthy and well-fortified harbours of Corfu and Cephalonia for the pestilential and deserted havens of Limasol and Famagousta? And it appears that Lord Palmerston's Government urged the Porte at the time when this measure was adopted to surrender all Thessaly and Epirus to Greece. In the present state of affairs these objects acquire an increased importance. And the Government would utterly fail in its duty which should hesitate to take the most effectual measures to secure the immediate fulfilment of the conditions in favour of Greece which were prescribed by the Treaty of Berlin.

The Power that has suffered most by the attempt to unsettle the affairs of Eastern Europe is Russia herself. She has caused the death, we are credibly informed, of a million and a half of human beings, of whom a considerable proportion were her own subjects: she has added a hundred millions sterling to her debt and utterly destroyed her credit on the exchanges of Europe, where she cannot raise a rouble: her military reputation has certainly not gained by the war, even against the Turks, and her administration has proved as corrupt and incapable as ever. She has affected to contend for liberal institutions conceded to the South Slavonians which she refuses to her own subjects. Far from having satisfied the ambition or the designs of the leaders of the Muscovite agitation, whatever they may be, the year succeeding the war has seen Russia plunged into an unparalled state of anarchy and crime, which are met on the part of the Czar by every form of oppression and terrorism. We cannot affect to regret that the Russian people should feel what the burden of that military government is which they have so often and so long inflicted on Poland and other neighbouring provinces. The Monravieff of 1863 is the Gourko of to-day. Such a government is simply the worst and the most despotic in the world. Russia is now the only State of Europe which cannot boast even the semblance or the rudiments of freedom, and these crimes, murders, conflagrations, and secret societies, are the heavings of a nation struggling to shake off an intolerable yoke. Whilst we lament and condemn the means employed by these conspirators, which are horrible, unmanly, and wicked, no event could happen in Europe so favourable to freedom as the overthrow of the detestable stronghold of Russian despotism. Some excuse may be found for the crimes of savage and barbarous tyrants and governments. But the Russian Government combines the refinement and artifice of a civilised court with the most atrocious forms of violence and oppression. We doubt not that the Russian people is worthy of a better fate, and we are convinced that the admirers of 'Holy Russia' would do better to leave off framing excuses for what Prince Albert called 'the paganism of its religion and the barbarism of its populations,'* and to look forward to a radical change in the institutions of the empire.

The Russians are now, we hope, retiring from the provinces they invaded, but they are withdrawing like a flight of locusts, having pillaged and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, and disgraced their administration by the most profligate corruption, of which the commissioners of the other European Powers have been the actual witnesses. They leave behind them anything but sentiments of gratitude or esteem. The Russian occupation has been the worst enemy of Russian influence. Nothing is more certain, as appears from numerous Russian publications, than that the Northern deliverers saw great reason to envy the material condition and the civil rights of the people they came to emancipate from a tyranny less galling than that under which they themselves are living. Recent events have raised a strong presumption that the real motive of the Russian Government in plunging into war, was

* See the Prince's Letter to the Emperor of the French of April 28, 1857, in the fourth volume of Mr. Theodore Martin's 'Life,' p. 30.

to divert the attention of the nation, to gratify the enthusiasm of the Panslavists, and to avert a crisis at home. We are now assured that the revolntionary party were never in favonr of the war. They have, however, gained largely hy it. The discontent of the people, and especially of the upper classes, has hroken ont with increased strength; and the Imperial Governmont is struggling with a secret and perfectly nnscrupnlous enemy, which threatens the very existence of its ministers, its agents, and of the sovereign himself.

The war in Afghanistan was jnst as much the direct act of Russia as the war in Bulgaria. It was in order to embarrass, alarm, and threaten this country, that, in dcfiance of the most solemn promises, a correspondence was opened hy General Kaufmann with the late Ameer, and a Russian embassy despatched to Cabnl. No British Government conld be so senseless as to seek or desire a quarrel with the late Ameer. On the contrary, all onr traditions and all our policy were to cultivate the best relations with him. Bnt no British Government conld allow Rnssia to gain a footing in Afghanistan. That has been conceded hy the Duke of Argyll and hy those who most distrusted onr advance beyond the Khyber Pass. Here again Rnssia has no great reason to appland herself on the result of her manœnvres. She is convicted of hroken faith, though diplomatic, and even Parliamentary, language is too courteons to tell her so. She has caused those who relied on her support to perish miserahly. Her policy throughont Central Asia has received a tremendous check, for she retains the hnrden of her recent conqnests there withont any corresponding honefits. The Viceroy has shown a wise moderation and liberality in dealing with Yakooh Khan, and we trust that onr relations with the Afghans are now placed on a more secure hasis. It is, however, a remarkahle proof of the tenacity with which Russia pursnes her schemes of aggression, that even now, with an exhansted treasury and after a scrious defeat, she is said to have prepared a fresh expedition of 20,000 men against the Turcomans, and to contemplate an advance by the valley of the Attreck on Merv. We hope the British Government is in a better position to resist such a demonstration than it was some little time ago. As for the acquisition of a 'scientific frontier,' we still regard it as a very questionable advantage. The territory ceded hy the Ameer is occupied by hill tribes who never paid more than a highlander's allegiance to the rulers of Cabul. It can hardly be said to have belonged to the Afghan power at all. To bring these natives of a lofty range of mountains into subjection by force is a task utterly disproportioned to the result, and the dispnte will prohahly end, as our quarrel with the Ameer has done, by something very like a pecuniary compromise, being a fresh charge on the overhurdened revennes of India. Bnt if any weight is to be attached to the enthusiastic eulogies of Tory writers on the Treaty of Gandamak, it would appear that the terms on which the war has been concluded are only the prelude to far greater difficulties. A highly laudatory, hnt most indiscreet critic, in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for the present month, tells ns that we have assumed the entire control of the Ameer's foreign relations, and that this engagement brings us into direct contact with Russia, Persia, Bokhara, and all the turbulent chiefs who owe an imperfect allegiance to the Afghan monarchy; that, although the treaty says nothing abont it, we mnst of course aid the Ameer against internal insnrrection; and that Afghanistan is henceforth to he regarded as a protected State, under a subsidiary treaty. If this were so, we can only say that the resnlts of the Treaty of Gandamak wonld he of the most alarming character, fraught with infinite dangers and enormons cost to the Indian Empire. They would more than justify the sinister predictions of the great Indian statesman, Lord Lawrence, whose recent death we now deplore. We can only hope that these are not the views of Lord Lytton and of Her Majesty's Government, and that they desire, as we do ourselves, that the Ameer of Cahul may he ahle to estahlish in his dominions a strong and independent government, with as little interference as possihle from the Foreign Office at Calcutta and from the British army. Yet in spite of these douhts as to the fnture, and in spite of the stress that has been hrenght to bear against the Eastern policy of the Government, we believe that it is not on this charge that the present Ministry will ultimately be arraigned and convicted, and we question whether their mode of dealing with these Eastern questions, thongh by no means irreproachable, will cost the majority a single seat at the next election. Tho excitement is over; the peril of war has been averted; the results are not inconsiderahle. It is true we are encnmbered in Cyprus with an onerous and worthless acqnisition, and nothing could be more ahsurd than to fling an army of 9,000 men on that bnrning coast, in the month of August, withont the slightest necessity for the use of such a force, and without any preparation for maintaining it there. It now turns ont that a wing of a single regi-

ment suffices for the occupation of the island, and the result is as insignificant as the project was fantastical.* Still more objectionable would be the engagement to defend and civilise Asia Minor and the whole of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions, if it were possible to treat it seriously. It probably means no more than that England would not regard with indifference any further aggression on the Ottoman territories in Asia by a foreign Power. But the consequences of the Anglo-Turkish Convention are remote, and will probably not exercise any appreciable influence on the popular constituencies of the United Kingdom.

In South Africa, Ministers have been less fortunate. There their leader is reported to have said that his luck had deserted him. The state of affairs in those territories had for some years past been critical, and the present calamitous war is the result of a long series of blunders. Most unfortunately, the choice of the Government in the selection of a High Commissioner fell upon a man whose antecedents certainly did not warrant the suspicion of a rash propensity to war or a masterful indifference to the injunctions of his superiors. It was, however, thought at the time the appointment was made that a military Governor-General, invested with full civil powers, would have been more appropriate to the office; for a judicious military officer, knowing the cost and the difficulty of warfare in savage countries, is less likely than a civilian to plunge headlong into it. Unluckily, there was in command at the Cape a civilian bent upon making war, and a general who consented to make war with inadequate forces, and without authority from England. Ministers have so far profited by the insubordination of their agents, that they repudiate the responsibility for Sir Bartle Frere's *ultimatum* and its deplorable consequences. We have no doubt that they regret those consequences as much as anyone in this kingdom, for they cannot escape from the penalty attached to them; and the instructions under which Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Chelmsford were acting ought to have been so peremptory and precise that no such mistake could have been possible. At any rate, an excessive forbearance was shown by the Government in not marking by the immediate recall of these officers their sense of the mischief they had done. The debate on this question in the House of Commons was postponed as long as possible. When it took place in April the very able speeches of Sir Charles Dilke, and other members of the Opposition, seconded by one or two of the most conscientious supporters of the Government, demonstrated beyond all question that a complete change must be made. Yet the Government still defended a forlorn position. Their majority shrank to sixty, and it was notorious that nothing but the strong discipline of the party and the influence of personal considerations saved them from a still more stringent lesson. Meanwhile despatches arrived which proved that the High Commissioner still entertained the most preposterous intentions of extending his military operations in Africa, though the general in command had hitherto failed to carry them into effect on a much narrower field.* The Government acknowledged at last that the position was untenable, and did in May, with the general approval of the nation, what ought to have been done two, or even four, months earlier. The language and policy of the Opposition were completely justified. But it is greatly to be feared that the time had already passed when it was possible to bring these operations in Zululand to a speedy

* Though the results of the occupation of Cyprus are, we believe, purely negative to this country, it must in fairness be admitted that the Cypriots have derived considerable benefit from it, though even this the Bishop of Citium and his clergy and correspondents deny. But it is demonstrated by the papers laid before Parliament that the charges brought against the British administration of Cyprus are untrue. They arose in this wise. Under the lax rule of the Turks, the Greek bishops and monasteries were allowed to evade the payment of taxes. The British authorities at once established complete equality of Christian and Mussulman, peasant and priest, before the law. This the Bishop of Citium bitterly resented. Curiously enough our only enemies in Cyprus have been the Greek priests and the Hellenic agitators, whom some of our Philhellenes at home are so eager to propitiate. The Archbishop of Cyprus takes a different tone, and frankly admits that much has been done to improve the condition of the island, and that the people are by no means ungrateful.

* Even now it seems that Sir Bartle Frere has not abandoned his martial designs. In his last attempt to conciliate the Boers of the Transvaal of Potchefstrom, he said among other things: '*Our first business will be to attack Secocoeni.* I hear that many farmers have been driven away by him and now live in the neighbourhood of Schoemansdal. It is clear the natives are now wanting to force us back; *we must therefore be up and doing.* I have written to Lord Chelmsford that the favourable season is at hand and is short, and that he should therefore as soon as possible, whenever he can spare them, send up troops in that direction.' This speech is reported from official sources in the 'Cape Times' of May 27. Sir Bartle Frere, therefore, undoubtedly contemplated at that time a considerable extension of the operations against the native tribes.

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conclusion. The flower of the British army had been sent off with despatch, but with no great foresight and no systematic plan of campaign, to Natal—a colony of some 20,000 white inhabitants, ill provided with the means of transport, and even of subsistence, for an army exceeding the white population in numbers. The conditions of war in a perfectly wild country, such as Zululand, are, that if your force is small it is liable to be cut off by hordes of savages, if it is large it is almost impossible to move or to feed it with the *impedimenta* of civilised armies. The country itself produces absolutely nothing—hardly food for the oxen who draw the waggons or men to drive them. These difficulties have proved, of course, well-nigh insurmountable. Lord Chelmsford has been foiled and delayed, not by the enemy, but by the impassable nature of the country.

It seems almost impossible to convince the British military authorities that the efficiency of an army in the field depends, not on its numbers or its valour, or even on its artillery, but before all things on its means of transport and subsistence. Without adequate transport and food for man and beast, 100,000 men are less efficient than 20,000, and 20,000 are less efficient than 5,000. A large force was sent off to Southern Africa, with very imperfect knowledge of what it had to do, or how the means of locomotion were to be provided. In fact, when the army arrived, these means were not forthcoming. Every incident in the campaign with which we are acquainted bears marks of a total absence of forethought, judgment, and resolution, in small things as well as in great; and in war small oversights and negligences often lead to the most deplorable consequences. The British army is entangled in its own strength and appurtenances; whilst the lithesome 'impi' of savage warriors hovers on its flanks, and outwits the science of our camps and our schools.

In the meantime the British army, living in Natal, at an enormous expense, and not without loss of life by sickness, is in a painful and inactive position, to which we see at present no outlet. These are things which Sir Bartle Frere, if he had any knowledge or judgment in military affairs, ought to have foreseen and provided against. But he appears to have been as regardless of the seasons of the year and the necessities of the case, as he was of the orders of the Home Government. We can only hope that Sir Garnet Wolseley will hit upon some means to extricate us from so humiliating a position. It is not the first time in history that the greatest commanders and the most valiant armies have found themselves paralysed by natural causes over which they had no control; and the only rational termination of a contest in which everything may be lost and nothing can be gained is to terminate it by liberal terms of peace, though it must fall somewhat short of a 'peace with honour,' if honour consists in the destruction of your adversary. However cruel and barbarous Cetewayo may be, he makes war after the manner of his tribe: he defends his independence and his power with a dauntless bravery which extorts respect from his adversary; and he offers one of the few examples in history of a savage chieftain holding in check for a considerable time the forces of a great Power. He has therefore fairly earned at our hands the consideration due to a belligerent; and if Sir Bartle Frere ever had other views respecting the Zulu monarch, they would now be out of place. Sir Bartle Frere has, in point of fact, considerably raised the authority and position of the personage he intended to destroy. The war itself is the most unpopular in which this country has in our remembrance been engaged—unjust in its inception—costly, sanguinary, and unskilful in its progress—inglorious, we fear, in its termination, for it is not in the nature of things that any substantial benefit or credit should be obtained by it. And we cannot but feel that a more strict and enlightened attention to the affairs of South Africa might have averted it; instead of which, Sir Bartle Frere's case is, that the measures sanctioned by the Government, as much as two years ago, rendered the war inevitable.

As if no incident were to be wanting which could give to this war a tragic character, the death of the young Prince who had gallantly, but unwisely, volunteered to share the perils of our army, has struck a pang of grief and regret into the very heart of this country. That the heir of Napoleon should perish by the assegai of the slaves of Cetewayo is, indeed, one of the most extraordinary events in the marvellous history of his race. But that his death should have been caused by the neglect of the most obvious precautions, in a war of ambush and of butchery, is a stain upon those who were in command in South Africa which we fear no time will efface, and to which no Englishman can be indifferent. Assuredly in no part of Europe will the memory of this young Prince be more cherished, or his fate more deplored, than in this country. It has obliterated old military rivalries and old political censures. It touches us a thousand

times more than the Imperial triumphs of his family; and he is lamented rather as a child of England than as the heir of France.

The bearing of all this on our repntation for military and administrative sagacity is bad enongh. Still worse is the strain which these operations have pnt npon our military resources—a snbject in itself too large and too serious to he entered upon in this hrief retrospect. Most injurious of all to the prospects of the Governmcnt is the effect of these various transactions on onr financial position; and in our eyes there is nothing so discreditable to the Administration as the manner in which these financial liabilities have been evaded. Lord Cranbrook boasted the other day at Sheffield that no additional taxes had been imposed on the people, and he seemed to think the Opposition were disappointed when they found that Sir Stafford Northcote's last Bndget sat so easily on the Honse of Commons. There is a very easy mode of avoiding an immediate call on one's resonrces, and that is to postpono the payment of one's debts. The Opposition were disappointed, not because the Government thought fit to renonnce the imposition of fresh taxes, which must sooner or later be the inevitable consequence of a spirited foreign policy and of two or three military expeditions abroad, but because the Government had not the frankness and the conrage to avow and to meet the financial conseqnences of their own policy. Before the country can approve or condemn that policy, we must know what it costs. That is precisely the essential point which has been kept out of sight. We have yet to learn in what manner it is proposed to meet the extraordinary charges of the last two or three years. The ordinary revenue has harely kept pace with the ordinary expenditnre, which has been continnally increasing nnder Tory management. Bnt at the same timo large additional expenses have been incnrred for the affairs of the East, for the transport of troops from India, for the occnpation of Cyprus, for the advance to the Indian Governmcnt, and now for the Sonth African war. We see the outlay, which must be enormous, and we know that Parliament has sanctioned it. Bnt where is the snpply? What means have been taken to provide for these exigencies? It would seem the height of cowardice, which we would not willingly impnte to any British minister, to shrink from imposing taxes which would be nnpopnlar, if he wants the money to defray outlay that has been incnrred for objects which the Government hold to he necessary for our defence and onr honour. Do ministers expect their debts to he paid by their snccessors? Do they entertain so humble an opinion of their tenure of office, that they find it expedient to give a hill at a long date? Can anything justify an attempt to postpone hy expedients the full discharge of the expenses of the year?

Finance is the true test of foreign policy. The condnct of negotiations and the measnres necessary for the defence of the pnblic interests fall within the responsibility of the Executive Government, and we do not contend that it is wise to limit their powers. Bnt when the qnestion arises of paying for these measures, Parliament must be taken into the confidence of the Cabinet, and that confidence must be complete. In other words, the application of the resources of the country is necessarily determined hy ministers, but the spring from which those resonrces are drawn is in the Honse of Commons.

Here, then, is the point which calls for the keenest scrutiny of the Opposition and of the people at large. If we are not greatly mistaken, finance is the weak point of the Administration; and this weakness has been increased by an excessive expenditure and by an excessive reluctance to take the measures necessary to meet that expenditure. It is clear that there is hesitation and nnwillingness to disclose the whole truth of our financial sitnation. Probably we shall be told, that with the expenses now going on in South Africa it is impossible to calculate the extent of it. The Abyssinian war cost, if we remember rightly, some nine millions sterling, when Sir Stafford Northcote was last in office, and we have no donbt our amiable Chancellor of the Exchequer hates the very name of Africa. But whether it be unpopular or not to increase taxation, or to advocate an increase of taxation, the first duty of ministers is to ask the House of Commons for the means to meet the credits that have been taken. As yet we cannot understand how these extraordinary expenses are to be provided for. But it is of vital importance to know what is the amount of them and by what fresh charges on the nation they are to be paid. That is the issuo on which we shonld he prepared to go to the country. That is the point on which the merits or shortcomings of the Administration, both at homo and abroad, shonld be tried. That is the practical question we should address to ministerial candidates; and whatever else it may be in the power of the Opposition to offer to the people of England, we are confident that a prudent, open, and economical use of the pnblic revenues stands in the first rank.

No debate of the House of Commons in the present Session is, in our opinion, so instructivo and important as that of April 28

last, when these financial questions were most ably discussed on the occasion of a motion by Mr. Rylands condemning the increase of the national expenditure. Mr. Göschen, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Childers all took part in this controversy, and each of them threw light from some different point on what the Government had so much reason to conceal. Mr. Göschen showed that nothing could be more fallacious than the attempt to separate the extraordinary from the ordinary expenditure of the nation. The votes required for increased stores and armaments form part of the necessary ways and means of the Session; if not used for one purpose these articles are used for another. But as long as the means of supply were kept in the background, the House of Commons and the country had not pronounced on the policy of the Government.

'It might,' added the honourable gentleman, 'be an unpopular thing to say, but it was better for the cause of economy and for the good of the country that we should meet our burdens by taxation year by year as they arise than stave off the payment to a future day. No taxes were to be imposed at present: then the whole of these liabilities were to be postponed; in other words the country was not asked to associate itself with the action of the Government at all. The Government shrank from that test. Ministers had shown, in this crisis, not financial strength but financial hesitation. This was an exhibition of an apparently strong policy carried out by weak men—by men wanting in the nerve and courage to face unpopularity. They had shown a want of confidence in the willingness of the country to bear the burdens which were the result of the policy of the Government.'

Mr. Gladstone followed in a speech of great power, in which he demonstrated how widely the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has been led astray from the wise principles and practice of that great school of finance, inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel and by Mr. Gladstone himself, in which Sir Stafford Northcote was brought up. By this practice of postponing and confusing the expenses and the payments of one year with another, and of one Parliament with another, 'the Government loses its responsibility, and the fundamental principle of keeping the income up to the charge is forgotten and got rid of.' Indeed, it may be remarked, that should a dissolution of Parliament take place in the interval, it might happen that the House of Commons which approved the policy of the Ministry would not be called to pay the cost of it, and that the duty of providing for the charge would devolve upon a House of Commons less favourably disposed to the policy they had to provide for. Sir Stafford Northcote's work on the financial history of the country enjoys a well-deserved reputation. It is much to be regretted that his administrative measures should fall so far short of his sound economical principles. For, as Mr. Gladstone observed, they are contradictory: the wit of man cannot reconcile them.

Mr. Childers entered into a still more minute detail of the results of this extraordinary treatment of the finances. It is admitted that between six and seven millions is the measure of increase of ordinary expenditure since the present Government took office: and the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself stated that in the last fifteen months 8,750,000*l.* have been expended on votes of credit, but that only a small portion of that expenditure has been paid out of current revenue, and the rest deferred.

All these speeches deserve a more careful perusal than can be given to the journals of the day, in which moreover the reports are imperfect; and we learn with satisfaction that it is intended to circulate these important statements of the Opposition in a popular form for public information.

We confess that it is a matter of surprise to us that when there are so many reasons for looking with anxiety to the present and the future condition of public affairs, the general tone of public feeling should be so apathetic, and the language of Parliament so hesitating and ineffectual. Probably this state of things is the result of the attempts made in preceding years to direct popular excitement and popular sympathy into channels, and towards objects, of less real importance to the people of England; and to act as if our foreign relations were to absorb all the interests of the country. It is high time, in preparing for the electoral struggle which may come upon us sooner than is commonly supposed, to direct and concentrate public attention on the primary and essential conditions of good government, rather than on its showy and adventitious incidents. The state of trade, the depression of agriculture, the enactment of important reforms in the law, too often presented and presented in vain, such as the Criminal Code, The new Patent Law, the Bankruptcy Bill, and the Banking Bill, and, above all, the financial condition of the country, are the subjects really pressing on the attention of the Legislature. We lament to say that the present Parliament and the present Administration, with all the omnipotence of numbers, has proved wholly unequal to these tasks; it remains to be seen whether more can be obtained from the harvests of succeeding years.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1879.

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ART. I.—1. *Graf Bismarck und seine Leute im deutsch-französischen Kriege.* Von MORITZ BUSCH. Leipzig: 1878.
2. *Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit.* Von Dr. KLEE. Berlin: 1879.
3. *Lettre à un Ami d'Allemagne.* Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: 1879.
4. *Hommes et Choses d'Allemagne.* Croquis politiques. Par J. VALBERT. Paris: 1877.

MAY 10, 1871, the day of the signature of the Treaty of Frankfort, was the date of the most profound humiliation for France, and the culminating point of the career of the German Chancellor. The negotiations for the final peace had dragged on at Brussels without leading to a result; with his accustomed perspicacity he caught the moment when the Government of Versailles was still struggling with the insurrection of the Commune, and therefore felt the pressing want of peace. He invited M. Thiers to send to Frankfort M. Jules Favre, whose capacity he had measured at the famous interview of Ferrières. After a conference of nearly eight hours at the Swan Hotel, which brought the unfortunate French negotiator to utter exhaustion, he succeeded in obtaining nearly all he wanted, and developed as fully as possible the preliminaries of Versailles. Thus he proudly inaugurated the diplomatic action of the new Empire in the ancient coronation city of the Romish emperors, and returned to Berlin in triumph. When he reappeared in the Reichstag, the whole assembly rose by a spontaneous movement. He was made a prince, received a magnificent estate in Lauenberg, and the chairmen of the German railways, little thinking that in a few years he would strain every nerve to buy them up, made him a present of a sumptuous set of carriages with the privilege of circulating freely on all the lines; wherever he showed himself, he was the object of enthusiastic ovations, and was hailed both in poetry and prose as the regenerator of Germany. It was certainly difficult to rise higher; the question appeared rather to be, whether he would be able to maintain himself in this eminent position without losing his equipoise—whether his conservative wisdom would equal the audacity with which he had overcome the obstacles to his career of greatness. Never had man the mind of the German people so entirely in his hand, for good or evil, as Bismarck at that moment. 'What will he do with it?' was the question which was then on all lips. 'What has he done with it?' is the question we ask after he has been for eight years the most prominent figure in Europe as well as in his own country.

The two books which we have placed at the head of this article will not help us much to elucidate this question. The work of Dr. Klee is a continuous strain of rhapsodical eulogy of his hero, whom he paints as a strong conservative. The literary value of Dr. Moritz Busch's two indiscreet volumes is even less; they are the work of a hireling who does not venture to have an opinion of his own, who indiscriminately pours out a mass of anecdote, without distinguishing between common-place table-talk and important observations, and who does not seem to feel the difference between traits launched with the keen sagacity of a powerful mind

and others of a revolting cynicism. Nevertheless the book has the merit of bearing the incontrovertible stamp of authenticity; these pages photograph Prince Bismarck as he is—strong-headed, self-confident, far-sighted, unscrupulous, sneering at everything, sparing nothing in his sarcasms, recklessly following his aims, and persecuting with keen feelings of hatred and revenge everyone who happens to thwart them. From this point of view, these two volumes are an interesting contribution to contemporary history.

We find here, for instance, a sort of explanation of the reason why his first move after the peace was a declaration of war against the Catholic Church. This naturally took the world by surprise, for when Bismarck entered upon the political stage as a staunch conservative he appeared as an orthodox believer, and expressed a hope 'that the fools' ship of our time would be wrecked on the rock of the Church.' Having turned statesman, he learnt to view the Church principally as a power, and during the first part of his ministry he treated the Catholic hierarchy with the greatest regard. By his influence two archiepiscopal sees were filled with Ultramontanes of the purest water. Count Ledochowski, having promised to forbid the clergy to take part in the Polish agitation, was forced upon the Chapter of Posen by joint pressure from Rome and Berlin, and it was not Bismarck's fault if the *Curia's* wish of promoting Ketteler to Cologne was frustrated; he even worked hard for the project of establishing a Papal nuncio at Berlin, and was only baffled by the King's peremptory refusal to allow such an infringement of the traditions of his house. He declined Prince Hohenlohe's proposition to protest against the scheme of Papal infallibility, and equally declined the advice of his minister at Rome to intervene during the Council. It was therefore not astonishing that such tendencies encouraged Monsignor Ledochowski to proceed to Versailles in order to plead in person for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. What answer he received is not recorded, but this much is known, that he was treated with marked courtesy, and came home in high spirits, convinced that, after peace was signed, Prussia would take the initiative of a congress, in order to interfere on behalf of the Pope, and to give to the Catholic world guarantees for his independence.

If then the Chancellor suddenly resolved to turn against the Church, it is clear that his motive was political. The Catholic Church, after 1850, enjoyed in Prussia all the advantages of a free church without its burdens and drawbacks. Not only had all former restrictions been removed, but she retained all the prerogatives of a privileged church, which she amply used for her advantage. Her power consequently increased enormously in the following twenty years; convents and religious houses multiplied, and were quite exempt from State inspection; the Church was left to administer freely not only her own property, but all the funds and endowments of institutions devoted to ecclesiastical purposes; the congregations covered the Catholic parts of the country with their network, and took a prominent part in the direction of the schools; the German clergy, formerly distinguished by their intelligence and independence, became more and more ultramontane, and the Jesuits exercised a marked ascendency over them. The autonomic government of the Church reached its climax by the dogmatic Constitution of July 18, 1870, and Prince Bismarck, whilst declining to intervene during the deliberations of the Council, had expressly warned the *Curia*, by his despatch to Baron Arnim of January 5, 1870, that the declaration of infallibility would give to the State the right to revise its relations with the Catholic Church. If the Government had been satisfied to reassert the legitimate claims of the State in respect to the hierarchy by repelling all encroachments of the Church on the civil dominion, and exercising with proper energy the right of supreme control over the schools and institutions of the clergy, it would have challenged the resistance of the bishops, the Pope would have issued angry allocutions on the spoliation of the Church, but the Catholic laity would not have supported the hierarchy; the larger part would have submitted—the more intelligent as well as the indifferent portion, ashamed of the part which the German episcopate had played at the Council, would even have approved of this policy. But such was not the intention of the Chancellor; his plan was not to defend the State, but to deprive the Church of that legitimate independence without which she cannot discharge her high functions, but which has always been singularly distasteful to autocratic natures. He had moreover a special object in declaring offensive war against her. We see in his utterances, recorded by Dr. Busch, how keen was his irritation at being sometimes thwarted in his plans by the resistance of the Emperor and his military advisers. 'When we come home, I shall turn parliamentarian,' he said. His aim, therefore, was to create a compact governmental majority. He knew that the enthusiasm of the French war could not last, and therefore looked for something

which might so far have the quality of a foreign enemy that fighting against it could be called a patriotic duty. What more suitable object could there be than the Roman Church, become so unpopular through its syllabus and its Vatican Council? The Chancellor knew that in Germany, as in France, the Liberals are free-thinkers or indifferent, but that they are united in their hatred against the Church; in attacking her, he was therefore sure of their support. In this he was right. When in August 1871 the official press began to preach war against Rome, who was represented as having always been the enemy of the German Empire, and as her irreconcilable adversary at present, the Liberals hesitated at first; they regarded this new policy as rather too good to be true. But when they saw that Bismarck was in earnest, they declared for him heart and soul, and, enchanted at the prospect of a campaign against the priests in alliance with the Government, forgot all the principles they had hitherto defended. One of the most zealous leaders in the contest, Professor von Sybel, had formerly exposed in his history the fatal mistake which the French Revolution committed by attacking the Church; he now asked for a reform of the constitution of the Church by the State, and hoped to succeed where Joseph II. and the Convention had miserably failed. Formerly the Liberals cried treason if the Conservatives wanted to amend the constitution; now they suppressed at one stroke three articles of it, destined to protect the independence of religious communities. Formerly they declared the inviolability of personal freedom to be a sacred principle; now they consented to exile Jesuits and to banish priests. Formerly the Liberals boasted that they respected every form of religious conviction; now they declared the Catholics to be enemies of the Empire, and reviled their Church by attacks which might as well be turned against the Christian faith in general. If the Liberal party comes out discomfited and divided from the struggle against the new economic policy of the Chancellor, they have only themselves to thank. It was by the Culturkampf that Bismarck broke their neck. They abjured all their former principles in order to damage the Church; if they dared to oppose him on any other question, he had only to intimate that he would make his peace with the Catholics, and they submitted immediately to the necessary sacrifice.

But the Prince had completely underrated the enemy he attacked. He had not realised the strength of purely spiritual forces and of passive resistance. He had not even, on entering into this struggle, a well-determined plan; his only aim seemed to be to collect as in an arsenal all possible weapons against the Church. Dr. Falk, whom he had placed at the head of the ecclesiastical department, did not even believe in the possibility of a serious resistance; as a narrow legist he thought that if a law had been passed, whatever might be its tenor, every Prussian subject would of course obey it. Having practised as an attorney, knowing nothing of ecclesiastical affairs, he fell into the hands of professors and councillors, who prepared the ill-advised and ill-digested May laws, which proved deficient as soon as they were enacted, and had to be amended by a new batch of statutes. But all these measures entirely missed their aim; the clergy not only refused to submit, but were unanimously supported by the Catholic laity, as was proved by the elections of 1874. In 1875 the struggle entered upon a new phase; the Pope addressed (February 5) an encyclical to the Prussian bishops, in which he declared the ecclesiastical laws null and void, as contradicting the divine mission of the Church. This was certainly a bold encroachment upon the domain of the State, and the Government would have been perfectly entitled to prosecute those who promulgated this encyclical; but the irascible Chancellor went much further. All the salaries and subventions paid by the State to Catholic priests or institutions were suspended, unless the clergy signed a declaration that they would submit to all present and future laws of the country, which was tantamount to the alternative of starvation or excommunication. Further, all religious orders and communities were dissolved and expelled, those only excepted which devoted themselves exclusively to the care of the sick; their property was sequestrated by the State. But these measures were as impotent to break the resistance of the Catholics as the preceding ones. The gap caused by the withdrawal of the subventions of the State was filled by voluntary contributions, and the dissolution of the congregations, incompatible as it was with civil liberty, only deprived society of institutions for which no equivalent could be found. By another law, the Government conferred upon the Catholic congregations the privilege of electing bishops for the vacant sees; but no use was made of this right, and the only attempt made to bring about such an election led to so sore a discomfiture, that no more has been heard of that scheme. The Government transferred the administration of the revenues of Catholic parishes to an elective board; the

bishops, foreseeing that, if the people abstained from exercising their electoral rights, the whole property would pass into the hands of the State, authorised their flocks to take part in these elections, and the consequence was that all the boards were composed of their adherents.

The result of the whole campaign was a gigantic failure. The Government obtained nothing that an absolute Government cannot obtain by simply lifting its arm. To deprive a priest or a bishop, i.e. to prevent them from exercising their ministry, is nothing; the question is how to supply their place. But not only has nothing been gained; the result is exactly the contrary of what was desired. Deak said well 'that there is nothing more dangerous than to make martyrs.' Prince Bismarck was not of that opinion, but in persecuting the bishops he gave them the opportunity of reinstating the character which had been somewhat damaged by their conduct at the Vatican. It was intended to sever the inferior clergy from the episcopate, but the former stood firmly by their superiors. It was hoped to emancipate the laity from the hierarchy, but this violent policy brought the whole mass of the Catholic people into a firm phalanx of opposition under those very leaders of whom it was intended to deprive them. The Centre party appeared in greater force after every election. The Catholic press grew like green leaves after rain. Thirty years ago there were four or five Catholic papers. When the Culturkampf began they were about thirty. Now Germany has more than three hundred, some of which sell more than ten thousand copies. The Government prohibited the exercise of the disciplinary power of the Pope; he quietly continued to exercise it, and was obeyed by everyone. Thousands of Catholics made their pilgrimage to Rome and knelt before Pio Nono, who launched his invectives against the modern Attila, laughing at the enmity of the martial hermit of Varzin. When at last that Pope died, his successor was elected after an exceptionally short conclave, and Prince Bismarck evidently thought it more prudent not to examine whether the new Pope offered sufficient guarantees of moderation. Count Arnim in his last pamphlet 'Quid faciamus nos?' tells us in a charming story how M. Thiers judged the German policy. 'I acknowledge,' said he, 'that Prince Bismarck is a remarkable man, but I do not understand his ecclesiastical policy; he will burn his fingers. Write to him—no; do not write, but tell him, when you see him, in my name, that he makes *fausse route*. When the battle of Waterloo drew to its end, Ouvrard, the great purveyor, and a great scoundrel, came up to Napoleon, and said, "Sire, the English have lost enormously." "Yes," answered Napoleon, "but I have lost the battle." It will be thus that Prince Bismarck will be obliged to say: "The Catholic Church has lost much, but I have lost the battle."' It is impossible to condense in a more terse form the judgment which history has already pronounced upon that ill-advised policy.

But its pernicious effects do not end with this discomfiture. If Bismarck harnessed the Liberals to the car of the Culturkampf and at the same time ruined them, he was nevertheless obliged to make large sacrifices to them. The Evangelical Church of Prussia was subjected to a constitution, which made it the creature of the State, dependent on a Chamber, of which more than one-third consists of Catholics and Jews. Special concessions were made to what the Liberals styled the cultivated intelligence of large cities. Dogmatical qualifications for ecclesiastical functions were abolished; the consequence was anarchy. In a synod held at Berlin in 1877, a clergyman moved the abolition of the Apostles' Creed. And the Protestant Church of North Germany, which was once the stoutest barrier against Romanism, was reduced to the pitiable condition in which it now stands.

The Liberals, knowing that whoever holds the school guides the future, further claimed that popular education should be remodelled in their sense. After the fashion of the Birmingham School Board, they demanded the suppression of denominational schools, to be replaced by what they call simultaneous schools, in which the religious instruction should henceforth be neither Catholic nor Protestant, but conceived in the sense of a vague theism which would offend neither Catholics nor Protestants. Although the denominational school is sanctioned by law in Prussia, Dr. Falk silently promoted the introduction of these simultaneous schools, and applied to the celebrated national schools of Germany precisely those principles which commend themselves to the secularists of this country. It had been held in Germany that the pastor of the parish is the natural inspector of the local school; but in consequence of the ecclesiastical legislation the right of inspection was withdrawn from all Catholic pastors and from many Protestant ones and conferred on persons totally unfit for it. The result was that the teachers, liberated from effectual inspection, did as they liked, and that complaints of their disorderly behaviour have become general. We are assured that the outcome

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of the new educational policy has been a vast increase of expense and a general lowering of the moral and intellectual standard of the young. In the end all the elements hostile to religion have been fortified, the principles of morality have been undermined, and consequently, in this contest of the two powers which should co-operate for the common benefit, Social Democracy is the real *tertius gaudens*. Is it possible that such a condition of things can really benefit the people and strengthen the State?

The concessions which the Chancellor was obliged to make to the extreme Liberals in political, social, and economical questions were not less hurtful. Since 1867 Germany and Prussia have been overwhelmed by a deluge of new laws; measures which in this country would have absorbed a whole session were voted at Berlin in a few sittings, and this legislation by steam lasted nine months in the year. As a matter of course, the bills were badly prepared and superficially discussed, and as soon as they became law were found defective and had to be amended. The internal administration of Prussia, for instance, certainly wanted reform; but instead of developing and correcting the existing institutions a novel and complicated system of self-government was introduced, whilst the whole bureaucratic organisation remained in force. The consequence was confusion; no one could see his way in this labyrinth of paragraphs, no one knew to what authority he had to appeal for the simplest questions. Nor will the new organisation of justice prove a great benefit; it is made by lawyers for lawyers. And, if we are correctly informed, it will render procedure much more complicated and costly.

But far more sweeping have been the effects of the imperial legislation on social and economical questions. Herr Bamberger, in a lecture delivered a year ago, called it a legal revolution, and such it was, but certainly not a beneficial one; though it has opened the flood-gates of change and altered the character and conditions of life of the German people. Agricultural labourers were drawn to the towns by the higher wages during the time of industrial prosperity, which was soon succeeded by prostration and depression. From 1871–75 the population of the country increased by 0·8 per cent., that of the larger towns by 14·8 per cent. The absolute repeal of all restrictions on loans brought usury to a fearful height. In 1873, for instance, there existed no private pawnbroker at Munich; in 1877 there were 149, who on an average took 120 per cent. No check was placed on the adulteration of food. In Berlin the milk is watered by 30 per cent., the cream thickened with chalk and calf's brains. A butcher, fined for having sold sausages stuffed with potato meal coloured by aniline, was quite astonished that so much noise was made at such a common proceeding. The bread is mixed up with chips of wood. At Lahr, in Baden, they fabricate a compound of one-fifth of coffee and four-fifths of chicory, which is sold as coffee. The old relations between masters and apprentices have been destroyed. From 1870–76 the number of spirit-shops rose from 188,000 to 255,000, which is tantamount to a corresponding increase of drunkenness. The consumption of alcoholic drinks rose from 286,000 litres in 1872 to 981,000 litres in 1876. The theatres, no longer subject to a license, multiplied prodigiously; a stage was set up in every small town; they outbade each other, in order to attract the public, by show, scenery, and costume. In a low sort of *cafés-chantants*, called Tingel-Tangel, women, scarcely clothed at all, displayed their charms, and tickled the ears by obscene songs; these establishments were, in fact, a school for prostitution, and the same must be said of all the dining-rooms, which recommended themselves by 'agreeable female attendance.' The increase of the pedlar and hawking trade damaged the local shops. Quackery flourished. The most indecent novels and filthy pamphlets were freely offered for sale; the *demi-monde* spirit invaded literature. We have only to throw a glance on the advertising columns of a Berlin paper, such as the 'Kladderadatsch,' in order to form an idea of the state of public morality. In No. 43, October 21, 1877, five advertisements offer an asylum to ladies; nine promise the recovery of health destroyed by debauchery; Dr. Hampe offers his services for what he calls children's affairs; the office for marriages at Darmstadt issues a prospectus headed by the device, 'Hony soit qui mal y pense;' the proprietors are happy to offer to the choice of ladies anxious to marry three princes, eight counts, ninety-one barons, 250 landed proprietors, 380 officers, 800 clerks, 120 literary men, 240 manufacturers, 1,400 merchants, and 110 persons of independent fortune. Besides the photograph and the fees, an answer is requested to twenty-seven questions respecting the qualities and the pretensions of the candidate and the promise of a certain percentage of the expected fortune.

The unlimited liberty of joint-stock companies, sanctioned by a law passed in a single sitting of the Reichstag in 1870, led,

together with the sudden influx of capital caused by the French contribution, to an epoch of gigantic swindling. Before 1870 the spirit of enterprise had been paralysed by the fear of war. The military operations had caused a great wear and tear of the railways and their rolling stock; the restoration of the munitions, the arms, the equipments of the army, and the new fortifications, caused a large expenditure. The sudden payment of the French milliards created a fictitious tide of wealth. This enormous sum paid in two years and a half was to be invested; 875 millions only were required to cover the expenses and the losses of the war; 561 millions were employed to form a fund, the interest of which served to pay the pensions of invalids; more than two and a half milliards standing in former government loans were paid off and had to seek for new investment; new railways were undertaken; municipalities rushed into lavish expenditure for improvements. Thus the demand became enormous, particularly for coal and iron; existing factories were enlarged, as if this demand were to last for ever; new ones were founded. Innumerable companies sprang up with the promise of large dividends, but for the most part not corresponding to solid and permanent wants. From 1800–1870 400 joint-stock companies were founded in Prussia with a capital of 3,078,000,000 marks; from 1870–74, 857, with 4,290,000,000 marks; the greater part of the large manufacturing establishments were turned into joint-stock companies. Wages rose to a high pitch; there was a time when bricklayers' labourers earned in Berlin fifteen shillings a day. Every strike was successful, because the employers felt themselves obliged to give way in order to keep their men, who dined off venison and drank champagne. It was a period of general over-production, over-trading, and gambling in shares and stocks, driven to an artificial height by speculation. People seemed to become rich by leaps and bounds. Princes, high functionaries, and statesmen appeared as the associates of bankers and brokers; they realised by sinecures, as chairmen and directors, sums which would formerly have been thought a fortune. The general rise of prices was further enhanced by the monetary reform. If a unification of the different existing monetary systems was desirable for Germany, it may be doubted whether it was necessary to adopt a gold standard. The Empire has certainly lost large sums by the demonetisation of silver, and the depreciation of that metal has greatly diminished the value of all payments made in it. But even if the gold standard was to be adopted, great faults were committed in the execution of that measure. Instead of reducing the silver and paper circulation according to the amount for which they issued new gold coin, the Government withdrew scarcely any silver or bank notes; thus the circulation was enlarged by hundreds of millions of marks, and the value of money diminished.

At length the bubble burst; the crisis came, as it always must come when the disproportion of production and consumption becomes too great. Over-speculation led to a fearful collapse. The factories could not pay interest on the invested capital, the demand fell off rapidly, the companies became bankrupt; small capitalists who had invested their money in shares received no dividends; the new railways did not pay, while they reduced the profits of the old ones; the revenue decreased, the public expenditure increased. The working classes, accustomed to a higher standard of living in the time of prosperity, had to put up with low wages if they wanted to get any, while most of the stock-jobbers and gamblers had secured their ill-gotten riches. A trail of corruption, falsehood, and venality remained behind the collapse, which was disgusting. Some of the most prominent swindlers were tried, but most of them were acquitted. Pauperism in the large cities increased fearfully; in Berlin during the year 1875 the city gave relief to every eighty-second person in the population, in 1876 to every eightieth, in 1877 to every seventy-fourth. The last reports of the Prussian factory inspectors reveal horrors in the condition of the lowest classes; a quarter of the population of Berlin is living in underground dwellings; from ten to fourteen people of both sexes were found crammed together in small rooms at night. The charitable institutions are overcrowded with children wilfully abandoned. Depression and discontent prevailed everywhere.

The honest official, whose pride formerly was to serve the State, and the men of learning who enjoyed a dignified social position, found themselves neglected and despised by the illiterate *nouveaux riches*, with whose luxury and ostentation they could not cope. Is it astonishing that in such a condition of things pessimism has become rampant in the higher classes, and Hartmann the philosopher of the day; that in the lower classes Social Democracy made astonishing progress; that with the decline of public morality brutishness was sadly on the increase; and that the number of crimes

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rose rapidly? A Rhenish workhouse contained, on an average, 350 vagahonds a day in 1871; in 1877, 669; among these 61 prostitntes in the former year and 222 in the latter. In Prussia 6,403 people were brought before the jury for crimes in 1871; in 1877, 12,807, and only 1,314 were acquitted. The increase, therefore, was 78·2 per cent., in some cases much more; thus for murder 144 per cent., infanticide 83 per cent., crimes against morality 102 per cent., forgery 90 per cent., fraudulent bankruptcy 286 per cent. In Bavaria the number of crimes rose from 3,555 in 1872 to 5,273 in 1876. The other States show a similar increase; only Alsace-Lorraine is distinguished hy a lower percentage—4,839 to 5,164. A particularly distressing symptom is that among criminals youth takes a foremost place. It must not be overlooked that this increase of crime was greatly favoured hy the new code of 1870, conceived in that spirit of false humanitarian sentimentality which preaches excessive lenity to crime. The more tender-hearted justice becomes, the more insolently crime comes forward. When self-respect and the sense of duty and moral responsihility decline, the remedy which naturally suggests itself for the hardships of existence is self-destruction. In 1871, 2,723 persons committed suicide in Prussia; in 1875, 3,278.

If the public press generally gives a fair idea of the state of political morality, we are sorry to say that this conclusion is not flattering for Germany. She has become the country where puhlic opinion is fahricated, centralised, and monopolised in the service of the Government and the Exchange. Of conrse there are independent and honourahle newspapers, and we need scarcely say that the whole Catholic and democratic press is inaccessihle to secret influences; bnt the fact remains true for the greater number. Prince Bismarck has always had a very keen perception of the importance of the press, and from the beginning has striven to hring it under his influence. When he assumed office, a single paper, the 'Krenzzeitung,' supported him; another, the 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,' was founded under his patronage by a former democrat, Dr. Brass, who with the zeal of a renegade endeavoured to serve the canse of his patron. After Sadowa a change took place; nevertheless the Liberal papers, particularly those of the Sonth, maintained a distrustful attitude. They were won hy a golden key. The late King of Hanover, previons to the Prussian occnpation, had sent a sum of nineteen million thalers to London in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the invading army. The Prussian Govcrnment in their turn sequestrated his private property in Hanover. By the mediation of Lord Stanley a negotiation took place between the Chancellor and two delegates of King George, and the following terms were agreed upon. Eleven million thalers were to be invested in Prussian 4½ per cents., and another five millions in securities mutually to he agreed upon, the King to receive the interest half-yearly; in addition he was to have all his personal property. In exchange the nineteen millions of the Hanoverian treasury were to be returned. A treaty to that effect was signed on September 29, and duly ratified by the two sovereigns. Within the stipulated time King George caused the treasury funds to he hrought hack from England and handed to the Prussian authorities. Prince Bismarck then suddenly recollected that the treaty had to be suhmitted to the Landtag, and when it was criticised in the Lower House, he assured the deputies that the Government did not intend to let King George have one single thaler if his condnct was not in harmony with the spirit of the treaty. Scarcely had the vote heen carried when he appeared in the Chamber and solemnly declared that a vast Gnelphic conspiracy had heen discovered, and that evidently the King, who in a speech at his silver wedding at Hietzing had expressed a hope of restoration to his dominions, was about to use this money for treasonable purposes; he therefore asked the House that the sixteen millions should be sequestrated, and the interest employed to annihilate such plots—to follow, as hc said, these reptiles into their holes. The majority, notwithstanding the protests of the Hanoverian depnties, believed this story and gave Bismarck the entire and irresponsihle management of the sixteen millions. Too late they discovered their error, and made repeated enquiries in 1876 and 1877 as to the use of the money, as nothing more was heard of Guelphic conspiracies. The Government answered these indiscreet questions by stating that Parliament had entrusted them with the irresponsihle disposal of that fund—that though anxious to settle the matter, it would be weakness to part with such a weapon, as long as King George did not give suhstantial guarantees that the supporters of his cause would no longer carry on intrigues against Prussia.

This was certainly a capital stroke of husiness for the Prussian Premier. Hitherto he had had to submit to the petty hickerings of the Opposition for the few thousands demanded for secret service; now he

had managed to secure his independence of Parliament by obtaining a secret fund of about 100,000*l.* a year.* This money has furnished him with the means of working the press in Germany and out of it. The department of the press is organised in the following way. It is directed by Privy Councillor Hahn, a converted Jew, who makes the round of the different ministries, collects news, and composes the weekly semi-official 'Provinzial-Correspondenz,' which is distributed gratis to all official local papers. His numerous staff, under the superintendence of Dr. Constantin Roessler, is occupied in fabricating leading articles and correspondence for German and foreign papers. Apart from this general press office the Chancellor has a special one, which he directs himself, from which the papers styling themselves independent, but devoted to the Government, draw their inspiration. Foremost amongst these are the 'Norddeutsche Zeitung' and the 'Post.' The articles in small print in the latter journal are considered to express the views of the Chancellor himself. All the financial papers support the policy of the Chancellor, whilst the inspired journals uphold the interests of the great bankers, nearly all Jews, and of the great manufacturers. The influence of these capitalists upon the German press is enormous.

As the telegraph is entirely in the hands of Government, so that no obnoxious despatch is allowed to be sent off or published, it may be conceived what public opinion becomes under the pressure of such a system. The inspired press enjoys impunity for all its outrages and slanders, whilst the Opposition press is rigorously prosecuted on the slightest pretext. Prince Bismarck is suspicious; personal rancour, as the Emperor himself said to Count Arnim, is one of his principal traits; as soon as he conceives a dislike against anyone, his victim is assailed from every side. This is particularly the case with foreign statesmen and his own high functionaries, who cannot well descend into the parliamentary arena in order to defend themselves against apparently anonymous attacks. In this way, men like the French Ambassador M. de Gontaut-Biron, Savigny, Goltz, Usedom, Camphausen, &c., were ruined and destroyed. The height of scandal was reached by the ignoble contributions to the 'Grenzboten' of Moritz Busch, the boon companion and biographer of the great Chancellor, which were directed against personages least able to defend themselves.

But if the public prosecutor is deaf and dumb when the inspired press calumniates Prince Bismarck's adversaries, the scene entirely changes when he himself is attacked. Then Justice, which in the first case seems to have her hands tied, appears to have the arms of Briareus. The Chancellor has always shown a womanish susceptibility to the criticisms of the press. By law he cannot suppress a paper (except those of the Social Democrats), but he prosecutes his critics for the slightest personal attack. He has, for this purpose, lithographed formularies. 'Prince Bismarck feels himself offended by the article of (say June 2) of the journal (say "Germania"), and demands that this paper should be fined accordingly.' It is very rare that the accused are acquitted. More than 2,000 convictions have taken place on this account. The public prosecutors, knowing that such prosecutions are the best means of advancement, show extraordinary zeal, and arrive sometimes at wonderful results. Even judges have declared that everything relating to Prince Bismarck must be measured by a special standard. In the case of Count Hermann Arnim, brother-in-law of the former ambassador, the Attorney-General Groschuff maintained (Nov. 2, 1877) that it was an offence to reproach the Chancellor 'with a want of generosity and clemency;' that it was equally offensive to have said 'Bismarck is the greatest of all living men, R. Wagner excepted,' because there were people who thought that Wagner was partially insane. A colleague of this ingenious gentleman discovered that the mere fact that Prince Bismarck felt offended was sufficient ground for inflicting punishment. The 'Frankfort Gazette' had asserted that the Guelph fund was employed for purposes foreign to its legal destination. The accused editor appealed to the evidence of the Minister of War and other high functionaries; but these were forbidden to appear as witnesses, and the paper was condemned. Such proceedings give an entirely new reading to the old adage, 'Il y a des juges à Berlin.'

As to the famous case of Count Arnim, a few observations will suffice. We have no great compassion for that ill-starred man; the evidence produced at the trial leaves no doubt that he had hoped to supplant the Chancellor. When the latter was seriously ill, he caused his 'Memorandum about the Council' to be published in the Vienna 'Presse,' in order to prove that he was the superior statesman. But he had reckoned without his host; and whatever one may

* It must be mentioned, however, that since the death of King George the Government have consented to pay an annuity of 240,000 marks to his widow and daughter.

think of the morality of the Chancellor's despatches, they show on which side the greater ability lay. It was evident from the beginning of the quarrel that Bismarck, unable to extort Arnim's recall from the Emperor, was bent upon irritating him in order to make him commit some fault. Count Arnim, whose position became more and more awkward at Paris, fell into the trap, and, by committing an unpardonable indiscretion in publishing that Memorandum, forced the Emperor to consent to his removal. He further had no right whatever, on leaving Paris, to take with him papers belonging to the State, and it was the height of folly to refuse the restitution which was of course demanded when it became known that these documents had disappeared. Finally, the publication of the pamphlet 'Pro Nihilo' was indefensible; when a former ambassador publishes the confidential conversations with which his sovereign has honoured him, only in order to satisfy his revenge, he forfeits every claim to public consideration.

On the other hand, it must be recollected that Bismarck and Arnim were old friends. When the latter was councillor at the Foreign Office, under Baron Schleinitz, he moved heaven and earth against his chief in order to bring Bismarck into power. If the Chancellor thought that Count Arnim was an unsafe and untrustworthy man, why did he place him in so important a position? The published documents prove that Bismarck not only requires, as he has certainly the right to do, that his diplomatists strictly execute his orders, but that he does not allow them even to *report* matters which interfere with his policy. '*My* ambassadors,' he said, 'must whirl round at my command, as the sub-officers, without asking why.' * This is evidently the reason why the Chancellor selects as ambassadors, by preference, men of the higher nobility, whose name and rank cover the perfect docility with which they consent to see only with his eyes. It is another question whether his diplomatic subordinates unite to this estimable quality the more substantial talents, which enable them to serve their country successfully. Bismarck suspected that Arnim was aiming at his place. That was the sin for which no atonement was possible in his eyes, and he recoiled from no measure in order to destroy his rival. He spied and watched the ambassador by the members of his own legation, and he indirectly warned the French Government not to trust Arnim.† He slandered him by stating in his letter to the Emperor, April 14, 1873, that when he thought of transferring Count Arnim to London 'the most violent protest came *from thence* at the first intimation on account of Arnim's inclination to intrigue and untruthfulness; one would not believe a word of what he said.' Came from thence (*von dort*)?—but from whom? The only person who was entitled to object to Count Arnim as ambassador in this country was Lord Granville, and he has publicly denied that he ever spoke of Count Arnim in a way which might blemish his reputation, but that he simply instructed Lord Odo Russell to express the urgent hope that Prince Bismarck would appoint a personage who enjoyed his full confidence. What then becomes of this assertion? The truth of this imbroglio we believe to be, that an august lady in this country, entirely ignorant of the disputes between the two, wrote to a lady in an eminent position in Germany; she hoped the choice of Count Bernstorff's successor would not fall upon Count Arnim, as he would be a blind tool of Prince Bismarck. Finally, the punishment greatly exceeded the offence. In any other country a minister who had abstracted or retained public documents without making any use of them might have been dismissed without a pension. Arnim was arrested as a common criminal, kept for weeks in prison, notwithstanding his ill-health, and finally condemned for high treason in a secret sitting of the Upper Court. When a member of the Saxon Chamber observed that a case like that of Count Arnim was impossible in Saxony, the Liberal press in Prussia, and Herr Lasker in the House of Deputies, protested indignantly against such insinuations. They forgot that when a decree of the Supreme Court in 1866 denied the liberty of parliamentary debate, the leaders of the Liberal party, Gneiss, Tuesten, Mommsen, Sybel, declared that that court did not judge according to law, but according to favour.

Prince Bismarck's strongest point has always been his foreign policy; unscrupulous as he is as to the ways and means by which he pursues his aims, he knows how to combine boldness and energy with foresight and prudence. He strains the bow sometimes hard enough, but takes care not to overstrain it, and shows himself moderate towards those of his adversaries whom he is decided not to crush. There are many incidents in his diplomatic career which undoubtedly show the hand of a first-rate statesman. Such is the alliance of the three Emperors. Mindful of Count Beust's hostile intentions, which were clearly revealed

* Pro Nihilo, p. 40. † Ibid., p. 108.

in the beginning of the French war, he nevertheless made him from Versailles an offer of frank reconciliation which was gladly accepted; and the good relations thus established were improved into a thorough understanding when Count Andrassy assumed the reins of the Foreign Office. Not only did the German Chancellor induce the Emperor Francis Joseph to visit the capital of the victor of Sadowa; but he managed to bring about a reconciliation between two Powers so deeply divided as Austria and Russia had been for many years, and he has succeeded in maintaining this alliance under the most difficult circumstances, thus constructing a powerful bulwark for the *status quo* created by the victories of 1871. He failed in his attempt to induce the great Powers to recognise the government of Serrano, which he had brought forward as a blow to the Ultramontane party, represented by Don Carlos. But if the Prince met with ill luck in this case, might he not be more successful in an action upon a larger scale? Such were his reflections in 1875. France, which he had hoped to crush for a generation, had risen from her great defeat with astonishing elasticity. She had paid the indemnity before it was due, and her credit was unimpaired. Was it advisable to give her time to complete her military reorganisation? Would she not some day prove a formidable ally with Russia, whose friendship for Germany rests on the life of the present Emperor? Did not all the hopes of the Ultramontanes centre in the re-established power of France? Might not Austria under a clerical government abandon the German alliance, which had been rather a matter of necessity than of choice? Evidently there was no time to lose; Germany could never be more ready for war than she then was, while France was not ready, though she was daily gaining strength. The main thing to be done was to obtain from Russia, as in 1871, a benevolent neutrality, and so keep Austria quiet. He therefore sent a confidential message to Prince Gortschakoff by one of his most trusted agents, stating that according to his information the attitude of France was most disquieting; she had increased her army by 140,000 men; she was evidently precipitating her military organisation in order to strike a great blow. Germany might find herself compelled to anticipate it, as she could not afford to wait till her adversary was ready. In such a case she would rely on the friendly neutrality of Russia, who on her side would be free to execute her great projects in the East. It is difficult to imagine how the Chancellor could expect this plea to be successful. If he wanted to prevent the danger of a future alliance between Russia and France by crippling the latter thoroughly, how could he expect Prince Gortschakoff to lend a willing ear to a proposal, the fulfilment of which would have deprived Russia of a valuable ally, and would have left her with Germany as her sole rival? And, last not least, what compensation had he in store for Russia? In offering her free play in the East he gave nothing that she might not take without his consent. Prince Gortschakoff, therefore, rather drily answered that his own information did not lead him to believe in the supposed hostile intentions of France; as to Russia herself she had no design whatever of disturbing the *status quo* in the East.

But although his envoy returned from St. Petersburg with empty hands, Prince Bismarck did not give up the game. He had already, on February 3, 1875, addressed to Belgium a remonstrance against what he styled the 'Ultramontane conspiracy.' He peremptorily required the Brussels Cabinet to put an end to the attacks of their clergy against their neighbours, and to change their laws if they proved insufficient for that purpose. The Belgian Government, much alarmed, observed the closest silence on this despatch, meanwhile sending a special envoy to Berlin, in order to prove that they had done their utmost to damp the polemical tone of the clerical press against Germany. But the Chancellor chose to remain unconvinced, and made his grievance public by sending the despatch to the 'Cologne Gazette.' At the same time he told the Belgian Government that they had better prepare themselves in order to defend their neutrality against France.

Against the latter he now began to open his trenches by the press. On April 7 an article appeared in the 'Post,' in which that paper asked, 'Is war in prospect?' and proceeded to answer its own question by hinting that there were influential persons in France anxious to prevent the French Republic from being consolidated, and looking forward to an aggressive alliance with Austria and Italy. The cue once given was rapidly followed by the whole official press of Germany. And Lord Derby informed the world in his speech of May 31, not only that expression was given to these sentiments by the press, but that 'persons of the highest authority and position had said that if war was to be avoided it seemed necessary that the French armaments should be discontinued, and that there seemed good ground to fear that the next step might be a formal request from Germany to France to discon-

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tinue arming. Hnd that request been made, it would have been very difficult to preserve peace.'

The whole political world was profonndly disturbed; bnt, strange to say, the Emperor William had hitherto remained entirely ignorant of what was going on. He reads few newspapers, and those are strictly watched, and he is so well surrounded by persons devoted to the Chancellor that he generally only hears what the latter wants him to hear. Happening, however, to have gone to Wiesbaden, and therefore not being directly under the wand of the enchanter, his attention was directed to the warlike rumours. He was greatly astonished, and returned to Berlin resolved to stop them. At the same time an exchange of communications took place between the Cabinets of England and Russia, which led to the resolution that, France declaring her peaceful intentions, they would jointly interfere to prevent war. The morning after the return of the Emperor to Berlin, Connt Schouvaloff arrived there from St. Petersburg on his way back to London. He saw the Emperor, and told him plainly that he considered the situation very critical; that the whole political and financial world expected war, and was in a state of excitement. The Emperor looked grave, and said there was no ground for such fears, as he was firmly resolved to maintain peace. Armed with this declaration the Count went to see the Chancellor. He warned him to be mindful of what he was doing, and said that if he would not believe him others would follow whom he would be compelled to believe. Thus prepared, the Prince, when admitted to his audience of the Emperor next morning, declared, with imperturbable nndacity, the whole scare to be a manœnvre of stockjobbers and Ultramontanes. The Emperor Alexander, arriving a few days later on his way to Ems, found that in pleading peace before his uncle he had come to ndvocate a foregone conclusion. How Prince Bismarck stated his case to the Czar we do not pretend to know; probably the latter was satisfied thnt, as he telegraphed to his sister the Queen of Würtemberg, 'l'emporté de Berlin a donné toutes les garanties pour le maintien de la paix.' But it appears that the Chancellor's interviews with his Rnssian colleagues were less satisfactory, for Prince Gortschakoff did not try to conceal that he considered the accusations against France as purely imaginary, and could scarcely withhold a sneer of satisfaction at having checkmated his somewhat too powerful rival. The anger of Prince Bismarck was not diminished by the manner in which the Russinns managed to take the whole credit of the change for themselves. The Emperor Alexander in receiving the diplomatic body assured them he was nuthorised by his uncle to declare that peace was safe, and, turning to the French Ambassador, said: 'Comptez sur moi; si quelque danger sérieux vous menaçait, je serais le premier à vous en nvertir.'

This defent of Prince Bismarck was the more striking, as his press made n most clumsy retreat. The 'Norddeutsche Zeitung,' nfter having for weeks fired off the most incendiary articles, suddenly declared that not the least misunderstanding between France and Germany had occurred, and that only a league of liars in the press, Ultramontanes, Poles, Stock-Exchange bears, and some petticoats, were responsible for the alarm—the last expression being a delicate allusion to some august ladies, one of whom had from this country written to the Emperor of Russia, begging him to do his best for the maintenance of peace. The astonished public rnbbed their eyes, asking themselves whether they had dreamed in reading the menaces of the Government press, and whether Europenn statesmen had been fighting against ghosts all these weeks. But much more awkward for the Chnncellor was Lord Derby's speech, which gave proof of the contrary. It raised Bismarck's wrath, to which he gave expression in a despntch to Count Münster; but the Emperor interfered, struck out all offensive expressions, nnd sent back the paper thus corrected, not to the Chancellor, bnt to the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Bülow, with the order to forward it to its address.

The result of this campaign was most damaging to Prince Bismarck; it was his first signal failure in foreign polities. He had been obliged to yield to a menacing coalition, and for the first time his imperial master had peremptorily interfered with his plans. The Emperor had ostensibly acquiesced in his declarations, but n deep distrust nevertheless remnined, and he has ever since closely watched the Chancellor's policy towards France.

It mny be imagined in what humour Prince Bismarck retired to his estate; and that nbove all he conceived n deep dislike for his Russian colleague and former friend, who appropriated to himself the blessedness of the peacemaker. Prince Gortschakoff, however, had been somewhat too hasty in telegraphing from Berlin to the Russian ministers that peace was henceforth assured, for a week afterwards there arose in the East the first little cloud that heralded n storm threntening the whole European fab-

ric. Nevertheless the Russian Chancellor had been sincere in his assurances, and nothing could be more erroneous than to believe that the insurrection in Herzegovina was kindled by *him*. His policy was to undermine gradually the Ottoman Empire, but as an old man he wished to avoid a great conflict; it was only later that he yielded to the Panslavist agitation, believing that he could not afford to offend the national feeling without endangering his own position. As to Prince Bismarck, he assumed a studied indifference to what he styled 'that little bit of Herzegovina;' but it is very remarkable that his press from the first encouraged Russia's pretensions, and at the same time called upon Count Andrassy to renew the glorious policy of Prince Eugene of Savoy by assuming a leading part in the reconstruction of the Balkan peninsula. When General Sumarokoff was sent to Vienna in order to propose the occupation of Bulgaria by Russia and of Bosnia by Austria, he was strongly supported, though without success, by the German ambassador, Count Stolberg. On the one hand, Bismarck was not at all moved by England's refusing adherence to the Berlin protocol; on the other hand, he had no word of disapprobation for the reckless conduct of Servia, the support of the Russian volunteers, nor for Ignatieff's frivolous ultimatum. He constantly maintained that Germany had no interest in Eastern affairs, and when he was urged to counsel moderation at St. Petersburg he refused, because that would be to offend the Russian nation, which would be worse than a passing disagreement with its Government. It was only when a compromise seemed possible that he began to act. The British Government hoped to find a way out of the difficulties by proposing a conference at Constantinople. The expedient was not a wise or a successful one, for nothing could suit Russia better than to discuss the internal affairs of the Porte in her own capital, thus virtually abrogating Article 9 of the Treaty of Paris. But, this fault once committed, it was the more necessary to stick to the English programme, accepted by all the Powers, and not to allow Russia to enlarge it according to her wishes. But Bismarck, who came expressly from Varzin to Berlin in order to see Lord Salisbury when he passed through that capital, persuaded the British envoy that the only means to maintain peace was to build a golden bridge for Russia. The state of public opinion made it impossible for that Power to come out of the conference without achieving some palpable result; the Turks would only yield under strong pressure, but they would submit if they saw that they could not count upon England's assistance. Therefore it was necessary to support the demands of Russia—demands which, as the Chancellor clearly discerned, would never be accepted by the Porte without a military defeat. The brilliant diplomatic novice to whom England's interests were confided fell into the trap; he embraced heart and soul the Russian programme, and, in order to avoid the occupation of Bulgaria, insisted upon concessions which could only be obtained after a foreign occupation, while the German Chancellor, seeing his work done thoroughly, could afford to let his own representative at the conference play at being deaf and dumb, to prove his complete impartiality.

There was, however, still one moment when a compromise really seemed feasible. The Emperor Alexander was sincere in his wish to avoid war; he was willing to be satisfied with such concessions as would secure him an honourable retreat. It was then that Prince Bismarck sent for the Russian ambassador, M. d'Oubril, and said to him, 'I hear that your Emperor is wavering. I know Russia. He is lost if he draws back. There is no other chance left to him but war.' Who could resist such disinterested warnings? In like manner, the German ambassador in London was instructed throughout these negotiations to insist on the inevitable tendency to war. The war was inevitable because Prince Bismarck did nothing to prevent it, but, on the contrary, desired that it should take place.

Thus Russia was engaged, but Austria, though not opposing her, resisted all attempts to make her join in the campaign; the recollection of Joseph II.'s alliance with Catherine and the joint occupation of Sleswig-Holstein did not encourage a renewal of such a policy. The freedom of action which Count Andrassy thus preserved became still more dangerous by the defeats of Russia during the latter part of the summer, and Prince Bismarck was afraid that Austria might break away from the imperial brotherhood. An interview at Salzburg, however, convinced him that Count Andrassy was much too good-natured to take advantage of Russia's embarrassed position. But if in summer the Turks were too victorious, the fall of Plevna was the stone which started the avalanche that upset the Ottoman power. The Chancellor could not overlook the fact that, if Russia was left to dictate the terms of peace, she would be mistress of the East; that the creation of Slav principalities under a Russian protectorate would exert upon the kindred nationalities of Austria a disintegrating influence; that the aggrandisement

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of Russia threatens the interests of Germany, and makes her a still more desirable ally for France. He could not, however, openly thwart the results of the Russian policy, his master being scarcely less Russian than the Emperor Alexander, and the embarrassment of his position was betrayed by his Sibylline speech on the Eastern question. He minimised each of the clauses of the Peace of San Stefano; threw to the Russians the tempting devise of 'Beati possidentes;' asked whether Austria was disposed to undertake the control of the Western Turkish provinces, and came to the conclusion that none of the clauses of the peace presented a sufficient reason for the other interested powers to go to war. With perfect tact he declined the part of arbitrator, and was only ready to try, 'as an honest broker,' to smooth down the differences. We think he was quite sincere in this declaration, and strained every nerve to arrive at a compromise. Lord Derby's resignation and Lord Salisbury's circular of April 1 showed that England was resolved to prevent the peace of San Stefano from being carried into effect. Prince Bismarck could not desire at that moment a war between Russia and England, which might have drawn in Austria. Russia, notwithstanding her victories, was sufficiently weakened. When, therefore, Count Schouvaloff, who clearly perceived that his country was unable to risk another great war, went to St. Petersburg to counsel concessions, he was supported by the whole influence of Bismarck and the Emperor William, and carried his object, notwithstanding the opposition of Gortschakoff. Thus when, after Schouvaloff's return, by his secret agreement with Lord Salisbury, the real difficulties were or seemed to be removed, the Chancellor took the mediation into his hands, and succeeded in finding a formula which, though starting from the English demand that the whole treaty should be discussed, yet made it possible for Russia to accept the invitation without humiliation; and thus he reconciled, at least for the time and on paper, the conflicting interests by the Treaty of Berlin.

In the meantime he had little reason to be satisfied with the internal state of German affairs. The depression of trade continued; the gigantic project of buying up the German railways by the Empire fell to the ground as soon as it was launched. Minister Delbrück, the Chancellor's great administrative support, resigned, as it was said for motives of health, but in fact because he would not longer bear the arbitrary treatment of his chief.* A project of the Minister of Finance, Camphausen, to transfer the stamp duties to the Empire, failed, yet the question how to meet the deficit remained to be solved. Prince Bismarck tried to come to an understanding with the Liberals, who complained that, although they had uniformly supported him, they had no share in the confidence of the Government. One of their most submissive leaders, Herr von Bennigsen, was invited to Varzin, at Christmas, 1877. The Liberal press triumphed, but was to be disappointed; the negotiation failed. The ambitious candidate for office was not indisposed to accede to the Chancellor's financial demands, but he foresaw that the majority of his party would not follow him without securing constitutional guarantees for the employment of the produce of the new taxes. Prince Bismarck, however, was not inclined to accept conditions; he wanted the unreserved support of the party, and, as this was not granted, he satisfied himself, after his return to Berlin, by presenting a bill to provide for a substitute for his own duties. The Liberal party, though disappointed, not only voted for it, but committed the folly of overthrowing the most able and constitutional Minister of Finance, Herr Camphausen, in the hope that Bennigsen might be his successor. But the Chancellor decided otherwise: the ambassador at Vienna, Count Stolberg, a great noble, of Conservative leanings, was appointed as his own deputy, and the Burgomaster of Berlin, Herr Hobrecht, took the finances. At the same time Bismarck proposed the tobacco monopoly. The Liberal party could not suppress their feelings of bitterness, and when, after Hoedel's attempt upon the Emperor, the first Anti-Socialist Bill was brought in, it was thrown out by a crushing majority, and the session closed with much ill-temper on both sides.

A few days afterwards the world was startled by the news of a second and more infamous attempt on the life of the venerable Emperor, who this time was seriously wounded. A general thrill of horror pervaded the population, and the upper classes were roused to a feeling of the growing social danger. The Government decided upon dissolving the Reichstag, which was in itself a wise measure; for if there was to be a change of

* The milliards had vanished, and whilst heavily taxed France, with a debt of more than twenty milliards, enjoyed a growing surplus, Germany, which has no public debt, found her revenue constantly decreasing. On the other hand, the expenditure of the Empire and of the States steadily rose. In 1873 the imperial budget amounted to 340¼ million marks, in 1877–8 it was 540¼ millions. New taxes became necessary, while the wealth of the nation was lessened.

policy, it was but just to appeal to the nation to sanction it. If at that moment the Government had come forward with a clear programme of reform, and asked the people to support them in carryiag the necessary measures, success must have been decisive; for the great majority were thoroughly disgusted with the existing state of affairs. But the Governmeat did nothing of the kind; they oaly insisted upoa special measures agaiast Social Democracy and a fresh distribution of taxes. Their press violently attacked the Liberals, who suddenly took the place of the Ultramontanes as the enemies of the Empire, and the world learnt with surprise that the Chaacellor was going to meet a papal nuacio at Kissingea. Leo XIII. had shown more conciliatory dispositions than his predecessor; he had announced his election to the Emperor, and expressed his sympathies on the occasioa of the attempts oa his life. Bismarck, tired of the Liberals, thoaght he might try whether something could not be done with the Catholics, who sturdily maintained their position. When, therefore, the nuncio at Manich went to Dresden, in order to congratulate the King of Saxony on his silver wedding, an excursioa to Berlia was proposed to him. This Moasignor Masella was not allowed to make, but an interview was arranged to take place at Kissingen. He was received with the atmost politeaess as a prince of the Church, and, as Conat Arnim tells us, large horizons were opened to his ambition. The negotiations, however, by which the Chancellor hoped 'to make a happy peace with him,' as King Joha says, came to nothing. The *Curia* asked that the May laws should be abolished, or at least virtually set aside ia snch points as were against the Catholic conscience. Priace Bismarck answered, that, if he was to yield to such demands, he mnst ask that the Pope should command the Centre party to support the Governmeat in all importaat questions. Sincerely desirous as was Leo XIII. to come to an naderstanding, he was unable to graat that demand, and, the Priace not being able to get his own price, the negotiation virtually came to an end, though appearances of its being continued were kept up all the winter, as neither party desired a formal ruptnre. The attempt, which was doomed to failare from the heginaing, showed anew how little the Chancellor understands the Catholic Church. Formerly the aim of the Cultarkampf was said to be the emancipation of the German clergy from Rome; now he invoked the aid of Rome to enlist the Catholic party among his followers. In fact, Kissingea *was* Canossa, less the success which the Emperor Henry IV. obtaiaed at that famous interview.

The necessary first consequencc of this failure was, that the Centre party remaiaed in strong opposition; its candidates declared that they would never vote for exceptional laws against the Socialists, Catholics themselves haviag snfficient experieace of such laws. On the other hand, the Liberals were not so thoroughly beaten as the Chancellor wished; therefore the Government press saddenly changed its tone towards them, and expressed the hope that they would support the necessary measures against the disturbers of society. Aad the Liberals, who had been in deadly fear of a reconciliation of the Chancellor with the Ultramontanes, were unwise enough to pay the price which he asked for readmitting them to his favour.

This new bill which he now presented simply aimed at forbidding Social Democracy uader heavy penalties. To a despotic mind like the Chancellor's, it appears of course most coavenient, as soon as any menacing evil appears which a mistaken policy has aided to call iato existence, to stamp it out hy sheer force. Unfortanately such proceedings are rarely successful; modern governments at least, however absolnte, canaot recur to snch measures as were resorted to against the Albigenses and Hussites, aad therefore cannot succeed in trampling down spiritual forces. Prince Bismarck's speeches on this occasioa go far to show that he knows Socialism as little as he knows the Catholic Church. He maintained that after the French Commaae had been put dowa, its leaders, convinced that there was ao more room for them in France, established their centre of agitation in Germaay. The Germans, he said, are a critical aad discoatented people; they enjoy a mild legislatioa and leaieat judges; so the leaders resolved to emigrate to that agreeable country. The consequence had been to iajure German iadustry severely; when, for instance, a hostile army of 30,000 well-organised men is in a place like Berlin, nobody will invest his capital there. This reasoning is a chain of fallacies. The leaders of the Commune have been shot, deported, or live in London, Switzerland, and Belgium; but they have been wary enough to keep aloof from the German police. There are Germans engaged in foreign Socialist meetings. There are no foreigners amoag the German Socialists. It is ridiculous to maintain that the Socialist movemeat has been the cause of the depression under which German indastry is labouring. The reverse is the case; the reckless expenditure of the enriched swin-

dlers first, the depression and the privations it brought hy that inflation to the working-classes secondly, have made congenial soil for the growth of Socialist ideas. Undoubtedly the way in which the agitators offered defiance to the law, and preached the necessity of forcibly subverting the existing state of society in order to realise their chimerical projects, which would result in general disorder and a frightful despotism, could not be tolerated hy a Prussian government. A government must he made of a much stronger texture to hear such things with indifference. Warnings in this regard have not been wanting for years, but they were not listened to hy the Government, and the Social Democrats were free to insult religion and to preach their incendiary doctrines. If the Government had come forward with a hill defining such unlawful agitation and making it punishable, no exception could have been taken against that; but every measure of repression must deal with overt acts, in order to remain within the pale of law. The German Bill declared punishable certain tendencies, whether embodied in acts or not. The example of this country was invoked in a totally erroneous manner. The detestable precedent of the Six Acts and the repressive Tory measures of 1819 was cited; hut even these measures fell short of the theory of constructive treason. They referred to overt acts punishable hy law. They were not directed against a certain class of persons, without reference to their actual conduct. On the contrary, the German Act maintains the public liberties unrestricted for all persons who do not follow 'Social Democratic, Socialist, and Communist tendencies.' This latter category is declared *hors la loi*, and abandoned to the pleasure of the police. It is the wholesale proscription of a political sect. This, as Herr Bamberger has acknowledged, is a proceeding for which there is no precedent in modern legislation. It is not only unjust, hut will prove ineffective. The new law forbids every public movement to that party, and the leaders are shrewd enough to see that open resistance is impossible. Their newspapers are suppressed, their unions are dissolved, hut they continue their agitation, which, if less noisy, is not less active, and does not lack ingenious methods of evading the authorities. 'You cannot,' said Bebel in the debate, 'suppress our party if you cannot suppress the family, the workshop, the post, and the railroad.' The effect of this hill will be to cover Germany with a net of secret societies. The movement, debarred from the public highway, will circulate through a thousand subterraneous channels, and while everything remains quiet on the surface the ground will continue to he mined. The propaganda, if more limited in range, will acquire fresh intensity from its secrecy. The hardships to which the Socialists are exposed will invest their doctrines with a stronger charm for the workmen, and they will gain fresh recruits as long as the general discontent prevails. The last election at Breslau has clearly proved that their numbers are undiminished; although the Socialists are deprived of all the means of public agitation, which are so important under a system of universal suffrage, their candidate was carried hy 7,589 votes against 6,390 which fell to his Liberal adversary.

But what is most strange is, that the Chancellor, in making war against Socialism, professed himself tinged with Socialist doctrines. He spoke of Lassalle as of a most gifted and genial man, and said that he should be glad to have such country neighbours. No one doubts Lassalle's talents, but his lately published biography shows that his aims were merely personal, and that he simply considered the working-classes, for whom he never sacrificed a single thaler, as a stepping-stone to the presidency of a German republic. Bismarck further recommended co-operative societies with State subvention, and maintained that such associations are in a flourishing condition in England. He apparently does not know that it is of the very essence of co-operative societies to work with their own capital and at their own risk; what becomes of co-operative societies with State subvention has once for all been shown hy the Paris *ateliers nationaux* in 1848.

The Liberal party had soon to repent of having consented with some trifling amendments to this hill, nearly the same as that which they had rejected with indignation a few months before, for already during the recess the Chancellor started his project of economical reform, or rather revolution, which was to hring the Liberals into a minority. It was, just as the Culturkampf had been, a complete rupture with his own past. One of his earlier achievements was to force the French commercial treaty upon the recalcitrant middle States, and he had hitherto steadily supported its author, Minister Delhrück, in his moderate free-trade policy. In 1849 he made a speech in which he declared unjust all taxes upon the first necessaries of life, such as bread, salt, &c., and said that articles of general but not necessary consumption, such as beer, spirits, tobacco, coffee, &c., were the proper objects of taxation. Even in 1875 he asked the Reichstag to aid him in freeing the tariff

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from a multitude of articles which gave an insignificant revenue, and to adopt the English system of taxing only a few important commodities. Unwisely enough the Liberals at that time resisted this perfectly rational proposal, clinging to their superstition in favour of direct taxes, although these were heavy in Germany, while the indirect taxation was very light. Prince Bismarck resolved upon an heroic cure: he started the project of a tobacco monopoly. If by this means France with a population of 36,000,000 could raise 250,000,000 francs, why should not Germany with 42,000,000 inhabitants get a revenue of 200,000,000 marks? Thus the Empire would become independent of the matricular contribntions of the States, and would have money enough for all its needs. In vain it was argued that the example of France was not conclusive; that it had introduced the monopoly two hundred years ago, when the importance of tobacco was small, and that Germany had a large culture and manufacture of tobacco, which would be ruined by the change; that the French people were far richer than the Germans, and that if French monopoly prices were asked in Germany the consumption would be greatly reduced; that leaps and bounds are not safe in fiscal matters, and that it would be impossible to raise suddenly 200 millions from an article which hitherto had yielded only 14½ millions. The Chancellor remained inaccessible to these arguments; but the Reichstag resisted, and only consented to establish a commission of enquiry as to the best method of taxing tobacco. In September the German Finance Ministers met at Heidelberg, and resolved upon proposing higher duties on coffee, wine, beer, tobacco, and other articles of consumption. Nothing was said of protective duties, but in private conversation the Prussian delegates admitted that their master had been won over to the cause of protection. So it was. The Chancellor had formerly acknowledged that in economical questions he was but a smatterer, and relied upon the support of his experienced colleagues, such as Delbrück and Camphausen; when they left him he found himself obliged to take matters into his own hands, but, his notions being very superficial, it was but natural that he fell under the influence of men who wanted to use his immense power for their personal ends. He yielded to them in the well-founded hope of making them instruments of taxation; and, to carry his real purpose of raising a larger revenue, he resolved to give the stimulus of protection to the manufacturers, who clamoured for higher duties in order to make their factories more profitable, and to make the consumers pay the interest of the capital sunk in unproductive enterprises.

Commissions were appointed to enquire into the state of the iron trade and the textile industry; but the first at least was a packed commission, the proceedings of which were marked by extreme partiality, and were directed by the great iron-masters in order to bring about a certain result fixed from the beginning. Early in November the Chancellor addressed a letter to Baron Varnbühler, late Minister of Würtemberg (formerly one of the bitterest enemies of Prussia, and now the leader of the Protectionists in the Reichstag), stating that he thought a general revision of the tariff was necessary, and he asked the Federal Council to consider whether it was not advisable 'to reserve the German market in a higher degree to national industry, and thus to increase its production.' Soon afterwards, however, the Tobacco Commission made their report. This Commission was mainly composed of persons likely to favour his project, but after seven months' hard work they decided, by nine votes against three, that the monopoly was impracticable. They recommended a tax according to weight, which would yield, as a maximum, 70,000,000 marks. Thus the large income to which the Prince had looked forward from this article disappeared, although it was in expectation of this revenue that he had resolved to make concessions to the Protectionists; for he knows well enough that protective duties yield little in point of revenue. He therefore had to devise a new plan. Of late years a party had sprung up called Agrarians; they were, as the German landlords generally are, staunch free-traders, but they complained of the privileges accorded to manufactures compared with land. They said further that they should be ruined by the competition of Hungarian and Russian wheat, Roumanian cattle, Galician and Polish timber, because the import of these articles was favoured by differentially low railway fares. The Protectionists saw that they could not carry their project against the opposition of this party, so they offered them protection for agriculture likewise, foreign corn, timber, and cattle to pay a duty on crossing the frontier; and the Agrarians were short-sighted enough to accept this bargain, though it is clear that the interests of the two parties must be opposed in the long run. To combine protective agricultural duties with industrial protection is to introduce two measures which neutralise each other and only serve to impede commerce. The Protectionists

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want cheap raw materials and cheap labour; consequently they must be against raising the price of food. Their interest may allow them to consent to a small duty on foreign corn and cattle, which would not perceptibly influence the price of bread and meat, but it is against making bread dear and consequently raising wages. If they consented to a higher duty as an equivalent for protective industrial duties, it could only be in the secret hope of getting rid of the former and keeping their own spoils. The landed proprietors, on the other hand, certainly have much to complain of in recent legislation, but they will not better their situation by corn laws. Germany is in exactly the same position today as England was under Sir R. Peel. She imported in 1877 foreign flour and corn to the value of 697,000,000 marks, though in reckoning the quantity actually consumed a considerable deduction must be made for transit goods. But if Germany, as a highly industrial country, cannot raise all the corn necessary for her population, she exports sugar, beer, brandy, hops, and tobacco, to the value of more than 100 millions in excess of what she imports, and if she grows less corn than formerly, the reason is that her agriculturists find it more profitable to grow wine, beetroot, cattle, &c. If foreign corn, timber, and cattle are taxed, there is but one alternative. Either the duty is so small that it does not raise the general market price, and in that case it can be of no use to the landed interest; or it is considerable enough to raise that price, and then it necessarily enhances the cost of living, while the agriculturists have so much more to pay for iron, clothes, and foreign produce.

The Chancellor sought to evade this dilemma by a curious letter to the Federal Council of December 18. He wanted to protect the national industries; but as it is difficult to protect one branch without damaging another, all branches were to be equally protected by levying a duty of 5 to 10 per cent. on every foreign article, excepting such raw materials as cannot be produced in Germany. At the same time, as the imports amount to 3,877 millions of marks, of which 2,853 millions are untaxed, this general duty would bring in a handsome revenue, say of seventy millions, to the Empire. But it is clear that this application of the poll-tax principle to goods cannot possibly effect its object. Duties of 5 to 10 per cent. are very heavy for bulky articles, such as corn, timber, iron, coal, while they give scarcely any protection at all to manufactured articles. The levying of duties on all imported articles would further necessitate an enormous increase of custom-house officers, as the present body cannot do more than the double work; and, finally, the object in itself was wrong, for even if it were possible to protect equally all industries, which it is not, the only result would be a general rise in the price of all articles, so that no one would be better off than before. Protection of one branch is only possible at the expense of some other. The Protectionist leaders knew this of course; if they welcomed the Chancellor's programme, it was because they foresaw that if he wanted to carry his plan of reform at all, he would be obliged to adapt the tariff to their wishes, and they therefore seized the opportunity to reconquer their lost position.

Prince Bismarck soon found that they were right. The spirits which he had evoked were stronger than himself. He wanted to restrict higher protective duties to a few industries which suffered particularly; but in the Tariff Commission the great ironmasters and spinners, who were the leaders of the protectionist movement, reversed this programme entirely. The general duty was simply set aside, and a highly protectionist tariff in their own interest elaborated. The Federal Council even enhanced these duties. The Chancellor having issued letters in support of the new policy, which, as the 'North German Gazette' declared, was to put an end to all poverty, 'as German labour was no longer to be abandoned to the competition of the Russian serfs, the enslaved Hindoos, or the overwhelming power and insidious cunning of British capital,' a race of petitions for obtaining protective duties began, and the Tariff Commission of the Reichstag improved upon the work of the Government by further raising the duties on the most important articles. In point of argument there has perhaps never been a more weak defence of so sweeping a measure; but the votes were taken according to interest, not according to conviction. In vain the Opposition proved that German iron needed no protection, as the export greatly exceeded the import, and German manufacturers undersold the British and Belgian in foreign markets;* so that a duty on iron would only enable them to sell their products dearer to German consumers. In vain they proved that even in these bad times the German spinneries had paid handsome dividends; that the corn and timber duty would

* At a meeting of the Iron Trade Association, a statement was made that German manufacturers of steel rails had carried off large Italian orders from British competitors. In Portugal and Spain they have been equally underselling our ironmasters.

ruin the trade of the Baltic provinces. An angel from heaven cannot convince those who choose not to be convinced. It must be confessed that the Opposition, which made a spirited resistance, laboured under the singular disadvantage of being led by men who had been foremost in advocating that hasty social legislation which has done so much harm. The growing distrust against their theories went to such a length that it was believed everything they defended was wrong. The strong side of the Protectionist movement was exactly the impossibility of finding a scientific basis for it. Besides, the same men had been leaders in the Culturkampf. The Centre party, upon which they had made war, saw its advantage; it accepted the programme of the protection of national labour, and offered its support to the Chancellor. The Ultramontanes did not ask for special concessions to the Church; they relied, as Herr Windthorst said, on the logic of facts, that, if they became a necessary part of the Government majority, it would be impossible to maintain the ecclesiastical policy of Dr. Falk, and the resignation of that minister, which followed their compact with the Chancellor, seemed to prove that they were not mistaken. But Prince Bismarck had, on the other hand, to make heavy sacrifices to obtain their support. If the Centre party abandoned its programme, which promised the electors to refuse any new taxes, it insisted that the fiscal duties which were particularly dear to him should be reduced, and he was obliged to yield. The bill for doubling the malt duty was shelved. The Tobacco Commission had thought that seventy millions might be levied; the Centre party reduced this to forty millions, and rejected the special license to which tobacco dealers were to be subjected. The Government asked a duty of 120 marks for 100 kilos of foreign tobacco, and 80 marks for inland-grown; it was obliged to be satisfied with 85 and 45 marks.

Then there was the constitutional question. The expenses of the Empire had hitherto been defrayed chiefly by the customs and taxes on spirits, sugar, salt, beer, &c.; the rest was covered by matricular contributions of the single States levied according to the number of their population, and voted annually by the Reichstag. The Chancellor wished to do away with these contributions in order to make the Empire independent, and also because this indirect poll-tax was unjust, inasmuch as the richer States paid in the same proportion as the poorer ones. The Liberal party so far agreed with him; but they asked a compensation for giving up the right to vote annually a large part of the revenue. Herr von Bennigsen proposed that the duty on coffee and the salt tax should be annually fixed by the Reichstag; this was not feasible because it would have created uncertainty in trade as to the annual amount of these taxes, and would have led to constant speculation. Then the Centre party came forward with a very different proposal. The average of the customs and of the tobacco tax had been previously 108 millions; the new taxes were to furnish 117 millions. From this total of 225 millions 130 were to go into the Imperial exchequer; the whole surplus was to be handed over to the single States, subject, however, to a corresponding deduction of the matricular contributions, amounting to about 80 millions, so that in fact they would only get 15 millions. This was the arrangement which the particularist Centre party very properly called not constitutional but federative guarantees, and which, after some hesitation, was accepted by the Chancellor.

The result was a decided retrogression for the Empire. It was an economical defeat; for the new tariff is made in the interest of a small class, which contrived to obtain the majority by a coalition. It favours the great landholders, the ironmasters, and the spinners; it damages the small proprietors, the textile industry, and all those branches which use half-manufactured articles, the trading and the shipping interest, and all those consumers who live upon fixed salaries and wages. It was a constitutional defeat. Notwithstanding the maintenance of the matricular contributions, the Reichstag practically loses the efficient right to fix them at a certain sum, for with an overflowing exchequer the right of reducing the expenses is imaginary. And scarcely was the bill passed when Prince Bismarck proposed to the Federal Council to convoke the Reichstag only every second year, and to have the budget voted for two years. It is a social danger; for Protectionism has an awkward analogy with Socialism. To the claim of the manufacturer that the State shall secure him good profits by high duties, the working man answers by the demand that the State shall find remunerative work for him. And could the Socialists want a better argument than that the governing classes raised the price of necessary commodities mainly in their own interest? The Chancellor himself has made an appeal to the mutual hostility of classes. He represented the landed proprietors as the Pariahs of the country, and asked them to struggle against their oppressors till justice was done; he advised them to double the duty on rye, which

the Prussian Ministry had rejected. When he was refuted by official statistics, he answered that they were fabricated in the interest of free-traders, that commerce was a stately but egotistical profession, and that the Opposition was given to lying; while the Ministerial press stigmatised the leaders of the Opposition as hirelings of the Cobden Club. Finally, the States will be deceived in the expectation that their deficits will be covered by the surplus of the Imperial income. Consumption will diminish and expenses will rise. While the Minister of War saved seven millions last year by low prices, the enhanced prices of food and all materials are now calculated to amount for the army alone to twenty millions, not to speak of the increase of the military budget which is expected for next year. It is true that the States are to divide between themselves the income from the dnties and tobacco exceeding 130 millions, but they will only partake of this surplus so far as it is not swallowed np by the matricular contribntions. These remain, although the whole campaign was undertaken expressly to do away with them as an unjust mode of taxation.

The Liberal party has come ont of the session discomfited and divided in itself. The right wing has seceded as a sort of Adullamites, and, even as it is, it is not homogeneons; there remain the waverers of Bennigsen's colonr, still longing for readmission to the Chancellor's favour. The Liberals have to thank themselves for their defeat; it is the resnlt of those faults which we have exposed, and they will probably largely lose in the elections for the Prussian Reichstag which are taking place whilst we write. The Conservatives who will take their places unfortunately lack independence. The greater part of them think it their dnty to support the Government; they feel uneasy when driven into opposition. Besides, the bulk of them belong to the Agrarians, who consented to the barter of agricultural for industrial protection. But even taking it for granted that the number of blind adherents of the Chancellor will be largely increased, he will not have overcome the real difficulties of his position. It is true that he is at present more powerful than ever; the Emperor, who is by no means blind to his disagreeable qnalities, believes him to be indispensable for the prestige of the Empire, and thinks, too, after the attempts on his own life, that Bismarck alone can give him security for the rest of his days. So he leaves him to have his own way. The other German Governments are in abject terror of the Chancellor, and scarcely dare to murmur against his decrees, so that we may say Germany at present has no monarchical government, but is under the dictatorship of a grand vizier. He has certainly executed an important part of bis deliberately framed plan to emancipate himself from the control of the Reichstag; the taxes are voted till repealed, and as the Federal Council must have a voice in their repeal, he can keep them as long as he pleases. If he could carry the rest of his plan of bnying up the Prussian private railways, to settle the fares of all German railways by decree of the Federal Council,and to convoke the Reichstag only every second year, he would be practically absolnte, for this intermittent parliamentary activity would lower the whole character of the Reichstag; it would lose interest, the ablest men would retire in disgust, and, set free in finance, he would only have to refrain from innovation in order to enjoy absolute power.

But to achieve this he must have a majority. He has always looked, not for a party which he was to lead, but for one that was simply to belong to him. He has frankly told the Liberals that, if they had continued to support him with the necessary *sacrifizio dell' intelletto*, he would not have minded working with them as before. Bnt, having thrown them over, he cannot govern with his blind snpporters alone; he depends for a majority upon the Centre party, which, clearly perceiving its power, will prove a mnch more tronblesome ally than the Liberals, ever ready for compromise. He has sacrificed to them Dr. Falk, but this is no guarantee that the snccessor of that minister will put an end to the ecclesiastical struggle, which must, however, be the real end of the Centre party. Its leaders, in keeping to the logic of facts, may so far be right, that the contest may lose its bitterness; but they have obtained no promise of a repeal of the May laws, withont which no real peace is possible. They must insist npon that repeal all the more as their constitnents are far from being generally satisfied with the position they have taken. The Bavarian Ultramontane press particularly reproaches them with having broken their pledge not to consent to new taxation. Is it possible under such conditions that they should consent to other concessions which they have hitherto opposed, such as the purchase of the railways, the increase of the army, and the curtailiug of parliamentary rights? If not, the union of the Conservatives with the Centre party will be at an end. On the other hand, will the pride of the Chancellor submit to acknowledge by the repeal of the Falk laws that his whole ecclesiastical policy has been one great mistake?

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These are knotty questions, which will not easily be settled. In the meantime the new tariff, though it will give at first an artificial activity to certain industries, must soon show its mischievous effects. When the Zollverein was founded, Germany paid for her import of manufactures by the export of corn, timber, and wool; now she has to import these agricultural products, but she pays for it by the export of sugar, spirits, and manufactures. This export will diminish because the enhanced prices of raw materials and half-manufactured articles will make competition more difficult in foreign markets. The decrease of exports will diminish trade; the railways and the shipping interest will suffer besides, because the duties on corn and timber will withdraw the transit traffic of Austrian and Russian goods from the Baltic ports and from Southern Germany. The foreign trade of Germany, especially with the East, which was becoming considerable, will be driven out of the market by her untaxed rivals. The taxation of the first necessaries of life and the increased taxation of other articles, such as coffee, tobacco, &c., will enhance the cost of living. The working classes will ask higher wages, but will not get them; for in the protected industries there will be an afflux of labour, which will make it cheap, and thus enable the manufacturers to appropriate the profits to themselves, and those industries which suffer under the difficulties of a restricted market must rather endeavour to lower wages. Then people will see that the prescriptions of the quack doctors, who promised general prosperity, have made matters worse; that the attempt to revive a flagging trade by enabling the manufacturers to charge artificially high prices for their commodities is doomed to failure; that it is impossible to enrich a nation by means of what is virtually a tax imposed on the many for the benefit of the few. It will be seen that the compact of the Agrarians and of the manufacturers is hollow, and that good finances cannot flourish upon a vicious fiscal system, although it may help to relieve the exchequer for a time. With the disappointment discontent will increase, and will finally enforce a reversal of this deluded policy.

Whether it will be the lot of Prince Bismarck to outlive these consequences, and in what way he will meet them, we cannot say. But in looking back upon the eight years during which he has practically governed Germany, we may say that by his internal policy he has done his very best to throw into confusion the Empire which he has founded, and that, if he were now suddenly to disappear, he would leave chaos behind him. We certainly do not despair of Germany. She has passed through worse trials. She will outlive pessimism, materialism, social democracy, protectionism, and all those evil devices upon which, in time of trouble, ignorant men seize in order to find relief. But if we believe that the nation is still intrinsically healthy, and if we cannot subscribe to M. Renan's criticism, who judges Germany by an exclusively French standard, her present state, though transient, is serious, and she will have to pay a heavy price for having abandoned her fortunes to the arbitrament of one man, of whom a calm observer has said, 'Il a agrandi l'Allemagne, il a amoindri l'Allemand.' He has founded a German Empire, but he has lowered the character and intelligence of the German nation.

ART. II.—1. *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Werke.* Kritisch durchgesehene Gesammtausgabe. Leipzig (in progress).

2. *The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence.* By EDWARD HOLMES. A New Edition, with Notes by EBENEZER PROUT. London: 1878.

3. *The Life of Mozart.* Translated from the German Work of Dr. LUDWIG NOHL, by Lady WALLACE. London: 1877.

4. *The Story of Mozart's Requiem.* By WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S., Mus. Doc. Oxon. London: 1879.

IT is an instructive as well as a most interesting task to review occasionally our impressions in regard to the genius, the personality, and the place in his art, of a great poet in whatever form of imaginative production. The mere blind and unquestioning acceptance of the works of any man of genius, however eminent, on the faith of a reputation once established is not the best or most worthy, because not the most reasonable, form of homage; and even with those whose faith in the absolute greatness of their idol is too well founded to be shaken, a new light may be thrown on the subject by a reconsideration of the reasons of their faith, affecting not only our estimate of the individual artist, but the conditions of the art itself.

In regard to Mozart, an opportunity is afforded for such a review of his character as man and musician, not only by the publication in Germany of the new and first complete edition of his compositions, but by the re-issue, under good editorship and with careful revision, of the most complete and

sensibly written musical biography in our language—not rich, certainly, in biographical works of that class. Indeed it may, perhaps, be said that Holmes's 'Life of Mozart' is the only good specimen of musical biography that we can boast of among works originally written in English. Slightly dry in style, it has nevertheless the advantage of having been the work of a good musician, who understood the real grounds on which the fame of Mozart rests, and the special qualities in which he was pre-eminent as a composer: and though the work of an enthusiastic admirer of its subject, it is nevertheless free from that sickly and sentimental effusion of adoration which is the bane of so much musical biography; indeed, in regard to Mozart's personal character, the writer was so far from partiality as to do injustice to his subject in some points, chiefly through imperfect information and the misinterpretation of letters and documents which later researches have placed in a different light. The new edition of the Life differs in one point certainly from that of the Compositions which is being brought out at Leipzig. It is anything but an *édition de luxe;* and we could have wished that a book which is so agreeable an addition to a musical library should have been brought out anew in a form and setting more worthy of the occasion than is the thin closely-printed one-volume octavo before us, not even embellished with a portrait of the composer. But the editing has been done by a very able and thorough musician, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, also an accomplished musical critic and a practised writer. He has corrected obvious errors in Holmes's book, and supplied information in his own notes in regard to musical and biographical points which have been more fully elucidated since the original publication, and in regard to one or two of which, more particularly the authorship of parts of the 'Requiem,' Holmes's conclusions have been placed entirely out of date by recent critical investigation. These, however, are but small portions of the whole work, the general accuracy of which has been rather confirmed than impugned by the results of subsequent research, though we may no doubt find some room for revisal of the judgments expressed or implied in regard to Mozart as man and musician, in considering his career from the point of view of the present day.

It is not worth while here to dwell on the extraordinary records of Mozart's precocity in music, which are familiar to most persons who have taken any interest in the history of the art. Extreme precocity of this kind has occasionally been displayed without being followed by any corresponding development of genius in more mature life;* and the fact of the early proficiency in *technique* which has not unfrequently been exhibited both by painters and musicians at an age when the intellectual meaning and scope of their art could hardly have been grasped at all, is very suggestive in regard to the dual nature of those forms of imaginative expression which involve great technical skill, in contemplating which we are drawn, according to our mood or temperament, sometimes towards one element in the art, sometimes towards the other: now disposed to think with Voltaire that a difficulty overcome is always something, now disposed to share George Sand's indignant repudiation of such a view of art. That this precocity in *technique* is indicative not so much of the degree as of the nature of the genius of its possessor, is obvious in comparing Mozart with Beethoven. No such stories are told of the childhood of Beethoven; and we know that he conquered by hard and in one sense unwilling study that power of technical construction in counterpoint which he turned to such splendid account in the contrapuntal episodes that at once relieve and intensify the passionate expression of many of his greatest movements. But it is only in these episodes that Beethoven shows to advantage as a constructor in the strict forms of composition. His longer essays in fugue, such as the finale of the B flat Sonata, however astonishing when executed by a great player, are knotty, rugged, deficient in balance and continuity, when compared with similar productions by Bach or Mozart; and the judgment of his own pupil Moscheles, who said that he did not like Beethoven 'trying to be contrapuntal,' will be the ultimate verdict on these works when we have shaken off the influence of that false musical criticism which has for the present vitiated the public mind so much as to the scope and capabilities of the art. What young Beethoven acquired with difficulty and in a spirit of rebellion, Mozart seems, for anything we can ascertain to the contrary, to have possessed intuitively, or, at least, to have acquired by a process of assimilation as natural in his case as that by which children learn to talk. That he studied hard in one sense all his life, there

* Our own composer, Dr. Crotch, is an example. The stories told of his achievements at the age of four, if not so numerous, are nearly as extraordinary as anything that is related of Mozart; but, though some of his compositions are very beautiful, he never made his own style or developed sufficient individuality to remove him from the crowd of second-rate composers whose works hardly outlive their own age.

can be no question; that is, he examined the scores of all other composers of note, and was acqnainted with all that had been done in the art up to his own time; but 'he always spoke as slightingly as did Beethoven of theory-books and exercises, and his remark when he heard Bach's motetts, 'That is something from which one can learn,' seems to imply that in general he was not conscious of having learned much from other composers. His early power over musical construction foreshadowed the career of a composer who has, perhaps, surpassed any other of the great musicians in the faculty of combining science with effect, of doing difficult things as if they were easy, and who always handled his materials as if he could do just what he liked with them. It is worth notice that as a child he displayed also a passion for and great aptitude in arithmetic, which for a time almost pushed music on one side: not the only instance in which the metaphysical relation between harmony and numerical proportion has been illustrated by the union of a quick perception of both sciences in the same person. But this constructive intuition would not necessarily have given us Mozart; it might only have resulted in another Albrechtsberger.

The mere account of the musical feats of the young Mozart derives, however, some additional interest and significance from the spirit and impulse under which they were done. We recognise not merely the presence of extraordinary musical gifts, but eager ambition and self-reliance, in the manner in which he flew at every sort of musical game so soon as it was presented to him; in his childish attempt at a concerto, so difficult that his father said no one could play it; in the readiness and courage with which, the first time the pedal board of an organ was shown and explained to him, he immediately would try it, and preluded standing on the pedals (on alternate feet it must be presumed), his legs being too short to reach them when seated. This kind of pluck, which he displayed throughout his life in his readiness on emergencies, was the more noteworthy in a child so delicately organised that the sound of a trumpet loudly blown caused him physical pain and prostration almost to fainting. But the traits of moral character which come out in these records of Mozart's childish and boyish years are of even more interest than those which illustrate his musical faculty, and are not without relation either to his future achievements. In the gay, witty, observant letters which he wrote to his sister and others during his Italian tour (at the age of thirteen and fourteen), we find that perception of humour and character which, in after years, was so conspicuous in 'Figaro' and 'Don Juan.' But the moral aspect of the child's character, amid the influences to which it was subject, is really touchingly beautiful; there has seldom been a nature, surely, more sweet and healthful than his, sent upon this earth. That a child who at his earliest years (after mere infancy) was literally turned into a travelling exhibition, was prematurely famous, fêted, caressed, raved about, kissed and dandled by empresses and queens, and treated almost as a royal prince, should have preserved not only during his childhood, but throughout his boyhood also, whilst the same kind of spoiling process was going on, the most perfect artlessness and freshness of child-like manners, remaining perfectly free from vanity and affectation, perfectly simple and unconventional in his feelings and behaviour, is certainly a very unusual evidence of a naturally charming and healthy disposition; all the more so since it is evident that the boy, with all his high spirits and fun, already showed that proper sense of the dignity of his art, and of the respect due to him as an artist, which remained with him through life, under, not unfrequently, very trying circumstances. Among stories illustrative of this simplicity there is none more pleasantly characteristic than that of the little fellow at the Court of Vienna, about to play a concerto, with the Emperor and the courtiers standing round him, but declining to begin till Wagenseil, the composer, had been sent for, as 'he understands the thing.' But the sweet and simple character of Mozart stands out the more by contrast with that of his father, a personage about whom there are some popular ideas to be set right. Holmes, not escaping that tendency to *couleur de rose* which is the biographer's disease, speaks with great respect of Leopold Mozart, and in Nohl's foolish and sentimental biography he is described as a worthy man who lived to see his one aim in life accomplished, the recognition of his son as the leading composer of his age. Yet both biographers give us ample materials for the conclusion that in reality Leopold Mozart was a mean soul—a typical specimen of paltry narrow-minded respectability of the most ordinary class; sour-tempered, pious, prudish, and time-serving. He began life as 'valet-musician' to the amiable Archbishop of Salzburg, and the valet and the musician seem to have been equally mixed in his nature. He did his best to ruin the character of his gifted child by making his boyhood a period of exhibition for his own glory and profit; while he himself, in the intervals of bowing and scraping to High

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Transparencies, calculated how the court dresses, &c., could be turned to account in an economical fashion. A bigoted Catholic, he found Lutherans 'wise and pious' who allowed him to give concerts in Lent; he becomes suddenly shocked at the impiety of London, and the bad bringing up of the children, when he finds there is no more money to be made there; he behaved in the most unfeeling manner to his son in regard to his marriage (a matter in which young Mozart showed really unselfish love and devotion), but he warned him, certainly, that 'it depends entirely on yourself whether, infatuated with some pretty face, you one day breathe your last on a straw sack, your wife and children in a state of starvation, or, after a well-spent Christian life, die peacefully in honour and independence, and your family well provided for.' This can only be paralleled by Partridge's contrast between being killed next day in battle, and dying in your bed, 'a great many years hence, like a good Christian.' But enough of this moral and musical hobby-horse, about whom posterity never need have been troubled, had he not been the father of his son.

We get many side lights on art and character, and the society of the times, from the pages of a biography in which Mozart's own letters are plentifully introduced. It was, indeed, the professed object of Holmes to arrange the Life so as to let Mozart, as he said in the preface, 'as far as possible tell his own story.' This is really and very successfully done throughout a great part of the book. The connecting links in regard to the facts of Mozart's life are supplied by the biographer, but the life and colour and reality in the narrative come from the composer's own gay, sparkling, and often good-naturedly satirical letters; the qualifying adverb is only fair, for even when most displeased with anyone he seems to have been incapable of anything that could be called spiteful feeling.

What strikes one in reading the letters that are most directly concerned with musical topics, is the constant impression we receive of the youth and freshness of the art at that period. No one had then thought of calling in question the existing forms of music; there was no doubt that the object of music was to give pleasure; no doubt that the forms which it had assumed were what they should be; no question that the extempore conduct of a fugue on a given subject, and in a strictly logical form, was one of the highest achievements and enjoyments possible to the musician and his hearers. Indeed there is something quite contagious in the account of the high spirits and healthy delight which Mozart seems to have taken himself in his intellectual exhibitions of this kind, while at the same time kindling even more vivacious appreciation in his listeners. Over and over again we come on the same kind of picture—the musician surrounded by a circle of excited hearers, giving vent to their delight and astonishment in various unconventional ways; Mozart himself, in the midst of all the concentration of the musical half of his nature upon his extempore composition, always cool and self-possessed enough to notice his hearers and describe their demeanour afterwards. At a musical party at Augsburg, after playing a violin concerto, some one had heard of Mozart's playing on the organ a few days before, and he was to be asked to play 'in the organ style.' This meant, of course, fugues. Some one present gave him a subject.

'I played upon it in a jocose style, and in the middle (the fugue was in G minor) I began in the major, but still playfully and in the same *tempo*; then came the subject reversed; and at last the thought struck me of giving a sportive character to the theme of the fugue. I did not stop long considering, but did it at once, and it went as accurately as if cut out with a razor.'

No wonder that 'the dean was beside himself with pleasure.' Then came a difficult fugued sonata, which was to be played at sight, after a little deprecation on the part of Mozart, followed by the performance in such a style as to evoke from the irrepressible dean such expressions as 'rogue,' 'conjurer,' &c. In the same letter we have the account of a concert where Mozart, having played with two others his concerto for three pianos, added a sonata and another concerto.

'Then again alone a strict fugue in C minor; then a magnificent sonata in C major out of my head, and finished with a rondo. There was a prodigious hubbub and noise. Stein did nothing but make faces and grimaces of astonishment, and Demler laughed continually. This last is quite a curious man; when anything pleases him he laughs immoderately. He almost began to swear at me.'

At Mannheim, again, he plays the organ during mass 'for amusement;' to say truth, the music seems to have got quite the better of the worship.

'I was in my best humour. There is always a voluntary here in the place of the "Benedictus," so I took a phrase from the "Sanctus" and fugued upon it. There they all stood making faces.'

'They' being the players in the chapel band. Mozart's frank description in these letters as

to the effect of his performances has not a touch of vanity about it; nothing but the pleasant consciousness of power and a desire that those dear to him should sympathise in his enjoyment and his triumph. As to the abstract value to be attached to such exhibitions of spontaneous mastery over the most difficult and exacting forms of musical composition, readers in the present day will be less unanimous than Mozart's contemporaries. Extempore playing is now almost entirely at a discount; whether this is the result of a decline in musical constructive power, or whether it is owing to the modern view of the objects and scope of music, which assumes the necessity of a poetic basis or *raison d'être* for a composition, and therefore almost precludes the idea of music produced offhand and to order. The feeling of Mendelssohn on this point is more than once expressed in his letters; when he complains, for example, of people insisting on his extemporising after supper, when he was sure he had 'nothing in his head but benches and cold fowl.' But if the stricter forms of composition are out of vogue, and have given place to more purely emotional music, and if the science displayed by Mozart in his extempore fugues and fantasias might be now thought a less important musical element than it then was, this fact does not in the least detract from the intellectual brilliancy of his achievements; the conditions of the art as then understood may or may not have been the highest and best, but the readiness, insight, and concentration, necessary for the extempore handling of musical form under those conditions, cannot from any point of view be called in question. As to the Mendelssohn criticism about extempore playing (which is quite in the spirit of the modern school), it is at least a fair question whether the higher capability or the higher genius is manifested by a musician who can only produce anything worth hearing when he is 'in the mood' and under suggestive circumstances, or by one who is always in the mood, and has sufficient wealth of ideas to draw upon always at the shortest notice and upon the slightest hint. We said it was 'at least a question,' out of deference to weak brethren; but our own conviction is that there is no question at all in the matter, and that the certainty and readiness with which Mozart could produce his best music (as it appears he could) whenever and wherever called upon, afford evidence of a richer and more robust genius than we detect in the fastidious sensitiveness of Mendelssohn, although it must be said that, at suitable times and places, no musician of our time could improvise with greater effect than Felix Mendelssohn himself. Beethoven, who is said to be the originator of the 'poetic basis' school of music, was almost as ready and as indifferent to circumstances in regard to extemporising as Mozart; the bass part of a quartett, 'tossed upside down on the desk' of the piano, was enough on one memorable occasion to give the hint for a performance which caused his popular rival to leave the room and avoid ever meeting him again where they could be brought into competition. While on the subject of pianoforte playing, it may be observed that the playing of both Mozart and Beethoven was remarked upon by their contemporaries for the unusual strength and brilliancy of the left hand, and that both composers gave evidence of the importance they attached to a good style of manipulation on the instrument. Mozart's references to the mechanical defects and clumsiness of some of the players of his day are frequent and characteristically satirical.

The light thrown upon musical Paris by Mozart's letters during his visit there as a young man in 1778, is amusing enough, considering the noise which had been made there by the Gluck-Piccini fend, started a year or two before; and the evidence which Mozart (who certainly seems to have hated the place) furnishes in regard to the real state of musical culture in the French capital at that time is not without its bearing on the estimate to be formed of Gluck, who made his first marked success there. Mozart's opinions as to the French vocal school of the period are anything but flattering, and his experiences of the estimate in which music was held in French society come out in some very lively and sarcastic comments in various letters. His father wanted him to take every opportunity of waiting on and playing to great people; but, said young Mozart, what is the use of it? The people merely pay you compliments, and all is over. 'They ask me to come on this or that day—I play, and then they say, "Ah! c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant;" and then, "Adieu."' We can fancy we hear the cold politeness of the final word. One of the best of Mozart's letters is that in which he describes his visit, through the introduction of Grimm, to the Duchesse de Bourbon; the cold room, the miserable piano, the lady sitting drawing surrounded by her friends, leaving him to play without taking the least apparent notice, till Mozart's patience gave way and he rose when he had half finished the 'Fischer Variations,'* and

* This was a set of variations of his own on a minuet by the oboe player, Fischer, and appears to have been one of Mozart's most favourite and

said he could do himself no justice on so poor an instrument; a piece of meek self-assertion which seems to have a little roused the Parisian lady, who persuaded him to resume his playing and sat by him attentively for the rest of the time, 'so that I forgot the cold and headache, and played as I am accustomed to play when I am in a good humour.'

There is a great deal to interest one, at a time when the *rationale* of stage music is so much discussed, in the accounts of the preparation of Mozart's first two operas of importance, 'Idomeneo' and 'Il Seraglio,' more especially in his own letters on the subject. The long letter to his father in regard to the production of the latter opera at Vienna is a curious mixture of really thoughtful criticism, sometimes quite modern in tone, with an easy content, in regard to other points, with things as they were. The versification of the libretto, he says, 'is none of the best, but it so luckily fell in with some of the musical ideas that were wandering about in my head that it could not but please me . . . and I know that in an opera the poetry must be the obedient daughter of the music.'

'Why do the Italian comic operas please universally, notwithstanding their miserable *libretti?* Because the music is supreme, and everything is forgotten for it. So much the more, therefore, must an opera please of which the plan is well contrived and the words wholly written for the music, and not for the satisfaction of a miserable rhyme, which in a theatrical representation only does mischief. . . . Verse is indeed indispensable to music, but rhyme, on account of the rhyming, most injurious,' &c.

Here he is at all events more consistent than Wagner, who, while claiming the exemption of the music from the bonds of rhythm, has absolutely emphasised the rhythm of the words in his operas by the introduction of a prominent jingle of doggrel rhyme. Another passage in the same letter is so full of musical good sense and so generally applicable that it is worth while to quote it; he has been speaking of the air for Osmin in which the singer's anger is supposed to be represented as continually increasing towards the close of the piece.

'The audience will fancy, as the man's anger goes on increasing, that this must be the end of the air, but the *allegro assai*, in another time and key, will just then produce an excellent effect; for, as a man in such a towering passion outsteps all the boundaries of order and moderation, and wholly losse himself in the excess of his feelings, so also must the music. As, however, the passions, whether violent or otherwise, must never be expressed to disgust, and music, even in the most terrific situations, never give pain to the ear, *but always delight it and remain music*, I have chosen no very distant key to F, the key of the air; though not the nearest related, D minor, yet the next in succession, A minor.'

This passage is an enunciation of general principle in regard to musical expression as true and as well worth bearing in mind as Hamlet's celebrated speech to the players in regard to passionate acting. Its application to much that is produced as music just at present it is hardly necessary to point out.

The marriage of the composer, which took place shortly after the production of the last-named opera, was, as before hinted, an event in which he appears more creditably than anyone else concerned. The lady's family were anything but an admirable set of people; and though she seems to have lived on affectionate terms with her husband (judging, at least, from his letters to her), she had incurred a deserved rebuke from him for levity of conduct even before their marriage, and what regard she had to his memory after his death we shall see when we have to refer to the 'Requiem.' She was apparently a commonplace, rather vulgar-minded lass, with a pretty face and a good voice. It is probable that the domestic circumstances of the composer were not more comfortable or dignified than those of men of genius often are; though there is no evidence of anything like the utter disorder and chaos in which poor Beethoven was often to be found. But we find melancholy intimations of the increasing difficulty and embarrassment which came upon Mozart during the years of married life, increasingly so towards the close of his days. We find letters begging over and over again for the loan of money, generally accompanied by the explanation that it was but for the present that he was in difficulty, as his various works, either published or about to be published, must place him out of the reach of poverty shortly. That he had a very hard part to play is certain, at a time when musicians, even of the highest genius, were so dependent upon the capricious patronage of a very flighty aristocracy, thinking more of its own pleasure than of art, and when men of less independence and dignity of character (for as an artist, at least, Mozart always preserved these qualities) could get bread which was out of the reach of the

frequently used show pieces for some years. There is much grace in some of the variations, but a more old-fashioned style about the whole than is the case with many of his pianoforte compositions. The style of the piece, considered as the show piece of the most brilliant pianist and greatest musician of his day, forms a curious commentary on the progress of pianoforte playing.

higher and truer artist. At the same time it can hardly he questioned, on the evidence before us, that Mozart's difficulties in the latter years of his life arose a great deal from the defects of a character naturally gay, *insouciant*, and pleasure-loving; exactly the sort of character which makes a man a general favourite, but which a committee of the Charity Organisation Society would probably have reported as 'ineligible for assistance.' His power of application and of rapidity of work under occasional impulses was remarkable; witness the composition of the 'Don Giovanni' overture, and the brief space in which the three great symphonies were written; but it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise. His fitful work could not keep pace with his liabilities; and every now and then he seems to have had pangs of conscience about his want of foresight and prudence, and pathetically promises in his later letters to his wife and others that if he can only get out of these present difficulties they shall never be in so wretched a condition of dependence again. In his earlier days he had written to his father that he would not consent to give lessons—let people who could only play the piano do that, he was meant for a higher place. It is touching to compare with this the postscript of one of his letters to Puchberg in search of pecuniary aid—'Endeavour to make it known that I do not object to giving lessons.' And yet at this very time one of his pupils (Kelly) has left it on record that Mozart 'would at any time rather play a game at billiards with him than give him a lesson.' It is impossible to look harshly on the spectacle of a sensitive man of genius, involved in the sordid difficulties of scarcity of means which are so peculiarly irritating to a proud nature, taking refuge in any dissipation that would distract his mind and make him happy for the moment. He would in all probability have lived regularly enough if he had sooner enjoyed the income which the Kapellmeistership of St. Stephen's would have procured him, and which it is sad to remember he only just lived to bequeath to Albrechtsberger.* But truth is truth, and one can hardly make a hero of a man who consoled himself under difficulties, which a more prudent way of life might have avoided, hy punch and billiards and the society of such a low rascal as Schickaneder, the *impresario* adventurer, who (besides stealing his works) probahly did the composer more harm in other ways than his best friends could undo. Pantomimes and ballets composed by himself, and in which he played a part, and the assumption of harlequinade characters at the carnival balls, were among the amusements of this period of the composer's life; but in regard to another charge against his character, touched on lightly but with evident credence by Holmes, we may probably give Mozart at all events a very large benefit of doubt. One particular intrigue in which he was supposed by Holmes to have been implicated was fastened upon his memory by a misinterpretation, almost absurd in its perversity, of as innocent a begging-letter as was ever penned; and his latest letters to his wife show a spirit of earnest and simple affection which is, to say the least, very much out of keeping with the idea of libertinism and conjugal infidelity.

What concerns us most practically now in regard to Mozart, however, is that among all the failings of the latter part of his life he never allowed his art to sink under the pressure of circumstances; for even his concession to the whims and nonsense of Schickaneder in parts of 'Die Zauberflöte' was entirely a piece of good nature towards that scaramouch, who wanted something that would draw all classes and fill the coffers of the theatre; and the composer was none the better off for it. There is good reason to believe—and at all events some one among contemporary publishers told him—that he might have made much more by his compositions if he would have adopted a popular style and written music below his own mark, but which would have had a rapid sale. Considering how often this kind of shop-writing has been done by those who were under less temptation than Mozart, it is to his eternal credit that he never availed himself of this means of coining money, and that the compositions written under his period of greatest distress and anxiety are (excepting those parts of 'Die Zauberflöte' which, as just observed, were written with a special and perfectly unselfish motive) among his greatest and most elevated works. His immediate loss was to become our gain; and the grateful recognition of his high aims as an artist, under so many temptations and adverse influences, is but the barest justice to his memory.

Though we have not space to touch consecutively, even with the strictest regard to brevity, on all the points of interest in Mozart's musical career, we are tempted to return for a moment to the subject of his operas, and to some of the circumstances of

* With his characteristic unselfishness, one of his last directions on his death-bed was that his decease might be kept secret for a time from everyone but Albrechtsberger, in order that the latter might have the best chance among candidates for the post which would then be vacant.

their production, which are vividly characteristic of the musical and social conditions of the times. The greatest of these we have not yet alluded to; but even in regard to 'Idomeneo,' a work somewhat *passé* now, it is interesting to notice into what a state of excitement the production of the new opera threw the connoissenrs and musicians; in regard to the latter, we have one graphic expression from Mozart himself which seems to hring the scene before us at once—how, coming back with his friend Cannabich from the first rehearsal, Madame Cannabich met him at the door and embraced him with delight, and then, he adds, 'Ramm (ohoe) and Lange (horn) came in *half crazy*,' an expression which gives a very real idea of the kind of delight which the members of the orchestra seem to have taken in Mozart's accompaniments, a kind of freshness of enjoyment in the art which hardly seems to be represented in these days, when music is philosophised over with such exceedingly long words and long faces. For the composer's difficulties with his motley but mostly well-meaning gronp of singers on this occasion—how the first tenor could not have an air in one scene because 'it is to thnnder, and that will never he heard if Raff sings,' and how he had to teach his 'molto amato castrato Del Prato' the whole opera through—and his really interesting disqnisitions npon the æsthetic arrangement of the whole, we must refer the reader to Holmes's pages. 'Le Nozze di Figaro,' which, as regards finish and complete halance of style, is his dramatic masterpiece, considered as a whole (though there is no movement in it equal to the closing scene of 'Don Jnan'), appears to have been a suggestion of the Emperor Joseph; and in the story, adapted from Beaumarchais, Mozart had the advantage of a book giving him situations and contrasts of character involving a great deal of real and piquant hnmour, very suggestive to a composer who had himself such a keen eye for the humorous side of life. What he did with it everyone knows now; but we are tempted to quote the little anecdote, old enongh, but we suspect not familiar to everyone in these days, of the reception at rehearsal of one scene; our countryman Kelly *loquitur:*

'I remember Mozart was on the stage, with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso," Benucci gave with the greatest animation and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who *sotto voce* was repeating, "Bravo! bravo, Benucci!" and when Benucci came to the fine passage, "Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar," which he gave out with stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Bravo, bravo, maestro! Viva, viva, grande Mozart!" Those in the orchestra, I thought, would never have ceased applauding by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.'

It may be very foolish, but we confess we can never read this little incident, though familiar to us from childhood, without a thrill of excitement. What a piquant little bit of theatre history it is, and how graphically told; how we realise Mozart's personality as the 'little man in the cocked hat,' listening in ill-snppressed excitement to the admirable interpretation of his music, and sympathise with the outhurst of enthnsiasm nt the close. Why, says the philosophical critic, who believes dramatic musie to have a mission (with a large M), should we attach any importance to a mere piece of mock bravado sung by a hutler to the page and the lady's maid? Why, it may be answered, shonld we read over and over again with fresh delight the talk and jokes of some careless revellers in a tavern? Because, when transmitted to us hy Shakespeare, we find they represent in perfection one side of human character, in the shape of humour which we feel to he typical of its kind, and completely true to natnre and to the special persons and scenes represented; and what is true to nature and to human character always retains its hold on our interest. Mozart in this admirable scene has realised the perfection of humour, of that best and most snhtle type of which it may be said that we hardly know whether to regard it as jest or earnest; whether to be inspired hy the martial strain of the march movement at the close of Figaro's air, or to laugh at the oddly assorted trio as they march off to the measure of the tune. As a master of comedy Mozart stands in some parts of this opera almost on a level with Shakespeare; and just as Falstaff and Prince Hal fill a larger space in our literature than Milton's archangels, so we may predict that Mozart's hntler and page and waiting-maid will ontlast Wagner's gods and goddesses, and even the singing dragon.

'Don Giovanni,' which will always remain the most fascinating and typical effort of Mozart's dramatic genius, arose, like so many great works, almost out of an accident. The success of 'Figaro' at Prague, and the *furor* excited there by the presence and the piano-

forte performances of the composer in that town, led him one day to say to the manager of the theatre there that, as the Bohemians understood him so well, he really thought he ought to write an opera on purpose for them. The manager wisely booked him on the spot, and he had recourse to the eccentric poet Da Ponte, who had fabricated the libretto of 'Figaro,' and who, for some reason, had just been taken with the old story of the libertine and the avenging statue, which seems to have seized on Mozart's fancy with the same fascination which it has had for so many thousands in so many generations. The stern Beethoven called it, indeed, a 'scandalous' subject, degrading to the art of music; but few will agree with him as to the subject, however weak we may think Da Ponte's libretto in detail. By its original projectors it was, in fact, propounded as an opera with a moral purpose—its second title was, 'Il Dissoluto punito;' but even apart from the moral and the avenging statue, there is in the mere figure of the reckless and daring libertine something with which one cannot but sympathise. It is worth while, in contrast with Beethoven's view of the subject (which may, it is true, have been expressed only in one of his 'moods'), to notice the way in which it impressed two such opposite men of intellect as Dr. Strauss and De Musset: the former has left on record the interest with which this opera always impressed him, as the spectacle of the ruin of a human character through the misuse of 'the most beautiful impulse of our nature;' the French poet, in a far wilder strain of feeling, has expressed what so many will understand as to the fascination of the character, in some stanzas in his 'Namouna,' a poem not *virginibus puerisque* certainly, but well worth looking at in connexion with the subject. The circumstances of the composition of the opera seem as oddly out of keeping with its fame as the accidental nature of its origin. When Mozart set off for his second visit to Prague with the object of superintending the production of the new opera, not a note of the music was upon paper; and it is on record that most of it was written at his friend Dussek's, with whom he stayed, in the midst of noise and company, sometimes during games at bowls, in which the composer took his turn with the rest, and went on with his writing in the meantime.* Holmes notes that the original score is written on various kinds of paper, apparently the first that came to hand. The characteristic overture, so happily expressive of the contrasts of feeling and situation in the opera, was begun the midnight before the day of the first representation, the composer being kept awake by punch and his wife's conversation, and finishing the MS. for the copyist at seven in the morning. At night the audience were kept waiting three-quarters of an hour for the parts, and the overture was played without a rehearsal. The scrap way in which the music was written is amusingly illustrated by the story of Mozart bringing to the orchestra the drum and trumpet parts for the second finale, which he had written out on separate pieces of paper without reference to the rest of the score, trusting to his memory, only cautioning the players to be careful at one point, as he believed there were 'four bars either too few or too many.' The production of the opera is not without its stage anecdotes, one among others as to the characteristic way which Mozart took of teaching the Zerlina to put life into her part; she would not scream with sufficient energy in the ball-room scene, where she is assaulted by Don Giovanni, so the composer waited behind her till the right moment, and then laid hold of her so forcibly and suddenly that she shrieked in earnest, and was politely told 'that was the way to do it'—a story which reminds one of Handel's autocratic dealings with his lady singers.

The production of 'Die Zauberflöte' (to digress for a moment from 'Don Giovanni') furnishes a more singular contrast of cause and effect than even its predecessor. Here was the greatest musician of his day consenting to set the silliest of stories in such a manner as to satisfy the ideas of a needy manager as to what would best fill all parts of the house, altering or rewriting whole movements to please this man, descending to something very like musical claptrap to catch the gallery; and consoling himself (for that was part of the stipulation) by lavishing on certain scenes some of his grandest and noblest music. The result is a medley such as never was made by a great musician, and which seems like a mingling of church services with excerpts from a pantomime. Still more curious is the interest which Mozart seems to have taken in this ill-judged venture, and one incident as related by himself is too characteristic of the childlike side

* Mozart, in his interesting letter to 'Baron V——' about his own methods of composition, alludes to his power of composing in the midst of company, and even talking himself, though, as he says, 'only about fowls and geese, or Gretel and Bärbel, or some such matters.' Our own Jane Austen furnishes a parallel instance; her exquisitely finished novels were written in the general sitting room of the house, amidst the conversation of children and visitors.

of his nature to be omitted; it is in a letter to his wife, where he mentions having particularly enjoyed the opera one evening from a box close to the orchestra, and then—

'I went behind the scenes when Papageno's air accompanied by bells began, feeling such a strong impulse to play the bells myself for once. I played them a capital trick, for at Schickaneder's pause I made an arpeggio; he started, looked behind the scenes, and saw me. The second time the pause came I did nothing, when he waited and would not proceed. I guessed what he wanted, and played a chord. He then struck the bells and said, "Hold your tongue!" which made everybody laugh. I believe it was owing to this joke that many learned for the first time that Schickaneder did not play the bells himself.'

There is something almost grotesque in this musical joke, the whim of a moment of high spirits, coming down to us as a bit of biographical history; and it furnishes an amusing commentary on Nohl's remark that 'the strains of the "Zauberflöte" already breathed an elevation of soul scarcely in harmony with an earthly existence. His soul was entirely absorbed by heavenly things.' Poor Mozart! The composer's too good-natured compliance with the tastes of Papageno-Schickaneder revenged itself upon him, in going far to deprive his last opera of the place which the great things in it must have insured for it on the lyric stage, had they not been weighted by inferior music and a nonsensical libretto. It may be thought that the libretto does not stand alone in deserving this epithet, which might perhaps be applied pretty safely to opera books generally, when considered in detail at all events.

But 'Don Giovanni' stands on a very different footing in this respect. The characters in it are essentially human and representative of typical elements in real life: the handsome libertine; the officious servant, too cowardly to be a thorough villain; the deserted wife; the high-born lady and her lovers; the peasant lovers, with their mixture of rustic affection for each other and respect for the great man—all these are characters which may exist and have existed; and though nothing could be more commonplace than their development in the text, Mozart's characterisation of them in music raises them to quite a different sphere, and gives to their play and contrast much of the importance and interest of Shakespearian drama. Then he was peculiarly fortunate in finding in the animated statue an element of the supernatural (so suitable to opera) which is nevertheless allied with human feeling and interest; it is not a dragon or a vague monster we care not for, it is the spirit of the murdered father who died in avenging the insult to his daughter. The intensely individualised feeling and dramatic power which are imparted to the various characters can hardly be too highly estimated: Elvira is perhaps the one exception; she is not made interesting, and her air of complaint against her lot (written for the third act, but now generally transferred to the first) is too equable in style and deficient in passion—too much like a mere show air. But in the music of the other personages what life-like variety of character painting there is: how impudent and swaggering is Leporello's first air; how mischievously impertinent that in which he recounts to Elvira the list of her husband's amours, where even the violins in the accompaniment seem to twitch at the lady's dress to compel her attention; how fresh and innocent the peasants' dance music, and how touching and how true to nature is Zerlina's part in that now hackneyed duet with her would-be seducer, fluttering like a captured bird at the plaintive phrase, 'presto non son più forte.' And so we might go on noticing one passage after another in which human weakness and passion and humour are expressed to the life, till we come to the famous supper scene, where these various phases of feeling are so admirably drawn together and contrasted: the gay enjoyment of the voluptuary, the grotesque humour of the valet, the upbraiding of Elvira (who, however, is here again much weaker in expression than the other personages—she never seems to have interested the composer), the reckless defiance of Don Giovanni's final hymn (as Baudelaire would have called it) to love and wine, and then the ghastly shadow which the coming spectre throws before him, so to speak, over the scene, the moment of fright and confusion, followed by the tremendous voice of the avenger and the conflict of will between him and his victim. One can hardly imagine that this scene can ever grow old or cease to thrill the listener; and be it observed once more that all this emphatic character painting which gives the interest to the opera is Mozart's, and his alone; the mere bald outline and commonplace language of the libretto would be nothing, would leave us perfectly cold; it is Mozart who warms it into life, and puts colour and passion and humour into it by his musical expression. Even the fooling of Leporello in the earlier part of the scene has its value in giving that sharp sense of contrast in which Shakespeare was such a master, and the effect of the conflict between Don Giovanni and the statue is greatly enhanced by that one trembling hurried exclamation of the valet, 'dite di nò, dite di nò,' the tenor

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of which is so admirably expressed in the very notes to which it is set. The more we think of all the varied human feeling portrayed in the work, the more astonished we are at the idea that the man who was capable of this should ever have been set down as a mere maker of 'tone-play.' Of his genius as an instrumental composer a word may be said separately, but in considering his two principal operas, and the last-named more especially, we feel that there is truth in Nohl's remark that Mozart shared with Shakespeare and other great poets those keen perceptions that penetrate to the groundwork of life ('jener Blick, der auf den Grund des Lebens schaut').

Which latter remark, we may say, is about the only good one we have stumbled upon in the work in question. Why this very weak book should have been translated into English, when we had such a far better biography of the composer in our own language, it is impossible to say; why Nohl should have written it he tells us, with perhaps more candour than he was himself aware of, in his preface, which amounts to saying, almost in so many words, that he was dissatisfied with Jahn for presenting only a correct life of Mozart in regard to facts, and that he wanted one with some sentiment in it, and set about to use Jahn's facts as the basis for his own sentiment. Certainly we have seldom turned over a book which so often provoked us to the utterance of that brief criticism on 'sentiments' which forms the parting salute to Joseph Surface on his final exit. As a specimen of the twaddle the author is capable of, after mentioning Leopold Mozart's advice to his wife and daughter not to buy cheap clothes, as they were no real economy, and his consolatory reflection in regard to the masquerade dresses purchased in Italy, that they 'may be made use of for many purposes, especially for linings,' he proceeds in the next paragraph: 'It was only by such principles as these that this man could accomplish what all the world now thanks him for—the education of a Mozart.' In his preface he compares Mozart to Wagner, as the German master who first pointed out to the nation the prize that awaited her if she would remain true to her own individuality, and on page 37 he draws special attention to Mozart's strong wish to revisit Italy, and the important result which Italian music had upon his own work in developing the element of melody in it. The latter is quite true, but both statements could not be so. He relates that Mozart wrote his D minor Quartett while his wife was expecting her first *accouchement*, and observes that anyone can perceive (from the music) under what circumstances it was composed. His lucid reference to the history of the 'Requiem' is that as Mozart did not finish the work, and yet a complete score was sent to Count Walsegg, who had commissioned it, a violent controversy as to its genuineness arose (he does not say between whom), 'which was only put an end to by the discovery of the facts we have stated,' not a single fact bearing on the explanation of the mystery being stated at all, and the name of Süssmayer not even mentioned. The translation is in point of general style as good as the work was worth; it is, however, the translator who is responsible for the perpetual repetition of the foolish expression 'our maestro,' which occurs more often than we could count, sometimes twice or thrice on one page. The musical blunders of the translation are astounding. Mozart's most popular symphony is described as the 'symphony in E sharp,' an expression which ingeniously includes three mistakes in one word—as to the German key-nomenclature, as to the real key of the work, and as to the utter impossibility of such a key signature as 'E sharp' having been ever used by Mozart, or (we should hope) by anyone else. It is not a clerical error, for it is repeated twice, and in another place we find reference to the 'Quartett in D sharp,' which is Lady Wallace's way of translating 'D dur' (D major). It will interest historians of music to find that these extreme keys were in common use in Mozart's time. Even better than this is the translation of Sarti's sarcasm about the Quartett in C, where Sarti is made to say that 'only a pianist could be so ignorant as not to know the difference between D sharp and E sharp,' which is not only nonsense in itself, but misses the very point of the sarcasm, which the translator evidently does not understand. What Sarti really said was that it was 'only a pianist who would confound D sharp and E flat' ('Der *dis* und *es* nicht zu unterscheiden weis'), the implied taunt being that Mozart, as a piano player, took his ideas of harmony from the key-board, where D sharp and E flat are represented by the same key, and not from the theory of music in which they are different both in harmonic relation and in actual pitch. Sarti's apostrophe, which is given in the same paragraph, 'Could anyone do more to cause music to sound discordant?' is also translated wrong; what he said was, 'Could anyone do more to put professors out of tune?' in which there is special reference to the difficulties of correct intonation in string playing in such a passage: Nohl gives the sentence correctly. In short, we can only say that if Lady Wallace means to translate

any more musical works she would do well to learn at least the rudiments of musical theory first; no one has any right to come before the public as translator of such a book without sufficient musical knowledge to keep clear of such absurd mistakes as these.

We referred incidentally just now to the history of the composition of the 'Requiem.' Upon this point Holmes's original work is as deficient as Nohl's, not from carelessness, but because the information now collected and published was not then so accessible, and probably Holmes's strong admiration for the work led him to underrate the weight of even that testimony which was accessible to him. This is not strange, since facts which have long been familiar to the musical world of Germany are still ignored and overlooked in England, where the 'Requiem' is performed without note or comment to indicate its real history,* and believed in with that unquestioning faith so characteristic of the English habit of mind in these matters, which dislikes the trouble of being disturbed in, or forced to reconsider the grounds of, its worship of any favourite idol. Those who care to put themselves in possession of the leading facts in this curious history can now easily do so by procuring Dr. Pole's little book, the result of much careful and painstaking investigation, the conclusions from which are given in the most logical and clear manner, and embody perhaps the most extraordinary story ever heard of in connexion with a musical composition, and one which really has all the interest of a romance. Most people have heard of the strange and, as Mozart thought, mysterious manner in which the commission for the 'Requiem' was given to him by a messenger from an unknown person concerning whom he was forbidden to enquire—a circumstance which naturally made a sinister impression on the mind of the composer, ill in health and harassed as he was at the time. Probably comparatively few of our musical public, however, are aware even now of the prosaic issue of the story, and that it was merely the trick of an amateur pretender to genius who had a habit of passing off the compositions of others as his own. It is curious that Holmes does not seem to have known the name of this person (Count Walsegg), though it was known to many in Germany long before his book was written; he does not give it, as he would almost certainly have done had he known it. Mr. Pront adds an appendix to the Life, giving a sufficient *résumé* of the main facts of the story as now known. Dr. Pole has (very judiciously for the interest of his readers) arranged his story so as to unfold the facts in the order in which they came to light, keeping back the whole revelation till its actual place at the close of the story. We may just run over the main facts, referring the reader to Dr. Pole's pages for details and proofs. The mystification of which the 'Requiem' was destined to be the subject commences from the very earliest moment of its existence, for the opening movement is dated in Mozart's own writing '1792' (the year after his death). What happened after his death was briefly this: Mozart had not composed or at least written out any of the 'Requiem' farther than the first eight bars of the 'Lacrymosa,' and here was the widow in straitened circumstances, and a valuable musical property, for which part of the price had been paid, and the remainder might be confidently looked for from an evidently wealthy client (for he had voluntarily promised an increase of Mozart's original terms), lying incomplete. Accordingly she went to Herr Eybler, an able musician of the day, and obtained from him a signed undertaking to finish the 'Requiem,' 'begun by her late husband,' by the middle of the ensuing Lent, and to let no copy pass into other hands; this is dated December 21, 1791, about a fortnight after the composer's death; it was the latest of all the pieces of evidence that came to light, but we are giving the facts now in their actual order. In going to Eybler the widow was, in the first instance, neglecting the wishes of her husband, almost whose last words on his death-bed were to charge his friend and pupil Süssmayer with the completion of the work. There is evidence that Eybler made some sort of attempt to fill in Mozart's outlines in the original score, but for whatever cause he fortunately abandoned the task, and Madame Mozart was compelled at last to fall back upon Süssmayer, the only man who really had some data to go upon in his knowledge of Mozart's intentions communicated by the composer himself. He accordingly filled in the instrumental portions of the movements of which Mozart had written only the voice parts with a few indications of the figures and instrumentation of the accompaniment (the first two movements alone having been entirely completed by Mozart); and his handwriting being naturally very like Mozart's, perhaps from the mere fact of his

* We may here protest also against the continued republication of a certain popular work as 'Mozart's Twelfth Mass,' though it has long been known that there is no external evidence to connect it with Mozart, and very strong internal evidence against his authorship of music mostly so shallow and unworthy of him.

working with the great composer so much,* he had no difficulty in producing a very successful imitation of it. This score went off to Count Walsegg, who at once made a copy of it in his own writing, impudently heading it, 'Requiem composto dal Conte Walsegg,' and keeping the Mozart-Süssmayer score carefully locked up; the latter was sold with his other music, and is now in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The widow, who had retained a copy, seems now to have considered how else she could further turn it to account, and sold MS. copies right and left, having already legally parted with her property in it to Count Walsegg. Holmes incidentally refers to the lady as being 'as unskilled as her husband in business;' but, though her letters are written in a vague shambling style worthy of Mrs. Tulliver, her eye to business seems to have been only too keen. She at last concluded to offer the work for publication to Breitkopf and Härtel, who, however, heard some rumour about Mozart not having finished the work, and wrote to Süssmayer, who replied in a letter both candid and modest, and which is highly creditable to him, though it is difficult to understand how he came to be silent for so long both before and after on the matter, unless the widow had some hold over him that we do not know of. He made the statement we have already made as to the portion of the work which was his, observing that he owed too much to Mozart to silently allow work of his own, which must be so inferior, to be given out as Mozart's, but that the composer had conversed with him on the development of the work, and communicated to him the principal features, and he trusted that in what he had done some traces of the great composer's never-to-be-forgotten teaching were apparent. Breitkopf and Härtel, apparently equally desirous to act honestly in the matter, published Süssmayer's letter in the 'Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung,' though they obviously did not give full credit to his claims. One result of the publication was that the titled charlatan who had secured the first score and had actually had it openly performed as his own in places not many miles from Vienna, forgot his prudence so far as to demand, through his legal agent, an explanation, complaining that he had been cheated in paying for Mozart, and apparently not getting him, and there was actually an interview between the Count's and the widow's agents, at which the portions due to Süssmayer were pointed out to the former, who professed himself content. After this the matter only excited occasional talk till 1825, when Gottfried Weber, an eminent musician and critic, having had his attention specially turned to Requiems in general and to Mozart's in particular, startled the musical world by an article in his journal (the 'Cæcilia'), in which the 'Requiem' was declared to be quite unworthy of Mozart, and the theory suggested that Süssmayer probably wrote all or nearly all of it, and that the whole had been an adroit attempt to acquire fame for his work under cover of Mozart's name. This gave rise to a storm of controversy in which nearly every eminent musician of the day took part, even up to Beethoven (the last person in the world to have formed a cool judgment on such a point), from whom there is extant a short, highly characteristic letter, quite ignoring the arguments either way, but bristling with personal *animus* against Weber, whom he had his reasons for disliking. It is impossible here to touch upon even the salient points of this extensive controversy, for further account of which we must refer the reader to Dr. Pole's pages; we may mention in passing the extraordinary fact of the publication, in 1828, of the new biography of Mozart, by Nissen, Madame Mozart's second husband, without the slightest reference to the controversy or to the questions as to the authenticity of the 'Requiem;' an omission which must, of course, have been intentional. The next step in the story, some time subsequent, was the announcement in the 'Musikalische Zeitung,' in 1839, of the discovery of the complete score in Mozart's own handwriting (this being the Mozart-Süssmayer score originally sent to Count Walsegg and carefully kept out of sight by him during his lifetime), and the formation of a committee of musical experts to examine it. The majority of this committee were in favour of Mozart, on the evidence of the handwriting; the minority pointed out minute but important differences in certain notes and letters between the admittedly genuine and the suspected portions, which led to a search for other MSS. by Süssmayer, the collation of which, when found, showed the most extraordinary similarity to Mozart's handwriting, accompanied, however, by exactly the same minute differences observable in the suspected parts of the 'Requiem' score. The result was a last (almost hopeless) appeal to the widow, who now, in her old age, seemed to think there was nothing more to be gained by concealing the truth,

* When Mozart went to Prague, to produce 'La Clemenza di Tito,' for instance, he took Süssmayer with him almost in the position of *collaborateur*, the latter being entrusted with all the recitative dialogue.

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and said, 'If the score is finished it is *not* by Mozart, for he did not finish it,' the remainder of her letter vaguely attesting the general correctness of Süssmayer's claims. This, with the circumstantial evidence, settled the matter.

Are we, then, to conclude that in listening to some of what had been among the favourite movements of Mozart's 'Requiem' we are hearing only the work of a composer of lower rank, none of whose admitted works have survived? Not necessarily. What we now know, as positively as written and circumstantial evidence can prove anything, is, which parts of the score Mozart actually *wrote* and which he did not, and these are distinguished from Süssmayer's by the letters 'M' and 'S' in the new Leipzig edition. But we are still left with the not only possible but probable conclusion that in parts which were entirely written by Süssmayer he was nevertheless working upon ideas which he had derived from Mozart. Mr. Macfarren, whose opinion is entitled to great deference, refuses credence altogether to the evidence, and observes *inter alia* that the first seventeen bars of the voice parts of the 'Lacrymosa' form a complete and connected idea, and must have been by the same hand. With all respect for so high an authority, we cannot discover any such necessary continuity as to invalidate the positive testimony that Mozart's work stopped at the eighth bar of the movement, where there is a half close. A good deal of the scepticism in regard to the subject has arisen from the notion that Süssmayer was a mere nonentity; but there is plenty of evidence that he was more than this. He wrote works which enjoyed high repute in their own day, and had lived in such close artistic relations with Mozart that he might well have caught some of the inspiration of the great composer. Our impression as to the later movements is that Süssmayer probably wrote the 'Sanctus' with the recollection of Mozart's ideas or suggestions;* that the 'Benedictus' may have been entirely his in melody and design as well as execution—beautiful as it is, it differs perceptibly from Mozart's style and execution; but that the 'Agnus Dei,' so original, so unusual in treatment, and so reminding us, in the instrumental score, of the spirit of passages in 'Don Giovanni,' must have been Mozart's in idea, and that Süssmayer merely expanded it and put it into connected form. However these things may be, we have every reason to be glad that, as Mozart incontestably did not complete his last and in some respects most elevated work, its completion should (in accordance with his own wish) have fallen into the hands of the only person who had the data and the ability to complete it in a suitable spirit, and to render it the beautiful whole which it now is.

And what are we to say as to that brief but comprehensive judgment which Hiller the elder inscribed on his copy of the 'Requiem' score, and with which Dr. Pole concludes his interesting essay: 'Opus summum, viri summi'! In regard to the first half of the sentence the portions of the 'Requiem' which are unquestionably Mozart's may be held to bear it out, at all events in comparison with his other choral and vocal works; he has never elsewhere risen so high in grandeur and pathos of expression, combined with perfectly balanced musical form. The 'viri summi' we can hardly, however, accept *sans phrase*, though we should by no means share the opinion that many readers of the present day would no doubt be ready to express, that it is extravagant praise. Let us distinguish a little. There is no deceased composer concerning whom there are at present such different opinions expressed by professed musical critics, and such misapprehensions entertained by the less informed. We have on the one side such bombast as that with which Nohl concludes his book, describing Mozart as a man 'to whom it was given to link together the god-like with humanity, the mortal with the immortal,' and who, 'amid all his lofty aims, esteemed the loftiest of all to be the elevation of humanity:' a character which one hardly knows whether to laugh at or to sigh over, in comparison with the biography which it closes. On the other hand, we have the criticism of Wagner and his scribes, who regard Mozart as merely a necessary link in the development of an art at that time imperfect, a contriver of 'tone-play' in which beauty alone was aimed at without moral meaning; and we have the analyses of concert programmes in which Mozart is patted on the back, and his symphonies dismissed with a kind of 'Really, how very nice it is, after all!' and set down as quite inferior to Schubert; and then we have such nonsense as was introduced into a leading article on Moore in the 'Athenæum' the other day, in which Mozart was spoken of as a genius analogous to Tom Moore! Could anything more pathetically exemplify the hopeless fatuity of the average English literary mind in regard to music? For the benefit of such people, let it here be at least explained that

* What was that effect of the drums which the dying composer tried to indicate to Süssmayer? Might it not have been that very 'rush' of the drums on the four short notes, ending on a long one on the bar-accent, which is so fine a feature in the accompaniment of the 'Sanctus'?

this musician, whom they seem to regard as a writer of pretty songs, possessed a scientific power over musical materials and musical construction equalled only by that of Bach, and hardly surpassed by him; that his own interest and sympathy was always with the highest and severest forms of the art, his own favourite amusement the extemporising of fugues and fugued fantasias, his own favourite instrument the organ, upon which, though with no opportunity for acquiring great mechanical skill, he played so that musicians who remembered Bach's playing declared that they 'could have believed old Bach had risen from the grave;' and that as regards mastery over the higher forms of musical composition Schubert was a mere child in comparison with him. Nothing, in fact, is more characteristic of the slipshod and thoughtless musical criticism of the day in England, than the manner in which the ill-constructed and rambling rhapsodies which Schubert called 'symphonies' have been revived and put up as things worthy to be ranked with the works of the great masters of this highest and most ambitious form of instrumental music. The truth of the matter in regard to Mozart's standing among his great compeers may be said to be this: the judgment which has called him *vir summus* is justifiable in this respect, that he achieved a more complete balance of style, a more complete blending of qualities often supposed to be incompatible, a more complete perception of the relation of the means to the end, than any other great composer has habitually realised. Beethoven has exhibited the same completeness and balance of form and style in some of his works, but hardly in those which on general grounds would be considered his greatest or most characteristic productions. Mozart in his operas absolutely blent the elements of Italian melody and of German scientific construction into a form so complete and apparently spontaneous that all sense of nationality is lost (as in the highest art it should be), and the style of the music seems a natural outgrowth of the conditions of abstract beauty and fitness in musical form. It is just this cosmopolitan character in his art which makes him obnoxious to the modern Tentonic school of musicians and critics, whose tone reminds one of the man whom Heine met at some gathering of his dear countrymen, who told him that 'at this German meeting must the German speak.' In his three leading symphonies we find the same complete finish and balance of power, the same precise sense of proportion and scale, and of the relation of the means to the end. Even apart from this, two of these symphonies (the C and the G minor) contain things which not even Beethoven's highest efforts can be said to have surpassed as musical composition. It would be impossible to find anywhere in music more perfect beauty, without spot or stain, than in the slow movement of the Symphony in C, or a nobler and more calm serenity than breathes to us in that second subject of the first movement, where, after the pause of the whole orchestra, there breaks upon us that melody for the violins in octaves which seems to come fresh to us, every time we hear it, from some blissful region above the reach of all human sorrow and decay. And certainly, speaking relatively, we may say that no musician has ever achieved such passionate expression with so few notes and instruments as Mozart in the first movement of the G minor Symphony; no composer ever had more right to say, as he did in answer to the Emperor's criticism on one of his operas as having 'too many notes,' 'There are just as many notes, your majesty, as there ought to be;' no one ever achieved, on such a scale, the feat which he did in the *finale* of the Symphony in C, of producing a movement of the most complicated and scientific construction, in which nevertheless the idea of science and of complication is never present to the listener, and the whole sounds as spontaneous and unhampered in effect as if it were a mere outpouring of simple melody. Then what is the other side to all this? for we have hinted already that there is one. It is that Mozart's genius, as known to us in his published works, does fall under that limitation which is often found accompanying the most perfect artistic balance in painter, poet, and musician; exactly that kind of limitation which is so admirably described and analysed in Mr. Browning's poem, 'Andrea del Sarto.' Life is many-sided but imperfect, and a perfectly balanced art is apt to fall short in the intensity of expression which the representation of the most poignant and passionate moments of human emotion demands. We do not say that Mozart never realises the highest intensity of emotion—there are moments when he reaches it, but they are, comparatively speaking, few. We hear his *andante* from the Symphony in C, and we see a face of the most calm and perfect beauty; we hear the *allegretto* of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and we are conscious of a passionate cry from the depths of the human heart. And if we compare them in their gayer moods, the *finale* of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is to that of Mozart's in E flat as a bacchanalian orgy compared with a gay and merry *fête champêtre*. Mozart is the more perfect

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artist, but Beethoven is the more intense and passionate poet, and human nature has answered to his call. But even admitting this limitation in Mozart's power of emotional expression, we must make two very large allowances in regard to him. If we remember how many of his works were produced under very disadvantageous circumstances, and hampered by the imperfect capacities of his executants, and if we consider what is said of the effect of his extempore playing, we may well imagine that if we could have had crystallised for us what Mozart played on the organ and pianoforte when pleasing only himself and listeners of the highest order, we might find that he came closer to Beethoven on the pianoforte, and was more near surpassing Bach on the organ, than his engraved music gives us any adequate idea of; and if, secondly, we take into account the fact of his early death, that he had been all his life harassed and in difficulty, and if we bear in mind that he was steadily rising in his art up to his last moment, and that the portions of his last work which he completed are the highest and most serious in spirit of all that he ever wrote, we may be disposed to think that, could he have had the twenty years more of life which were allotted to Beethoven, with the competency and freedom from care which had been insured to him, unhappily, just too late, he might very possibly have earned the name not only of the most perfect, but the greatest of musical composers.

ART. III.—1. *On the Theory of Compound Colours, and the Relations of the Colours to the Spectrum.* By J. CLERK MAXWELL, M.A. Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, Vol. CL. 1860.

2. *Manual of the Science of Colour.* By WILLIAM BENSON, Architect. London: 1871.

3. *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* By H. HELMHOLTZ, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. ATKINSON, Ph.D., and Dr. PYE SMITH, B.A. London: 1873.

4. *Six Lectures on Light.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1873.

5. *Elementary Treatise on the Wave Theory of Light.* By H. LLOYD, D.D. London: 1876.

6. *Modern Chromatics, with Applications to Art and Industry.* By OGDEN N. ROOD, Professor of Physics in Columbia College. London: 1879.

THE series of effects which are distinguished as colour are certainly amongst the most beautiful of the visible attributes of Nature. The exquisite tints of the sunset sky, the many-hued arch of the rainbow, the gorgeous livery of the flowers, the variegated plumage of birds, the bright glimmer and sheen of insects, and the soft verdure of the valleys and hills, all rise up as a vivid panorama in the mind the instant the simple word 'colour' is suggested in the train of thought.

Everyone is familiar with the circumstance that the colours, with which natural objects are so brilliantly clothed, require sunshine or daylight to render them obvious to the eye. In the deepening twilight of evening they are toned down into fainter hues and less striking contrasts; in the moonlight they are dissolved into hueless shadows; in the darkness of night they are concealed altogether under the sable cloak that then covers all visible objects. From this it becomes at once plain that light is required to make colours perceptible. In the absence of light the most vivid colours fail to render their existence manifest to human eyes.

But science, which in the present day is always striving to penetrate beneath the outer appearances of things, is by no means satisfied to rest in this superficial apprehension of an obvious fact. It, with its deeper insight, is aware that light not only makes the bright and gay colours of natural objects apparent to the eye, but that it actually *paints these* with the hues which are seen. The colours of natural objects are not merely covered up under the shadow of night; but they are actually, for the time, withdrawn or destroyed. Under the deep shadow of night there is no such thing on the face of Nature as the greenness of grass, or the crimson and scarlet, the azure and gold, of the flowers. Just as the tints of the sunset sky or the hues of the rainbow can be seen by close watching to be taken away from the clouds, or mist-screens, as the light is withdrawn, so in actual fact the colour is removed from the most vividly tinted objects on the surface of the earth as the light is shut off by the intervention of opaque substance. Colour, in reality, is an attribute of light, and in no sense a quality of the object in which it is manifested.

There is nothing particularly novel in this assertion of the fundamental canon of the philosophy of colour. The fact, so far, is well known to all educated and fairly intelligent people. But it is not as commonly understood that this familiar circumstance entails a series of consequences which are of a very marvellous character, which shed a new meaning upon many of the abstruse operations of Nature, and which, on that

account, are of great interest. There is, perhaps, no branch of science in the present day that is more instinct with wonderful revelations than the one which deals with the effects of luminous vibration, and with the colour-painting of Nature.

Light, in itself, is essentially due to vibratory movement. It is a something which trembles, and whose tremblings are felt when these strike upon the keenly sensitive nerve-fibrils of the eye. Vision is a result of the propagation of these subtle tremblings to the sensorial tracts of the brain. What the substance is which vibrates in the first instance into light, science itself is not yet competent to explain. But scientific authorities conceive that it is a material entity of a thinness and lightness a myriad times surpassing the thinness and lightness of the rarest air-vacuum that has ever been produced by human agency; a medium so light and rare, indeed, that it is virtually without appreciable weight, for, if it possessed that attribute in any sensible degree, it would be gathered up into clustering agglomerations about the earth and its kindred world-associates in space, instead of being scattered evenly through the vast chasms that lie between. It spreads certainly from the earth to the sun, and from the sun to the stars, if the so-called rays of light, which are seen sparkling from the stars and blazing from the sun, are tremulous impulses of material substance. The only designation which the ingenuity of science has been able to contrive for this omnipresent agent is a word which it has borrowed from the language of ancient Greece. It is now spoken of as 'ether,' which to the old Greek philosophers was the name of the far-reaching azure of space seen where the transparent air mingles with the circumambient sky. It is also called the 'luminiferous ether,' because light is wafted or borne upon the wings of its vibrations.

As occurs in various other of the domains of scientific research, there are many particulars which are known concerning this impalpable entity, although its own actuality of existence is beyond the direct grasp of the senses. Thus it is well understood that the vibrations of this subtle agent, although endowed with an almost spiritual fleetness, have nevertheless a pace which can be measured and marked. The sun is, in round numbers, 93,000,000 miles from the earth. But the vibrations of light pass across the vast chasm that lies between the sun and the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, or in 495 seconds of time.* In order, however, that they may accomplish the long journey in such a time, they must travel with a speed of nearly 188,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, with a velocity one million times greater than that with which the vibrations of sound are propagated through the air.

The discovery of the rate of the propagation of light was made in a very ingenious and remarkable way by the Danish astronomer Roemer just two centuries ago. He was at that time residing at Paris, and engaged in observing the movements of the satellites of Jupiter, and, whilst doing so, he happened to notice that the return of the first satellite into the shadow of the planet took place after a perceptibly longer interval with each successive recurrence. After one hundred returns, the satellite was fifteen minutes behind what should, to appearance, have been the proper instant for its plunge into the shadow. While reflecting upon the possible cause of this retardation and irregularity, it occurred to Roemer that, during the entire period of this observed retardation, the planet itself had been getting further and further away from the earth as it swept on in its vast orbit, and that, if the indication of its position and behaviour had to be conveyed to the earth by an agent which required time for its progress, that agent would obviously need more time for the performance of its passage when the planet was far away, than when it was near. Subsequent calculations of a more refined and exhaustive character established the fact that the eclipse of the satellite occurred sixteen minutes and a half later when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun to the planet, than when it was between the sun and the planet; or, in other words, that the vibrations of light required sixteen minutes and a half to make their way across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit, or eight minutes and a quarter to traverse the half of that breath, which is the same thing as the distance of the sun from the earth.

The vibrations of light, which make their presence felt by striking upon the nerve-structures of the eye, are as marvellous in the matter of size as they are in the matter of speed. A soap-bubble can be blown so thin that the film is not more than the $\frac{1}{156000}$ part of an inch in thickness. Experiment with a film of this character has shown that three or four such, placed together, would give depth enough for a single vibration of light. The German

* In exact figures at the rate of 187,878 miles a second, if the distance of the sun be taken at the recently reduced estimate of 93,000,000 miles. Under the old estimate of the distance of the sun the velocity of light was conceived to be 192,000 miles a second.

optician Nobert, by the exertion of almost inconceivable skill, rules lines upon glass, of which as many as 112,000 lie within the span of an inch. Snch lines, again, have been experimentally shown to be a little further apart than the length of a luminous vibration. The shortest vibrations of light inclnde at least two such lines in their excursion or amplitude. The finest light-vibrations which have been measnred are not more than the $\frac{1}{57000}$ part of an inch in length. The line which follows here,— , represents the length of snch a vibration magnificd 10,000 times.

But if there are 57,000 vibrations of light in an inch, how many must there be in the 93,000,000 miles which intervene between the earth and sun! Fifty-seven thousand in an inch implies nearly 3,700,000,000 in a mile, or, in round nnmbers, 679,000,000,000,000 in 188,000 miles. As light travels 188,000 miles in a second, therefore 679 millions of millions of vibrations must pass any fixed point in the route every second, or, what comes to the same thing, must strike each second upon the eye at the end of the journey, to call up in it the sensation of vision. These numbers, as a matter of fact, far transcend man's powers of exact estimation. Millions of millions are quantities that the hnman mind is entirely incompetent to grasp in any definite sense; and this difficulty is materially enhanced when, as in this case, the millions of millions have to be conceived as succeeding each other in the brief interval which is concerned in the single beat of a seconds pendulum. Nevertheless, it is snbstantially with such quantities that physical science has, of necessity, to deal when it undertakes to investigate the character of light. When a beam of clear sunshine flashes upon the human eye, shocks, as frequent and as minute as those which have been described, strike upon the nerve-strncture of the organ.

Even this, however, does not exhaust the marvels of the snbject. The nerves of the eye not only feel the vibrations of light, but they are conscious that in those vibrations there are differences of impulses that may be distinguished from each other. Snnshine not only consists of vibrations which are communicated as rapid shocks to the eye, but contains also within itself tremblings of different orders of intensity and different degrees of power, which, although mingled intimately togcther, can nevertheless be so sifted apart by appropriate management that each can be examined by itself.

The first clear demonstration of this componnd and complicated nature of snnshine was accidentally made by Sir Isaac Newton, althongh he was not himself, at the time, aware of all that was implied in his discovery. Having admitted a beam of strong sunshine into a dark room through a small hole in the window-shutter, he placed a triangular bar, or prism, of glass in the path of the sunbeam, in order to note the bending of the beam out of its proper course by the influence of the prism. In doing this, however, he found, to his snrprise, that the beam was not only bent ont of its conrse, bnt that it was broken np also, or dispersed, into a lengthened streak of rainbow-like colours. Upon the white screen, which he had prepared to receive the spot of sunshine after it had traversed the prism, there was cast, not the round spot of clear light which he had looked for, but a lengthened-out ribbon of illumination, in which seven distinct colours, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, followed each other in close and rapid succession. From this beautiful experiment Sir Isaac Newton sagaciously inferred that white light, or sunlight, consists of seven different kinds of beams, all bound up together, but capable of being severed from each other. To the coloured band which he had thns produced upon the screen, he gave the name of the 'Prismatic Image,' or 'Spectrum,' the technical designation by which it has since continued to be known.

Sir Isaac Newton conceived that the different kinds of light, which he had sifted asnnder in this way ont of the sunbeam, were in reality the shocks of diffcrent kinds of particles which had been shot ont of the sun. It is now held, however, that they are the results of different orders of vibrations of the luminiferous ether, and not shocks from cmitted particles. Thus it has been pretty well ascertained that the violet light of the spectrum is a nerve-sensation produced by vibrations which are the $\frac{1}{57000}$ part of an inch in length; the green light, a sensation produced by vibrations the $\frac{1}{47000}$ part of an inch; and the red light, a sensation produced by vibrations that are the $\frac{1}{35000}$ part. These different-lengthed vibrations all travel together with the same speed so long as their journey lies through the void chasms of space. They keep company with each other in passing from the sun to the earth. But they are, nevertheless, not endowed with the same intensity of moving force, so that, when they have to make their way through the somewhat impeding snbstance of glass, instead of through void space, they do not continue to travel at an equal pace, but part company, the stronger vibrations pnshing on, and the weaker lagging behind, and being more and more

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turned aside out of their original course than those which possess the greater energy. In traversing the prism of glass, the relatively short and weak violet and blue vibrations move with less resolute impulse than the green and the yellow, which are of superior amplitude and force; and the green and yellow, in their turn, move with less than the still longer and stronger vibrations of the orange and red. The ultimate result is that the short and weak blue vibrations are thrown the most out of their original course to one end of the spectral band, whilst the longest and strongest red vibrations, with their more resolute impulse, make their way to the other end of the prismatic image. It is another consequence of the superior momental energy of the red vibrations that the red rays themselves are less separated and dispersed than the green and blue. The red space of the spectrum is narrower and brighter than the space which is occupied by the tints of blue.

The vibrations of light are manifestly sifted asunder in this way because the tremulous movements of the ether are embarrassed in their progress when they get entangled amidst the molecules of the glass. The minute particles of the vitreous substance impede the propagation of the vibrations that are passing amongst them, and they impede that propagation the most in the case of the vibrations that have the least vigour and force. There is, however, another way in which this sifting asunder of the different orders of vibrations is accomplished in the ordinary operations of nature, that even more strikingly illustrates this power of molecular interference, when the matter is properly understood.

When sunshine or daylight falls upon a piece of white paper, the paper appears to be white because all the vibrations which fall upon it are shot back or reflected to the eye. White light falls upon the paper, and white light is thrown from it to the organ of vision. The paper appears white because all the vibrations, both the long ones and the short ones, or, at least, an equal proportional quantity of all those vibrations, are sent back from its surface. If sunshine be allowed to fall upon black cloth instead of upon white paper, the chief part of the vibrations penetrates in a short distance amidst the particles and fibres of the cloth, and is extinguished there, in place of being returned to the eye. The cloth is black, instead of white, because these luminous vibrations are kept in it instead of being shot back. If all the vibrations were absolutely absorbed and destroyed, the black cloth would be as invisible as the black darkness of a starless and moonless night. The cloth is dimly seen because in reality a small quantity of the vibrations are thrown back from its outside surface before they get entangled within the constituent particles of the fabric, and so communicate to it a surface-sheen which just suffices to redeem it from invisibility. Blackness, when it is complete, is the same thing as invisibility. It communicates no light-vibrations to the eye, and consequently excites no sensation of vision in the organ.

But when sunlight falls upon such an object as the petals of a scarlet geranium, a more complicated operation ensues. The vibrations of shorter amplitude and inferior strength are received deep into the petal-substance of the flower, and are there held fast and quenched. But the longer and stronger vibrations, having also penetrated a certain distance in amidst the molecules, are first arrested, and then turned back without being destroyed. The flower, accordingly, is seen by their instrumentality, and by their instrumentality alone. It appears as if bathed by the vibrations which it returns; that is, by the red vibrations of light. The flower of the geranium looks red, because it returns the red vibrations to the eye. There is no other tint of colour amidst the red, because the green and blue vibrations of inferior strength are held back by the flower, and not forwarded on to the eye in the companionship of the red. When sunlight falls upon the flower of the violet, the vibrations of great and medium amplitude are extinguished in the substance of the flower, whilst those of shortest amplitude and lowest strength are shot back from its molecules to the eye, and so clothe its tissues with the tints of violet. The flower of the primrose, in a somewhat similar way, retains all the vibrations but the yellow ones, and gives those back to the eye; and green leaves absorb and destroy all the vibrations but green, and send back those green ones to the eye. Such, then, is the process by which the painting of nature with colour is brought about. The luminiferous vibrations of different orders, which are contained in the sunlight, are sifted apart by the action of the material substances on which they fall, and some of the severed vibrations are retained and destroyed, whilst others are not so destroyed, but are started again upon a reflected progress. Which of the vibrations it is that are quenched, and which that are returned to the eye, depends upon the nature of the surface that is brought into communication with their tremulous movements. Some molecules drink in and retain one kind of vibrations, and others absorb and

extinguish only those of a different character. But, under the shadow of night, there is no colour anywhere. There is then only that difference of molecular condition in opaque objects which enables them to deal in this sifting and discriminating way with the luminous vibrations when these are again snpplied with the return of daylight.

In all cases, however, in which colour is produced in visible objects from the falliug upon them of the vibrations of white light, such colour is due to the vibrations having made their way to some extent in amongst the particles of which snch objects are composed. In order that the vibrations of one class may be severed from those of a different kind, and in order that some shall be extinguished, it is indispensable that the whole shall be brought into close quarters with the material molecules that are the effective agents in the process of interference. In all probability the vibrations penetrate at least ten or twelve times their own depths into the suhstance, when any material effect is produced, so that those which are returned have to pass twice through this extent of the inflnencing molecules. Of the vihrations which pass in, one part is more powerfully absorbed and more easily extinguished than the rest, and it is the part which is not so absorbed, hut which is sent back again, which determines the colour that is discerned. Such portions of the vibrations as are thrown hack from the actual surface, withont having penetrated at all amidst the absorhing and refracting molecules, still bear the character of white light, because they have not been suhjected to the sifting operation carried on hy the molecules lying within, and, on this account, the colour of visible objects is in every case mingled with some uncoloured superficial reflection, or gloss. With very compact substances, snch as metallic silver, the light may be almost entirely reflected from the surface, withont penetrating in amongst the particles at all. It then appears to the eye as the well-known colonrless, but hrilliant, metallic lnstre.

There are many charming experiments contrived by scientific men to show that the explanation which has been here given is the correct interpretation of the colour-effects of nature. Some of these are very easily performed, and are of an instructive and interesting character. Thus, for instance, if the deep orange-coloured solution, which is made when bichromate of potash is dissolved in water, be poured into a dish, or bath, of black ebonite, and this he placed on the floor, no colour is seen in the liqnid, because the hlack ebonite absorbs and destroys all the luminous vibrations which pass down to it through the liquid. No yellow light at all is returned to the eye. But if a white porcelain plate he slipped into the dish, the orange colour of the liquid immediately becomes visible, because then the orange vibrations, which are not destroyed by the liquid, are returned through it from the white plate, and so finally reach the eye. The liquid itself destroys all the vibrations but those which produce the orange impression. The black ebonite destroys the orange vibrations which the solution of bichromate of potash has spared. But the white plate reflects them instead. A somewhat similar experiment to this is exhihited by nature itself every day, when the snnlight, which falls npon the opaque surface of the earth, is reflected from it up into the air. The strong red vibrations make their way out through the air into space, and are dissipated there so as to he lost to human eyes. But the faint blue vibrations, having less penetrative impulse, and being unable to struggle through, are intercepted on their way by the minnte particles of air and transparent vapour which lie in their path, and are turned back from them to the eye. They then are seen as the hlneness of the overhanging vault of the sky. After sunset the vibrations, which pass up from the snn into the vaponrs and mists that float above the western horizon, do not make their way through these obstructive media as freely as the light-vibrations do through the clearer air of noontide, and, consequently, then even the strong orange and red lights are intercepted and tnrned back to the eye, and in that way the western sky gets clothed with the gorgeous hnes which are so common in the early twilight.

The familiar effect produced by coloured fires is sufficient in itself, if rightly considered, to establish the doctrine of the nature of colour which has been hero advanced. When illumination is artificially produced by a monochromatic or one-coloured flame, no other tint appears in objects of any kind than the one which that particular flame is competent to confer. Red fire makes everything look red, and green fire makes everything look green. The most instructive, however, of the monochromatic lights is the one which contains only very faint yellow vibrations, such as is illustrated in a rude form in the snap-dragon of the Christmas season. This light, when properly prepared, is capable of prodncing a very startling and surprising effect. The best process for its production consists in heating over a spirit lamp, in a shallow iron dish, a mixture of equal parts of spirit of wine and water, into which some eommon salt has to be sprinkled when the dilnte spirit begins to boil. The

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salt is then decomposed into chlorine and sodium, and, when the mixture is set on fire, the sodium tinges with a pale yellow hue the flame which rises out of the dish. If, in the absence of all other light, a group of brilliantly coloured objects, such as crimson, blue, and green articles of apparel, and gaily tinted flowers, be brought within the illumination of this flame, it is found that all the colours have disappeared, and that nothing remains but dingy neutral-tint shades of greater or less intensity. Everything appears of a ghastly and quite colourless hue. The faces of people around assume a bloodless cadaverous aspect, because every red tint in the skin is destroyed. This experiment, when carefully and skilfully exhibited, is, on the whole, the best practical illustration that can be given of the fact that colour is an attribute of light, and not a quality of visible objects.

In the early experiments with the prism it was conceived that three only of the seven prismatic tints, namely red, yellow, and blue, were primary colours, and it was held that the other four colours were merely secondary minglings of these primary ones with each other. As early as the year 1792, Christian Ernst Wünsch of Leipzig, however, ascertained that not red, yellow, and blue, but red, green, and violet, are the primary colours of the spectrum. The experimental proof of this view is the fact that none of these colours, red, green, and violet, as they are found in the spectrum, can be broken up or resolved into other tints. If pure green, pure red, or pure violet light is passed through the prism, it comes out exactly what it goes in. Each of these colours must therefore consist of luminous vibrations which are all of the same fixed and definite length. In the paper contributed to the Royal Society in 1860, Professor Clerk Maxwell gave an account of an apparatus which he had devised for the experimental examination of the colour-rays of the solar spectrum, and he therein states that in his experiments he found the true and pure centre of green light very definitely fixed at a spot which was about one-fourth of the length of the spectrum from one of its extremities, but that he could not as satisfactorily fix the position of the pure red and blue rays. In reference to the blue, indeed, there is some difference of opinion amongst scientific authorities whether the true centre of the undecomposable vibration is to be found in the blue or in the violet portion of the least refrangible end of the spectrum. Professor Maxwell inclined to think that blue had the best claim to the distinction. But Dr. Young always awarded it to violet, and the majority of recent experimentalists support the views of Dr. Young. In the most exact of recent treatises on the composition of light, red, green, and violet are spoken of as the primitive and undecomposable colours. Yellow is unquestionably a compound and not a primitive colour, as it has so long been conceived to be. Dr. Young appears to have been quite aware of this. But the beautiful experiments of Professor Clerk Maxwell disposed finally of the pretensions of yellow. He found that in every case orange and yellow vibrations in the spectrum were equivalent to mixtures of green and red. When yellow light is passed through the prism, red and green rays emerge from the opposite side, and when, on the other hand, red and green lights are intimately mingled by optical contrivances, they invariably present themselves as yellow.

All the other secondary colours also can be produced in a similar way by mingling together the primary ones, if light itself, and not artificial pigments, be used. Orange is composed of red and green, indigo of violet and green. Both yellow and indigo, and yellow and blue produce white when they are mixed together, because the yellow contains red and green in itself. The popular notion that yellow and blue produce green is a fallacy due to the circumstance that coloured pigments, and not pure luminous vibrations, are employed in the artist's formation of green. The colours in artificial pigments are never pure. When blue and yellow *pigments* are mixed together, the one absorbs and extinguishes all the yellow, orange, and red, and the other all the violet, indigo, and blue. Green, being thus the only colour whose vibrations neither extinguishes, is the only one which survives, and which is transmitted to the eye when blue and yellow pigments are mixed together.

The impurity of pigments as media of colour is very well illustrated in another way. If the three primary colours of the spectrum are brought together in due proportion by an optical contrivance, such as passing them back from a concave mirror, a spot of pure white light is the result. But if a round disc of cardboard be painted with the same colours, in the same proportions, in separate segments, and be then rapidly whirled round a central pivot or pin, so that the several colours are confused together in the eye by the whirling, the cardboard appears, not white, but of a tolerably deep shade of neutral tint. However brilliant the hues upon the cardboard may be made, these still contain particles which absorb and extinguish some of the vibrations of each of the several colours, so that the proper proportions for the composition of pure white light

do not remain. This whirling table of cardboard is, however, capable of being turned to very interesting philosophic use. Discs, of the four colours, red, yellow, green, and blue, and also of white and black, are in the first instance prepared in such a way that, by means of a slit cut in each straight from the centre to the circumference, two or three can be slipped over each other so as to show any desired combination of different proportions of colours on the circular board. A second set of discs of exactly the same kind, but of only half the breadth of the larger ones, are also provided. When the inner discs are properly arranged, there then appears a small central circular space of one series of colours, surrounded by a broad rim of a different series; and, when the circular board is whirled round, the tints produced by the inner circle and the outer zone under any given adjustment can be compared, and the segments can be from time to time modified in either or both, until the two are found to match. By this piece of apparatus it can be readily shown that altogether different combinations may be made to produce the same result. Thus, for instance, if the outer rim consist of 23 parts of green, 44 parts of yellow, and 99 of blue, and the inner circle of 118 parts of black and 48 parts of white, when the table is whirled, the central circle and the circumferential band are both found to wear precisely the same shade of neutral tint. In order to produce these effects, the disc must, however, be made to revolve as rapidly as sixteen times in a second; otherwise the different chromatic elements are not combined in a single impression upon the nerves of the eye. The disc must move so fast that the impression of the following colour falls upon the eye before that of the preceding one has passed away. Such rapid revolution is easily produced by the employment of multiplying wheels to drive the disc. By this apparatus it can be demonstrated that proper proportions of blue and green match with black, white, and red. Red and green form a drab which matches with black, white, and yellow. The three primary colours, red, blue, and green, can, by proper apportionment and management, be made to match with any hue that can be conceived.

There is one particular ground upon which the promotion of green to the dignified position of a primary and undecomposable colour, in the place of yellow, should be contemplated with special satisfaction. Green is obviously the great central colour of nature itself. It is the tint by which by far the larger part of the surface of the earth is covered. This greenness which is so characteristic an attribute of vegetation is due to the formation of a particular principle in the living plant to which the appropriate name of 'leaf-green,' or 'chlorophyl,' has been given. This colouring principle is prepared upon the largest scale by the co-operation of light and of the living vegetable structure. It is produced by the destructive resolution of carbonic acid, the gaseous food of plants, into its elements, and by the appropriation of the carbon derived from that source as the base of a more elaborate process of manufacture. It is principally composed of carbon and hydrogen, but with these two predominant constituents there are mingled in relatively small apportionments of nitrogen and oxygen. The green product is, however, only perfected in the presence of sunlight, and that is why vegetation becomes so intensely green in the strong sunshine of summer, and why green plants become blanched when they are made to vegetate in darkness. The exact proportion of the four essential elements which are used in the fabrication of chlorophyl is not ascertained with absolute certainty, but the chemists conceive that there is something like 18 atoms of carbon and 18 of hydrogen with 2 atoms of nitrogen and 3 of oxygen apportioned to each molecule. When the chloropbyl has been formed out of these elements in the transparent spaces of living leaves, it is moulded into the shape of a series of little grains, and these grains are then packed away close together in the interior cavities of the vegetable structure. As daylight falls upon the membranes of living plants, its vibrations penetrate in through the outer transparent films of the structure, until they reach the chlorophyl-granules within, and then all the vibrations but the green are absorbed, to be employed in the carbon-fixing work, and to be quenched and destroyed in the service to which they are thus put. But the green vibrations, not being so used, are returned back through the outer transparent films to impress the sensation of greenness upon the eye. Only those plants, however, which perform the proper carbon-fixing work of vegetable life, acquire the attribute of greenness. Such plants as feed parasitically upon already prepared organised matters, instead of fixing carbon for themselves, have no power to fabricate chlorophyl, and are, therefore, of a brown colour instead of being green. Most fungous plants are of this character.

At the approach of autumn the greenness of the leaves begins to change into yellow and brown, and even, in some cases, into red. This change is simultaneous with the

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failure of the tissues to elaborate chlorophyl. Carbon is insufficiently appropriated and imperfectly fixed, and an excessive amount of oxygen is mingled in with the compound that is formed. In other words, the great base of vegetative colour, the leaf-green, is oxidised. In the case of red and yellow flowers, the colour of the petals results from a process that is of a somewhat analogous character. Chlorophyl is first organised in the young petals, and then this chlorophyl is changed into red colouring matter by the oxidation of the green granules.

The blue pigment of vegetable structures, which is more rarely met with in connexion with leaves, but which is not at all uncommon in their floral modifications, appears to be due to the production of another kind of modification in the chlorophyl. Instead of being unduly oxidised, all traces of oxygen are removed from the granules, and a small quantity of iodine and increased quantities of carbon are supplied to them in its place. Chemists refer the blue colouring principle of flowers to a distinct compound, which they have named cyanine, and which contains in every one of its own constituent molecules 28 atoms of carbon, 25 of hydrogen, 1 of iodine, and 1 of nitrogen. In all probability, therefore, the great diversity in the colour of flowers is due to a mere modification of the chlorophyl-granules which are primarily deposited in their cells; yellow and orange hues being produced when the green chlorophyl is oxidised, and blue and violet ones when it is additionally carbonised and iodised instead. The Swiss botanist De Candolle, who gave much attention to this interesting subject, classed all the flowers of the oxidised series as belonging to what he termed the xanthic group, and all those of the deoxidised or carbonised series as belonging to the cyanic group; and he further showed that plants which are proper to these different groups, as a general rule, only change the colour of their flowers through the tints of their own particular series, although both can pass on to red as the extreme limit of departure from the primary type. The red of the xanthic series, however, is of a brilliant scarlet hue, whilst the red of the cyanic series is of a violet tint. White, in the case of flowers, is in every instance a very diluted tint of some kind of colour. Some whites belong to the xanthic, and some to the cyanic, group of colours. This is at once made apparent when the petals of white flowers are infused in spirits of wine. The tincture in this way produced invariably gives indication of some kind of colour. Rose-colour in flowers is simply a variety of red, and consequently may belong to either of the two series. The true roses incline to the yellow tints of the xanthic type, whilst the rose-coloured hydrangeas are as obviously allied to the blue group. Marigolds, ranunculuses, potentillas, evening primroses, and tulips, as well as roses, are all illustrations of the xanthic group, in which the green chlorophyl tends to change in the flowers through yellow and orange to red. Blue flowers are almost unknown amongst these genera. The geranium, phlox, campanula, hyacinth, and anagallis, on the other hand, are instances of plants in which the variation of the flower is through blue and violet to red, but in which yellows are scarcely ever seen.

From the explanation which has here been given of the nature of the colouring matter of flowers, it will be inferred that the great characteristic function of leaves, the fixation of carbon and the exhalation of oxygen from their pores, can hardly be looked for in the petals of flowers. With the change of the chlorophyl, either by oxidation or by an excessive abundance of carbon, the normal process of elaboration disappears. In all brightly coloured flowers oxygen is absorbed instead of being exhaled, and in some instances with such avidity that there is actually a rise of temperature in the flower on account of the combustive process which is carried on in its petals.

In the recently discovered process for the manufacture of aniline dyes, the chemist in some measure follows out a suggestion which has been furnished to him by nature. These dyes are all primarily derived from a compound of hydrogen and carbon originally built up by the elaborating power of vegetable life. The base of them all is the liquid familiarly known as benzine, which is itself procured from coal-gas-tar by distillation at a low temperature. The coal-gas-tar is obviously, in the first instance, a product of the vegetable life which was present in the chlorophyl-containing plants whose tissues were ultimately converted into coal. The benzine extracted from the gas-tar is converted into aniline by the mere addition of one atom of hydrogen and one of nitrogen to the six atoms of carbon and six of hydrogen which compose each of its molecules.*

The person who seems to have first conceived a definite idea of the vibratory

* In the preparation of the aniline dyes, benzine is first treated with strong nitric acid, and turned into a compound designated nitro-benzine. This is then acted upon by iron filings, acetic acid, and steam, and is in that way converted into the aniliac which is afterwards transformed by appropriate chemical manipulations into the various dye-stuffs.

nature of light was Robert Hooke, the Gresham Professor of Geometry in London in 1664. He published in that year a book called 'Micrographia,' in which he speaks of light as consisting of a 'quick, short, vibratory motion' propagated through a homogeneous medium. The notion, generally adopted before his time, was one which had been originally taught by the French philosopher René Descartes, of Touraine, and which was to the effect that light was caused by the emission of small ball-like particles from luminous bodies. According to the views of Descartes, colour was due to the alternating rotatory movement of these spheroidal particles. The Dutch philosopher Huygbens, known honourably amongst scientific men as the first constructor of telescopes of large dimensions, reproduced and improved Hooke's idea in a treatise upon the nature of light, which was published in Leyden in 1690. In this book he referred many of the best-known effects of reflection, refraction, and double refraction to the instrumentality of undulation. Sir Isaac Newton himself seems to have been in some measure inclined at this time to look upon the vibratory theory with favour, although he subsequently adopted the notion of the emission of material particles. The ultimate establishment of the undulatory theory as an accepted doctrine of science was, however, mainly due to the labours of Dr. Thomas Young, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1801, because by its means he satisfactorily explained all the complicated and beautiful phenomena of the colours of thin plates and of polarisation, and traced most of these effects to the interferences produced when vibrations of different lengths and velocities coincide with or pass each other. He very ingeniously and strikingly compared these results with the interferences well known to be produced in the case of sound-vibrations propagated through the air. Two French engineer officers, Auguste Fresnel and Etienne-Louis Malus, not long afterwards signally confirmed and extended the conclusions of Dr. Young by the skilful application of mathematical processes. In his comprehensive 'History of the Inductive Sciences' Dr. Whewell, in alluding to the part which was played by these distinguished investigators in the advancement of this branch of human knowledge, speaks of Huygbens and Hooke as having performed the same service for optical science that Copernicus rendered for astronomy, of Malus and Sir David Brewster as having been the representatives of Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and of Fresnel and Young as having occupied a similar place to Newton in his own department of research. As in the case of gravity, however, the new doctrine advocated by these great authorities seems to have been ultimately accepted by scientific men, not because the assumed agency had been brought within the actual reach of sensual demonstration, but because a very complicated and elaborate series of physical effects could be explained by its instrumentality without a single failure or flaw. Wave-lengths and wave-interferences are now dealt with by mathematical formulæ, in reasoning upon luminous effects, with the same precision and certainty as the movements and position of the heavenly bodies, and it is in this sense that the undulatory theory of light stands firmly by the side of the theory of gravitation.

It is worthy of a passing notice that, in his very interesting series of popular lectures on scientific subjects, which were not long since introduced to the English public under the auspices of Professor Tyndall, one of the most competent authorities on matters of physical science, Professor Helmholtz, of the University of Berlin, confirms Dr. Whewell's estimate of the labours of Dr. Young in the following remarkable words:—

'The theory of colours, with all these marvellous and complicated relations, was a riddle which Goethe in vain attempted to solve; nor were the physicists and physiologists more successful. I include myself in the number, for I long toiled at the task without getting any nearer to my object, until I at last discovered that a wonderfully simple solution had been discovered at the beginning of this century, and had been in print ever since for anyone to read who chose. This solution was found and published by Dr. Young. . . . He was one of the most acute men who ever lived, but had the misfortune to be too far in advance of his contemporaries. They looked on him with astonishment, but could not follow his bold speculations, and thus a mass of his most important thoughts remained buried and forgotten in the Transactions of the Royal Society, until a later generation, by slow degrees, arrived at the rediscovery of his discoveries, and came to appreciate the force of his arguments and the accuracy of his conclusions.'

One of the perplexities to which Professor Helmholtz here alludes was the consideration that no mechanical impulse can be procured from the rays of light. The calculation had been made that if the molecule of light weighed a single grain, its momentum, at its ascertained rate of travelling, would be equal to that of a 150-pound cannon ball, moving with the speed of 1,000

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feet in the second; and although it could be assumed that the luminous molecule might be of many million times less weight than one grain, it had also to be borne in mind that its impulse could be increased many million times by concentring the action of many rays in the focus of a large lens. Still the most delicate experiments reveal no trace of impulse.

Another of the difficulties which had to be faced in the emission-theory of Descartes was the extreme improbability that the emission of luminiferous molecules could be the same for all sources. Laplace had pointed out that with a fixed star, two hundred and fifty times the mass of the sun, the momentum of the luminous molecules would be actually destroyed by the preponderant attraction of the body itself. The molecules would be held back by gravity, and retained, instead of being launched forth upon their light-producing excursion. Uniformity of velocity, from whatever source, is, on the other hand, a simple and natural result of the undulatory theory; because, in it, the velocity depends not on the character of the exciting cause, but on the elasticity and density of the medium through which the vibrations are propagated. If these be uniform, as they obviously must be in an imponderable ether of extreme tenuity, the velocities of propagation would necessarily be identical for all sources, as they unquestionably are in actual fact. The chief objection which Newton urged against the undulatory theory was that, in an elastic medium, waves ought to be propagated in all directions, and should have the power of turning round corners and getting behind bodies that stand in their path, as waves of sound do; whereas in the case of light there is shadow behind opaque bodies that stand in the direct advance of luminous vibrations. Young answered this objection by assuming the probability of the ethereal medium being so constituted that the lateral play of the vibrations is present, although degraded rapidly and soon quenched; and it was one of the triumphs of his theory that he was able to show these lateral vibrations in the form of fringes of colour at the edges of shadows. He considered these shadow-fringes to be the expiring efforts of the lateral vibrations to get round the opaque objects that intervene in their path.

If, however, it be true that differences of colour depend upon diversities in the length and frequency of the vibrations of the luminiferous ether, it must also be true that the nervous structure of the organ of vision has been so fashioned as to be capable of discriminating between the different orders of impulses which fall upon it. The visual nerves must in some way be able to tell whether it is 39,000, or 47,000, or 57,000 shocks which strike upon them in the second. How this essential result has been provided for in the minute organisation of the eye has not been yet absolutely demonstrated. But Dr. Young's own conception of the matter was that there are different nerves in the eye prepared for the reception and transmission of the different primary colours, and that the nerve-fibrils, which are responsive to the vibrations of one primitive colour, are insensible to the vibrations of the other two. According to this idea, there are nerve-fibrils which can vibrate responsively to shocks of the frequency of 57,000 in the second, but which cannot be made to thrill with shocks that are not more frequent than 39,000 to the second. There are blue-nerves, so to speak, which are insensible to green and red vibrations; green-nerves which are insensible to red and blue thrills; and red-nerves which are proof against the vibratory movements of blue and green. When a blue impression falls upon the retina, the nerve-fibrils which are in harmony with their movements are made to thrill; but the red and green nerve-fibrils remain impassive and at rest. The blue-nerves then pass on the tremulous impulses which they have received to the brain, and the brain, taking note of the particular service of nerves by which the impressions have come in, records the sensation as a blue one.

Microscopic anatomists have not been able to discern anything in the structural arrangements of the nerve-fibrils of the eye which corresponds with this notion of Dr. Young's. But the suggestion has, nevertheless, the strong recommendation that it satisfactorily accounts for various physiological facts. Thus it is a well-known circumstance that the eye soon becomes fatigued by the continued impression of one kind of colour, although remaining keenly sensible at the same time to luminous vibrations of a different character. Such a result would obviously be a very natural consequence if different nerve-routes were employed for the transmission of the vibrations of different colours. Those nerves only which were thrown into vibratory movement would then be wearied by the effort. And, yet again, there is a peculiar defect in the vision of some people, which is characterised as colour-blindness, and which manifests itself principally in the eye being incapable of discriminating red colours. Scarlet geraniums cannot be dis-

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tinguished from the green leaves of the plant, or cherries from the foliage of the tree, excepting by their form; the red-hot coals of a fire look green. The green and red lights of railway signals appear to be merely different shades of the same colour. Occasionally scarlet and green both look like some tint of yellow. People who suffer from this visual defect in reality have only two primary colours in their repertory instead of three. With the revolving colour-table, white and red appear to them to match exactly with green and blue, although, in ordinary eyes, the one combination would be perceived as rose colour, and the other as deep blue. It is, however, a curious fact that colour-blind people are not themselves conscious of the defect unless it is demonstrated to them by direct experiment, because they have no means of telling what the effects are that are produced on other eyes. The crucial test of the defect is that red and green appear to be the same colour when placed side by side. Dr. Young's explanation of colour-blindness was simply to the effect that the nerve-fibrils adapted to the transmission of red vibrations were absent altogether in the eyes of persons who suffered from the incapacity. He conceived that such eyes were furnished with the nerve-fibrils which dealt with blue and green light, but that they were destitute of those which responded to the red vibrations.*

Helmholtz, who is one of the highest living authorities in relation to this subject, obviously regards this ingenious suggestion of Dr. Young with marked favour. He says in reference to it:—

'Dr. Young supposes that there are in the eye three kinds of nerve-fibres, the first of which, when irritated in any way, produces the sensation of red, the second the sensation of green, and the third that of violet. He further assumes that the first are excited most strongly by the waves of ether of greatest length; the second, which are sensitive to green light, by the waves of the middle length; while those which convey the impressions of violet are acted upon only by the shortest vibrations of ether. Accordingly on the red end of the spectrum the excitation of those fibres, which are sensitive to that colour, predominates; hence the appearance of that part as red. Further on there is added an impression upon the fibres sensitive to green light, and thus results the mixed sensation of yellow. In the middle of the spectrum the nerves sensitive to green become much more excited than the other two kinds, and accordingly green is the predominant impression. As soon as this becomes mixed with violet the result is the colour known as blue; while at the most highly refracted end of the spectrum the impression produced on the fibres which are sensitive to violet light overcomes every other. . . . The difference of the sensation of colour depends on whether one or the other kind of nervous fibres are more strongly affected. When all are equally excited, the result is the sensation of white light.'

Whatever may be the fact as to the arrangement of the minute nerve-structure of the eye in this particular, there is no doubt that the alternation of the impressions of different colours upon the organ is a source of very marked pleasure. It is always agreeable to have the impression of one kind of primary colour accompanied or followed by the impression of those complementary tints which would combine with that primary to constitute white illumination. The effect of any given primary colour upon the eye is deepened and rendered more vigorous when associated with its complementary tints. It is also dulled when associated with other distinct impressions of the same colour; and the colour itself is darkened in the presence of associated brighter tints of the same hue. Every impression of a primary colour is agreeable to the eye. But the association of two primary colours together is more pleasing than the impression of one isolated one; and the association of three is more pleasant than the coincident presence of two. The most pleasant impression of all is, probably, that which calls up the sensation of white illumination, in which all the three primary colours are united together in one coincident effect. It has indeed been looked upon as a remarkable peculiarity of the action of light, that, although some impressions of colour are more pleasing than others, there is no impression amongst them that is actually painful in itself. This is held by some authorities to indicate that there is no such thing as a positive colour-discord. It rarely happens, in the production of colour-effects, that only one order of vibrations is impressed upon the eye at a time. The simple sensations are probably never excited in absolute purity, but are at all times more or less mingled together in a greater or less degree. Two or more different kinds of vibration impinge upon the eye either together or in rapid succession, and so combine for the production of a compound effect. In the excitation of the sensation of yellow, for instance, vibrations of green and

* It appears from some recent experiments of physiologists that all eyes are deficient in nerve-fibrils, capable of transmitting the red vibrations of light, at the outer portions of the retina; and that the red-blind eye is simply one in which the full perfection of the organ has not been duly developed in the central tract that is employed for the most delicate and refined processes of vision.

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red coexist, and are transmitted each by their own order of nerves, and so reach the brain, at the extremities of those nerves, as a compound impression. The yellow is pure when the green and the red luminous vibrations are combined in equal intensity. But it inclines to a green hue when the green vibrations are stronger than the red, and to a reddish hue when the red vibrations are predominant over the green. In the spectrum itself, however, it appears that vibrations of all orders of length between the $\frac{1}{39000}$ and the $\frac{1}{57000}$ of an inch are found. The band of coloured light is continuous from end to end without any break, and each separate part is formed by vibrations which differ in length from those immediately to the right or to the left, and which therefore are bent from their original path by the action of the prism in a corresponding degree. The recent invention of the spectroscope, which enables the spectral image to be dispersed to an enormous length beyond that which could be reached with the rude prism of Newton, and which further enables that image to be scrutinised through its entire extent by powerful magnifying glasses, has definitely proved that this is the case. The vibrations of the pure white beam are seen by this instrument to be scattered by the instrumentality of its prisms through the entire range of the prismatic image without interruption anywhere, unless when, as in the case of the sun, there are narrow gaps, or black lines, at fixed points of the coloured band, caused by vapour-screens so placed in front of the primary source of illumination as to be able to intercept vibrations of a certain order of length and intensity as they attempt to pass through. The spectroscope, indeed, seems to intimate that the spectrum is composed of an infinitely great variety of definite colours instead of only three, each one being but very little different in its order of succession and in its degree of refrangibility from the rest, although an absolute and sharp separation of any one from the rest is impossible on account of some overlapping of the different orders of vibrations at their contiguous edges. There can scarcely be a doubt now entertained that there are vibrations, in all intermediate stages of force and frequency, between the red and violet ends of the spectrum—vibrations that increase with quite imperceptible stages of frequency from the 39,000 vibrations in a second of the red end of the spectrum up to the 57,000 in a second of the violet extremity. The views of scientific men, regarding the composition of white light and regarding the nature and seat of the primary and undecomposable colours, may in all probability have on this account to be modified before long to bring them into a more rigid accordance with the rapidly advancing discoveries of this recent marvel of experimental research. But such modifications will assuredly be in the direction of extension and refinement of the theory of Dr. Young, rather than in that of superseding it in any fundamental or essential particular. It would be idle and rash to attempt to speculate, at the present time, upon the course which these further extensions of discovery are most likely to take. They may run in the direction of the multiplication of the primary colours from the orthodox standard of three; or in the direction of some new code of wave-interferences, which will as effectually account for the even dispersion of intervening tints through the largely lengthened spectrum without such radical change. But in either case it may be anticipated that they will certainly prove additional supports, rather than elements of downfall, for the noble structure which Dr. Young and his successors have raised.

In the 'Modern Chromatics' of Professor Ogden Rood, which has been just added to Messrs. Kegan Paul's valuable international series of scientific books, the colour theory of Dr. Young has been unreservedly and unconditionally adopted by the author, who, as a distinguished professor of physics in Columbia College, United States, must be accepted as a competent authority on the branch of science of which he treats. In this interesting book Professor Rood deals briefly and succinctly with what may be termed the scientific *rationale* of this subject. But the chief value of his work is to be attributed to the fact that he is, himself, an accomplished artist, as well as an authoritative expounder of science. He accordingly dwells most fully upon the artist's side of the question. Much the larger part of his pages is occupied by such matters as the mixture and the complementary effects of colours, the influences of luminosity, the principles of contrast and gradation, and the specific requirements and differences of decorative art and painting. The author lays down three primary conditions, which he designates the 'constants' of colour. These constants are purity, luminosity, and hue. The purity of colour essentially depends upon its freedom from adulteration with white light. When white light is added to a pure elementary colour, the chromatic purity is diminished, although the luminous intensity is increased. The *colour* is made *paler* in the same degree that the brightness of the light is augmented. The colour element is pushed into the

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background. Luminosity, on the other hand, is measured and appraised by the intensity of the nerve-impressions, whatever that may be. To produce what is technically termed full saturation with colour, that colour must be both luminous and pure. Hue, again, is the quality which is determined by the wave-length of the vibratory impression. Aubert, the author of the 'Physiology of the Retina' (Physiologie der Netzhaut), in which he has examined the sensitiveness of the eye to these different chromatic conditions, states that the eye can discriminate the addition of the $\frac{1}{310}$ part of the white light which happens to be mingled with colour, and that the alteration of luminosity to the extent of the $\frac{1}{100}$ part of its entire amount can be discerned. He also points out that as one thousand distinguishable hues are recognised in the solar spectrum by powerful spectroscopes, and as these hues are all capable of being modified many times by successive additions of white light, the eye must be capable of distinguishing certainly not less than two millions of distinct tints. The purity and the hue of colour are determined by comparing it with corresponding tints in the luminous spectrum of sunshine. The luminosity is most conveniently measured by contrasting the colour with white and black segments in the revolving colour discs, and marking the relative proportions of white and black which serve to produce a similar intensity of impression. Thus, if a red outer zone requires one part of white and three parts of black in the inner circle to constitute a match, the luminosity of the red colour is 25 per cent. of that of white paper.

Professor Rood, from elaborate investigations of this character, has formed an estimate of the relative value of the colour-constituents of white light. The proportions which he gives for 1,000 parts of white sunlight are:—

	Parts.
Red	54
Orange red	140
Orange	80
Orange yellow	114
Yellow	54
Greenish yellow	206
Yellowish green	121
Green and blue green	134
Cyan blue	32
Blue	40
Ultramarine and blue violet	20
Violet	5

From this examination he infers that the total luminosity of the warm colours of the artist is three times as great as that of the cold ones.

The physiological effects of contrasted colours are interestingly described by Professor Rood. The fundamental experiment upon which he builds his explanations is simply the snatching suddenly away a small patch of bright green paper from the face of a sheet of grey cardboard after it has been steadfastly looked at for a little while. A faint image of a rose-red colour immediately appears in the place which was previously occupied by the green patch. This rose-coloured spectre, or ghost, is due to the fact that the green-feeling nerves of the retina of the eye have become fatigued and dull by the contemplation of the patch, so that when it is snatched away they cease to be sensitive to the green light which issues from the grey cardboard, although they can still take due cognisance of the red and violet constituents that are associated in it with the green. A somewhat analogous effect is produced in visual perceptions by the mere close contiguity of strongly contrasted colours. Each interferes with, and to some extent modifies, the impression which is made by its next-door neighbour. This is well shown if two strips of paper, one coloured with ultramarine and the other with cyan blue, be placed in close contact, side by side, whilst two precisely similar strips are laid a short distance off, and with an interval of two or three inches between them. The tints of the contiguous strips appear distinctly different from those of the more remote ones, although they are in reality identical. The colour of each of the first pair of strips is changed exactly as it would be if it were mixed with some pigment of a complementary tint. If, again, a grey pattern is traced upon a green ground, the tracery always acquires a reddish hue. Professor Rood repeats an anecdote in illustration of this curious effect of contrast which was first told by Chevreul, and which furnishes a very amusing illustration of this peculiarity. Upon a certain occasion red and blue fabrics were given to a manufacturer, with instructions that they were to be ornamented with black patterns. When, however, the work was returned, it seemed as if green patterns had been put upon the red stuff, and copper-coloured ones upon the blue. In consequence, however, of a complaint of the imperfect performance of the instructions having been made, Chevreul was appealed to, and he covered the coloured grounds in such a way that the pattern only was exposed to the eye, when it was at once seen that the tracery was black in both instances, and that the apparent difference was an optical illusion dependent upon contrast. There is one beautiful experiment described by Professor Rood which is not perhaps so

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generally known as it deserves to be, although it is very easily performed. A ray of white daylight having been allowed to pass through a hole in a window-shutter into an otherwise darkened room, a wooden rod is so interposed in its path that a shadow is cast by it upon a sheet of white cardboard. A candle is then lighted, and so placed that a second shadow of the rod is thrown by it a couple of inches or so away from the first one. The candlelight shadow then appears to be blue, instead of white, in consequence of the influence of contrast with the orange-yellow light which illuminates all the rest of the cardboard.

This power of contiguous colours to modify the specific impression which each makes upon the eye is one of the difficulties which landscape painters have to study and meet. If an artist paints the colours which he thinks he sees, his picture is pretty sure to be wide of the mark which has been aimed at. The colours of natural objects are of a very much lower intensity than the tints which they suggest. Distant fields, for instance, are commonly clothed with a grey containing only a faint tinge of green, when they seem to the eye to be intensely green. The true colours of the different parts of a landscape can only be correctly appreciated when each is dissociated from its companionship with the rest; and Ruskin has suggested that this discrimination of tint can be most conveniently made by examining each separate part of a view through a small square aperture cut in white cardboard, and held at arm's length from the eye. The colours used in the composition of a picture require to be so selected and grouped that they help each other both by the influence of sympathy and contrast. Professor Rood remarks that what an artist has to do is to seize upon colour-melodies as they occur in nature, and to reproduce them upon canvas with such modifications as his own instincts impel him to make. The great distinction which he draws between painting and the management of colour in the decorative arts is that in the first colour is subordinate to form, whilst in the second it is more important than form. In painting, colour has to be used as a means of accomplishing an end; whereas in decoration it is itself the end. A painting is a representation of an absent beautiful object, but an ornamented surface is the beautiful object itself. It is on this account that the realistic representation of natural objects is unfitted for decorative art.

In 'Modern Chromatics' attention is drawn to a physiological reason for certain effects of contrast in artists' work, which is worthy of notice. When light falls upon the nerves of the eye, it produces a sensation which remains for a short interval after the exciting cause has ceased to act. This after-sensation is identical in all respects with the primary one, with the exception that it grows gradually more and more faint until it fades quite away. When, however, this after-image has finally disappeared, there springs suddenly up in its place a secondary image of an altogether different character, and of a tint that is complementary to that of the primary impression. Thus the immediate after-image of a red sensation is red; but the spectral image which follows when the red impression has faded away is greenish-blue, the tint that is complementary to red. These negative, or complementary, after-images necessarily exert an important influence in modifying the character of chromatic perceptions. The positive after-images have also a specific operation of their own where moving objects are concerned. The appearances characterising water in motion depend upon them to a considerable extent. The images perceived are really made up of an unconscious combination of successive pictures left upon the nerves. The elongated streaks noticed in waves of the sea dancing in sunlight are really not streaks, but successions of round images of the sun lengthened out in consequence of their motion. Instantaneous photographs, for this reason, are by no means such true transcripts of nature as they pretend to be. The visual image of waves breaking upon the beach is quite a distinct thing from the instantaneous photograph of the same objects. The visual image is made up of different views rapidly succeeding each other, and fusing themselves together into one compound impression in the eye. But the photographic image is a single hard transcript of *one* of the series of successive pictures. Professor Rood states, in reference to the duration of a visual impression upon the retina of the eye, that it lasts with undiminished force for the forty-eighth part of a second, but that its total duration with decreasing strength is for a much longer time, probably being as much as a third part of a second in many instances. A white spot near the edge of a black disc revolving forty-eight times in the second produces the effect of a continuous white ring near the circumference of the disc. But the luminosity of the ring is necessarily more feeble than that of the white spot, because the light of the spot is scattered over the comparatively larger surface of the ring when the disc is caused to revolve.

It has generally been conceived that the yellow tints of the solar spectrum have the highest degree of luminosity. Some quite

recent researches, by Dr. Draper, of the United States, made indeed whilst this article has been passing through the press, have, however, seemed to indicate that this is not the case, and that all the colours of the spectrum are equally luminous. The experiment upon which this conclusion is based consists in so arranging a single-prism spectroscope that a bright light can be *reflected* from the first surface of the prism into the field of view of the telescope by which the spectrum is viewed. The bright light then overlaps the whole of the spectrum. If in this state of matters the reflected light is gradually reduced, either by lowering the flame of the lamp from which it proceeds, or by removing this further from the instrument, it at length may be made so faint as to be barely visible. If then the size of the flame is slowly increased, it will be found that the colours of the spectrum are gradually and successively extinguished by the augmenting glare, beginning with the violet end and finishing with the red. When, however, the prism is removed, and a diffraction-grating substituted in its place, the whole of the spectrum is quenched simultaneously when the reflected light is brought up to the requisite degree of intensity, instead of disappearing piecemeal, colour after colour. This curious result of the substitution of the chromatic spectrum of the diffraction-grating for that of the prism has been substantially confirmed by Mr. Browning, of London, who is at the present time engaged with a further experimental investigation of the phenomenon.

Art. IV.—1. *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon.* By James Spedding. London: 1861–74.

2. *An Account of the Life and Times of Francis Bacon.* Extracted from the Edition of his Occasional Writings by James Spedding. London: 1878.

3. *Bacon and Essex: a Sketch of Bacon's earlier Life.* By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. London: 1877.

4. *Bacon's Essays;* with Introduction, Notes, and Index. By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. London, 1878.

5. *Bacon's Novum Organum.* Edited by Thomas Fowler, M.A. Oxford: 1878.

It is now twenty-two years since the publication of the first two volumes of Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's works gave occasion to the appearance in this Journal of an article which has since been correctly attributed to the late Dr. Whewell. No Englishman of his generation, it will readily be admitted, was better qualified duly to appraise the merits and defects of the author of the 'Novum Organum,' than the author of the 'Novum Organum Renovatum.' As a man of science, with the results of above two centuries of experience before him, he was singularly fitted to discriminate between the genuine triumphs of the inductive method and the soaring visions of its sanguine legislator; as a man of letters, he was not unworthy to appreciate the great Chancellor's majestic imagination, pregnant wit, and unrivalled felicity of expression. In both capacities he welcomed the labours of Mr. Spedding and his coadjutors, by which a conspicuous gap in our national literature has at length been successfully filled.

Our present task, if less considerable than that undertaken by the late Master of Trinity, is not without interest and importance. We cannot, however, approach Mr. Spedding's latest publication without feeling that some apology is due to him for the unavoidable delay of this notice. Nevertheless we believe that an apparent neglect, which is a virtual compliment, is seldom bitterly resented; and the fact that our purpose of criticising Mr. Spedding's 'Letters and Life of Francis Bacon' has been retarded, but not frustrated, during a considerable lapse of time, is, if rightly understood, a higher tribute to the value of his work than the most liberally apportioned meed of praise. A book which, in these days of groaning library-shelves, holds its own for full five years amidst the rapids of publication, must be considered to have found sure standing-ground; and an existence of half a decade may, at the rate we live now, be taken to be a fair earnest of immortality.

Mr. Spedding, in his own career, presents a singular contrast to the hero in whose service he has sacrificed the commonplace, though not ignoble, ambitions of public life. Bacon's whole practice was an acted satire upon his youthful profession of the moderation of his 'civil ends,' as compared with the vastness of his 'contemplative ends.'* Mr. Spedding, on the contrary, by an example rare in our times, when the vulgar solicitations of immediate enjoyment all but universally prevail over the loftier enticements of distant fame or worthy purpose, has devoted the best energies of his life, and surrendered no mean prospects of official promotion, to an enterprise fruitful only in labour, and in the applause due to a task well done. The minute industry

* Letter to Burleigh. Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 108.

of the grammarians of Alexandria, the unwearied patience of the commentators of Göttingen and Halle, have been brought by him to bear on every scrap of paper probably or possibly illustrative of Baconian philosophy or history. Much that is valuable has thus been rescued from oblivion; and if some fragments of the salvage might have perished unlamented, no one is entitled to grumble, who holds in his hands the remedy of rejection.

Mr. Spedding uses no reticence with his readers; he places before them, fully and faithfully, the results of his investigations, even when the evidence he produces is entirely at variance with the inferences he draws. With M. Casimir Périer, Bacon might exclaim: '*Je me moque bien de mes amis quand j'ai raison; c'est quand j'ai tort qu'il faut qu'ils me soutiennent.*' His reputation is, indeed, on some points secure against attack, while on too many others it is, unhappily, incapable of defence. Mr. Spedding cannot be accused either of unscrupulous partisanship or of uncandid extenuation; but the close communion with a powerful mind in which his thoughts have been held during the greater part of a lifetime has produced its natural effect. He has not only familiarised his intellect with the Baconian mode of thought, and his ear with the Baconian turn of phrase, but he has also, in all good faith, identified his judgment with the Baconian tricks of conscience. To a considerable extent, the great philosopher succeeded in imposing upon himself; but he has far more completely succeeded in imposing upon his partial biographer. His long years of patient study have resulted in an intimacy highly advantageous to his editorial efficiency, but fatal to his judicial independence. We are thus, on many points, compelled to differ with him; and in the following pages we propose, as briefly as may be, to explain the grounds on which we do so.

The main facts of the life of Francis Bacon are too familiar to need recapitulation here. His father destined him for the service of the State, not for the practice of the law, and the natural bent of his genius impelled him rather to guide the destinies of a nation than to rule the decisions of a court. There was probably no period of his life when he would not gladly have exchanged the great seal for the white staff; nor did he, until the very close of his career, entirely relinquish the hope of treading in the steps, and eclipsing the reputation, of his uncle Burleigh and his cousin Salisbury. His father's premature death (February 20, 1579) was not only his first misfortune; it was also his first, though by no means his last, stroke of ill-luck. Sir Nicholas Bacon left three sons by his first wife, and two by his second. All were amply provided for except Francis, the youngest, to purchase an estate for whom he had set apart a considerable sum of money. The illness which abruptly terminated his life surprised him, however, while the arrangements for carrying this purpose into effect were still incomplete, and the portion destined for one was divided between five.

Pecuniary embarrassments thus, by no fault of his, met the young aspirant at the outset of his career, and accompanied him, through his own culpable negligence, to its close. He was in debt as a student at Gray's Inn; he was still more deeply in debt when Chancellor at York House and Gorhambury. His liabilities grew with his revenues; they harassed him in prosperity; they overwhelmed him in disgrace. This fact is of prime importance in estimating Bacon's character and conduct. Want of money was, in truth, the normal condition of his life, and the principal cause of his fall. His liberty of action was continually hampered by financial difficulties. In the beginning of his life he could not afford to be independent; in the end of his life he could not afford to be pure. The saying that the true history of a nation is the history of its budgets, may occasionally find an application to individuals. Thus a complete narrative of Bacon's dealings with his creditors would probably form an instructive commentary on his public career.

Mr. Spedding looks upon his habit of borrowing as an accidental, though unfortunate, result of his early necessities. But when an effect is permanent, we are apt to suspect that the cause is inherent. And the cause of this effect is not difficult to find. Bacon was naturally extravagant. He had expensive tastes, and he had an open hand. While he was still at Gray's Inn, with little practice and less patrimony, his mother, Lady Ann Bacon, entered her maternal protest against the 'superfluous horses' kept by him and his brother Anthony; and she warns both her sons to 'look to their expenses in time, and oversee those they trust how trustily,' telling them plainly that 'it hath been long commonly observed that both their servants are full of money.' * Indeed, she does not spare vituperative epithets in giving them her mind as to the character of their dependents. She complains bitterly, in her abrupt, vehement fashion, that Fran-

* Hepworth Dixon, 'Personal History of Lord Bacon,' Appendix.

cis, who was a 'towardly young gentleman' until 'led in a train' by 'profane, costly followers,' 'hath nonrished most sinful, prond villains wilfully;' and 'sees manifestly' that 'he is robbed and spoiled wittingly' by the riotous Welshmen who 'swarm illfavonredly' around him. Another letter ends with the quaint lamentation: 'Alas, what excess of bucks at Gray's Inn; and to feast it so on the Sabbath! God forgive and have mercy upon England!'*

In Francis Bacon's later years, the same profusion reigned with less restraint, and with worse results. He was liberal even to ostentation. He loved the pageantry of his rank. He was said to have spent 10,000*l.* on Verulam House alone. At Gorhambury he was surrounded with the splendour of a court. His retinue at York House resembled that of a royal personage in our days. His gentlemen-in-waiting, secretaries, ushers, and yeomen, fed and fattened on him. One of his favourite servants bought land in Somersetshire valued at 1,000*l.* a year. Several of his followers, we are told by John Aubrey, † kept racehorses, and drove in their carriages. This enormous waste led, by an easy road, to corruption; and thus his own example aptly illustrated the truth of the shrewd saying with which he opens one of his essays: ‡—'Costly followers are not to be liked; lest, while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter.'

His latest biographer evidently considers extravagance a very venial fault in comparison with avarice, and it is undoubtedly a less repulsive one. But although not so degrading to the character, it is equally fatal to the principles. A spendthrift is usually selfish, and he is not unfrequently dishonest. His respect for other people's property is rarely greater than his care for his own. He can hardly fail to be as unscrupulous in getting as he is reckless in spending. If we are to judge by the ethical standard of the 'Divine Comedy,' prodigality and avarice should be ranked as strictly co-ordinate vices. In the 'Inferno' *mal dare* incurs an identical penalty with *mal tener;* and in the 'Purgatorio' the poet Statius expiates his extravagance with precisely the same sufferings by which Hugh Capet purges his covetousness.

In Bacon's case we may easily find extenuating circumstances. He was not willingly unmindful of the rights of others. He did not seek gain by extortion or oppression. What he gained, he spent, not in vulgar indulgence, but in the gratification of liberal tastes and elegant fancies. Unthrift thus amounted in him to a weakness rather than to a vice. But the weaknesses of great men are often more fatal to them than their vices. And he mounted too high to stand secure while his pedestal was undermined.

When Francis Bacon returned to England in the spring of 1580, after an attendance of three years on the English Embassy to the court of France, he was, as Sir Amias Paulet described him to the queen, a youth 'of great hope, endued with many good and singular parts.' He was then in his twentieth year, having been born January 22, 1561. At that early period he was already the depositary of a great idea, and he had conceived in his soul a twofold ambition. The first was, to found the empire of man in nature; the second, to establish his own fortune in the State. He 'believed himself born for the service of mankind.' He had 'taken all knowledge to be his province.' He discovered in his being 'a kind of familiarity and relationship with truth.' He cherished the hope of 'kindling a light in nature,' and thus becoming 'the propagator of man's empire over the universe, the champion of liberty, the conqueror and subduer of necessities.'*

These magnanimous aspirations, however, did not hold exclusive sway over his mind. They represented the loftiest, but by no means the strongest, impulses of his character. It is true that he coloured his more vulgar designs to himself and others by holding forth the strength and countenance which the possession of high place would lend to his schemes of scientific reform. But the colouring faded with time, leaving the philosopher's ambition to show in its nakedness as no whit less ignoble than the hungry cravings of the common herd of courtiers and place-hunters. Indeed, Bacon himself eventually confessed openly, what he must long have been secretly conscious of—that he had been unfaithful to the momentous trust which he believed to have been committed to him. Why he thus declined from his better self, and deliberately chose the lower part, becomes intelligible enough to all who are willing to confront the real facts of his life and character, but must forever remain an enigma to those who persist in investing him with a fictitious halo of impeccability. This is, in the words of the proverb, *nodum in scirpo quærere.*

Although by nature a scholar rather than a courtier, Bacon was by training a courtier rather than a scholar. Thus, if he had something of the scholar's contempt for

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 364, note.
† 'Lives of Eminent Men,' vol. ii.
‡ 'Of Followers and Friends.' Abbott's ed., vol. ii. p. 65.

* 'Of the Interpretation of Nature,' Proem. Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 84.

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courtiers, he had still more of the courtier's contempt for scholars. To become a 'sorry book-maker,' or even a 'pioneer in the mine of truth,' he treated to the last as a *pis-aller;* while at the same time he did not disguise from himself or others his deep-lying conviction that he had missed his genuine vocation in exchanging a contemplative for an active life. In sending to Sir Thomas Bodley a copy of the 'Advancement of Learning,' he wrote the following words, the substance of which was frequently repeated by him in varied connexions:—

'I think no man may more truly say with the Psalmist *Multum incola fuit anima mea*, than myself. For I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect been absent from that I have done; and in absence are many errors which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest this great one that led the rest; that, knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes: for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind.'*

This contradiction between his theory and his practice was most certainly due neither to inconstancy of judgment, nor to infirmity of will. His mind was extraordinarily tenacious of its ideas. Supple as he was in action, he was inflexible in thought. His opinions on most points were formed early, and they never underwent any material change. They could neither be supplanted by the varied experience of his life, nor uprooted by its tempests. He thought at sixty as he thought at twenty, only with the fulness and precision of increased knowledge. Nor was he a man who drifted through life doing what he did not will, and willing what he did not do. It is true that he had many good intentions, and formed many resolutions, which he failed to carry into effect. These, however, were but as coloured fringes to the central image of his life. His career, in the main, was the outcome of set purpose, and his set purposes were singularly persistent. The inconsistency to be accounted for was not then the result of those negative qualities which count for so much in the lives of ordinary men; and we must therefore seek in some positive principle the hidden mainspring of his conduct. We believe this is to be found in two closely allied instincts of his mind—his craving for action, and his craving for praise. He was conscious of the possession of great and varied powers, and he desired, and was determined, if possible, to secure for them, not only the fullest exercise, but, still more, the fullest recognition. His ambition was boundless, because his capacity was vast. The gigantic task which he set himself in the 'Great Instauration' still left half his faculties unemployed. One of the chief lessons taught to most men by advancing years is that they must renounce in order to achieve. There is a homely Spanish adage, *No se puede repicar y andar en la procesion.* But Bacon's whole life was an effort—and, on the whole, a marvellously successful effort—to 'ring the bell' * at the same time that he 'walked in the procession.' He would neither abandon philosophy for politics, nor politics for philosophy. But the reform of the sciences was relegated to his occasional or enforced leisure, while his most anxious and elaborate care was devoted to the futile task of teaching statesmanship to a wrong-headed pedant, and of currying favour with an insolent minion.

The most profound and persistent motive, however, of his public activity was his peculiar form of pride. It is a trite moral common-place to say that real genius is modest. We believe the saying to be as untrue as it is trite. The possessors of great gifts are but too commonly lifted into arrogance by the consciousness of them. We need not stop to enquire why this is so. The reasons are obvious to those who will take the trouble to consider the fundamental qualities of human nature.

Bacon's pride was indeed of no ordinary type. It was so deep-seated, and, in a certain sense, so rational, that it persuaded him to be modest, and permitted him to be mean. He assured Burghley in his early days that 'arrogancy and over-weening were far from his nature;' and the inflation of the fool and the coxcomb was at all times unknown to him. The vain man asks an alms of admiration which he more than half suspects he does not deserve. The proud man demands a tribute of praise which he knows to be his due. Bacon's desire to shine, if not without a tinge of the former quality, was, doubtless, mainly inspired by the latter. He felt that in his own thoughts he commanded a kingdom, and he believed himself secure of lasting fame. But the distant shimmer of prospective applause served only to quicken his craving for the present splendour of vulgar praise. He was not content to live obscure in order to die famous, but was resolved to win the transient homage of the living, as well as the enduring admira-

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 253.

* 'I shall content myself to awake better spirits, like a bell-ringer, which is first up to call others to church.'—Bacon to Cecil. 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 254. 'Ego enim buccinator tantum.'—De Aug. lv. 1.

tion of posterity. This we believe to have been, consciously or unconsciously, the guiding principle which led him consistently to prefer the service of the crown to the service of science, and the turmoil of political existence to the tranquillity of studious retirement.

In the eighth book of his treatise 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' Bacon lays down a formal rule for the 'architecture of fortune.'

'The handling hereof,' he says, 'concerns learning greatly, both in honour and substance; in honour principally, that pragmatical men may not imagine that learning is like a lark which can mount and sing, and please itself, and nothing else; but may know that it rather partakes of the nature of a hawk, which can soar aloft, and can also descend and strike upon its prey at pleasure.'*

The 'seven precepts' which follow, for teaching the art of getting on in the world, may be thus summarised:—Have a steady purpose, a quick wit, and a cold heart. How he reduced precept to practice we shall now in part see.

Bacon's relations with the Earl of Essex have been fixed on by common consent as a crucial instance with regard to his character. At this point in his career sentiment and self-interest came, for the first and last time, abruptly into collision; while popular attention has been attracted to his conduct, and popular interest in it heightened, by the tragical element conspicuous in this episode of his life. Those who feel compelled to bestow undeserved esteem where they have already bestowed deserved admiration,† believe, that if they can succeed in clearing him in this matter, they need not despair of making out a plausible case for him in those that remain. Nor is their position in all respects ill-chosen. Bacon's guilt was unquestionably exaggerated by the clamour of public indignation. And the pendulum of opinion swings easily from one extreme to the other of its arc of vibration. Further, some circumstances of the transaction still remain in sufficient obscurity to justify discussion. Lastly, a species of apology can be made out for Bacon by liberally blackening Essex, and this line of argument presents innumerable facilities. It has in its favour not only the accomplished fact of a crime, but also all the worst and some of the best qualities of a singularly inconsistent and unstable character.

The scene of the ill-starred friendship between these two men opens in the year 1588, and opens, characteristically enough, with a suit, which the young earl is urging on behalf of the needy barrister. The star of Essex's fortune was already well above the horizon. Popular expectation pointed to him as the man destined to succeed to more than the fulness of Leicester's favour, and, unless he strangely belied his promise, to deserve it better. His virtues were already full-blown; his vices were still in the bud. But his virtues were equally calculated with his vices to contribute to a brilliant rise and a calamitous downfall. His candour and chivalrous daring won for him the affection of the queen; to retain it he would have needed the aid of dissimulation and subserviency. He was unfit to be a courtier; he became instead a conspirator. In the poisoned atmosphere of the court, his impetuosity degenerated into violence, his emulation into overweening intolerance, his youthful ardour into unbridled and fatal rashness. All this, however, was as yet hidden in the future, and was certainly unforeseen by Bacon.

He 'applied himself,' he tells us, to the Earl of Essex, because he held him 'at that time to be the fittest instrument to do good to the State;'* and we may fairly add, enlightened by subsequent events, because he held him also to be the 'fittest instrument' to advance the fortunes of Francis Bacon. Essex, on his side, who was a scholar before he became a soldier, was irresistibly attracted by the splendid qualities of the future philosopher. In the last letter which he addressed to him, written after Bacon had already appeared as counsel against him, he says: 'You have believed that I have been kind to you, and you may believe that I cannot be other, either upon humour or mine own election;'† and his entire correspondence bears witness to the enthusiastic affection lavished by him on a dependent whom he would have blushed to treat otherwise than as a friend. 'I cannot tell,' Anthony Bacon writes to his mother, 'in what terms to acknowledge the desert of the earl's unspeakable kindness to us both, but namely to him' (Francis), 'now at a pinch, which by God's help shortly will appear by good effects. Surely, madam, I must needs confess the earl declareth himself more like a father than a friend unto him; and doubt not, but if that he, that should be first' (Burghley), 'do but second the earl, those

* 'Works,' vol. v. p. 79. Spedding's edition.

† 'Sa valeur morale est restée un triste problème pour ceux qui voudraient de tout point estimer ce qu'ils admirent.'—Ch. de Rémusat, Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps.' p. 4.

* 'Apology in certain Imputations concerning the Earl of Essex.' 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 143.

† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 192.

gifts that God hath bestowed on my brother shall lie no longer fallow.'*

The 'pinch' here spoken of was the canvass for the place of Attorney-General, which Essex was at that time urging on behalf of his friend with more ardour than success. The vacancy was caused by the death of the Master of the Rolls, February 4, 1593. Sir Thomas Egerton was then Attorney, Sir Edward Coke Solicitor-General. The former was, without cavil, designated for the Rolls, and the latter would have seemed his natural successor in the Attorney-Generalship. But here Essex interposed his candidate. The prescriptive right which now in great measure regulates the promotion of the law officers of the Crown, was not then established, so that the claims of the two aspirants were open to consideration on their respective merits. And thus began the long rivalry between Bacon and Coke, which lasted, with many strange alternations of fortune, during the greater part of their lives. They were competitors in law and in love: they were foes at the Council Board, in Parliament, and on the Bench. But though each in turn enjoyed the poor satisfaction of contributing to the downfall of the other, the final triumph must be adjudged to him who survived his rival to frame the Petition of Right.

The first obstacle in the way of Bacon's promotion was a remarkable speech delivered by him in Parliament on March 7, 1593. The question before the House was that of Supply. The Government had made the unprecedented demand of a triple subsidy to be raised in three years. Bacon pleaded for a term of six, and an extension to four years was eventually agreed upon. This trifling opposition on his part deeply offended the queen. She denied him his accustomed privilege of access to her presence; and her resentment was, in all probability, fostered while recent, and revived when languishing, by those whose interest it was to exclude from court a man of transcendent abilities and unsurpassed *finesse*. The letter by which he endeavoured to recover Elizabeth's good graces, and set himself once more on the highway to preferment, was a masterpiece of policy, and very nearly achieved its purpose. He assures her Majesty that although he had sought her service in order that he might have the means of repairing his error, 'if any of his friends now press the matter, his spirit is not with them.' For his 'mind turneth upon other wheels than those of profit.' Finally, he wishes her Majesty 'served answerable to herself. *Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.*'*

The whole tenor of his correspondence with the queen is a remarkable tribute to the soundness of her understanding, and contrasts strongly with the fulsome tone of his letters to James I. By her favourites Elizabeth chose to be addressed as a weak-witted woman, but by her ministers as a strong-headed man; and Bacon was an adept in the accomplished letter-writer's art of suiting his style to his correspondents.

Mr. Spedding lays great stress on his supposed independence at this juncture. He points triumphantly not only to the patriotic motives which he presumes to have inspired his speech, but to the studiously guarded phrases with which he excused it. The truth, as we apprehend it, is this. Bacon's action in the Parliament of 1593 was the result, not of a passing fit of patriotism, but of a fixed policy, which he was frequently obliged to postpone, but never relinquished. He was, we believe, the first English statesman to conceive the idea of strengthening his influence with the Crown by gaining the confidence of the Commons, and of governing the country, not in despite, but with the aid of Parliament. To this, the most honourable feature in his public life, we shall recur farther on; here we only desire to make his conduct intelligible. He plainly miscalculated the effect of his move. He expected that the larger scope of his policy would have been penetrated by the sagacity of Elizabeth. He found instead that he had put a highly serviceable weapon into the hands of his opponents. To have offered an abject apology would have been to calumniate his own motives, and to forfeit the respect of his sovereign. He therefore stood upon his loyal intentions, and intimated that the offence would not be repeated. He was as good as his word. During the remaining years of that reign, he was a servile supporter of the Government. Under a Tudor prince, the attempt to initiate a parliamentary policy was indeed premature; we shall see how it fared under a Stuart.

In the meantime, Essex was not idle. 'The earl,' Anthony Bacon wrote on April 16, 'hath been twice very earnest with her Majesty touching my brother;' and on July 18, from Twickenham, 'Our most honourable and kind friend the Earl of Essex was here yesterday three hours, and hath most friendly and freely promised to set up, as they say, his whole rest of favour and credit for my brother's preferment before Mr. Cooke.'

* Birch, 'Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,' vol. i. p. 122.

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 240.

On August 24, the young earl himself wrote to Francis Bacon:—

'Sir,—I spake with the queen yesterday and on Wednesday. On Wednesday she cut me off short; she being come newly home and making haste to her supper. Yesterday I had a full audience, but with little better success than before. . . . Her humour is yet to delay. I am now going to her again; and what I cannot effect at once, I will look to do *sæpe cadendo*.' *

A month later, he 'found the queen so wayward that he thought it no fit time to deal with her in any suit;' but October 13, he tells Anthony Bacon:—

'She was content to hear me plead at large for your brother, but condemned my judgment in thinking him fittest to be Attorney, whom his own uncle' (Burghley) 'did name but to a second place; and said that the sole exception against Mr. Cooke was stronger against your brother, which was youth. † To the first I answered that it was rather the humour of my lord to have a man obnoxious' (i.e. subservient) 'to him; and to the second, that the comparison held not good; for if they were both of one standing, yet herself knew there was such a difference in the worthiness of the persons, as if Mr. Cooke's head and beard were grown grey with age it would not counterpoise his other disadvantages.' ‡

Although the received opinion as to Robert Cecil's secret hostility to his cousin's pretensions has lately been called in question,§ we are unable to find any valid grounds for scepticism on the subject. It is true that he wrote an effusive letter to Sir Thomas Egerton thanking him for some service rendered to his kinsman.‖ But Egerton was Bacon's special friend, and it has never been denied that Cecil sought to maintain the appearance of goodwill towards his struggling relative. 'Truly his speech was all kindly outward, and did desire to have me think so of him,' wrote Lady Bacon on one occasion; and the intimate correspondence of the whole family betrays their deep distrust both of Burghley and of his son. There seems no reason to doubt that the statement made by Bacon in later life, that 'in the times of the Cecils, father and son, able men, were, by design and of purpose, suppressed,' conveyed his deliberate opinion; and there is much reason to believe that it expressed the substantial truth.

Notwithstanding his assurance to the queen that 'his spirit was not with' those who urged his suit, Bacon's share in the canvass was by no means a passive one. He pleaded with Burghley; he invoked and remonstrated with Cecil; he stimulated Essex. Towards Easter it began to be clear that his cause was hopeless; and on April 10, 1594, Coke received his patent as Attorney-General. 'I cannot but conclude with myself,' Bacon writes, 'that no man ever received a more exquisite disgrace.' In one paragraph of the same letter he threatens to retire to Cambridge, there to spend his life 'in studies and contemplations;' and in the next recommends to the earl his claims for the lower place of Solicitor-General, adding, 'The objections to my competitors your lordship knoweth partly. I pray spare them not.'

This second suit dragged on with the same vicissitudes of promise and discouragement as the first, and ended, like the first, in disappointment. Thomas Fleming, a man in every respect Bacon's inferior, was named Solicitor-General in November 1595. The queen began (in Essex's words) by 'going from a denial to a delay,' and ended by going from a delay to a denial. 'My conceit is,' wrote Bacon to his brother, 'that I am the least part of mine own matter. But what the secret of it is, *oculus aquilæ non penetravit*.' The truth seems to be that Elizabeth refused the place to Bacon, well knowing him to be the best man, out of a deliberate design to mortify Essex. His persistence roused her obstinacy. His vehemence irritated her temper. As he grew passionate for his friend, she grew passionate against him. 'Upon me,' Essex had said 'the labour must lie of his establishment, and upon me the disgrace must light of his being refused.' And the queen had early declared her determination to break the froward spirit of her favourite, and bring him under her yoke by timely humiliation.

We may add that Mr. Spedding's imputation to Essex of selfish and vainglorious motives in seeking Bacon's promotion finds a complete refutation in a letter from him to Cecil, printed from the Hatfield MSS., by Dr. Abbott, in the valuable essay, the title of which we have prefixed to this article. The earl's court favour was, when he wrote, suffering one of its periodical eclipses; but his zeal for his friend's interests rendered him indifferent, provided they throve, whether they were advanced by himself or by the leader of the opposite faction.

'I write this,' he says, 'to desire you to solicit the queen for Mr. Francis Bacon,

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 254.

† Coke was Bacon's senior by nine years in age, and four in standing at the Bar.

‡ Spedding, 'Life,' vol. i. p. 269.

§ By the writer of an article in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1876, entitled 'Hatfield House,' and, with some hesitation, by Mr. Spedding.

‖ Birch, vol. i. p. 165.

whom not only lawyers, but men of all professions and degrees, do think the only fit and worthy man to be Solicitor. . . . I heard him yesterday handle the great question of perpetuities so far above all that I ever heard come out of a lawyer's mouth as, without private respect of love or friendship, I should grieve in my soul that her Majesty should not have use of him. . . . Therefore, Sir Robert, let us all, who have in this world nothing so much recommended as the honour and greatness of the queen, plead for him. For the world shall know both the queen's manner to choose the worthiest, and, knowing none worthy to be compared unto him, will say it is our fault, by whom her Majesty should be truly informed.'*

Everybody has read of Essex's generosity to his discomfited follower when the long chase for office was at last baffled—how he came to his lodge in Twickenham Park, and said: 'Master Bacon, the queen hath denied me yon place for you, and hath placed another; yon have spent your time and your thoughts in my matters: I die if I do not somewhat towards your fortune.' Whereupon he enfeoffed him of land which he sold afterwards for 1,800*l.*, and 'thonght was more worth.'† It is true that Essex, with characteristic delicacy, represented this gift in the light of payment for past services; but we are not therefore to conclude that snch services had hitherto received no material recompense. On the contrary, Anthony Bacon speaks of the 'deep arrearages' nnder which, as early as 1592, his brother lay towards the earl; and it is in itself extremely improbable that a generous patron would, dnring many years, have availed himself, gratis, of the wits of a needy client.

The death of Lord Keeper Puckering, April 30, 1596, and the promotion of Egerton to his place, once more stirred Bacon's hopes of professional advancement; but this time he used the intercession of Essex with more reserve, desiring his brother to represent the suit for the Rolls as 'a thing carried wholly without my knowledge, between my lord and yourself.' The office remaining long vacant gave occasion in the following year to an attempted intrigue on the part of Bacon, which, even to Mr. Spedding, seems 'questionable,' and which we are compelled to stigmatise as in the highest degree discreditable. In 1589, Burghley had obtained for his nephew the reversion of a clerkship in the Star Chamber, eventually worth 2,000*l.* a year. In this case, however, as in many others, his fortunes were slow in ripening. The actual occupant declined to be shuffled off the scene for the benefit of the reformer of philosophy, and the place remained for nineteen years, in Bacon's witty phrase, 'like another man's ground reaching upon my house, which may mend my prospect, but it doth not fill my barn.' Questions, however, began to be raised as to the legality of certain fees appertaining to the office, and in November 1597, the holder, William Mill, was tried in the Star Chamber for corruption. While these questions were pending, Bacon was not ashamed to make an offer to Egerton (on whom, as Lord Keeper, their decision virtually devolved), of surrendering to his son, in exchange for the Mastership of the Rolls, his interest in an office which it was at that moment in Egerton's power to bring into actual possession; hinting, not obscurely, that the public interest required an example to be made of Mill. The negotiation, however, miscarried; Mill was acquitted, and Bacon remained unplaced.

About the same time he made an effort of a different kind to extricate himself from the pecnniary embarrassments which became year by year more pressing. 'Certain cross winds,' he writes to the earl, 'having blown contrary *in genere politico*, I am in thought to attempt a fortune *in genere œconomico*.' Sir William Hatton, the nephew and heir of Elizabeth's 'dancing Chancellor,' died March 12, 1597, leaving a widow young enough, perhaps, to excite the philosopher's interest, and certainly wealthy enough to mend his means. Essex, as usual, pleaded ardently for his friend; but 'certain cross winds' again 'blew contrary;' for, on November 7, 1598 (as Chamberlain tells us), 'the qneen's attorney' (Coke) 'married the Lady Hatton, to the great admiration of all men, that, after so many large and likely offers, she should decline to a man of his quality.'*

Symptoms of alienation on Bacon's part from Essex, and of increased obseqniousness to the Cecils, begin henceforth to show themselves. In racing language, he prepared to 'hedge.' The blame of this 'discontinuance of privateness,' he laid, in after times, on Essex; bnt his correspondence contains unmistakeable indications that it proceeded from himself. It was, indeed, clear that the earl was no skilful architect either of his own or of any other person's fortune, and the interests of philosophy required the author of 'The Greatest Birth of Time'† to

* 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 44.
† Bacon's 'Apology.' 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 144.

* 'Letters of John Chamberlain,' p. 29. Published by the Camden Society.
† 'Temporis Partus Maximus,' a yonthful Essay, dating from 1585, of which Cuffe said, 'A wise man would not have written it, a foo could not have written it.'

seek a patron elsewhere. He had experienced the futility of his protection even in the height of his favour, and he was too clear-sighted not to perceive that his favour rested on a precarious foundation. Bacon knew Elizabeth intimately, and had sounded her nature to its depths. He knew that she loved Essex; but he knew also that no affection of which she was capable could for an instant stand in competition with her love of sovereign power. Her young favourite had always been a popular idol; the brilliant success of his Cadiz expedition in 1596 made him, in addition, a military hero. Thenceforward his chief danger lay — as Bacon earnestly warned him *—in the jealousy of the queen. To 'a lady of her Majesty's apprehension,' he wisely said, a popular reputation 'combined with a military dependence' formed a 'dangerous image.' '*Quid igitur agendum est?*' For the first, 'quench it *verbis* and not *rebus*.' For the second, 'keep it in substance, but abolish it in shows to the queen.' If the earl had been less candid and more constant, he might have profited by the sagacious counsel of his astute dependent; but, unluckily for himself, 'he carried' — as his secretary, Henry Cuffe, was wont to complain—'his love and his hatred always in his brow,' † and, when he attempted dissimulation, was the first to turn traitor upon his own artifices.

The crisis which Bacon had anticipated was not slow in coming. In the summer of 1598, the Court being at Greenwich, the queen and Essex quarrelled furiously at the council-table over the nomination of a deputy to Ireland. It is significant of the estimation in which the post was held, that he was set upon getting rid of Sir George Carew, one of his principal opponents, by despatching him thither;

'yet could not' (we quote from Camden) 'by all his persuasions draw her to it; quite forgetting himself, and neglecting his duty, he uncivilly turned his back upon her, as it were in contempt, and gave her a scornful look. She, not enduring such behaviour, gave him a box on the ear, and bade him get him gone and be hanged. He presently laid his hand on his sword; and the Lord Admiral stepping between, he swore a great oath that he neither could nor would put up so great an affront and indignity, neither would he have taken it at King Henry the Eighth his hands; and in a great passion withdrew himself presently from the Court.' ‡

The news of a terrible reverse to the English arms in Ireland recalled the angry earl to his senses, and in September he was nominally restored to favour. 'Yet, hereupon,' remarks Camden, 'his friends began shrewdly to fear his ruin, who had observed that Fortune is seldom reconciled to her foster-children whom she hath once forsaken, and princes more seldom to those whom they have before offended.'

The question of the day was now the reconquest of Ireland; for to that point tyranny had combined with anarchy to conduct the affairs of the island. The destruction of Sir Henry Bagnall's army gave the signal for a general rising, and the rebel Tyrone virtually reigned from Lough Foyle to the Blackwater. Public expectation pointed to Essex as the fittest man to meet the danger, and on March 12, 1599, after long and stormy debates, he was named Deputy, and entrusted with the command of a nominally powerful army. A letter from him to his intimate friend the Earl of Southampton,* gives a graphic picture of his sentiments in undertaking the enterprise. He went, not altogether unwillingly, yet full of misgivings; divided between his love of military glory and his apprehension of the straits to which either success or failure could hardly fail to reduce him; exasperated by the queen's continued ill-humour, and exasperating it still further by his petulance and obstinacy; well aware of the advantage which his rivals at court would derive from his absence, yet ready to play their game with his eyes open. They, on their part, knowing 'that there is no more easy way to overthrow a man grown popular than by thrusting him forward upon a business which he is unable and unfit for,' perfidiously 'spurred him forward who was running before;' 'and that they might entangle the heedless and uncircumspect earl in their close-laid nets, they set spies upon him to observe his actions, take notice of his speeches, and to make all things to be more and worse than they were.' †

His campaign failed lamentably; but the attempt to prove that it was conducted with disloyal intentions will not bear serious investigation. It failed from the same causes which had already led to repeated disasters in the same field—disaffection amongst the troops, incompetency in the generals, difficulties of country and climate. The parsimony of the queen compelled her soldiers to serve without pay for at least eighty days, the cost of clothing, provisions, and ammunition being deducted from their daily pit-

* 'Letter of Advice to Essex.' 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 40.

† 'History of the Princess Elizabeth,' by William Camden, p. 624.

‡ Ibid. p. 556.

* Published by Dr. Abbott, 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 110.

† Camden, pp. 568–9.

tance;* the Irish not only inspired their enemies with respect by their native prowess, but struck them with terror by their supposed command of supernatural agencies;† the season was, even for Ireland, an extraordinarily wet one; Essex was ill-advised, spent with illness, and sorely disturbed in mind. Finally, neglecting the queen's prohibition, he left his post, appeared suddenly at Nonsuch one morning in September as her Majesty was completing her toilet, and was, before night, committed to custody for contempt of the royal injunction.

Investigations followed, rather for the purpose of appeasing popular discontent than of satisfying public justice. First, a simple declaration was made in the Star Chamber, November 29, of the causes moving the queen to displeasure against the earl. This was succeeded, June 5, 1600, by a more solemn proceeding before an irregularly constituted court at York House, where Essex was confined. 'My lord,' wrote Sir Gilly Meyrick, one of the earl's partisans, 'was charged by the serjeant, attorney, the solicitor, and Mr. Bacon—who was very idle, and, I hope, will have the reward of that honour in the end.'‡ One incident of the trial is worth notice as demonstrating the spuriousness of a document relied on by Mr. Spedding as the one irrefragable proof of Essex's treachery in the field. This memorandum, published in the 'Winwood Memorials' under the title 'Tyrone's Propositions,' purports to represent the terms which Essex came over from Ireland to submit to the queen, and, if we could believe it to be genuine, we should, with Mr. Spedding, hold him guilty of having been willing to treat with Tyrone on the basis of a virtual abrogation of English sovereignty in Ireland. The following circumstance, however, sufficiently disposes of it. The first five articles of the so-called 'Propositions' related to the free exercise of the Catholic religion in Ireland. Now this concession, however just and wise it may seem to us, was at that time far more offensive to popular prejudice than the really objectionable clauses of the treaty, and Coke accordingly, with his usual virulence, urged against the prisoner a charge of 'toleration.' But what was the earl's reply? Toleration, he said, 'had been mentioned by Tyrone, but never yielded by him; to whom he had plainly said, Hang thee up, thou carest for religion as much as my horse!'§ Whereupon Secretary Cecil, who knew the truth, and saw that the attorney had gone too far, came forward to clear the earl of having yielded to that 'foul condition, though, by reason of Tyrone's vaunting afterwards, it might have some show of probability.'* The proceedings, which had been instituted far more for the justification of the queen than for the incrimination of Essex, ended with a nominal sentence, and the earl was, some weeks later, released from restraint.

But although officially exonerated from all suspicion of disloyalty, he had by this time forfeited his claim to an untarnished reputation. During his imprisonment he had sanctioned an undoubtedly treasonable scheme for declaring the succession of the King of Scots with the aid of the Irish army; and when the prudence of Mountjoy, the new viceroy, compelled the abandonment of this project, his thoughts began to turn towards the reckless enterprise which eventually cost him his life. In truth, he had well-nigh lost the power of governing either his passions or his projects. The difficulties of his situation had completely overthrown not only his physical, but his mental health. At times his life was despaired of. At times his mind seemed on the brink of ruin. 'The Earl of Essex hath been somewhat crazy this week,'† we hear, on February 28, from John Chamberlain, the indefatigable newswriter of the period. 'The man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea,'‡ writes Sir John Harrington, the witty godson of the queen. Elizabeth's insulting refusal to renew his monopoly of sweet wines—his sole hope of retrieving an estate burdened with debts largely incurred in the service of the Crown—turned the scale towards treason. His abortive insurrection of February 8, 1601, was—in Fouché's cynical phrase—'worse than a crime, a blunder,' and it incurred the speedy retribution which not unfrequently misses a crime, but invariably overtakes a blunder.

We now come to Bacon's share in these transactions. It is far from our intention to try his conduct by the romantic standard of a school-girl's first friendship. We do not expect from him the devotion of a Damon, or the fidelity of a Kent. Supereminent virtues do not, indeed, come within the ordinary range of history. They are so rare as to win applause rather than awake expectation. There are, it is true, occasions when, if a man will not rise to generosity, he must stoop to baseness; but this was

* 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 121.
† Harrington, 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' vol. ii. p. 24.
‡ 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 174.
§ Devereux, 'Lives of the Earls of Essex,' vol. ii. p. 105.

* 'Bacon and Essex,' p. 171.
† 'Letters of John Chamberlain,' p. 69.
‡ 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' vol. i. p. 179. Quoted by Mr. Spedding, vol. ii. p. 208.

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hardly one of them. We shall simply enquire whether Bacon's action in this matter was that of a man of the world who was also a man of honour. We confess that the provisions of no code with which we are acquainted are sufficiently liberal to cover his proceedings; and we believe that the popular condemnation of his conduct was, in the main, grounded on a tolerably fair estimate of his character.

We have, then, three grave charges to bring against him. First, that he was virtually a suitor for the office of counsel against his benefactor; next, that, after sentence was passed, he failed to intercede with the queen for his life; lastly, that he lent himself to the perversions of fact and falsifications of evidence contained in the official 'Declaration touching the Treasons of the Earl of Essex.' As regards the first count of our indictment, it is material to observe that Bacon's relation to the Crown at that time was not only anomalous, but unprecedented. He was the first of that numerous class of barristers who now, under very different conditions, don, with their silk gowns, the title of Queen's Counsel. At the very time that she held him on the verge of beggary by refusing him office, Elizabeth, who was an adept in the art of securing the gratuitous services of her subjects, began to employ him in Crown cases. He held no patent, he received no fee, but came by degrees to occupy a recognised position amongst the 'Learned Counsel,' while his official duties were regulated exclusively by the discretion or caprice of the queen. We do not deny that the royal commands would have been paramount to any private obligation, although, under somewhat similar circumstances, Yelverton subsequently declined to appear against Somerset, and Whitelocke successfully pleaded for exemption from the duty of accusing Land; but there is no evidence that Elizabeth intended to place Bacon in the dilemma in which they found themselves. On the contrary, his chief uneasiness seems to have been caused by the prospect of his services remaining unclaimed. We quote his own account of the matter from his 'Apology,' published in 1604, when the friends of Essex were once more in the ascendant, and it was his interest to set himself right with them. A short time before the York House prosecution, he informs us, it was notified to him 'that her Majesty was not yet resolved whether she would have him forborne in the business or no.'

'And hereupon,' he continues, 'might arise that other sinister and untrue speech that I hear is raised of me, how I was a suitor to be used against my Lord of Essex at that time; for it is very true that I, that knew well what had passed between the queen and me, and what occasion I had given her both of distaste and distrust in crossing her disposition by standing steadfastly for my Lord of Essex, and suspecting it also to be a stratagem arising from some particular emulation' (the professional jealousy of Coke), 'I writ to her two or three words of compliment, signifying to her Majesty, that if she would be pleased to spare me in my lord of Essex cause, out of the consideration she took of my obligations towards him, I should reckon it for one of her highest favours; but otherwise desiring her Majesty to think that I knew the degrees of duties, and that no particular obligation whatsoever to any subject could supplant or weaken that entireness of duty that I did owe and bear to her and her service.'

It is clear that in the above words he strives to extenuate, but does not attempt to repel, the charge of having offered his services for the prosecution of the earl, and that tho 'two or three words of compliment' were designed for the effect they actually produced—that of baffling the stratagem of his rival, and procuring for himself the opportunity of distinction in a conspicuous cause. Moreover, not satisfied with the insignificant part assigned to him, 'because it was considered how he stood tied to my lord of Essex,' he went out of his way to bring forward a piece of evidence eminently calculated to revive the queen's smouldering resentment. This was a letter written by Essex to Egerton shortly after the scene at Greenwich, filled with passionate complaints of the queen's injustice and severity. Bacon admits that 'in the delivery he did handle his part not tenderly,' but pleads his intention to uphold himself in credit and strength with the queen, the better to be able to do my lord good offices afterwards'—an excuse which sounds like irony, looking at the upshot. It is true that he subsequently made some assiduous and doubtless well-meant efforts to reinstate Essex in court favour, and 'was never,' he tells us, 'better welcome to the queen, nor more made of, than when he spake fullest and boldest for him;' but when the clouds gathered again, and his own credit seemed in peril with his friend's, he 'determined to meddle no more in the matter, seeing that it would overthrow himself, and do my lord of Essex no good.'

This resolution he carried out unflinchingly. Not only he denounced him at his final trial as a hypocrite and dissembler as well as a traitor, comparing him to Cain, Judas, Pisistratus, and—worse than all, in the jealous apprehension of Elizabeth—to Guise; but, having the opportunity at a private in-

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terview with the queen before his execution (and this brings us to the second of our charges against him), he 'durst not deal directly for my lord as matters then stood.' Some vague hints of extenuation which he professes to have urged, we may dismiss as idle; the fact remains, that when an earnest word might have saved the life of a man towards whom he acknowledged deep obligations, he failed to speak that word. Here at least he could put forward no plea of superior service; he had done his duty, and more than his duty; he had earned, by his supererogatory zeal, the right to be heard as a suppliant; but he did not dare to run the gauntlet of a woman's frown in at least attempting to deliver from the scaffold the friend whom he had helped to condemn.

The case of Essex was eminently one in which justice, while it was not outraged by rigour, would have been adorned by clemency. Although technically guilty of high treason, he was in all probability innocent of any essentially treasonable purpose. That he ever dreamt of supplanting his sovereign on the throne was a lie which the government was not ashamed to invent, but was afraid to confront him with.

'One thing sticks much in men's minds,' writes Chamberlain (Mr. Spedding, in citing the letter, omits this passage), 'that whereas divers preachers were commanded, the Sunday before, to deliver to the people among his other treasons, that he had complotted with Tyrone, and was reconciled to the Pope' ('the Pope' was a mere sop to the Cerberus of the Paul's Cross congregation), 'and whereas Mr. Attorney, at Tom Leigh's arraignment, averred the same combining with Tyrone, and that he had practised, by the means of seminary priests, with the Pope and King of Spain, to be King of England—there was no such matter mentioned at his arraignment, and yet there was time enough for it, from nine o'clock in the morning till almost seven at night.' *

What Essex attempted to effect by means of a convulsion in the State, would be accomplished at the present day through the agency of a vote in Parliament. He sought, by dangerous and unjustifiable means, to remove from the queen advisers whose policy he believed to be not only hostile to himself, but prejudicial to the realm. When, raising the cry that his life was in danger, and the country sold to Spain, he flung himself, delirious with excitement, upon the city with a handful of half-armed followers, his patriotic fears were no doubt magnified by disappointed ambition. But that they were neither feigned, nor altogether unfounded, is proved by the fact, recently brought to light by Mr. Gardiner, * that Cecil's name is prominent on the list of Spanish pensioners; while a letter written by Raleigh, † then high in court favour, shortly before Essex's death, exhibits him in the light of a rancorous and unscrupulous foe to the unhappy young earl.

Elizabeth's final obduracy towards Essex has always been a problem to historians, and the famous story of the ring is doubtless rather a testimony to their perplexity than a record of actual fact. There is evidence that the sentence was not carried into effect without some hesitation on her part. Camden expressly tells us that she sent contradictory commands respecting its execution, which was postponed from Saturday, February 21, when it would, in the ordinary course, have taken place, to the following Wednesday.‡ According to Raleigh, Essex's saying that the queen 'had become as crooked in mind as in person,' cost him his head; and we can hardly doubt that the outraged affection of a woman aided the jealous alarm of a sovereign to bring about his untimely end.

It is at least certain that she never, after his death, recovered her former equanimity and high spirit. Sir John Harrington, an unimpeachable witness, gives a deplorable account of the condition in which he found her on several subsequent occasions.

'She is quite disfavoured and unattired,' he says, 'and these troubles waste her much. She disregardeth every costly cover that cometh to the table, and taketh little but manchet and succory potage. . . . I must not say much even by this trusty and sure messenger, but the many evil plots and designs hath overcome all her Highness' sweet temper. She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at ill news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the arras in great rage.'

Shortly before her death, he writes to his 'Sweet Mall':—

'Not many days since I was bidden to her presence: I blest the happy moment, and found her in most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone. I replied with reverence, that I had seen him

* Letters of John Chamberlain, p. 105.

* 'History of England,' 1603–1616, Appendix III. In 1605, the pension received by Salisbury (Cecil) from Spain was raised from 4,000 to 6,000 crowns. It does not appear at what date it began to be paid.

† Murdin, 'Burghley Papers,' p. 812.

‡ Another possible motive for this postponement might be found in the anxiety of the government to develope to the utmost Essex's penitent disposition to confess all the details and reveal all the accomplices of his crime. Nevertheless, although his confession was probably elicited under their directions, they ventured to publish only a mutilated fragment of it.

with the Lord Deputy; she looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, "Oh, now it mindeth me that you was *one* who saw this man *elsewhere*," and hereat she dropt a tear, and smote her bosom; she held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips, but in sooth her heart seemeth too full to lack more filling.'*

She died March 24, 1603, of hopeless melancholy. 'Her physicians said she had a body of firm and perfect constitution likely to have lived many years.'†

There is a singular circumstance connected with Bacon's relations to Elizabeth on one side, and Essex on the other, which seems to us to deserve somewhat more attention than it has hitherto received. From the time that Essex was first committed to custody at York House, public rumour (as we learn from his 'Apology') fixed on Bacon as the secret agent in his disgrace with the queen. The clamour on the subject was so loud and persistent that the cautious Cecil (whose conduct towards Essex was marked throughout by extreme moderation) remonstrated with him on his supposed treachery; and his life was even threatened—as he took care to inform the queen—by some of the earl's violent partisans. This is strange enough; but what follows seems, at first sight, still more inexplicable. The rumours in question proceeded (as Bacon gives us plainly to understand) from no less an authority than Elizabeth herself! We find ourselves, then, in presence of the following dilemma: either they were true, and Bacon's character was blacker than it has ever been painted, or they were false, and the deliberate invention of the queen. We incline to the latter alternative. No conceivable motive could have urged Bacon to play such a dangerous game. By doing so he would probably have rendered himself odious to his royal mistress; he would certainly have made himself obnoxious to a powerful party which might at any moment become predominant in the State. It would have been a piece of gratuitous villany; and gratuitous villany was as foreign to his nature as gratuitous heroism.

On the other hand, the love of popularity was, with Elizabeth, a passion second only to her love of power. Essex had, by his contumacy, insulted the one; he now, by his misfortunes, threatened the other. Bacon warned her that her 'proceeding toward my lord was a thing towards the people very implausible; and therefore wished her majesty, howsoever she did, yet to discharge herself of it, and to lay it upon others.' She took his advice. She 'discharged herself of it,' and 'laid it' upon the shoulders of her astute counsellor. It may be remarked that this view of her conduct is entirely in accordance with her known character; and her treatment of Bacon in this matter bears a striking analogy to her treatment of Davison in the case of the Queen of Scots. It is also noticeable that Bacon's court favour seems to have ceased with the execution of Essex. After the proceedings relating to the trial had terminated, we have no further narratives of 'accesses' or interviews—no further records of letters or new year's gifts. There was, in his favourite phrase, *altum silentium* between him and Elizabeth.

We shall now, in a few words, advert to the publication by which the Government endeavoured to justify to the people of England their proceedings towards the Earl of Essex. The queen having, with her usual discernment, 'taken a liking to the pen' of Francis Bacon, the task was committed to him. We doubt whether there is a second instance in history of such powers having been prostituted to such a purpose. The treason of Essex was patent; but the people persisted in believing that their favourite had, by undue severity, been driven into that treason. What was wanted was a plausible excuse for the rigour previously exercised towards him, and this was found in the charge of collusion with Tyrone—a charge indignantly refuted by the earl in his lifetime, and revived, with dastardly caution, only when he was no longer at hand to defend himself. Even if, in the case of the misstatements requisite for the support of this assertion, we admit Bacon's plea, that he wrote from instructions, there remains a still graver charge which can be brought home to him personally—that of mutilating and garbling the evidence professedly 'taken word for word out of the originals.' The production of witnesses in court being considered dangerous to the Crown, sworn depositions were substituted for *viva voce* examinations. These depositions were obtained under circumstances which rendered them utterly untrustworthy. But of these depositions so procured the accused did not get the full benefit. Only such portions of them were read as suited the purposes of the prosecution. We find the original documents still preserved in the State Paper Office, adorned with such marginal notes as 'Read not this;' '*Cave!*' '*Hucusque!*' &c.* These 'directions to the reader' form an enduring record of the

* 'Nugæ Antiquæ,' vol. ii. p. 78.

† Quoted from Harl. MSS. by Mr. Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iii. p. 55.

* Jardine, 'Criminal Trials,' Introduction, p. 28.

official zeal and the judicial iniqnity of those times.

To the 'Declaration touching the Treasons of the Earl of Essex' were appended, 'for the better warranting and verifying of the narration,' 'the very confessions and testimonies themselves, word for word, taken out of the originals.' By using a somewhat wide interpretation, we might construe this to mean that such portions of the evidence were published as had been proved on the trial. Bnt the late Mr. Jardine, in examining the originals of these confessions, made the singular discovery that, besides the 'directions' of the Attorney-General, several passages were marked, in Bacon's handwriting, with the letters '*om*' (omit); and on tnrning to the printed 'Declaration,' all the passages thus indicated were found, in fact, to be absent.* Some of the phrases thus omitted give a hearsay character to the evidence; many show want of concert and premeditation among the conspirators; the great majority tend in some way to invalidate the official narrative. In more than one instance, sentences are distorted into a darker signification than they originally bore. The evidence, thus mutilated by Coke and garbled by Bacon, was given to the public with the Government 'Declaration,' and contributed, no doubt, to give a delnsive air of plausibility to the story therein contained.

Mr. Spedding's defence of Bacon against this grave accnsation can assuredly satisfy no candid enqnirer. 'It falls,' he tells us, 'into four divisions,' which we give in his own words:—

'First, it is by no means certain that the marks in question were made in referenee to the Declaration at all. Secondly, it is quite possible that the passages in question had been omitted at the trial. Thirdly, whether the omission were right or wrong, there is no ground for imputing it to Bacon personally. Fourthly, the passages omitted do not in any one particular tend to soften the evidence against Essex as explained in the narrative part, or to modify in any way the history of the case, as far as it concerned him.'†

This sounds well; but it is in truth as flimsy a structure as Don Quixote's pasteboard morion, and needs to be as tenderly handled. Indeed, it required all Mr. Spedding's large faith in his hero to enable him gravely to put on paper so hollow an apology. He doubts that the marks were made with a view to the 'Declaration,' because several passages '*not* so marked are nevertheless omitted in the appendix,' and because 'similar marks are found in other papers of which no part is printed there.' We meet his negative with an affirmative. *All* the passages indicated for snppression by Bacon were, in point of fact, suppressed in the 'Declaration,' which in its narrative shows the clearest 'evidence of design,' as regards the phrases made away with. It is then futile to doubt or deny the purpose of snch manipulation.

Mr. Spedding next snggests that the passages so marked *may* (our readers will notice the hypotbetical character of the argument), by an afterthought, have been suppressed by Coke at the trial. To this we reply that many pieces of evidence which did not come into existence until after the trial—as, for instance, the confessions of Essex and Blunt—were, nevertheless, garbled in the 'Declaration.' We might add, that the professional dishonesty of one man would scarcely excuse the official falsehood of another; but we prefer keeping to the ground which Mr. Spedding himself has chosen. He next denies *in toto* Bacon's responsibility, on the plea that he *may* have merely written down the directions of the Council. But we read that on March 16 'twenty-five papers concerning the Earl of Essex's treasons were delivered to Mr. Francis Bacon for her Majesty's service;'—to Mr. Francis Bacon personally and privately, not to the Council. Finally, Mr. Spedding expresses in general terms his (doubtless sincere) conviction 'that the narrative pnt forth by the Government was meant to be, and was by its authors believed to be, a narrative strictly and scrupulously veracious.' We believe we should be nearer to the truth in affirming it, with Lord Clarendon, to be 'a pestilent libel.' It is not, however, matter of belief, it is matter of fact. To give one example. The assertion contained in the 'Declaration' that Essex's nnlucky expedition to Munster was 'never advertised over hither' until it was past, is flatly contradicted by Cecil's private correspondence, which proves that he not only knew, but approved of, that incident of the campaign before it took place. And this instance is by no means a solitary one.* As regards Mr. Spedding's belief in the indifferent character of the particulars suppressed, we can only say that it is peculiar. We have little donbt that no dispassionate reader can agree with

* Ibid. vol. i. p. 332, note.

† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 242.

* The best commentary on the 'Declaration' is the fact, related by Chamberlain, that, a year after the execution of Essex, it was anxiously debated in the English Council whether Tyrone was to be received on the identical conditions the entertainment of which had been imputed as a crime to that unhappy nobleman. Chamberlain to Carleton, February 28, 1602.

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him. and we are fully convinced that his opinion was not shared hy the authors of the 'Declaration.'

His general advocacy of Bacon's cause is an excellent example of that *à priori* reasoning which, driven from the realm of physical science, frequently finds a shelter under the less rigorous *régime* of biography or history. Starting with the assumption that Bacon's motives were invariably pure and his ends lofty, he painfully endeavours to make the facts fit into the framework thus provided for them. By admitting much that is inadmissible, and overlooking all that is inconvenient, he has executed, to his own satisfaction, his task of rehabilitation. But he would have been a better advocate if he had been a less honest historian, and circumstances which his candour did not allow him to suppress tell heavily against his argument. Believing that Essex's crime is Bacon's apology, he allows himself to forget that the worst features in the earl's case rested on proof insufficient, at the present day, to convict a street Arab of filching a pocket-handkerchief; and that private ambition, not public duty, induced Bacon to solicit the office of accuser, which his biographer conveniently assumes him to have reluctantly accepted.

We learn with satisfaction that the labours of the pliant advocate were in this case rewarded, although 'not in the proportion he hoped.' Twelve hundred pounds were assigned to him out of the fines paid into the Treasury by the confederates of Essex, which enabled him to redeem Twickenham Park, partially to satisfy his creditors, and thus enter upon a career of comparative prosperity. Add to this that, by his brother's death in May 1601, he inherited the remnant of his estates, including Gorhambury. Anthony Bacon did not long survive his beloved patron the Earl of Essex. The cruel shock of his tragical end seems to have overthrown a constitution long undermined by disease. His character formed a curious contrast with that of Francis Bacon. According to his own estimate, he was a man 'by imperfection of nature not only careless of himself, but incapable of what was best for himself.' His simple and affectionate disposition was swayed by two predominant instincts—devotion to Essex, and love of his brother. He frequently offered to surrender his own considerable claims on the Government in consideration of his brother's advancement, and was always willing to add to the heavy burden of his own debts in order to relieve his necessities. Thus it is not without indignation that we find Francis disowning his brother's actions under Elizabeth, and claiming the credit of them under James; while we read, almost with a sense of shame, his letter to the queen of March 12, 1599, in which, after informing her Majesty that, owing to his increasing difficulties, 'he fears his brother will endeavour to put away Gorhambury,' he begs her assistance to 'get it into his own hands;' 'where I do figure to myself,' he adds, 'that one day I may have the honour and comfort to bid your Majesty welcome, and to trim and dress the grounds for your Majesty's solace.'*

Bacon, like many others, founded great hopes on the new reign. 'I assure you,' he wrote to a Scottish physician, 'Galen doth not set down greater variety of pulses than do vent here in men's hearts.' 'He found himself,' he said, 'as one awaked out of sleep;' and cherished the fallacious opinion that 'the canvassing world was gone, and the deserving world had come.' In awaiting, however, the happy time when merit should be able to dispense with intrigue, he did not neglect any possible expedient for impressing a 'good conceit' of himself on the new king. Sir Robert Cecil—created, May 4, 1605, Earl of Salisbury—was now, as he professed, 'the personage in the State whom he loved most,' and he was unquestionably the fittest to advance his interests. He seems, however, to have been more willing to extend to his cousin the petty patronage which kept him long dependent, than the efficacious help which would have made him rapidly great. He recruited his finances by procuring for him a small pension in recognition of his brother's services, and a still smaller stipend in acknowledgment of his position as King's Counsel; he soothed his vanity by obtaining for him the 'divulged and almost prostituted title of knighthood;' he defended him against unruly creditors, and recommended him to his future mother-in-law—a 'little violent lady,' as Chamberlain calls her, who from a 'city widow' had become Lady Dorothy Packington. Of Alice Barnham, the alderman's daughter, whom Francis Bacon made his wife in 1606, we know that she was then 'a handsome maiden to his liking,' with no despicable fortune, and that she became, shortly before his death, the object of his unexplained displeasure; the intervening twenty years, however, seem to have been a neutral tract as regards emotions.

At length, after standing, as he said, 'next the door,' during the best part of his life, and suffering 'continual disgraces' by 'every new man coming above him,' he was,

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. ii. p. 165

June 25, 1607, raised to the long-coveted Solicitor's place. This 'mending of his fortune' was quickly followed by the falling in of his reversionary office in the Star Chamber, so that he was able to estimate his annual income at nearly 5,000*l.* with the drawback of 4,481*l.* of debts. In the fulness of his new prosperity, he sat down, one memorable day in the long vacation of 1608, to commit to paper his confidential instructions to himself for the regulation of his conduct in his altered circumstances. The result of five days' cogitation has been preserved, and forms what he called a 'Commentarius Solutus, like a merchant's waste book, where to enter all manner of remembrance of matter, form, business, study, touching myself, service, others, without any manner of restraint.' This remarkable relic is by far the most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Bacon's character which Mr. Spedding's industry has brought to light. Its revelations are absolutely trustworthy, because meant for the author's eye alone; and the author was far too practical to pose for effect when he himself was the sole spectator. We proceed, with as little comment as possible, to place before our readers some short extracts from its contents.

'July 25.—To set on foot and maintain access with his Majesty.*

'To attend some time his repasts and to fall into a course of familiar discourse.

'To find means to win a conceit, not open but private, of being affectionate and assured to the Scotch, and fit to succeed Salisbury in his manage in that kind.

'To have ever in readiness matter to minister talk with every of the great counsellors *respectivè*, both to induce familiarity and for countenance in public place.

'To win credit comparate to the Attorney,† in being more short, round, and resolute. (All this is nothing except there is more.)

'To have in mind and use the Attorney's weakness. The example of Fuller's book. . . . The coldest examiner; weak in Gunter's cause, weak with the judges in the Lady Arabella's cause. Too full of cases and distinctions. Nibbling solemnly, he distinguisheth, but apprehends not.

'Insinuate myself to become privy to my lord of Salisbury's estate.

'To correspond with Salisbury in a habit of natural but noways perilous boldness, and in vivacity, invention, care to cast and enterprise (but with due caution), for this manner I judge both in his nature freeth the stands, and in his ends pleaseth him best, and promiseth most use of me.'

Several pages of memoranda follow regarding his philosophical schemes—the 'drawing in' of great people with full purses to the cause of the 'Great Instauration,' the foundation of lectureships and libraries, the institution of experiments, the 'laying for a place to command wits and pens.' He reminds himself to 'discourse scornfully of the philosophy of the Grecians,' and to 'take a greater confidence and authority in discourses of this nature, *tanquam sui certus et de alto despiciens.*'

Farther on, intermixed with hints of a parliamentary policy, and allusions to his lofty project for the foundation of a great 'Monarchy in the West,' we find such entries as the following:—

'Succeed Salisbury, and amuse the king and prince with pastime and glory.

'It is like Salisbury hath some further intention upwards: To win him to the point of policy. *Surdis modis, cave aliter.*

'At Council-table chiefly to make good my lord of Salisbury's motions and speeches, and for the rest sometimes one, sometimes another; chiefly his that is most earnest and in affection.

'Applying myself to be inward with my Lady Dorset, per Champners *ad utilit. testam.*' (Mr. Spedding suggests that this legacy-hunting may have been pursued in the interests of science. We gladly accept the plea for what it is worth.)

'To furnish my lord of Salisbury with ornaments for public speeches.

'To make him think how he should be reverenced by a Lord Chancellor if I were; princelike.'

Finally, under the heading 'Hubbard's Disadvantage'—

'all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote'—

we find a number of jottings, of which the following may serve as specimens:—

'Better at shift than at drift.

'No power with the judge.

'He will alter a thing, but not mend.

'Sociable save in profit.

'I never knew any of so good a speech with a worse pen,' &c.

It is a relief to be able to add that we meet with no evidence of any direct attempt on the part of Bacon to hinder the course of his colleague's uniformly prosperous career.

Whoever would know Francis Bacon must study the 'Commentarius Solutus.' The secret of the littleness that flawed his greatness, and of the greatness that half redeemed his littleness, is there. In it he has lent us the key to the inner chamber of his mind. We enter, and find ourselves, not indeed in a Bluebeard's closet, ghastly with

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. iv. p. 40. We have adopted Mr. Spedding's careful interpretation of the numerous abbreviations found in the original manuscript.

† Sir Henry Hobart, who succeeded Coke as Attorney-General, July 1606.

the flagrant evidences of crime, hut in a decorous place of business, neatly stored with inventories of his rival's weaknesses, with hints how to promote splendid projects by contemptible means, and with practical memoranda of all the abject arts of the flatterer and courtier.

We have reserved one entry for separate consideration, as leading to a snhject on which we would gladly bestow more than a passing notice. But the same poet who calls time 'irreparable' stigmatises space as 'iniqnitous,' and we, like him, must snhmit to its restrictions. The entry in qnestion runs as follows:—

'To think of matters against next Parliament for satisfaction of king and people in my particular; otherwise with respect *ad* policy *è gemino*.'

The policy *è gemino*, according to Mr. Spedding, was some device, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, for meeting the pressing want of the time, by filling the exchequer and at the same time appeasing popular discontent; while the first clanse of the sentence exposes, in onr view, the guiding motive of Bacon's entire parliamentary career. He was probahly the only politician of that day who fully and steadily discerned the growing importance in the State of the House of Commons. Burleigh would gladly have governed without Parliament; a session was to Salisbnry an evil only to be enconntered for tbe sake of the snhsidy which was its concomitant good; even Coke acted rather in the nnruly temper of a demagogue than in the far-seeing spirit of a statesman; Bacon alone read aright the signs of the times. The snmmoning of the great national council was, he emphatically declared, 'the cause of causes'—*summa summarum*—a measnre eqnally essential to the dignity of the king and to tbe welfare of the kingdom. He admonished an impatient and arhitrary sovereign of the necessity of guiding and 'rectifying that hody of Parliament-men which is *cardo rerum*;'* and earnestly deprecated the system, just then coming ominously into vogue, hy which poverty was made (as mathematicians say) a function of prerogative, and the necessities of the Crown became the recognised engine for extorting redress for the grievances of the people.

Amongst the men of his time, Bacon was, both by natural gifts and hy long experience, the best qualified to lead the Commons towards harmonious action with the executive. He was an active member of the last six Parliaments of Elizabeth, and the first two of James. During full thirty years his voice was beard in every great dehate, his name was conspicuous on almost every committee-list. He was intimately acquainted with the temper of the assembly of whicb he formed a part. To the ready tact of the practised debater he added the crafty logic of the lawyer, and the persuasive accents of tbe orator. Ben Jonson has left us, amongst his 'Explorata or Discoveries,' a striking record of the impression prodnced hy bis discourses on the minds of his hearers.

'There happened in my time,' he writes, 'one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech bnt consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.'

The influence thns conferred hy genins was strengthened by diligence. From the day he took his seat for Melcombe in the Parliament of 1584, to the ahrupt dissolntion of the Parliament of 1614, Bacon strained every nerve to obtain influence with the House of Commons. But this was not the whole of his endeavonr. The task which he proposed to himself was one which demanded far more delicate handling than that of securing sway over a deliberative assembly. Had be merely

'Enfeoff'd himself to popularity,'

he might have earned reputation as a patriot, but he could never have wielded power as a minister. 'Popular men,' be warned the king with regard to Coke, 'are no fit monnters for your majesty's saddle.' And with the bopes of promotion whicb were so dear to him, he must also have surrendered the prospect (hy no means indifferent) of leading his conntry towards union at home and greatness ahroad. For Francis Bacon was no common trimmer. Genius is never wholly apostate from its transcendental creed. *Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.* For bim tbe narrow horizons of ordinary men widened and brightened, admitting into the backgronnd of his mind a flood of visionary light which it is not given to all to see. The misfortune was, that he allowed the foregronnd to he occnpied hy ohjects unworthy in themselves, and still more unworthy by contrast with the

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. v. p. 243.

higher aims which they were suffered to obscure.

Bacon's singular political tact was shown by the success with which he played his double game of conciliating both the Crown and the Commons. Once only, in his memorable subsidy speech of 1593, he went too far; but he never again transgressed the line which his failure on that occasion enabled him to trace more clearly. On crucial points, such as we should now call 'Cabinet questions,' he ever afterwards supported the executive; while on neutral subjects he, with equal steadiness, took the popular side. It was part of his deliberate policy to keep always on hand some useful or plausible measures which should tend to make him acceptable to the House as well as important to the administration, and might at the same time, like the golden apples in the race of Atalanta (to borrow a favourite simile of his own), serve to distract the representatives of the people from the perilous goal of constitutional reform. These, then, were the 'matters for satisfaction of king and Parliament in my particular,' adverted to in the above-quoted entry; and it is characteristic of the man that his 'particular' aims should have taken precedence of public interests.

It cannot but occasion surprise to find that such dainty tactics were acted on with constancy and success during a long series of years. In 1612, when looking to succeed Salisbury as Secretary of State, Bacon was able to boast to the king that, although well known as 'a perfect and peremptory royalist,' he was 'never one hour out of credit with the Lower House.' In 1615, when suing to succeed Ellesmere as Chancellor, one of the chief recommendations which he put forward on his own behalf was, that 'he had always been gracious in the Lower House,' and had 'some interest in the gentlemen of England.' Thus his parliamentary position was diligently earned and sedulously urged by him as a qualification for office. He thrust himself into the hands of the king as an instrument cunningly devised to meet the true exigency of the time. Unhappily the master whom he served was incapable of discerning the worth or purpose of so fine a tool. Bacon showed his usual insight when he wrote of James, after a first interview, that 'his Majesty rather asked counsel of the time past than of the time to come.' Of the time present he felt indeed the stress, but without divining the purport. The House of Commons appeared to him, not as the representatives of a great nation advancing irresistibly towards self-consciousness and self-government, but as an insolent and ungovernable body, endowed with an anomalous power in the State, who 'by their behaviour' (as he wrote to his Council after the dissolution of 1610), 'have perilled and annoyed our health, wounded our reputation, emboldened all ill-natured people, encroached upon many of our privileges, and plagued our purse with their delays.'*

His estimate of the adroit counsellor who was content to purchase power with degradation, and dignities with indignities,† was of a corresponding character. What was despicable in him he esteemed; what was estimable he despised. He assimilated his flattery, accepted his servility, dismissed his highest thoughts with a complacent jest, and neglected him without remorse in his adversity. His service was as the refiner's furnace, to separate the pure metal from the ore. But the dross was selected for use and honour, while the true gold was flung aside as worthless. It is not then wonderful that Bacon's comprehensive schemes were sacrificed to his purpose of maintaining, at all hazards, his place and his favour at court. The *gloria in obsequio* which, adopting the words of Sejanus to Tiberius,‡ he offered to the king as the price of his elevation to the woolsack, was literally exacted. In his attempt to exaggerate the prerogative, he was perhaps not deliberately dishonest. He combined at all times, with his larger ideas of the functions of Parliament, a high notion of the authority of the Crown. But his opinions on most points closely followed his interests, and on some were hardly more than their corollaries. It would thus be wholly vain to attempt, in his case, to separate honest conviction from interested persuasion.

We cannot agree with Mr. Spedding in holding Bacon guiltless as regards the many disgraceful transactions in which he was a zealous agent, and which have made the reign of James I. a period of English history not to be recalled without shame by any honest Englishman. He must bear his full share of responsibility for the judicial murder of Raleigh, the persecution of Peacham, the degradation of Coke—as well as for the deliberate conspiracy against the independence of the bench, of which the degradation of Coke was the most conspicuous overt act—for the traffic in peerages, and the corruption of justice. Our national conscience has always, in a special manner, revolted against the sacrifice, at the dictation of a foreign power, of a man elevated by that

* Murdin, 'Burghley Papers,' p. 813.

† 'By indignities men come to dignities.' Bacon's essay 'Of Great Place,' Abbott's ed., vol. i. p. 34.

‡ Rémusat, 'Bacon, sa Vie,' &c., p. 78.

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very sacrifice to the position of a national hero. Sir Walter Raleigh was, it is most true, more gallant than scrupulous, and we should be sorry to see his views of international duty accepted in our own day. But no casuistry can make his execution on an obsolete sentence square with that inborn sense of justice which is happily superior to argument; and no apology, however skilfully devised, can excuse Bacon for lending the highest legal sanction to that execution. By attempting, in the official Declaration, to justify that which admitted of no justification, he identified himself still more closely with an odious proceeding, and again incurs the obloquy due to servile compliance with tyrannical power.

If, in the case of Peacham, he divides with others the odium of having countenanced the infliction of torture on a helpless old man, there is another, and, if possible, a still more revolting instance, in which the guilt and shame of deliberate cruelty rest primarily with him. The judicial infliction of torture, although unscrupulously practised under both Elizabeth and James, was recognised as a proceeding that would hardly bear the light, and was sedulously kept, as it were, *intra domesticos parietes*, apart from the ordinary course of justice. It marks the growing degradation of the bench that two instances should have occurred during the reign of James I., in which the warrant for the infliction of torture was directed to a common-law judge.* The last of these instances was that of Peacock.

Peacock was a schoolmaster and minister of the University of Cambridge, who found in the excitement inspired by the *cause célèbre* of the day that slight impulse which was wanting to overset the unstable equilibrium of his wits. In a crazy fit he boasted of having by sorcery infatuated the king's judgment in the case, then pending, of the Lakes and the Countess of Exeter; and on this preposterous charge he was committed, in February, 1620, to the Tower. Chamberlain describes him as 'a very busy-brained fellow;' Camden informs us that public opinion was divided as to whether he should be set down as an impostor or a madman.† Bacon saw in his ravings a symptom of a dark and dangerous conspiracy. We could not have a more striking proof of how deeply he was infected with the suspicions inseparable from the evil exercise of power, than in his spontaneous proposal to subject this miserable man to the horrors of the rack and the manacles. 'If it may not be done otherwise,' he wrote to the king, 'it is fit Peacock be put to torture. He deserveth it as well as Peacham did.' * The result of this inhuman suggestion followed in due course. 'On Tuesday,' Chamberlain writes, February, 22, "he was hanged up by the wrists; and though he were very impatient of the torture, and swooned once or twice, yet I cannot learn that they have wrung any great matter out of him.' † That Peacock was one of the latest victims in England of this barbarous mode of procedure is more satisfactory to remember than that Bacon was one of its last advocates. In Felton's case, eight years later, it was, by the unanimous decision of the judges, pronounced illegal, and in 1640 the torture-chamber of the Tower echoed for the last time the groans of an obscure sufferer.

There is no need to spend many words on the catastrophe of Bacon's fall. It seems probable that the paradox in which he expressed his own verdict on his judicial character rested on a considerable foundation of truth. 'I was the justest judge,' he wrote, 'that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years.' This amounts to an assertion that his judgments were upright, coupled with an admission that his hands were not clean. Now we are not in a position to test with any approach to accuracy the truth of the first of these statements. For there existed at that time no recognised mode of appeal against the decisions of a Chancellor, and decrees, however unjust, necessarily passed, in the majority of cases, unchallenged. We do know, however, from a passage in Sir Matthew Hale's treatise on 'The Jurisdiction of the Lords' House,' that the discredit thrown upon chancery decrees by Bacon's misconduct was a powerful incentive to the definitive establishment, after the middle of that century, of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and thus some portion of the benefit which his genius had failed to confer upon his country, accrued to it from his disgrace.

Even, however, if it could be shown that his decisions were in every instance technically correct, we deny that such a discovery would materially affect the historical aspect of his case. The enquiry is of a purely secondary nature, and we must protest against its elevation by his mistaken apologists into a position of primary importance. The essence of corruption lies in the acceptance of a bribe, not in the delivery of an

* Jardine, 'A Reading on the Use of Torture.'
† Spedding, 'Life,' vol. vii. pp. 28–9.

* Spedding, 'Life," vol. vii. p. 77.
† Ibid. p. 79.

equivalent for it; and justice that is bought and sold has all the bitterness and much of the wrong of injustice.

No man ever understood the judicial functions more clearly, or expounded them more pithily, than Bacon. The 'lines and portraitures of a good judge,' * which he drew on delivering his patent to Justice Hutton, deserve to be borne in mind not only for their wit, but for their wisdom. And yet more than one of his precepts reads like a satire on his own conduct. 'Keep your hands clean, and the hands of your servants that are about you,'† was his emphatic warning to Sir James Whitelocke within a few hours of pronouncing a decree in Lady Wharton's favour, in consideration of which he had received a purse containing 100*l.*, with a promise of 200*l.* more.‡ 'Fly all bribery and corruption,' he continued, 'and preserve your integrity, not respecting any in course of justice; for what avails it if you should be incorrupt, and yet should be partial and a respecter of persons?' For 'bribes come but now and then; but if a man be affectionate or a time or a turn server, that will come every day.' This, while he was himself submitting the procedure of his court to the audacious dictation of Buckingham, and encouraging his scandalous interference with the substance as well as with the forms of justice! But, as Montaigne says, *autre chose le presche que le prescheur.*

His conduct as a judge was in truth of a piece with the rest of his career. His whole life might be described, in his own quaint phrase, as a 'policy *è gemino*.' He aspired to be at once a great philosopher and a great statesman. He intrigued for court favour at the same time that he laboured for parliamentary reputation. He sought to augment the prerogative of the Crown while he enlarged the influence of the Commons. He would willingly have paid to Essex a decent tribute of gratitude, while presenting to Elizabeth a profitable oblation of subserviency. He desired to be a just judge without declining the unlawful gains offered to him by the facilities of his office, and without imperilling his place by resisting the unwarrantable pretensions of an arrogant favourite. He had great ends, but they were so wrapped up and entangled in petty ones as to prove for the most part abortive. He acted on the precept of Tacitus, *Ulteriora mirari præsentia sequi;* but acted on it, not so as to ennoble minor duties by subordination to a higher purpose, but so as to invest the sordid present with the delusive light of a visionary future. The end, in his theory, justified the means; but in his practice it was superseded by them. His fatal error was that he did not know how to sacrifice what was little to what was great—that he placed first what should have come last, and last what should have come first. That he did so much was due to the splendour of his intellect; that he did not do more was owing to his moral deficiencies.

Not the least instructive portion of Bacon's life is that comprised in the five years of his adversity. We discover with a certain involuntary surprise that his ambition survived his degradation, and that the man who one day rode high on the chariot of success was the same, and no other, than he who the next rolled in the dust of disgrace. He was as sanguine, as diligent, as fertile in resource, as indefatigable in suing. His first thought was to break his fall, his second to rise from it. As we read his piteous appeals to Buckingham and his master, we hardly know whether to despise his insensibility to reproach, or to admire his constancy in misfortune. By his assiduous efforts to retrieve the position which he had forfeited, he deserved the praise accorded by the Senate to Varro after the battle of Cannæ, 'that he had not despaired of the Republic.' But for his fortune no Metaurus was in store. In place of the 'honour without leisure,' which he would fain have recalled, there was thrust upon him, sorely against his will, 'leisure without honour;'* and posterity has no cause to complain of the exchange. His leisure brought forth the 'De Augmentis,' the 'History of Henry the Seventh,' and the 'Historia Vitæ et Mortis.' His honours had been attained by the 'winding stair' of servility, and conducted him to the precipice of corruption.

Dr. Abbott, in the introduction to his excellent edition of Bacon's 'Essays,' draws a comparison between the moral code of Machiavelli and that implied, rather than contained, in those admirable productions—giving the preference, somewhat unexpectedly, over the cold-blooded selfishness of the English philosopher, to the public-spirited villanies of the Italian politician. It would be as easy to point a contrast as to discover an analogy between these two notable personages. Both, it is true, were alike statesmen and men of letters; but one earned by his services to his country the respect of his contemporaries, and by his

* Spedding, 'Life,' vol. vi. p. 202.
† Ibid. vol. vii. p. 103.
‡ Gardiner, 'Prince Charles and the Spanish marriage,' vol. i. p. 444.

* Letter to the Queen of Bohemia. 'Life,' vol. vii. p. 365.

literary achievements the execration of posterity; while the other ended his public life under a cloud of shame, and with his pen won a reputation as yet undimmed by

'The long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness.'

Machiavelli and Bacon had, however, in common a quality which we may call the 'dualism of genius'—the power of reconciling in themselves two separate and, it would at first sight seem, inconsistent lives, and bringing them to dwell in harmony under the roof of a single consciousness. Machiavelli, playing at *morra* with the clodhoppers of San Casciano, and wrangling in a tavern over a *soldo*, was not more different from Machiavelli, clad in the 'cnrule' robes of his nobility, and holding converse, through the awful serenity of the Italian night, with the heroes and sages of antiquity, than Bacon, turning aside from the 'morigeration' of the great, and the annotation of his colleague's 'disadvantage,' to the contemplation of that rising light of scientific truth which, in his magnificent dream, was to herald the espousals of the Mind with the Universe, and the 'restitution to humanity of its rightful empire over nature.'* It is not difficult to see that in this anomaly is to be found the cause of the contradictory judgments which have been formed upon Bacon's character. It revolts our sense of fitness to be compelled to believe that the man whose mind kindled to pure rapture in its love of truth and knowledge, should have been capable of entertaining a mean thought or harbouring a base design. We would fain exclude from our view one set or the other of his opposing qualities, and thus make it possible to regard him with unmixed contempt or unqualified admiration. But he himself teaches us that 'the subtlety of nature surpasses, in divers ways, the subtlety both of the intellect and of the senses,'† and the human mind is assuredly not less baffling in its complexities than the physical world. Bacon was, indeed, no model philosopher; but his lofty aspirations were not therefore the hypocritical mask of a knave or an impostor. It is true that he was a self-seeker; but it is no less true that he was an enthusiast. He was profoundly convinced that the general welfare of humanity was largely involved in his private fortunes, and that what in another might have been stigmatised as baseness was in him a somewhat uncommon kind of philanthropy. We cannot, indeed, extend to him the amnesty that he extended to himself; but in lamenting the failings which kept him from rising higher, we should not lose sight of the virtues which prevented his sinking lower. We cannot forget that he had a cold heart and a poor spirit; but we must also remember that his morals were blameless, his temper placable and genial, and that he never lost that recognition of a higher good, which, if not virtue itself, is at least the raw material of virtue.

We have abstained, out of deference to Mr. Spedding's protest, from using the anomalous title *Lord* Bacon, although we could allege in its justification the high authority of the great Verulam himself.* The latest and best of Bacon's numerous biographers is indeed well entitled to give the law on a point of historical etiquette; and we would willingly testify our gratitude for the inestimable services rendered by him to literature, more fully than by imitating his example in so slight a matter. We have now explained our differences with Mr. Spedding, and entered our protest against what we conceive to be a partial view of the character of the extraordinary man portrayed by him. It only remains for us to express our unqualified approval of the general plan of his work, and of the admirable manner in which that plan has been carried out in every detail of its execution. No doubt there are many readers whose courage quails before seven considerable volumes; but even for these weaker spirits some provision has been made. A convenient abridgment of the book has recently been published with the author's sanction in America, and reprinted for circulation in this country, which, though it cannot supersede the original work, may usefully supplement it.

We are glad to take this opportunity of bestowing a word of hearty commendation on one of the most important of recent contributions to Baconian literature. Mr. Fowler's edition of the 'Novum Organum' is not only excellent in its relation to present needs, but may serve, through the copious and varied knowledge displayed in the notes with which it is enriched, as a landmark to future times of the point reached by the soberer sort of scientific thought in the beginning of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

We do not know how better to describe the relation of Bacon's masterpiece to modern science than by comparing it to a ruined palace which stands on the shore of Posilippo. The building was designed on a stately

* 'Novum Organum,' lib. i. Aph. 129.
† Ibid. lib. i. Aph. 10.

* 'Apophthegms,' Works, vol. vii. p. 178.

plan, but was never finished. It is beautiful in its desolation, and venerable in its neglect. The blue sea plashes night and day upon its foundations, and the hill above is populous with smiling villas; but the lady for whose solace it was destined never gladdened it with her presence. Thus the 'Novum Organum' was planned, in the magnificence of its author's hopes, on a scale too vast for completion. It survives, the mighty monument of a splendid failure. The thoughts of all ages find an echo there, and the imagination is kindled by the majesty of its proportions. But science has chosen its habitation elsewhere.

Art. V.—1. *Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers.* Published by the Institution. From Vol. I. 1836, to Vol. LVII. 1879.

2. *Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition of New York.* By John Ericsson, LL.D., K.V., &c. Printed for the Author. New York: 1876.

The present generation is witness to the most profound revolution that has occurred on our planet since the appearance of man upon earth. Although we may readily imagine that we have only seen the commencement of the change, yet scarcely a day passes without affording fresh evidence of the magnitude and rapidity of the succeeding phases. Compared with the transformation in progress, the political outbreaks that have overturned the most ancient thrones have been but as single thunder-claps in the course of a tremendous storm. For the outcome of the revolution in question is no less than the accomplishment of a total change in the relation borne by man to his terrestrial abode. The forces of nature have been subjected to human skill. Mechanical motor power has been substituted for animal force. The labour of the mind becomes more active and more productive as the pressure of daily toil is lightened by the dynamic application of heat. The speed with which men can be conveyed, by land or by sea, to distant regions, is fivefold that which was possible at the commencement of the century. Measured by the amount of action which can be comprised in a brief space of time, it is hardly too much to say that the term of human life has been doubled in our days by the application of steam.

So brief has been the period since the origin of this great material revolution, that we are able to indicate most of the men who have chiefly contributed to its progress. First in the list ranks the name of Watt, a philosophical engineer rather than an inventor, a man who set himself to ascertain the true causes of the loss of power in the rude steam engines of his time, and in whose ready mind the remedy was forthcoming so soon as the mischief was detected. The sturdy Northumbrian who was the true father of the locomotive produced results as marked as those gained by Watt himself. The cultivated man of science who built the first ocean steamer, and also the largest vessel that ever floated, holds a like rank. And amid all the striking novelties of telephonic and telegraphic communication due honour must be given to him who first rendered practically useful the known properties of the electric current in the deflection of a needle.

Worthily to write the history of the engineers of England is a task, not for a few pages, but for a series of books. Nor is it within the compass of our limits to attempt any detailed chronicle of the rapid growth of the profession of the civil engineer in this country since the completion of the Bridgewater Canal by Brindley, which may be called the first work of the prentice hand of the craft. But we hope that an attempt to sketch some of the chief features of the rapid progress made in the application of science to the control of natural forces will not be without considerable interest at the present moment. And that hope is the more confident from the fact that it will be possible, in many cases, to make use of the very words of the fathers and founders of this youngest of the professions; which may well be called a youth of gigantic growth.

Although we know from history, wrote one of the most successful of living engineers,* 'that men have existed from the earliest times who have been distinguished by great mechanical capacity, remarkable skill in working materials, profound science, and constructive knowledge, yet it is only during the present century that civil engineering can be considered to have become a distinct and recognised profession. Now,

* Since the above was written the death of Mr. Bidder has occurred, at Dartmouth, at the age of upwards of 72 years. An interesting memoir of his life is given in Vol. LVII. of 'Minutes of the Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' pp. 294–309. The list of Mr. Bidder's contributions to these proceedings occupies more than six pages of index. A paper read by him on February 19, 1856, 'On Mental Calculation,' is one of the most remarkable contributions hitherto made in this country to the philosophy of education.

however, it has assumed the position of an art of the highest order. Perhaps we may, without arrogance, be entitled to claim for it the title of a science.' 'If I were now called on,' said the most intimate associate of Robert Stephenson, 'to define the object and scope of the profession of the civil engineer, I should say that his particular province is to take up the results discovered by the abstract mathematician, the chemist, and the geologist, and to apply them practically for the commercial advantage of the world at large; and to diffuse their beneficial influence among all classes of his fellow-creatures.'

'Civil engineering,' said Tredgold, fifty years before the preceding remarks were made by Bidder, 'is the art of directing the great sources of power in nature for the use and convenience of man; being that practical application of the most important principles of natural philosophy which has, in a considerable degree, realised the anticipations of Bacon, and changed the aspect and state of affairs in the whole world. The most important object of civil engineering is to improve the means of traffic and production in states, both for internal and for external trade.'

The enterprising Hollanders, towards the close of the sixteenth century, first separated civil engineering from architecture under the title of 'hydraulic architecture.' Their example was followed in France towards the end of the seventeenth century, and soon after was systematised in the great work of Bélidor on hydraulic architecture. One of the great bases on which the practice of civil engineering is founded is the science of hydraulics. Every kingdom, every province, every town, has its wants, which call for more or less acquaintance with this science. Water, which is at once the most useful of the necessaries of life, and the most dangerous element if in excess, when limited by the laws of this science is rendered the best of servants. The rolling cataract, which spends its powers in idleness, may be directed to drain the mine, to break the ore, or be employed in other works of labour for the use of man. The streams are collected and confined to canals for inland traffic. Harbours are formed to still the raging of the waves of the ocean, and offer a safe retreat for the storm-driven mariner; and ports are provided with docks, to receive the riches of the world in security. Hence arose the term 'hydraulic architecture.' But it was too limited: the various applications of water had rendered the natural supplies inadequate to the wants of man, till he discovered that, combined with heat, it formed a gaseous element endued with energies not less powerful than the falling cataract. Its steam, confined and directed by science, became a new source of power, which in a few years altered and improved the condition of Britain; and we are every day witnessing new applications, as well as the extension of the older ones to every part of the globe.

Though operations of engineering, it is remarked by the writer of the introduction to the first volume of the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' in common with all the useful arts, are practised by man in the rudest state, and become of greater and more frequent application as society improves, it is only among a people very considerably advanced in civilisation and wealth that its works can be prosecuted on an extensive scale or with any degree of success. The only exceptions to this observation are to be found during the few and short periods in the history of the world when it has fallen to the lot of nations to be governed by such men as Louis XIV., guided by the wisdom of Colbert, and having the aid of Riquet's enterprise and Andréossi's skill; some of the kings of Sweden, who, turning their troops into excavators of canals, have in person directed their labour; Peter the Great, Frederick of Prussia, and, in our own days, Mehemet Ali—princes who, whether from a singular appreciation of the true means of greatness, or with a view to facilitating their warlike measures, or, as it may be in some cases, prompted by mere love of the glory to be gained, have forced works of public utility before their time on the countries under their sway. The great Languedoc Canal; often-repeated attempts to open a communication between the North and the Baltic seas, independent of the passage through the Sound or the Belt; an inland navigation from the Neva to the Volga; the junction of the Elbe with the Oder and the Vistula; and the railway now forming (in 1842) from Cairo to Suez, are among the peaceful trophies of these monarchs. But such desultory efforts, even when most successful, stand like oases in the otherwise desert field of improvement.

The passing of the Act of Parliament for the formation of the Sandy Hook navigation, the first canal in England, in 1775, was the beginning of a new era in the internal improvement of this country. The chief works before executed had been the supply of the metropolis with water by the New River, under the direction of Sir Hugh Myddelton, the embankment and draining of some of the great fens, where substantial sea walls yet exist that were constructed during

the Roman rule in Britain; the deepening and improving of some of our navigable rivers; the military roads formed through the north of England into the Highlands of Scotland under the direction of General Wade and M. Labelye; the construction of Westminster Bridge, commenced in 1739; and the erection, by William Edwards, a simple country mason, of the remarkable bridge of Pont-y-tu-prydd over the River Taaf, in Glamorganshire — an example of intrepidity and determination which has scarcely ever been surpassed. This bridge, only 11 feet in width, has a span of 140 feet, and a rise of one-fourth of that span. It stretches across the romantic glen below like a rainbow that had become consolidated in stone.

The constructor of these and of any similar works, however, was far from having attained the honourable and responsible status now attributed to the civil engineer. The name of adventurer was given to those who attempted undertakings which, if now regarded as the outcome of but moderate skill, were, a century since, esteemed to be enterprises of the utmost hazard. Perry, who distinguished himself by the stoppage of the alarming breach in the bank of the Thames at Dagenham in the beginning of the last century, was reduced to seek employment in Russia. The first great attempt made, in comparatively recent times, to drain that portion of the fens which lies south of the river Nene, and which is known as the Bedford level, was made in 1630 by Cornelius Vermuyden, a Dutch engineer, whose application to the English fens of principles appropriate only to the reclaimed and embanked lowlands of his native country, led to permanent inconvenience and loss which even to the present day are not wholly retrieved.

The first of that long series of distinguished men who have raised the profession of the engineer to its present eminence in England were James Brindley and John Smeaton. The former, like some of his most famous successors—Telford, Stephenson, Fairbairn —born of humble parentage, was altogether uneducated as a child. A natural genius for mechanics led these men to direct their attention, from their earliest years, to those phenomena of nature, or to those rude contrivances of the simple art of the day, which came under their notice. From the study needed to understand these mechanical movements sprang first the desire to imitate and repeat them, and then the effort to improve them. The improvement of an old machine was followed by the design and construction of new ones, and thus the practical science of these born engineers developed itself with a natural, though a remarkable, growth. Brindley, born in 1716, first, guided by natural bias, became a millwright. His mechanical skill soon raised him to provincial celebrity. At the age of forty he was called on by the Duke of Bridgewater to advise on the project of a canal from Worsley to Manchester. The successful completion of this bold undertaking, commenced in 1758, led to the execution of a series of works of a similar nature. Brindley subsequently executed the Trent and Mersey, or Grand Trunk, the Leeds and Liverpool, the Birmingham, and the Forth and Clyde canals. As the facility of transport thus introduced contributed to the wealth and prosperity of every part of the kingdom, canals became generally popular; and in the early part of the reign of George III. Brindley's celebrated reply to the question 'What is the use of rivers?'—'To supply canals'—was far from being altogether inappropriate.

Smeaton, born at Austhorpe, near Leeds, in 1724, springing from the middle ranks, had the advantage of a fair education. His first pursuit was that of a maker of philosophical instruments, and the credit which he had gained by several communications to the Royal Society on mechanical subjects led to his being selected as the fittest person to be entrusted with the rebuilding of the Eddystone Lighthouse in 1755–59, after its destruction by fire. By his original treatment of this difficult mechanical problem Smeaton introduced a new era in masonry; and reared the first, and one of the noblest, of those beneficent guides to the mariner, in the construction of which human skill and human perseverance have attained some of their most illustrious victories over danger and difficulty.

To the names of these two fathers of British engineering must be added that of the even more illustrious Watt. Born in 1736, like Smeaton he commenced his career as a maker of mathematical instruments, and subsequently became an engineer. But it is as the reconstructor, or practical inventor, of the steam engine that Watt made the most important contribution that perhaps ever was accomplished by any individual to the progress of science and the material welfare of mankind. Smeaton had introduced improvements on the fire engine, as it was then called, which Savery, Papin, and Newcomen had gradually advanced from its long-established condition of a scientific toy to that of a rude practical appliance for raising water. By the successive inventions of a separate condenser; of the conversion of reciprocating into rotary

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motion by means of the crank, and of the sun and planet wheels; of the expansive use of steam, and of its alternate admission on both sides of the piston; of the parallel motion, the governor, and other important details, Watt rendered the steam engine available for driving all kinds of machinery, and thus laid down the lines upon which have been carried out all the chief developments of this most wonderful of all the servants of mankind.

Among the worthy associates of these pioneers of modern progress may be named Grundy, who introduced docks into the Humber by the construction of the Old Dock at Hull, and who executed many works of navigation and of drainage, particularly in the fens of Lincolnshire and in Yorkshire; Mylne, born in 1734, for many years engineer to the New River Company, who began his professional career as the architect of Blackfriars Bridge, and was the engineer of the Ean Brink Cut, and of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal; and Jessop, engineer of the Aire and Calder and of the Trent navigations, of the Grand Junction Canal, of the ship canal across the Isle of Dogs, of the conversion of the part of the river Avon flowing through the city of Bristol into an immense floating dock; with whose names may be conpled those of Henshall and Semple, of Golborne and Whitworth.

The second race of engineers begins with John Rennie, born in Haddingtonshire in 1761, and Thomas Telford, born in Dumfriesshire in 1757. Of the first it is to be regretted that the life, written by his son and successor, the late Sir John Rennie, has not found a publisher. Like Brindley before him, Rennie began business as a millwright. On the invitation of Watt he came to London to superintend the erection of the Albion Corn Mills, in which the engines of Boulton and Watt were for the first time applied on a large scale, in place of that water power which, in its turn, had superseded the hand mills of our remote ancestors. His great ability led to his appointment as engineer to the Lancaster Canal, the Crinan Ship Canal, the Kennet and Avon Canal, the Portsmouth Canal, the River Nene outfall; docks at London, Leith, Liverpool, and Hull; Sheerness and Pembroke Dockyards, the breakwater in Plymouth Sound, the artificial harbours of Kingston, Howth, Holyhead, and Donaghadee; two great bridges over the Thames in the metropolis, and numerous smaller works throughout the country, including the bridge over the Tweed at Kelso, and the Wellington Bridge at Leeds.

Telford, an Eskdale peasant, was apprenticed in early life to a stonemason, and worked in his native country till his twenty-third year. Wandering, or at least walking in search of work, first to Edinburgh, and afterwards to London, he obtained employment as a mason in the erection of Somerset House. Here his intelligence attracted such notice that he was asked to superintend the erection of a new official residence in Portsmouth Dockyard, where he was engaged till 1787, when Sir William Pultency, himself a borderer, invited him to direct some alterations in Shrewsbury Castle. He was soon after elected county surveyor of Salop, an appointment which he held till his death. In 1793 he was nominated acting-engineer of the Ellesmere Canal; and business from this time so pressed upon him that there is hardly a corner of Britain which does not contain some record of his services. In the construction of the Ellesmere Canal, with its hold aquednets of Chirk and Pontcysylte, he was associated with Jessop, whom he succeeded in the charge of the Caledonian Canal, originally proposed by Watt. The Shrewshury Canal, the Birmingham and Liverpool Junction Canal, improvements of an extensive character on the old Birmingham Canal, and of the navigation through the district of the fens, are among the additions made by Telford to water communication. The improvement of the Clyde, Aberdeen, and Ardrossan harbours, the harbour and docks of Dundee, the Glasgow Waterworks, the St. Katharine Docks, the Mythe Bridge over the Severn at Tewkeshury, the bridge over the same river at Gloucester, Broomielaw Bridge over the Clyde, and the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh are among his chief undertakings. But the service to the internal communications of the country by which his name has been most widely known is the construction of the three great systems of roads—the Highland, the Holyhead, and the Glasgow and Carlisle—by which the remotest districts of Wales and of Scotland were brought into direct communication with the metropolis. Some thousands of bridges, including such structures as those of the Menai and the Conway, Dunkeld, Craigellachie, and Cartland Craigs, with the bold cuttings in the sea-cliffs of North Wales, bear witness to the engineering genius of Telford.

So general, indeed, was the field covered by the industry of this self-taught master of his craft, that he allowed himself to believe that he had, at least for a generation, completed the engineering works requisite for Great Britain. 'I have made all the canals, and all the roads, and all the harbours,' he said to a young man who came to him for advice as to entering the profession. 'I

don't see what there is that you can expect to do.' But none the less did Telford devote a portion of his well-earned competence to the promotion of the education and advance of the profession he did so much to found.

The establishment of a centre of union for the rising profession of an engineer was first attempted by Smeaton in 1771. Of the body then organised, and reorganised in 1793, under the name of the Smeatonian Society of Civil Engineers, an account is given in the preface to Smeaton's reports, published by the society in question. Towards the end of 1817 a few gentlemen, impressed by the difficulties they had themselves met in gaining the knowledge requisite for the diversified practice of engineering, and feeling that the constitution of the Smeatonian Society was of too exclusive a character to meet the wants of a large and united body of students, resolved to form themselves into a society for promoting regular intercourse between persons engaged in different branches of mechanical science and practice. In 1820 the young society, among which the names of Maudesley, Palmer, Field, Jones, Collinge, and Ashwell were the foremost, invited Telford to accept the post of president. On taking his seat on March 21, 1820, in this capacity, the veteran engineer struck a keynote which has ever since been maintained as that of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

'In foreign countries,' said Mr. Telford, 'similar establishments are instituted by government, and their members and proceedings are under its control; but here, a different course being adopted, it becomes incumbent on each individual member to feel that the very existence and prosperity of the institution depend in no small degree on his personal conduct and exertions; and the merely mentioning the circumstance will, I am convinced, be sufficient to command the best efforts of the present and future members, always keeping in mind that talents and respectability are preferable to numbers, and that, from too easy and promiscuous admission, unavoidable and not unfrequently incurable inconveniences perplex most societies.'

Under the presidency of Telford the institution rapidly advanced in numbers and importance, till, on June 3, 1828, it received a charter of incorporation under the Great Seal, by the title of the 'Institution of Civil Engineers.' Telford retained the chair till his death, in 1834. He was succeeded by James Walker. In 1836 the first volume of the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers' was published by Weale; a handsome volume in quarto, illustrated by a portrait of Telford, by a copper-plate fac-simile of the signatures of some of the early engineers, and by twenty-six plates of a very high order of excellence. The volume contains, besides a preface of which we have made free use, the charter and rules of the institution, a list of the members at that date, and twenty-eight original papers, which had been communicated to the institution. The printing, by the institution itself, of the 'Minutes of Proceedings,' in octavo, was commenced in 1837. In the annual report for 1845 it was stated that the cost of the third volume of the 'Transactions' had been so heavy, and that the limit which that costly form of publication imposed on the number of communications to be published might be so inconvenient, that the papers should thereafter be published, with the minutes, in the octavo form. Since that change, which commenced with the fourth volume of the minutes, the fulness and importance of these books have steadily increased. The minutes of the years 1837 to 1841 are included in the first volume. Four quarterly volumes were published in 1878. The whole series of minutes, now extending to fifty-seven volumes, forms a veritable library of a comprehensive nature and of continually increasing value. In the absence of what the public would gladly welcome from the institution, an annual report on the progress of public works in the British Empire, these 'Minutes of Proceedings' form the best materials for the future historian of the progress of engineering science in this country.

In 1845 Mr. James Walker, who had succeeded Mr. Telford as president of the institution, resigned the chair, in consequence of the feeling on the part of the Council that a regular annual re-election amounted in fact to a perpetual presidency, which was thought objectionable. Sir John Rennie, who was elected as the third president, filled the chair from 1845 to 1848, and sixteen successors have followed; the present president, Mr. John Frederic Bateman, having been elected in 1878.

The president, four vice-presidents, and fifteen members of council are elected annually; no person being eligible as president for more than two consecutive years. The treasurer and secretaries are appointed annually by the council. Six secretaries held office from 1818 to 1841, when Mr. Charles Manby, F.R.S., was appointed. Mr. Manby ceased to be the paid secretary at Midsummer, 1856, though retaining the title till January, 1860; when he was succeeded by the present secretary, Mr. James Forrest. Mr. Forrest gave his gratuitous services to the institution from Lady Day, 1848, to Midsummer, 1852; and (after being for four years

assistant-secretary to the Society of Arts) was appointed assistant-secretary in 1856, and secretary in 1860. The twenty-four years for which this courteous, able, and untiring officer has exerted a steady influence in promoting the welfare of the institution form nearly half the period for which the organisation has existed. It would not be easy to cite a more direct proof of the value of his services than is afforded by the comparative enumeration of the members in the years 1856, 1860, and 1878, bearing in mind the fact that the great demand for civil engineers, which was due to the introduction of the railway system, has sunk to a very low ebb since 1866. In 1856 there were 797 members of all classes; in 1860, 894; and on July 2, 1879, 3,578. This number includes 17 honorary members, amongst whom are the Prince of Wales, their Majesties the Emperor of Brazil and the Kings of Portugal and of the Belgians, and their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Edinburgh and of Connaught.

Sir John Rennie made the customary brief annual address in 1845. But on the opening of the session of 1846 he delivered an address which occupies 113 closely printed pages of the minutes, and which forms the most able, far-reaching, and accurate report of the history and condition of engineering in England which, up to that time, had been in any way attempted. Previously to the time of Smeaton (1724), Sir John reminded his audience, Great Britain was lamentably deficient in public works. There were no canals, railways, or artificial harbours—nothing which at the present day would be called machinery. The roads were little better than mere tracks across the country. Communication between towns was difficult, and the few wheeled carriages in use were of a rude and inefficient description. The inland commerce of the country was chiefly carried on by transport on the backs of pack horses; and the old-fashioned term 'load' still remains as the name of a measure of weight, having originally meant, indeed, as much as a horse could carry. What little inland navigation then existed was tedious and uncertain, arrested by want of water in the rivers in summer, and only in rare cases aided by the erection of rude temporary stanches, or flush-weirs, which were used to pen up the water in shallow places. These weirs, being suddenly withdrawn, enabled the boats to float down with the rush of water. In some places short side cuts, or rough unwalled locks, were formed. In these side cuts the pound lock was introduced, with side weirs to enable the floods to escape, and to supply the mills with water, the country being drowned in many places for the advantage of a rude and ineffective mill power, and a cumbrous and tedious navigation.

It is to be regretted that no retrospect of a character similar to that taken by Sir John Rennie in 1846 was placed on record at the date of the incorporation of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1828. About that period a second phase of revolution, no less striking than that which had been commenced by Brindley a century before, was in course of development through the genius of Stephenson. The magnificent system of roads, to the excellence of which Macadam had been as important a contributor as Telford himself, had then attained a high degree of perfection. The mail coaches, stages, private carriages, and other vehicles which used these roads, had been carefully considered, and admirably finished, by competent workmen. The axle-box, the spring, the perch, and other main features of the luxurious, though somewhat heavy and costly, carriages of our forefathers were all in order. The breed of horses was admirably suited for the work of the road. Seven, eight, and ten miles an hour were attained on different lines of route, the speed being usually proportionate to the hilly character of the country. But the 'Quicksilver' mail to Falmouth ran at eleven miles an hour, including stoppages; and the Shrewsbury coaches, the 'Hibernia' and the 'Hirondelle,' ran over part of the line from Cheltenham at the unrivalled pace of sixteen miles per hour; starting from Tewkesbury, after changing horses, at exactly thirty minutes after leaving Cheltenham.

At the date when the unexpected speed of Stephenson's 'Rocket' first surprised the world, the roads of the United Kingdom had been brought to a high degree of efficiency. The old Roman system of building roads, which had been followed in principle by Telford, was gradually superseded, from 1815 to 1830, by the system of Macadam, which regarded the subsoil as an adequate support for any moving weight that could be brought over it, if only it was kept properly dry. This was effected by a coating of eight or nine inches of broken stone, no fragment of which was to weigh more than six ounces. This was consolidated by traffic into a smooth surface of 'road metal.' In some districts of the manufacturing North, roads pitched with granite 'sets' still existed for heavy traffic. But Portsmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, Milford Haven, and Holyhead were all placed in direct mail communication with London by well laid-out and well maintained turnpike roads in 1828. No

official accounts of the length and cost of the highways of England are to be found in the archives of the Institution of Civil Engineers. In 1864, according to the fourth report of the Local Government Board, the length of turnpike roads in England was 20,636 miles, and that of highways was 106,573 miles. The aggregate length of 127,210 miles is only about 2 per cent. under the estimate made by M. de Franqueville for 1873, amounting to 129,817 miles for England and Wales. To this has to be added 21,280 miles for Scotland, of which 5,667 were turnpike, 14,420 were ordinary highways, and 1,193 were military roads. In Ireland there was a length of 47,040 miles of road. For the United Kingdom the aggregate length of public road thus amonnts to 197,836 miles. The proportionate accommodation thus afforded is eqnal to 2·24 miles of road for every sqnare mile of the surface of England, 0·7 mile per square mile in Scotland, and 1·25 mile per square mile in Ireland. The aggregate length of roads in France, in 1875, was 415,532 kilomètres, or 257,630 English miles, being at the rate of 1 kilomètre of road per square kilomètre of territory.

Of the cost of these roads no record is known to be in existence. Taking into account land, fencing, draining, formation, and metalling, as well as bridging, it is tolerably certain that it would not be possible now to construct the 20,000 miles of English turnpike roads, one with another, for 2,000*l.* per mile. In such cases as the Holyhead road the cost must have been very much more. And if we only allow half that figure for ordinary highways, we still find that a sum of 160,000,000*l.* barely represents the cost of the highways of England, and the outlay of 220,000,000*l.* that of those of the United Kingdom. A third of the sum subsequently invested in railways has thus been spent on nearly twelve times their length of ordinary highways.

The rate of maintenance of the turnpikes and great trunk lines of road has been reduced to more than half the former cost by the abstraction of traffic by railways. The annual cost of maintenance is calculated at 3,200,000*l.*, exclusive of streets and roads in cities and towns. In France the annual budget for the maintenance of the five categories of public road amounts to about 4,500,000*l.* The price per mile is about 10 per cent. higher than in the United Kingdom, but the roads are generally wider in France.

Many of the works executed on the highways of Great Britain are enterprises of the first magnitude, carried out with consummate skill and admirable workmanship. Over the River Conway, to carry the Holyhead road, Telford built a suspension bridge of 300 feet span. The Union Bridge, over the Tweed, also on the suspension principle, built by Sir Samuel Brown in 1819, had a span of 450 feet between the supporting towers, which were of masonry. Over the Menai Straits Telford threw a suspension bridge of three openings, the centre one having a span of 580 feet, weighing 644 tons, for the suspended weight of the main opening alone. New London Bridge, built by Rennie in 1825–1831, consisted of five semi-elliptical arches, two of 130 feet, two of 140 feet, and one of 152 feet span, with a rise of 37 feet. The width of the roadway is 52 feet. The waterway of 692 feet thus opened was in lieu of an aggregate waterway between the abutments of the old bridge of only 230 feet 4 inches, measured below the tops of the starlings, or pilework around the piers. Above the starlings, the piers occupied a total width of 406 feet 10 inches, the difference between this width and the 700 feet to which the obstructions extended at low water having been gradually added from time to time in order to protect the piers. The Dee Bridge at Chester, of 200 feet span, with a rise of 42 feet; Southwark Bridge, of cast iron, with two side arches of 210 feet, and a central arch of 240 feet span, with a rise of only 24 feet; and Waterloo Bridge (1809–1817), with nine equal semi-elliptical granite arches, of 120 feet span and 35 feet rise, are works which vie with any constructed in England before the era of railways.

At the time when the abstraction of the bulk of their traffic by the new mode of transport commenced, the canals of England had arrived at a state of great efficiency. The system, which comprised more than 4,000 miles of artificial waterway, may be regarded as intended to effect a double purpose. It linked together the chief rivers and ports of England, and thus competed with the coasting trade; and it afforded a means of communication with inland towns and centres of production and of consumption, which the coasters were altogether unable to supply or to reach. Brindley's first work, the Bridgewater Canal, 62 miles in length, from Manchester to Runcorn, as well as most of the earliest canals, belong to the second category, and gave an extraordinary stimulus to the productive powers of the country. The principal connexions of a through navigation are those of the Thames and the Severn by two parallel lines of canal, the Kennet and Avon, of 86 miles, from Reading to Bath and Hanham, and the Thames and Severn Canal, of nearly 30 miles, from Ox-

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ford to Gloucester. The Wey and Arun Navigation connected the Thames with Arundel and Portsmouth. The Grand Junction Canal, from London to Coventry, joining with a network of other important waterways, led from London to Chester; to Runcorn; by the Trent river to Goole and to Hull; and by the Nene navigation to Wisbeach and to Lynn. The Leeds and Liverpool and the Aire and Calder Canals linked Hull and Liverpool. The first of these two waterways still pays 18 per cent. on its capital, and the latter has introdnced a method of steam propnlsion which costs only one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile. In 1857, when for the last time Parliament endeavoured to obtain some accounnt of the financial condition of the canals, the capital expended on 4,135 miles amonnted to about 14,000,000*l.*, on which, despite the opposition of the railway companies, there was earned a mean dividend of about 3½ per cent. per annum.

Some noble works have been constructed on the canals of this country. To carry the Ellesmere Canal over the river Dee, near Llangollen, Telford and Jessop built an aqueduct 1,020 feet long, consisting of nineteen arches of 40 feet span, the centre arch rising 126 feet above the level of the Dee. The Harecastle tunnel was driven through the ridge which forms the backbone of England in 1776, and a tunnel 5,280 yards long was constructed for the Huddersfield Canal. In 1825 was commenced that extraordinary work, which foreigners were long accustomed to regard as one of the chief wonders of England, if not of the world, the Thames Tunnel. This difficult and dangerous enterprise was completed by Brunel in 1843, at a cost of 455,000*l.* The length of the tunnel is 1,200 feet.

As we shall not have occasion again to refer to canals, we may here mention the completion, in 1872, of the Suez Canal. It is right to remark that no less an authority than Mr. Robert Stephenson committed himself to an opinion as to the difficulty attendant on this great work, which the result proved to be incorrect. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the enormous amount of deposit annually brought down by the Nile, which has choked up what was even in historic times a waterway between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gnlf, is a source of obstruction which can only be removed at a very great annual outlay. In point of fact the only very serious difficnlty proved to be financial. In order to provide the funds, so mnch of what is called financing had to be carried on by the indomitable M. de Lesseps, that the maritime world is now burdened by a charge for the transit of the canal which is fully the double of that which would have paid a heavy dividend if the capital had been raised nnder the guarantee of the French or of the English Govern-ment.

While the skill and perseverance of the engineers of Great Britain had provided, within the space of three-quarters of a century from the commencement of their systematic labours on the Bridgewater Canal, such a system of well-constructed roads and canals, a sharp limit was imposed on the rapidity of transport by the physical constitution of the horse. Speed of travelling, fifty years ago, was measured by the powers of endnrance of that nseful animal. The cost of traction rose as the pace was quickened from a walk to a trot, or even to a gallop, because the animal was only able to go for a mnch shorter distance, and to pull a much lighter load, at the higher rates of speed. At 2½ miles an hour, a horse can do the greatest qnantity of steady work without injury. At that rate he can draw a ton, or over a smooth and level road as mnch as two tons, for a distance of thirty miles in a day. At a speed of ten miles an hour a horse cannot regularly draw more than half a ton; and for travelling at this rate coachmasters were accnstomed to provide a horse for every mile of road. Thus, to attain a fonrfold speed, the cost is increased more than eightfold. It is possible to tow a ton of load for a mile on a canal, at 2½ miles an hour, for one-fifth of a penny. To draw the same weight along a turnpike-road for the same distance, at the same slow pace, costs, according to the character of the road, from seven-tenths of a penny to three-halfpence. But to pull an equal weight at the moderate speed of ten miles in an hour is found to cost from ten to twenty pence, according to the length of the single or donble stages which the teams can accomplish without overwork. If a single traveller formerly reqnired the services of the postmaster, he bad to pay from fifteen to eighteen pence per mile for a chaise and a pair of horses, besides turnpikes and postilion. A gig might be hired in some districts for ninepence a mile, but a chaise and fonr cost only one or two pence less than four shillings a mile; and if Gretna Green were the goal of the journey the cost was often considerably more than that.

The means of attaining greater velocity for both land and water transport was being sought, in different directions, by not a few able men, at the time when the unexpected speed attained on the rail by the locomotive diverted the course of invention to that par-

ticular channel. By water, the year 1830 had witnessed a considerable degree of success in the navigation of rivers and narrow seas, but ocean steam navigation was as yet unattempted. In 1818 David Napier had the 'Rob Roy,' of 90 tons burden, with an engine of 30-horse power, built at Dumbarton, with which he established a communication between Greenock and Belfast. In 1819 the 'Roh Roy' was transferred to the Channel, to run between Dover and Calais. In 1820, steam packets were introduced to carry the mails between Holyhead and Howth; and the 'Britannia,' with oscillating cylinders, was built by Manby for the Dover and Calais station. In 1825 the General Steam Navigation Company was established, and vessels of 500 and 600 tons burden and 120 to 130 horse power began to ply between London and Leith, Liverpool and Glasgow, and on other coasting trips. About the same time a remarkable discovery was made with regard to traction on canals. In July 1830, Fairbairn made the fourth of a series of experiments on the Monkland Canal, by which he showed that while the resistance to the passage of a boat increased rapidly at speeds of from 3 to 8 miles per hour, at a speed of from 8 to 14 miles the vessel rose and skimmed over the surface of the water with a very much reduced resistance. But the cost of horse power at high speed opposed the prosecution of this plan on the score of economy, and Fairbairn's design of a light, swift canal steamer has not hitherto been carried out.

In 1827 Gurney built a steam coach for the common roads, which worked in and about London for two years, attaining a speed of 8½ miles an hour. Hancock, Sir Charles Dance, and other inventors, were then at work for the same object. In 1831 Hancock's steam coach, the 'Infant,' began to ply between the City and Paddington; and in the same year Sir Charles Dance's carriage plied regularly between Cheltenham and Gloucester, running the nine miles in from 45 to 55 minutes. The mechanical practicability of steam locomotion by road was reported by a committee of the House of Commons, in 1831, to be fully established. Gurney ran his carriage at between 20 and 30 miles an hour; Ogle at from 32 to 35; Sumners ran 4½ miles at 30 miles an hour. It was not the failure of engineering skill, but the great economical advantages secured by the railroads, that arrested the development of this earliest and most natural mode of steam locomotion by land.

The condition of mining and metallurgy, about 1828–30, although it had made extraordinary progress since the introduction of canals, was very far from having attained anything like the development which has been coincident with the execution of great railway works. So late as 1846 Sir John Rennie estimated the total quantity of coal brought to the surface in Great Britain at between thirty and forty millions of tons per annum, and the value of the total mineral produce of the island at 26,000,000*l*. In 1876, the quantity of coal raised was 133,344,766 tons, of a value of 46,670,668*l*.; and the total value of the minerals produced was 68,226,853*l*. Of this quantity of coal 16,299,077 tons was exported to foreign countries; and 15,598,381 tons have been used in the production of 6,555,997 tons of pig iron. For the smelting of copper the quantity of coal required bears a much higher proportion to that of the metal obtained. For the 79,000 tons smelted in 1876, if we take the proportion given by Sir John Rennie as a guide, 1,200,000 tons of coals must have been burned. The reduction of tin ore demands some 600,000 tons of coal. Lead works, zinc works, iron manufacture as distinguished from the production of iron, potter's work, chemical works, and other manufactures, demand quantities of which no returns are accessible. As regards use for domestic purposes alone, it must be remembered that the population of the country is now larger by one-third than was the case fifty years ago. The iron trade in Great Britain in 1846 was 1,780,000 tons, of which 500,000 tons were exported. We have seen that this quantity was nearly quadrupled in 1876. From 1834 to 1847 the consumption of coal doubled in the South Wales district. In 1800 the total quantity of coal shipped in Northumberland and Durham was 2,352,508 tons. In 1847 it had risen to 7,727,675 tons. In 1876 it was 31,991,628 tons, or between thirteen and fourteen times as much as at the commencement of the century. The amount of work done in the movement of machines, other than railway locomotives, by the use of coal must be matter rather of guess than of direct estimate. The consumption of coal under steam boilers was estimated by the framers of the mining returns at 25,000,000 tons in 1854. If the various applications of the mineral have advanced in a similar ratio, the quantity now consumed for raising steam must be more than 33,000,000 tons per annum. The amount of work thus done, estimated in horse power, must depend on the economy of the different engines, which varies in a very wide degree. If we allow an expenditure of fuel twice as extravagant as that of the most economically worked engines, we shall find the result to

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equal the work of above six millions of horses for eight hours per day, and for 300 days in the year. The machinery which effects this enormous amount of work, if kept running continually, would thus be adequate to the performance of the work of above eighteen millions of horses. In the absence of returns of an earlier date than 1854, and of full returns at present, these few facts may enable the reader to form some faint conception of the activity of our great productive industries.

The improvement and extension of machinery and manufactures that had occurred between the time of Smeaton and the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway had included the introduction of the chief inventions applicable to textile fabrics. Smeaton was the first to substitute iron for wood in mill-work and machinery. The Albion Mills, constructed by Rennie in 1784, and worked by Watt's steam engine, gave the first example of the employment of iron in every part of the machinery except the teeth of some of the wheels. The spinning jenny was invented by Hargreaves in 1767. Two years later, Arkwright discovered the means of drawing out the fibres of cotton between successive pairs of rollers in the water-twist spinning, and his system of machines for carding and preparing the fibres of cotton for spinning, in 1775, occasioned a complete revolution in the arts of manufacturing, and led to the establishment of the factory system, with its self-acting machinery. Silk, which yields more readily than cotton a continuous line of fibre, had been wrought by machinery at Derby nearly half a century before. Arkwright's machinery was adapted for spinning worsted by Toplis, and flax by Marshall. The mule for a long time was only employed for cotton, but was adapted by Kelly in 1790 to be partly worked by power in aid of manual labour, and was soon after improved so as to spin extremely fine threads. The variety of new inventions with which this period teemed was remarkable. Watt introduced chemical bleaching, which was carried to great perfection by Tennant. Cartwright invented cloth-weaving by power, and machinery for combing and preparing long wool for being spun into worsted. Machinery for dressing woollen cloth by teazles was invented, and weaving machinery was made, by Harmer, in 1787. Bramah introduced the hydraulic press for packing, pressing, &c., in 1796. Boulton erected complete machinery for coining money by steam power in 1790; and the apparatus was introduced into the Royal Mint in 1810. The concentration of manufacturing operations, remarks Sir John Rennie, 'caused a number of small machines to be substituted for those formerly impelled by hand in workmen's cottages, and brought together in large buildings adapted for that purpose, and worked by one great moving power, so combined with each other and the building as to render a spinning-mill, with its water-wheel or steam-engine, and all its accessories, one vast and complicated machine.'

The outcome of the application of the inventive genius of the engineer to the development of the natural resources of the country would, however, have been restricted to a much lower amount than that with which we are now familiar, so long as the speed with which mankind could pass over the surface of the planet was limited, on the ocean, by the caprice of the winds and waves, and on land by the capacity of the horse. The general correlation of mechanical progress, and the dependence on the skill of the mechanist which is involved by the very conditions of motion, are thus forcibly illustrated. A single brilliant inspiration may at any time breathe an unexpected life into an invention which has long taxed the utmost ingenuity of the thoughtful mechanic. Remarkably was this the case with reference to that gigantic bound which was taken by the art of locomotion in the year 1829.

It is to be regretted that the singular modesty which was one of the characteristics of Mr. Robert Stephenson has prevented us from giving an account of the origin and development of the railway system in England in his own words. In January 1856, on first taking the chair as president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Stephenson gave a lucid account of the condition of the British railways at that time. But the glance which he took, far-reaching as it was, was retrospective only as far back as 1845. Unfortunately neither of those years can be regarded as forming a marked era in such a retrospect as we are now attempting to take; and it is quite impossible, so far as we are aware, to find a parallel to the reticence of Mr. Stephenson in this careful review of the condition of the main subject of his professional practice. Admittedly the first authority on railways at the time, and the son and fellow-worker of the father of the railway system, he has not uttered, on an occasion so tempting for the display of at all events a filial pride, a single syllable that would have informed any casual listener that he had any more personal connexion with the history and growth of the railway system than any other of the members of the association which he addressed. In twenty-

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five years, he then remarked, 18,000 miles of single track of railway had been at that time laid. In that short space of time there have been laid rails, within these islands, far more than are sufficient to 'put a girdle round about the earth.' The size of the mountain of earth which had been removed in the construction of that length of railway was thus indicated by Mr. Stephenson:—'Imagine a mountain half a mile in diameter at its base, and soaring into the clouds one mile and a half in height: that would be the size of the mountain of earth which these earthworks would form; while St. James's Park, from the Horse Guards to Buckingham Palace, would scarcely afford space for its base.' At that time the water vaporised by the locomotives was enough to supply the population of Liverpool with twenty-two gallons per head per day throughout the year. Yet the work thus done on this newly created field of exertion, which in 1856 Mr. Stephenson so justly regarded as stupendous, did not amount, if measured by annual revenue, to one-third of that now regularly carried on.

In January 1864, Mr. John Robinson M'Clean, in his inaugural speech as president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, took the opportunity to point out the extraordinary effects which had arisen from the execution of the engineering works of the country during the past thirty years. But for a considerable part of his comparison he was compelled, by the want of proper official returns of a later date, to go back as far as 1815. Comparing the income of the country in 1815 with that in 1856, it is somewhat startling to find that the revenue derived from land, tithes, manors, fines, and fisheries, was nearly 10 per cent. less in the latter than in the former year; the figures being 41,521,492*l.* in 1815, and 38,153,935*l.* in 1856. Rent, in fact, had fallen. But, on the other hand, the profits on quarries, mines, ironworks, canals, railways, gasworks, and other property created or developed by the engineer, had increased more than twelvefold, or from 1,450,000*l.* in the former to over 18,000,000*l.* in the latter year. The income from house property had trebled, from 16,260,000*l.* to 48,400,000*l.* Farmers' profits, in spite of the abolition of protection, had increased by more than 14 per cent., from 21,760,000*l.* to 24,225,000*l.* We had redeemed one-fifth of our debt, the payment for funds in 1856 being 24,400,000*l.* against 30,000,000*l.* in 1815. And the profits of trades and professions had been two and a half times multiplied; the returns of incomes of this nature above 50*l.* per annum in the earlier year having been 30,200,000*l.*, and those above the higher limit of 100*l.* per annum, in the latter, having risen to 74,550,000*l.* At that time a reproductive capital of 400,000,000*l.* had been expended on the railway system.

The early progress of railways, from the employment of carriages with wooden wheels, running upon wooden rails, at Newcastle in 1681, down to the improvements effected by George Stephenson in 1814–1816, were briefly summed up by Sir John Rennie in that admirable discourse to which we have before referred. In the hands of Stephenson, 'the locomotive soon became sufficiently perfect to be brought into general use on railways for drawing coal wagons at a greater rate than could be performed by horses. . . . Here was a grand epoch in the history of railways, which were destined at no very distant period to effect such a complete revolution in the whole system of international communication and to realise such extraordinary results as even the most sanguine minds never anticipated.' The introduction, in 1816, of the iron edge rail and the flanged wheels is said to have been anticipated by Jessop on the Loughborough Railway. The wrought-iron rail, with that undulatory form of the lower part of the vertical web known as the fish-belly, was patented by Birkenshaw in 1820. But, as Mr. Colburn justly observes in his 'history of the locomotive engine'—

'no man contributed so much as the elder Stephenson to the establishment and success of the modern railway system. He knew the advantages, and thoroughly comprehended the economy, of railway transport, before others would admit them. And although it was mechanically and commercially practicable to work railways by means of fixed engines and ropes, Stephenson foresaw the further advantage of locomotive power, and had an abiding faith in the locomotive engine.'*

There are various claimants for the honour of the invention which has proved to be the very vital breath of the locomotive—the steam blast—and the actual discovery, not of the method itself, but of its prodigious efficacy, seems to have taken Stephenson as much as anyone else by surprise at the experiments at Rainhill in 1829. On the first day of her trial the 'Rocket' derived but little benefit from the discharge of 'the exhaust steam up the chimney, and, indeed, made steam nearly as freely when standing as while running.' The mean speed kept up by the engine was under 14, and the maximum 24, miles an hour. Without any load a velocity of 29½ miles an hour was

* Locomotive Engineering, vol. i. p. 32.

attained. Ericsson's engine, the 'Novelty,' shot by the 'Rocket' like a projectile; but the workmanship was not equal to that of the stout Northumbrian, though the scientific condition of the 'Novelty' was probably of a more advanced order. After the trials the two exhaust orifices of the 'Rocket' were thrown into one, and so contracted that the exhaust steam produced a powerful blast in the chimney. The results were such as to indicate the full value of this mode of developing heat. 'After every deduction it remains to the credit of George Stephenson that he was the first to combine the blast pipe and modern locomotive boiler in a high-speed passenger engine.' What the combination has already effected we propose briefly to review.

If we glance at some of the economical features of the railway system of the United Kingdom in 1877, from the standpoint taken by Mr. Stephenson in 1856, we shall be able to form some rough conception of the enormous machinery for transport which has been provided in half a century at a cost of 650,000,000*l.* For that sum we have constructed 17,000 miles of railway, containing a length of single line and sidings of upwards of 32,000 miles. Over this length of iron way, of one and a third times the length of the Equator, 12,750 locomotives are continually whirling a number of vehicles which, as a total, are unconnted, but of which those belonging to the railway companies alone number 413,-000.* Arranged in trains, these vehicles are made to run 220,000,000 train miles, or 9,000 times the length of the Equator, in the year. To supply these engines with water would exceed the capacity of the machinery of the East Kent and Grand Junction Waterworks combined. The coal which they consume, principally in the form of coke, is more than the total output of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham fifty years ago. Allowing for the least advantageous mode of raising steam, these engines perform a duty equal to that of 400,000 horses, each working for 3,000 hours in the year. This is supposing that the power of the horse could be so applied as to produce the actual speed, which rises with some trains to sixty miles per hour. If the fuel were consumed with an economy at all approaching that averaged in the Cornish engines, the result would be the exertion of an energy of a million-horse power. And it is pretty certain that, taken one with another, the locomotives of the English railways do not work more than eight hours a day, so that on any emergency this prodigious service might be considerably increased. The men employed on this great system were 280,000 some years ago, and may probably now amount to 300,000. But the time which is saved by some six hundred millions of passengers, travelling an average distance in each trip of some eight or nine miles, must be nearly if not quite equal to the full amount of time for which the servants of the railway companies are employed; so that the services of more than a quarter of a million of picked workmen are thus annually and gratuitously added to the resources of the country. In addition to this great passenger traffic, 212,000,000 tons of minerals, goods, and merchandise are conveyed for average distances of from thirty to forty miles, at speeds of from five miles an hour upwards. The history of the world may be vainly ransacked to show anything approaching this self-originated development of the resources of a nation, except among those contemporary nations which have emulated us in the application of the same inventions and the like industry.

Facilities of internal communication, to whatever extent developed, are, however, altogether insufficient to supply the needs of any country that does not produce the entire staple of the food of its inhabitants, as well as every article of primary necessity or of vital importance. The productive energy of England was increased in a measure which we can only very imperfectly estimate by the provision of the means of internal travel afforded by roads, canals, railways, and coasting steam vessels. Something more was required to put the centres of production thus organised in direct communication with the markets of the world, and to link London, Liverpool, and our other English ports with the ports of India, America, and Australia.

The man to whom England chiefly owes the establishment of her oceanic steam navigation was Isambard Kingdom Brunel. To his original genius, and to the honourable rivalry between him and the younger Stephenson, we are indebted for the broad-gauge railway, and, in no small degree, for the high speed of the locomotive. In 1819 an American ship of 300 tons burden, named the 'Savannah,' built at New York,

* For the year ending December 31, 1878, the numbers returned to the Board of Trade were 12,989 locomotives, 418,322 vehicles of all descriptions, and 222,376,114 miles travelled by trains. The total capital paid up and raised by loans and debenture stock was 698,545,154*l.*, and the total mileage 17,333 miles. 565 millions of passengers, exclusive of the holders of season and periodical tickets, were conveyed; that is to say, tickets were issued for that number of journeys.

with engines of small power, and paddles made to ship and unship, actually made two voyages across the Atlantic. But no serious steps thus to link together the two hemispheres were made until October 1835, when, at a meeting of the directors of the Great Western Railway, one of the party spoke of the enormous length, as it then appeared, of the proposed railway from London to Bristol. Mr. Brunel exclaimed, 'Why not make it longer, and have a steamboat to go from Bristol to New York and call it the Great Western?'* The suggestion, treated at first as a joke, soon engaged the serious attention of three of the leading members of the board. A tour of the great shipbuilding ports of the kingdom was made in order to collect information. In the report of the result of the enquiry Mr. Brunel inserted a paragraph which laid down the principles on which the success of oceanic steam navigation wholly depends. It was simply this, that the resistance to the passage of vessels through the water increases at a lower rate of progression than their tonnage. At equal speeds, a vessel twice the size of another will encounter four times the resistance. But its capacity, or tonnage, will be eightfold that of the smaller vessel. By a well-proportioned increase of size, therefore, it is possible to employ far more powerful engines, to carry enough coal for the consumption of a long voyage, and at the same time to have ample accommodation for passengers and goods. So true is this principle, that it is now admitted that the economical limit to the size of vessels is imposed rather by the dimensions of ports and harbours than by the exigencies of the shipwright. Speed, also, may be considerably increased by the employment of more powerful engines; the limit to ocean speed being imposed by another physical law, to the effect that the resistance increases as the cube of the velocity.

The logical soundness of Mr. Brunel's position was impugned by those scientific men of the day who were not engineers. At a crowded meeting of the mechanical section of the British Association at Bristol, in August 1836, Dr. Lardner declared that a vessel of 1,600 tons, provided with 400-horse power engines, for a voyage to New York, must carry 1,348 tons of coal, besides the weight of the engines, which he put at 400 tons. 'He thought it would be a waste of time, under the circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York.'

Mr. Brunel's reply was the launch, on July 19, 1837, of the 'Great Western' steamship. The length between perpendiculars was 212 feet; her load displacement was 2,300 tons; her engines and boilers weighed 400 tons, besides the 80 tons of water contained in the latter. After a narrow escape from fire, in which Mr. Brunel was picked up insensible, the vessel started from Bristol on Sunday, April 10, 1838, and struck soundings at Newfoundland on the ninth day. She arrived at New York on the 23rd, with 200 tons of coal, out of her provision of 660 tons, still on board. Stimulated by the courage of the directors of the 'Great Western,' the St. George Steam Packet Company had bought the 'Sirius,' a vessel of about 700 tons burden and 320-horse power, which they despatched from Cork eight hours before the 'Great Western' left Bristol. With the advantage of about thirty-two hours' start, including time and distance, the 'Sirius' arrived at New York in the morning of the 23rd, the 'Great Western' arriving in the afternoon of the same day. 'They were received,' says an American writer, 'with the utmost enthusiasm. They were saluted by the forts and men-of-war in the harbour; the merchant vessels dipped their flags, and the citizens assembled off the batteries, and, coming to meet them in boats of all kinds and sizes, cheered heartily.' A few days later the two steamers started on their return to Great Britain; the 'Sirius' reaching Falmouth safely in 18 days, and the 'Great Western' making the voyage to Bristol in 15 days; the latter meeting with head winds, and working, during a part of the time, against a heavy gale and in a high sea, at the rate of but two knots an hour. The voyage occupied about half the time usually allowed for the sailing packets. Thus was inaugurated 'a trans-oceanic steam service which has steadily grown in extent and importance. The use of steam power for this work of extended ocean transportation has never since been interrupted.' On the Cunard line of packets, between Liverpool and New York, there are now fifty steam vessels, with an aggregate amount of nearly 50,000-horse power, making the passage frequently in eight days. The use of iron and steel, the introduction of the screw-propeller, and the saving in fuel accomplished by the use of the compound engine, have brought the steam vessel to such a state of perfection that sailing vessels are now rarely built in this country, except for the purposes of yachting.

In 1839 Mr. Brunel laid the keel plates of the 'Great Britain,' a steamship of 3,443 tons burden. In 1852 he commenced the

* The Life of I. K. Brunel, by his Son, p. 233.

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'Great Eastern,' the youngest and favourite child of his extraordinary genius. For the history of this wonderful vessel, in which some of the provisions for the discharge of the most important functions of animal life have been imitated by the engineer, the reader should consult the life of Brunel, before referred to. The length of the 'Great Eastern' between perpendiculars is 680 feet. The displacement, at 30 feet draught, is 27,419 tons. Eight working cylinders give motion to paddle-wheels and also to a screw; the nominal horse power of the whole being eqnal to 2,600 horses. With the telegraphic cable now laid from Bombay to Aden on board, the 'Great Eastern' drew 34 feet 6 inches of water, and had the unapproached displacement of 32,724 tons.

The steady growth of the ports and harbours of the kingdom received a powerful stimnlns from the introduction of steam navigation. The ports and harbours ennmerated in a Parliamentary return in 1874 were 588 in number. Of these seven are the military ports, Davenport, Milford Haven, Plymonth, Portland, Portsmonth, St. Davids, and Solva, under the anthority of the Admiralty. Dover, Holyhead, and Ramsgate harbours, constructed by the Government, are under the anthority of the Board of Trade. The Irish Board of Public Works have the control of eight ports, and the Woods and Forests that of the port of Holy Island. Of the remainder the railway companies own forty-seven, other companies twenty-five, fifty-three are owned by private individuals, and the remainder are under the control of commissioners or local boards. The chief improvements in port engineering have been dne to the perfection of the diving-bell by Rennie, of the diver's helmet and dress by General Pasley and Messrs. Deane and Edwards, to the use of *béton*, or concrete made with hydraulic lime, and to the great improvements in caissons, coffer-dams, and cylinders. A very elegant invention, bearing upon river and tidal work, has only recently been patented—that of a hollow iron pile with a solid point, the driving being effected by a monkey or ram allowed to fall within the tube of the pile itself. The receipts, by way of dues and tolls, of the English ports in 1872 amonnted to a little over 3,000,000*l.* Those of the Irish ports exceeded 440,000*l.* These snms were provided by the owners of 200,000 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 40,000,000 tons.

In no respect have the civil engineers of Englaud trinmphed more nobly over difficulties and perils than in the erection of the magnificent series of lighthonses which now gem the coasts of the British Islands. The story of the erection of the Eddystone Lighthouse by Smeaton in 1757 has been often told. That story is now, to a certain extent, being repeated, nnder the competent and watchful care of Mr. J. N. Douglass, Engineer to the Trinity House; to whom the country also owes much for his labours regarding the introduction of the electric light for lighthouse illumination. While the Eddystone tower built by Smeaton was a creation of original genius, that of Donglass, of which the Prince of Wales has recently laid the foundation stone, may be regarded as a monumental record of the advance made in this most perilous portion of the work of the engineer in a hnndred and twenty years. The account of the building of the Bell Rock Lighthouse by Robert Stevenson in 1807–11, should be read in the life of that distinguished man lately published by his son. Nothing in the annals of British daring excels the conduct of Stevenson, who was also the inventor of intermittent or flashing lights. In 1809 a coal fire in a *chaufferette* or brazier was the signal employed for a beacon—a signal which could be so easily mistaken, or even counterfeited, that it was a source of almost as mnch danger as safety. When the Northern Lighthouse Board was established in 1786, it was stated in the preamble of the Act that it would conduce greatly to the safety of navigation and fishing if four lighthouses were erected in the north portion of Great Britain. Along the 4,469 miles of Scottish seaboard are now erected 153 lights, or one for every 29·6 nautical miles. On the 2,518 miles of the Irish coast are 109 Pharos towers, and on the 2,405 miles of English seaboard 335, or one for every 7·1 marine miles. France has 2,763 miles of coast, and 346 lighthouses, or one for every 7·9 miles. The annnal amount of light dnes is about 520,000*l.* in the United Kingdom, and about 180,000*l.* per annum in France.

The provision of harbours, and the erection of lighthouses and beacons, are not remotely connected with the improvement of river outfalls, the reclamation of land from the sea, and the drainage and regular irrigation of low-lying country. We have referred to the work of Vermnyden in the Bedford Level. His plan of drainage consisted in placing a sluice across the River Onse, at Denver, abont 15 miles from the sea at Lynn, so as to exclnde the tidal waters. From that point he cnt a new channel, abont 20 miles long, called the Bedford or Hundredfoot River, to the old channel of the Ouse at Earith. For a time the plan answered tolerably well. Bnt the exclnsion of the tidal waters from their natural rise

into the channel of the Ouse so diminished the scouring power of the river, that the outfall silted up by the deposit brought down by the land waters, and thus checked the issue of the drainage into the sea. In 1713 Denver sluice was undermined and blown up by a flood; the tide recovered its ancient receptacle; and if proper measures had been then adopted, both navigation and drainage might have been restored and improved. But after a few years the sluice was rebuilt on the old plan.

In 1792 an Act of Parliament was passed for improving the navigation of the Ouse immediately above the town of Lynn, and after much dispute the great work, called the Eau Brink Cut, was completed by Rennie in 1821. The effect of this excavation, which substituted a straight channel for a horseshoe bend of the river, was the lowering of the low water level of the Ouse by 7½ feet, and the addition of 300,000 acres to the cultivable land of the district.

In 1829 a somewhat similar work was executed by Telford and Rennie at the outfall of the River Nene, the longest of the seven rivers that drain the area of Fenland. The result has been the lowering of the low-water line in that river by 10½ feet, the reclamation of about 160,000 acres of land, and the improvement of the navigation to such an extent as to allow the tide to rise fourteen feet at Wisbeach, and to enable vessels of 200 tons to ascend the river to that town, and vessels of 800 tons to come as high as Sutton Bridge, eight miles below Wisbeach.

In 1806 Rennie proposed and carried into effect a system of drainage for the fens bordering on the River Witham. He was not allowed fully to carry out his scheme, which would have rendered Boston as accessible from the sea by the Witham as Wisbeach has been made by the Nene. He was compelled, by local opposition, to place a sluice immediately below Boston, instead of cutting a new outfall to the sea. But even the partial execution of the plan improved the channel so much as to allow vessels drawing twelve and fourteen feet of water to reach Boston, and to convert a large district of stagnant marsh into fertile cornfields.

With regard to those appliances of modern city life which bear a close analogy to the respiratory and the arterial systems of the animal organisation, the advance made in the last half-century has been less satisfactory. The first employment of coal gas, or carburetted hydrogen, for the purpose of lighting, was by William Murdoch, the manager of the works of Boulton and Watt at Soho, near Birmingham. In 1802 he illuminated this factory with gas, in honour of the peace of Amiens. He afterwards lighted a large woollen factory at Manchester, and another at Leeds. The extension of the new method was slow, but in 1813 an efficient apparatus was erected in London, by Clegg, Farey, and Manby, upon the same plan as that designed by Murdoch. Gas lighting on a large scale was introduced into France by Manby in 1820. The capital invested in the works of the six London gas companies now amounts to 10,800,000*l.*, their annual revenue to 3,600,000*l.*, and the average dividend earned on the capital to 10·4 per cent. Most of the chief towns in England are lighted by gas, and the use of this method has become very general on the Continent. Many improvements in the details of the process of gas making have been introduced, but the chief progress made has been in discovering useful applications for the residual products. So far has this been carried, that the price of gas in any locality in England is almost independent of the cost of coal, as the coke and other residual products rise in price in proportion to the price of that material. By this means the price of gas in London has gradually been reduced from 15*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per 1,000 cubic feet. But the mode of consuming gas is still rude and primitive. Far less than the proper quantity of light is obtained from combustion, and the unburned matter, together with the carbonic acid and oxide, and the water, produced by consumption, are rarely removed by any efficient ventilation, although their deleterious effect is shown by the fact that no plants will thrive in a room lighted with gas.

When London began to increase, so that the population pressed upon the sources of the water supply, water was conveyed in leaden pipes from various springs to public reservoirs. It was brought from Tyburn in 1236, from Highbury in 1438, from Hackney in 1535, from Hampstead in 1543, and from Hoxton in 1546. An open conduit, of 24 miles in length, was commenced by Sir Francis Drake, in the reign of Elizabeth, for supplying Plymouth with water from Dartmoor. The New River, for the supply of London from the springs of Hertfordshire, was completed by Sir Hugh Myddelton in 1613, King James himself being a sleeping partner in the enterprise. This stream, which very closely resembles a natural river, following the undulations of the ground, is 39 miles long, 28 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. It has an average fall of three inches in a mile, and its ample reservoirs now supply an area containing 125,000 houses and 900,000 inhabitants.

In 1582 Morier had placed water-wheels in some of the archways of London Bridge, which worked pumps for raising water from the Thames. Various water-wheels, as well as apparatus moved by wind, by horse-power, and, in 1710 and 1730, by Savery and by Newcomen by steam, were applied to the same purpose in different parts of London. The new engines of Watt were thus applied at Shadwell and Chelsea water-works in 1778, at London Bridge and Shadwell soon after, and at York buildings in 1804. About 1810 Boulton and Watt's improved pumping engines, constructed wholly of metal, and erected in handsome substantial buildings of brick and stone, became generally adopted at the London water-works. The old water towers were demolished, and cast-iron pipes were substituted for the old trunks of wood.

The chief improvement in this branch of engineering since 1828 has been the introduction of filtering reservoirs, first attempted on a large scale by Simpson, at Chelsea, in 1830. They are now generally employed. The neglect which has allowed the Thames to become increasingly polluted has driven the water companies which take their supply from the river still higher and higher up the stream for their intake. The East Kent Company supplies 46,000 houses with water of great purity, though hard, pumped from deep wells in the chalk. The capital of the London water companies, in 1877, was 11,615,000*l.* The revenue from all sources amounted to 1,248,000*l.*, and the working expenses to 492,000*l.*, allowing an average earning of dividend at the rate of about 6½ per cent. Nevertheless, the water supply of London is by no means satisfactory either in quantity or in quality, although the impurity of the water is probably due even more to the foulness and neglect of the house cisterns than to the sources from which it is drawn. At the close of the last session, Mr. Fawcett obtained from the Government a promise that the whole subject should be carefully studied in the recess, and that a comprehensive measure for the supply of water to the metropolis should be presented to Parliament next year.

The rapid movement of railway trains, which have reached the considerable weight of 800 tons, by land, and of vessels of so much larger mass by sea, could have scarcely been attained without the aid of a swift and certain method of telegraphy. About the year 1819 Mr. Ronalds of Hammersmith is said by Sir John Rennie to have applied electricity for the purpose of effecting a telegraphic communication, and succeeded so far as to complete a circuit through eight miles of wire. The first really practical application of the telegraph (said Mr. Robert Stephenson in 1856) was to enable the stationary engine system on the Blackwall Railway to be worked with certainty and despatch. Gradually the employment of this mode of controlling the course of the locomotive is becoming universal. 'At one period of its history the North-Western Railway appeared to be so overcrowded with traffic that additional lines for its relief were believed to be indispensable; but at the very moment when the demands upon the system were beginning to outgrow the machinery for safety this remarkable invention came to its relief, and the capacity of the line for traffic has consequently been immensely increased.' This was the testimony of the engineer of the North-Western in 1856. The laying two additional lines of rail from London to Rugby was thus deferred for more than twenty years by the use of the electric telegraph. By no less certain and instantaneous a mode of signalling could it have been rendered possible for the Metropolitan Railway to carry the enormous number of 3,600,000 passengers per mile of line—more than twelve times the passenger traffic of the North-Western system. The average interval between the trains on the former line, in 1876, was eight minutes. Out of more than fifty million passengers conveyed in 1876 not one life was lost, and only thirty-six persons were injured from causes beyond their own control. The commercial and military services now rendered to the Empire by the electric telegraph it is impossible to estimate. The distance which divides London from Bombay, Calcutta, or the utmost frontier of India is practically halved by its agency; and a rate of travelling of from 20 to 60 miles by land, and of at least 10 knots per hour at sea, is now measured only once, instead of twice, over the distance that intervenes between any two great centres of communication. Thus regarded, we approach the reduction of the cost of travelling by one-half, by the use of the method first practically brought into use by Cook and Wheatstone.

We have cited Captain Ericsson's 'Contributions to the Centennial Exhibition,' not with the idea that in the space at command it is possible to do justice to a work of such high professional value, but with the purpose of calling attention to a very remarkable illustration of the advance of engineering in the United States. The name of Ericsson is well known as that of the builder of the 'Novelty,' the most rapid locomotive produced for the great competition on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829. Had the workmanship been

as strong as the design was original, the prize would have been won by the 'Novelty,' and the early history of railways would have assumed a different complexion. The splendid work in which Captain Ericsson has recorded the result of his labours connected with mechanics and physics during more than the third of a century would be a credit to the press of any nation. The bold style and high finish of the drawings are such as to show how far our own mechanical publications of the kind are from reaching an excellence thus proved to be attainable. The briefest possible abstract of the account of the philosophical instruments, engines, and other structures designed and executed by Ericsson, occupies more than four quarto pages. These inventions include apparatus for measuring the intervals of radiant heat, for arriving at an estimate of the calorific energy of the solar radiation, and for the application of the sun's rays to mechanical and industrial use. More than twenty distinct forms of apparatus have been designed for this branch of physical research. The caloric engine for domestic purposes, extensively introduced in Europe and America, occupies another chapter of inventions. The ironclad turret vessel, the 'Monitor,' built at New York in 1861, was the first of a long series of improvements in the form, armour, propulsion, engines, and artillery of ships of war, which has culminated in the launch of the formidable torpedo-launch, the 'Destroyer.' An example of the philosophical enquiries of this indefatigable discoverer is afforded in a chapter headed 'Constancy of Rotation of the Earth incompatible with Solar Influence,' which should be read in connexion with those calculations of Sir W. Thomson to which we called attention in a recent number.* An estimate of the aggregate of solid matter removed by the river systems of both hemispheres, and carried towards the Equator, occupying 12 pages, and containing particulars of the course of 136 great rivers, forms part of this remarkable enquiry. It is probable that the great object of the mechanical engineer, namely, the avoidance of loss of heat that is not converted into mechanical power, will be more fully attained by the final perfection of the caloric engine of Ericsson, as to which the inventor has never yet wholly suspended his labours, than by any other mode yet attempted by practical science. Very much of the high position which America now occupies in engineering skill and efficiency is due to this illustrious engineer.

The greatest advances which have been made in England in physical science during the past half-century have probably been those connected with the electric force, and with that chemical or actinic agency which is detected, in invisible rays, towards the extremity of the coloured spectrum of the solar light. Applied to telegraphy the electric current not only gives instantaneous signals, but reproduces the human voice, or the very handwriting of the transmitter. At the present moment attention is directed to the production of light and to the transmission of power by the same subtle energy. In another department, that of the metallurgist, a system of electric casting has been brought to high perfection, by means of which *facsimiles* of the most precious works of the goldsmith and of the engraver can be produced, and natural substances, such as fruits, leaves, or flowers, or the most delicate modelling in wax, can be coated with a film of copper, of silver, or of gold. The chemical effect of the sunlight on certain unstable compounds, especially on the nitrate of silver, has been so profoundly studied, that portraits of absolute accuracy, within certain assignable limits, are produced in the camera. The nature of the light produced by the incandescence of various metallic and mineral substances has been studied by the aid of the spectroscope, and the facts already ascertained have given us positive information as to the chemical constitution of the sun and other celestial bodies. The comparison of the coloured part of the spectrum with the system of lines of no light discovered by Fraunhofer has enabled Huggins to form an estimate of the direction and rapidity of the motion of some of the fixed stars nearest to our earth, although distant by a space of which the expression in ciphers is too vast to convey any tangible idea to the imagination. It is impossible to name any department of human research or of human industry in which the most brilliant and fruitful discoveries have not either been made or may at any moment be anticipated.

At the same time it must be admitted that, in certain respects, the actual state of our engineering knowledge in this country is very far behind what ought to be the case. The want of a hydrological survey of the country can hardly be termed other than disgraceful. It is to the Ordnance Survey, the Geological Survey, the Mining Record Office, the Board of Trade Returns, and the efforts of Mr. G. J. Symonds, and other branches of administrative, rather than of professional, research, that we owe almost all our systematised knowledge of those facts regarding the water supply of the

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. cccii. p. 196.

country, which are the very bases of all engineering. The great question of the proper mode of removing the refuse of our cities has never yet been systematically attacked. The most costly work yet attempted, that of the metropolitan drainage, has been so partial and so ill-considered, that the effect of the discharge of the outfalls on the state of the Thames is assuming a very perilous form. It is impossible to doubt that in these and in some other cases, where the condition of one branch of engineering is so far below that of others, a more complete organisation, such, to go no further, as obtains among the medical profession, would have a most beneficial influence. The chief check to the continued and profitable investment of money in public works has been due to the construction of contractors' lines, or railways made entirely for the sake of the profit on construction, and involving no small loss to the shareholders and to the public. Again, there has been the scandal, rather whispered than proved, of double commissions. Points of this nature, which are inconsistent with the high position that the engineer should hold, whether in science or in spotless integrity, could hardly have arisen had there been any such organisation of the profession as to lead every member to feel that he could do nothing inconsistent with the character of a man of science, or with that of a man of honour, without losing his professional right to practice. The exceptions, no doubt, may have been few. The temptations in some cases—as, for example, those to become the servants instead of the masters of contractors—may have been great. But the whole profession, and, what is more, the whole country, has suffered seriously in consequence. The sturdy individuality which characterises the Anglo-Saxon race has rebelled against the organisation of the profession. But by yielding a very small degree of individual liberty, the importance of the corporate status of the whole body, and thus of every member, would have been incalculably increased. It is by no means likely that any attempt to change the constitution of the Institution of Civil Engineers, even for so important an end, would succeed. An endeavour has recently been made to enlarge the scope of the institution, while still retaining the special character contemplated by the charter, by adding a class of associates, to those of honorary members, members, associate members, and students; thus affording room for those subscribers who, without any claim to the title of civil engineer, take a lively interest in the studies of the profession, and in cognate subjects, such as military engineering, including the science and the structure of artillery. It remains for consideration how far the idea of the founding of a university of mechanical, physical, and chemical science, linked together by faculties and by examinations rather than by local residence, and furnishing some such court of honour for dealing with questions of professional misfeasance as other professions have found to be of such signal service, may command support. In any case of the kind, as in the recent instance of the transference of the headquarters of the mechanical engineers to London from Birmingham, the institution in Great George Street will, no doubt, prove a nucleus and a rallying point. The country owes so much to the civil engineer, that it has a right to call upon him to omit no step that may tend to give the utmost efficiency to his noble profession.

ART. VI.—*Les Mirabeau: Nouvelles études sur la société française au XVIIIe Siècle.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. 2 vols. Paris: 1879.

THERE used to be an old Provençal saying which complained that

> 'Parliament, mistral, and Durance
> Were the three scourges of Provence.'

The parliament, which was established in 1501, perished in 1790, and is therefore a thing of the past, but the mistral still howls as it sweeps across the sunburnt 'province of provinces,' and the Durance still rolls to the Rhone the waters that boil or rave among the tumultuary boulders of her vast and stony bed. On the borders of that Durance, boldly perched upon a hill between Pertuis and Manosque, stands the castle of Mirabeau. '*Viei coumo li roucas*,' old as the rocks, are its walls: burnt by the sun, and swept by the fierce north winds which barely allow the juniper and the lavender, the euphorbias and the cistus, or the purple Judas trees to cover the crevices, or to veil the stony disorder of its escarpments. Its turrets no longer threaten. No *châtelain* now levies toll from the *riverains* or from the boatmen of Pertuis; nor does anyone now exact dues from the villagers at its feet, but the castle is inhabited, and kept in repair by owners who have good cause to cherish its legends and its historic name.

After having been dismantled, in the first Revolution, by the mob of Manosque, it

passed into the hands of a peasant proprietor, from whom M. Lucas de Montigny, the adopted son of the tribune, was fortunate enough to be able to purchase it for the sum of 500 francs. The new owner roofed it over at once, and thus preserved its features till twenty-five years later, when his son, M. G. L. de Montigny, was able to put it into complete repair, and to inhabit it with his family.

The devotion of the Montignys, father and son, to the name of Mirabeau did not stop there. They collected the family manuscripts, and as many papers as were recoverable after such a stormy interval of time. We shall see that the bulk of these materials was very great, and, having made the acquaintance of the late amiable M. de Loménie, MM. de Montigny were attracted to the author of the 'Galerie des Contemporains illustres,' and, before 1849, trusted him with many of their precious records. Additional materials were gradually handed to him, for M. G. L. de Montigny, not content with the restoration of the castle, now wished to see a complete history of the family of Mirabeau. Its genealogy and its establishment in the Durance were, as we shall see, matters for historical investigation. Curious pictures developed themselves on further search—of burgher life in Marseilles, of marriage contracts with noble houses, of pitched battles in Germany, of tropical islands, of heavy broadsides, and English prisons, of family lawsuits, and lastly of philosophical speculations when men of letters first began, by the words 'equality' and 'regeneration,' to ring out the old order and to presage the new. The last lords of the house of Mirabeau seemed to unite in their own persons all the forces and contradictions of that period so full of sharp contrasts which we call the eighteenth century. No man was better fitted to edit their papers than M. de Loménie. He had drunk deep of the literature of the last century, he was painstaking and accurate in no common degree, and the sketches of the Mirabeaus which he had contributed to the 'Pays' and the 'Correspondant' promised even greater merits in a greater book. For twenty years, with the help and the consent of M. G. L. de Montigny, did he labour at this sympathetic subject. Two volumes illustrating the life of the great orator, the last and the strangest of this illustrious and eccentric race, were prepared, but not published, before his death. We understand that his executors propose to give these to the public at no very distant day, but our business for the moment lies only with the book which M. de Loménie lived to complete, with the memoir of the Mirabeaus from 1267 to 1794.

When representing the Provençals of Aix in the Assembly of the States General, Honoré-Gabriel de Mirabeau was wont to say of them 'that they had all had their heads baked by the sun of Provence.' This was eminently true of his father and of himself; but as the Durance collects its torrents from many fountains in the flanks of the Alps, so the Mirabeaus had a long descent of turmoil, a pedigree of strife, and even, as they pretended, an origin among the throes of civic warfare. They claim to descend from the Riqueti or Arrighetti, a family of Ghibelline refugees who fled out of Florence in 1267, when Dante was an infant, and when the troops of Charles of Anjou were threatening the Lily-city. They emigrated and settled themselves without delay in Provence. The Marquis Victor de Mirabeau, author of books upon the equal rights of men, but not the less a great stickler for pedigree, says of his forbears that they even came from Florence 'with the names and titles of nobles.' He adds that Pierre Riquet married no less a bride than Sibylle de Fos, a daughter of the counts of Provence, whose beauty the later troubadours all conspired to praise. M. de Loménie, however, after consulting the Florentine archives as well as Provençal books of genealogy, is inclined to think that these tales are apocryphal; nor in truth do any of Pierre Riquet's contemporaries assign him either a prominent place or any exalted alliances. On the contrary, the Riquets of Digne and Marseilles held simply *francs-fiefs*, such as *roturiers* and men of the *tiers état* alone possessed. They belonged, therefore, now to one and now to another of the two divisions of the rich and intelligent *roture* of France; that is, either to the officials of justice and finance, or to those commercial families which filled the corporations of the towns. Such had been the *priori* of the Italian cities, such were now the places open for the Riquets to fill in France. Not ignoble places either, since in the southern provinces the municipal spirit was especially strong; nor had the old, civic, Roman element in them entirely given place to the feudal, or Germanic, system. Consulate towns abounded, with a civilisation and an ambition which led them to self-improvement, as well as to mutual rivalries, and to struggles with the feudal suzerains of the vicinity imposed by Frankish kings on cities boasting of *curiones*, *defensores*, and other municipal grandees long recognised by the Theodosian Code. The second city to place itself under consular sway was Marseilles, and thither the ambitious family of the Riquets soon gravitated. One of its members had been a judge in

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Digne, another drove a trade in coral, while Jean Riquet, in 1575, started a manufactory in Marseilles, and knew the secret of a scarlet dye that, for aught we know, might have made his fortune had he returned to the Borgo-dei-Tintori of his native Florence. Elected consul of the city in 1562, this Jean Riquet did his utmost to maintain the royal authority against the first enterprises of the Huguenots. He married, in 1564, a lady of the Provençal family of Glandevès; and from this marriage dates the aggrandisement of his family in Provence. Mademoiselle de Glandevès was allied to the Barras of Mirabeau on the Durance, and the fortunate consul was led, probably by her influence, to purchase those lands, as well as the castle, from a family which had possessed it for two centuries and a half. He then added the name of the fief to his own, and signed himself Riquet-Mirabeau.

The modest municipal functions of the Riquets in Digne, Seyne, Reis, and Marseilles no longer sufficed them. Thomas Riquet married Anne de Pontevès, ont of a *venteuse* (pond) and historical house, and having next contrived to get his son made a Knight of Malta, he applied himself to the fabrication of a genealogy which should leave no loophole for cavillers at his title to such a position. To Pierre d'Hozier, himself a Provençal *pur sang*, who would have summarily disposed of Thomas's pretensions and his proofs, he dared not apply; but a certain J. B. d'Hermite (*dit Tristan*) furnished him with what he wanted. Together they traced back the *Ariquetti* family (as they now began to spell it) to so many consuls of Florence and Fiesole, that Marquis Victor in the eighteenth century was not afraid to boast that there had never been but one *mésalliance* in his family, viz. with the Médicis.*

It is evident that vanity has fumes like wine, and these went, by the help of the pedigree, to the head of Thomas Riquet, burgher of Marseilles. He put his servants into scarlet livery, and the populace, accustomed to see such finery only in the churches, laughed at them, and called them 'les Suisses de M. de Mirabeau.' But their master felt that the laugh was on his side when in 1660 he received the young King Louis XIV. in what was generally admitted to be the best house in the town. M. de Loménie does not give any details of this visit, but it was rather an interesting event. The visitor had good reasons for courting the burghers of Marseilles, for, enriched by the whole trade of the Mediterranean, she was now one of the first cities in the world, proud of her liberties, of her rich and harmonious language, of her port, and of her influence. In the reign of Henri IV., when Provence had threatened more than once to give herself to Spain, Sully thought the reduction of Marseilles by the Duc de Guise one of the finest and most important military achievements of his time. In 1649, in spite of the efforts recently made by Richelieu to clip their wings, the Provençals again rebelled against the royal authority, and imprisoned their governor; but the city of Marseilles did not on this occasion openly side with the nationalists, and the visit of the young king was intended by Mazarin to overawe the inhabitants, and to establish the royal supremacy in a town which Louis entered by a breach expressly made in its ramparts. Thomas Riquet evidently belonged to the monarchical party, but he meant to be paid for his loyalty, and so he chose this opportunity to ask for letters patent of nobility. His great-grandson even goes so far as to say that he got them, but M. de Loménie, who verifies every statement, proves that his patent was not registered before the Parliament of Provence till twenty-five years later. It was therefore only in 1685 that the Riquets of Marseilles entered the exclusive ranks of the *haute noblesse* with the title of Marquis de Mirabeau.

The class which he had just left contained the whole civil and official life of France. The *tiers état* comprised, it is true, the artisan and the *villein*, the peasants who lived, as Michelet says, like hares between two furrows; but it was from the *tiers état* also that the tribunals were filled. To it belonged the *avocats* and the *procureurs du roi*, and though no one could be an ambassador or a governor of provinces, save some 'trusty and well-beloved cousin,' still the most lucrative places were open to the men who, as treasurers, comptrollers, *fermiers*, bankers, and capitalists, represented the wealth and much of the cultivation of France. It was every day becoming easier for a *roturier* to obtain and to keep distinction. More than this, it was the genius of a tradesman's son, the genius of Jean-Baptiste Colbert, which had given its new and first impetus to the government of Louis XIV., and which, during the twenty-two years of his ministry, assured to France a degree of internal prosperity vying with the preponderance which his predecessor Mazarin had secured for her among the Powers of Europe. Elements of

* Everard de Médicis married not an Ariquetti or even an Arrighetti, but an Arriguccio, with whom the Mirabeaus can have had nothing to do.

religious liberty, of financial power, of commercial and industrial greatness, were planted by the man who began life as a clerk in his father's clothshop at Rheims; and we are tempted to dwell upon these facts because, two years after his death, we see the Riquet-Mirabeans turning their backs upon the *tiers état*, and embracing the fortunes, already somewhat in decay, of the *noblesse* of France. We write the word *noblesse* advisedly, because there is a distinction, and a fatal one, between an aristocracy, such as it is understood in England, and a noble *caste*. Such a *caste* was the French nobility, a body which, at the close of the eighteenth century, consisted (according to Lavoisier's calculation) of about 20,000 families. So long as this body was formidable to the throne, the sovereigns could only rule by its divisions, but the policy of Richelieu had weakened it so effectually that under Louis XIV. it assumed a flattering rather than a defiant attitude towards the Court, and a sympathy now existed between the king and his nobles which was far from existing between the nobles and the people. The possession of the soil gave to the landowners too many opportunities of vexing the people, and those pages which M. de Loménie dedicates to *droits féodaux* and the *justices seigneuriales* might aptly serve as an appendix to the 'Ancien Régime' of M. de Tocqueville. That author, however, while he describes all the drawbacks of a system which the advocate Séguier early stigmatised as tending to 'ameuter les habitans des campagnes contre les seigneurs,' remarks that centuries of nobility have a tendency to develope force and virility of character among the members of such a privileged class; and as we follow the lives of the Mirabeaus we shall see that their rise in society was coexistent with the exhibition of great originality and great power in its representatives. It is equally remarkable that when a century of nobility had succeeded to three centuries of *roture*, that period should be closed by a return to democracy. Through the writings of the Marquis Victor de Mirabeau many minds were directed to 'regeneration of laws, habits, and principles,' and above all to a revolt against absolute power, whether vested in the monarch or in the noble. Of the son of the marquis it is even reported that he opened a clothshop at Marseilles. What is certain about the orator is, that, comparing himself to the last of the Gracchi 'pursued by the bands of the patricians,' he returned to the *tiers état*, and, as deputy of the *sénéchaussé* of Aix, became 'a world-compeller and a leader of men.'

But it is time for us to return to the aspiring new-made marquis. While Pierre Riquet waited for his patent, Nature was in the meantime preparing for him an heir who should make their name legendary in Provence, and take his part in all the wars of the *grand monarque* after 1685. Aged then only eighteen, Jean-Antoine, second Marquis de Mirabeau, fought at the siege of Luxembourg, and saw Marshal Berwick fall. He continued under arms till the battle of Cassano (1705), when he was left for dead upon a hard-fought field. Told off to stop the Imperialists at the passage of a bridge, Jean-Antoine made his troops lie down, and kept them in that position while he alone, and erect, offered his colossal figure, as it were a *point de mire*, to the enemy. He received a shot which broke the bone of his right arm, but, making a sling of his handkerchief, he took a hatchet in his left hand, and thus equipped repulsed the first attack at the head of his regiment. The second wound that he received, however, disabled him. The tendons of the throat were severed; he fell on the bridge, and his regiment, discouraged as well as overpowered, fled. An old sergeant named Laprairie, who had remained with his leader, laid him down on the grass, and covered his head with a huge camp-kettle. There he remained through the struggle, and all the troops of Prince Eugene—horse, foot, and dragoons—swept past the wounded man. He was splendidly dressed on that day, and, his uniform attracting the attention of the burying party, he was recognised by one of his own soldiers, who was a prisoner. On his giving some signs of life, Prince Eugene generously ordered him to be sent back to the camp of the Duc de Vendôme. There the celebrated surgeon, Dumoulin, undertook to save him. The indomitable life returned to Jean-Antoine, and three years later we see him, with his arm in a black sling, and with a silver collar to support the severed tendons of his neck, looking for health at the baths of Digne. He was a sore-wounded man, a hero, who was wont to speak of 'that field where I was killed;' but if his sword was now to turn into a ploughshare, neither time nor wounds had broken his spirit. At the baths he met Françoise de Castellane-Norbante and her family. The young gentlewoman was twenty-one years his junior; but he pleased her, and she gave a consent which soon aroused more than the usual amount of gossip in Dauphiny. The Mirabeaus were well known to be all 'cut the wrong way of the cloth,' but some reported that this proud marquis had refused his bride's dowry, and even sent back the three coffers of a *trousseau* which every

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lady was entitled to regret. Others again whispered that his first eccentric intention had been to make the beauty a captive of his (or of Cupid's) bow, and that he had proposed to carry her off, and by a secret marriage steal a march upon her parents and upon society. But Françoise, if flattered by his zeal, still thought that it ought to be tempered with discretion, and she replied that, in her opinion, 'such surprises were only laudable in war,' and so Jean-Antoine had to be patient, and to marry next spring after the usual prosaic manner. In the bride's native place report averred that she meant to bestow herself, her twenty-two summers, her blue eyes, and her 18,000 livres upon an old man; and so well was this believed that the *curé*, even at the altar, made bold to ask what had become of the old man? He had not recognised as such the maimed marquis who strode into church, and who immediately after took his wife to Mirabeau. He gave no further proof of eccentricity than one which many a man before and since has longed to exhibit, namely, he forbade his mother-in-law, on any occasion or under any pretence, to enter his castle. It was perhaps owing to this stipulation that, even after their marriage, gossip about this singularly matched couple did not cease. It was said that old 'Col d'Argent,' as the peasants called him, was jealous of his young wife, and that he meant to shut her up until she had borne him three fair sons. So far was this from being the case that their married life was really a happy one. They had seven children, cultivated their rocky domain, planted olives and made terraces, visited Aix and Pertuis, and saw justice done to their tenants against the hated fiscal agents of the district.

Françoise was a noble and intelligent woman, and, though submissive to her imperious husband, whose cutting answer and whose ready blow were feared by his children and his subordinates, she loved him truly. 'You don't know what a blessing it is,' she said one day to a friend, 'to be married to a man that you can respect;' and society, in its turn, respected Françoise for virtues and for charms that could be matched by but few *châtelaines* of the South. Her beauty was of the stately sort, upon which time does not soon make very disfiguring ravages, and when, in 1737, Jean-Antoine's silver collar was unloosed for the last time, and his proud head sank to rise no more, his widow was one of the handsomest, as she was one of the most remarkable, women of her day. She had then three living children, all sons: for Françoise had borne male children only. Of these the youngest gave her nothing but trouble, and Louis-Alexandre ought not perhaps even to occupy much space among the ancestors of the orator, were it not that in this '*mauvais sujet d'Avignon*' we recognise some of his features, and many of those qualities which made Madame de Pompadour say that the Mirabeaus were all wrong-headed. Pre-eminently so was the '*mauvais sujet*,' so christened by his eldest brother, who in his letters to the Bailli de Mirabeau chronicles many an escapade on the part of this reckless Benjamin of their house. It does not appear that Madame Françoise had spoilt him, or had long to indulge him, even if she had been so inclined. He went to school under the Jesuits, as his brother had done before him, and, like the others, he left the nest at fourteen years of age. At his father's death he was attached to a favourite regiment, and soon began to develope all the precocity and all the waywardness of his insubordinate race. He fought bravely at Dettingen and Lafelt, and at Fontenoy was present when the king, who had headed his *maisons*, as the household troops were called, 'was pleased, after the hard-fought day, to bestow on his guards and on some brigades of foot and horse the just praises they deserved.' * But at twenty-four years of age he lost himself by falling into the snares of a beautiful actress, and from that hour he was ruled by her to an extent that neither parent, nor Jesuit, nor commanding officer had ever been able to equal. He determined to marry Mademoiselle Navarre, and the news of his intention reached Madame Françoise in her castle on the Durance, along with the certainty that this ineligible daughter-in-law had already been the mistress of Marshal Saxe and of Marmontel, the Academician, from whom indeed her hare-brained son had just carried her off. The whole family remonstrated; but the *mauvais sujet* was as headstrong as persons of his sort are wont to be, and the couple, who were married in Holland, had actually got as far as Avignon on their way south, when, to the great relief of the whole Mirabeau connexion, the lady suddenly, and not inopportunely, died. Louis-Alexandre was by this time reported by his eldest brother Victor 'to have made but three mouthfuls of his patrimony,' and even as a widower he would no doubt have proved a heavy charge to his brothers, had he not speedily attracted the favour of the Margrave and Mar-

* From a curious account of this battle, translated from the Paris *A la Main*, of May 17, 1745 in the 'Scots Magazine.'

gravine of Bayreuth, who were then travelling in France. The sister of Frederick the Great promised patronage, and Louis-Alexandre followed them first into Italy, and then into Prussia. M. de Loménie says of this adventure:—

'Two years had hardly passed over his head when he became a personage, and as such began to inspire his eldest brother with more consideration. He became Grand Chamberlain and Privy Councillor to the Margrave of Bayreuth, whose petty sovereign, finding him to be clever, even sent him to Paris with a negotiation important enough to make the Marquis Victor open his eyes. "Why, the credit of affairs is coming to him, and he has a great deal of talent," he wrote to the Bailli, and, in truth, Louis-Alexandre had talent enough to make the King of Prussia, in the most critical moment of his life, be induced by his sister to solicit the intervention of this Mirabeau, and to accept it, as a last plank.'

It was in July, 1757, and Frederic, attacked at once by France and Austria, Russia and Sweden, and but feebly sustained by England, having already lost a part of his kingdom, harassed on all sides, defeated at Kolin, and yet determined, as he said, rather to take his own life than to surrender, received a proposition from the sister who had followed all his joys and sorrows with so active a sympathy. He replied by the following letter, dated from Leitmeritz:—

'"Since, my dear sister, you wish to take upon yourself this great work of a peace, I beg you to send into France that Monsieur de Mirabeau. I will willingly make myself answerable for his expenses. He may offer 5,000 crowns to the favourite (Madame de Pompadour) for a peace; he may make an even greater offer if she will at the same time promise to procure some advantages for us. You must feel how carefully I am obliged to manage all this affair, and that I personally must never appear in it. The least whisper about it in England would ruin all. I believe that your emissary may also apply himself to his relation (Cardinal de Bernis), who has become minister, and whose credit is rising day by day.'

The Margravine, taking the hint, despatched, to cajole Madame de Pompadour, an ambassador whose tastes and *dossier* ought to have recommended him to her. In the first days of September M. de Mirabeau reached Paris, where he did his best to make De Bernis play upon the avarice of the favourite. But the cardinal's influence was not unlimited, the *mauvais sujet* failed to make a conquest of Madame de Pompadour, and the cause of Frederic seemed too desperate to tempt her to take it under her protection. The King of Prussia learned, therefore, with disgust that he must look for no help in that quarter. 'Then,' he wrote to his sister, 'since the French are so proud, I leave them to their own perversity; and I am in full march to change the face of destiny.' Brave words these, such as might have been uttered by Von Moltke when he was in full march upon Paris, and words which Frederic in the meantime effectually made good, November 1757, at Rossbach.

This was not the *mauvais sujet's* only embassy to Paris. Two years later, Choiseul had replaced De Bernis, whose cardinal's hat only arrived, as he pleasantly said, in time to be a good umbrella from the storm of Madame de Pompadour's displeasure—to shelter his retreat from office. The indefatigable Margravine determined to sound the new Minister, and Louis-Alexandre de Mirabeau, by appearing the second time in Paris, to plead the cause of Prussia's sovereign, astonished his brothers both by his popularity and address. 'Our brother had an interview yesterday evening with M. de Choiseul in the woods of Marly. . . . The talk was good; it lasted for an hour and a half.' After this the *mauvais sujet* is no longer mentioned by his old *sobriquet;* he is called 'Germanicus,' and regarded with the consideration due to his business, if not to himself. Nothing succeeds like success, and, moreover, Louis-Alexandre now appeared in the character of the reformed rake, and brought along with him a young German Countess, "white and blonde, not talkative, *and with many quarterings,*' added the genealogy-loving Victor, who was soon able to report to the Bailli that this 'Julie' had been presented to their mother at Mirabeau. There the old lady became young again under the influence of a young and pretty woman, and of the only pleasure that her self-exiled son ever gave her.

'I am charmed,' writes the ever amiable Bailli, 'to hear of our brother's return, and of the good fortunes of Germanicus. He is brilliant, and has depth also; so it is not astonishing that he makes his way. As for me, if I get on, I shall owe it to having found myself between you two, and to a certain tenacity in my character towards what I think right; while I care little for the favours of fortune.'

In these lines the character of the *bon bailli*, the second of the sons of 'Col d'Argent,' seems to have been portrayed by himself in a few strokes. 'He had the soul and the virtues of a hero,' said the orator many years later, when speaking of the uncle who had been ever generous and kind to that misguided young lion's cub—and the praise was not exaggerated. Jean-Antoine-

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Joseph-Charles-Elézar Riqueti, Chevalier de Mirabeau, Bailli and Grand Cross of the Order of Malta, was born at Pertuis in 1717. In face he resembled his mother, and there is no doubt that

'In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead.'

and that there was here a predominance of qualities not proper to his father's eccentric nature. He proved himself to be incontestably the best moral production of a family where every quality was excessive, and where impetuosity too often turned to effrontery and to moral perversity. Not that he either was a lamb. His boyhood was wild and stormy, and in his career as a sailor he saw a great deal of hard service, and had many a struggle before he learned to rule the vivacity of his temperament and the warmth of his hasty speech. From on board the 'Mars,' where he was serving as first lieutenant, he was taken prisoner by the English. *Capitaine de vaisseau* at thirty-four, he was named at thirty-five governor of Guadaloupe. The Marquis Victor has in one of his books some remarks on the general unfitness of the French for colonists, made up, he says, as the emigrants are, of 'gaiety, libertinage, lightness, and vanity; often rogues, seldom honest folk; generally discontented, and almost always useless. They have over them a governor and an *intendant* who both pretend to rule, and are never by any chance of the same mind.' Such governors, dressed in a little brief authority, doubtless play fantastic enough tricks; but the only thoughts of Governor Mirabeau were for the wellbeing of his temporary subjects, and for the redressing of abominable wrongs. His utterances on these topics recall the touching letters which Michael Speransky wrote from his Siberian government to his daughter Elizabeth. There is the same absence of pretension, the same tenderness for suffering, the same wondering disgust at the heartless roguery that surrounded him.

'I soon saw that it was impossible to root out all these abuses at once; but it was necessary to attack them, and that I have done to the best of my power. It is true that I have brought back good faith into trading—that is not much—but God only asks from me my time and endeavours, and He is my witness that I do not spare myself, and that I have prevented murders. . . . I have the satisfaction of hearing that people are pleased with my administration, and do justice to the good intentions I have. . . . The rogues, of whom we have no small number, now tremble, and honest folk are glad; while the poor know that justice will be done without respect of persons. They say that their governor's door is open to them at all hours, and the whole colony is aware that not one of my people would dare to prevent the smallest or poorest black from telling me his business. They know also that I will not hear of ill-earned presents; that I have neither wife, nor mistress, nor child, nor relation, nor friends; and that I am a true Melchisedec, a man who neither drinks, nor plays, nor keeps open house, and who will not fail to see justice done, except through some error of his judgment. . . . Lies grow on these colonists' lips like the cedars in Lebanon, but I am up to their tricks now. . . . Never did a monk at La Trappe lead a harder life.'

Some staff appointments fell to Captain Elézar de Mirabeau's share, and he was the author of many works on practical questions of seamanship; but the profligate and ungrateful court of Louis XV. had no rewards for this excellent officer. Though presented by his kinsman, Cardinal de Bernis, and recommended by his brother's friend Quesnay to Madame de Pompadour, she took a dislike to him. The sailor would have been justified in complaining, as his father once did to Louis XIV.: 'Sire, si quittant vos drapeaux j'étais venu à la cour payer quelque catin, j'aurais mon avancement, et moins de blessures.' Neither of these heroic officers, father or son, had the temper of a courtier, and the Duc de Vendôme had been right when he said of 'Col d'Argent' that he was a better man to present to the enemy than to the king. 'Now,' cries this honest sailor, 'I repeat it: hurricanes, waves, cannon-balls, hunger, thirst, and the plague are all things to which the children of Adam are exposed as heirs of the punishment of their common ancestor, and I myself have never found them so unbearable as to take myself out of the way of them, but these anterooms will certainly drive me mad.' Quitting them all in disgust, he retired to Malta, where he eventually obtained such a rich *commanderie* as to be sent home rich enough to live in France. There, at Mirabeau, after the castle had been deserted by his eldest brother, he spent his days in collecting old books and writing new ones, and in mediating between the grim contrariety of tempers and interests that kept up such incessant broils in the family of the Marquis Victor. He lived to see the castle sacked by the mob of Manosque, survived his brother and both his nephews (as well the cadet nicknamed *Tonneau*, as the orator, whose remains 200,000 Frenchmen escorted to the Panthéon), and 1792 he retired to Malta, where his death, in 1794, only preceded by four years that of the Order of the Knights of Malta. The pages devoted in this work to the descrip-

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tion of the state of Malta under the frivolous and luxurious government of the Order, are singularly original and interesting, but we are compelled to pass them over in silence. There, as elsewhere, the honest Bailli did his duty.

It is time for us now to devote our attention to the head of the house, to Marquis Victor, *l'ami des hommes*, the eldest born of the three sons of 'Col d'Argent' and of Françoise de Castellane. His life, his doctrines, his labours, his errors and his misfortunes will bring us to the close of the eighteenth century, and of the *ancien régime* in France.

Gibbon, after dining with him one night at Madame de Bontems', says of him: 'This extraordinary man has imagination enough for twelve, and yet not common sense enough for one.' This was in the spring of 1765, and such was still the impression conveyed by a man of fifty years of age. Yet it might have been supposed that time and philosophy would in half a century have taken their effect and partly tamed a nature which his brother officer De Vauvenargues described at a much earlier date as 'ardent, bilious, restless, proud, more unequal than the seas, and passionately greedy at once of pleasure, knowledge, and distinctions.' He was, indeed, a man so various that he was not only an epitome of the good and bad qualities of mankind, but the embodiment of several *régimes*, at once in advance and fallen behind the tendencies of the age in which he lived. Born in Provence in 1715, the child of a woman whose virtues were of the antique sort, he had for his sire a soldier whose temper was that of the chivalrous times of Du Guesclin, if not rather of the fabulous Provençal age of the *quatre fils Aymon*. Victor de Mirabeau was soldier, pedant, litigant, rake, and economist, and his life of seventy-four years takes us at one stride from the rough archaic era of 'Col d'Argent' to the Revolution of 1789, of which his son Honoré-Gabriel was the fiery and eloquent embodiment.

Victor began his career at fourteen years of age as an ensign in the regiment of Duras. He fought at Dettingen, and when he received the grand cross of St. Louis let us hope that he received along with it the praises of that maimed veteran, his father, who had sent him, when little more than a child, to carry the colours of the King-of France under the eyes of the King of England.

It would appear likely to us that brothers who were separated before the age of fourteen, and compelled to run the race of manhood in widely distant parts of the globe, might entertain but little affection for each other. Among the Mirabeaus, however, everything turned out as no one expected. This Marquis Mirabeau, who vowed an eternal friendship with Sacconay and Quesnay, and was enslaved by Madame de Pailly, who quarrelled with his wife and persecuted his son, who praised liberty and took out fifty-seven *lettres de cachet* against his nearest relations, and had lawsuits with his tenants while inditing books on the rights and the happiness of labourers, loved his sailor brother from first to last with a deep and enduring tenderness. It is true that the Bailli was worthy of all love and of all confidence, and that his affection was most loyally returned. 'Had you not been my brother, and had we only met in the world, you would still have been my friend,' wrote the bronzed sailor, 'which does not, however, mean that I am always of your way of thinking.' The boyish letters of these devoted brothers are missing, but there exist now, in the possession of the Montigny family, 4,000 letters which, from December 1753 to July 1789, were exchanged between them. Such a mass of correspondence is perhaps unequalled in any domestic history; but in this, as in everything else, the Mirabeaus knew nor stint nor measure, and the last of these pages was traced by the marquis only three hours before death took him away from the Bailli's long friendship, from his endless lawsuits, and from the moral and political convulsions which his writings had done something to evoke.

Carlyle says of this correspondence that it is 'a monstrous quarry, a mound of shot rubbish in eight strata, hiding valuable matter which he that seeks will find.' We have already shown that the Mirabeau papers contain materials for many romances, and it remains for us now to touch on the graver topics which filled the thoughts and occupied the ever busy pen of the marquis.

The first was the formation of a great house. He believed firmly in the Italian origin of his family, but the word *family* had no longer any charms for him; he dreamt of what the Polish nobles call '*bractwo*,' what in feudal France was termed a '*maison*.' How to create that was to be his business, how to maintain it was to be the duty of his heirs. In 1747, he wrote a code of instructions for them, divided into such heads as 'ambition—how to behave to the court;' 'on alliances;' 'on credit and expenses;' and 'on permanence at home.' We shall see how Victor did behave at court, what a marriage he made, how he ruined himself, and how, forsaking alternately both Mirabeau and Bignon, he died

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at Argenteuil, near Paris. So much for the difference between profession and practice. To tell the truth, the Marquis Victor's sanity sometimes appears to us doubtful. If the final test of a sane mind be a secure and realised distinction between what we intended and what we have done, between what we saw in a sleeping or waking dream and that which really exists, then his brain was as subject to hallucinations as his theories were to contradictions.

For some years he wrote and talked as the most feudal of *grands seigneurs*, abusing alike the *roture* and those who by *mésalliances* or by mere riches hoped to arrive at an ill-acknowledged equality with his caste. He was blind, and yet not blind to the signs of the times, and half aware, as he paced his terrace at Mirabeau, and heard the Durance rave under its steep, that he had reason to fear for his posterity something more than 'the heat of the sun' or 'the winter's rages' of the Provence to which he was soon to bid adieu. To the Bailli, then in Guadaloupe, he writes:—

'If the men of to-day be, as you say, only intended to perpetuate their species, I doubt if the same can be prognosticated of their children. It is long since I have been saying that from 1560, to 1660, we had always civil wars, troubles, and factions, and from 1660, to 1760, peace with decay, and I am of opinion that this era will go back to the storms. I do not know if I have the second sight, but to date from those lamentable misunderstandings of the people in 1750, which have caused the road from the Porte Maillot to St. Denis to be called the *road of revolt* (the toleration of the like name at all in the State giving food for reflection)—dating, I say, from then, I seem to see the seeds of troubles. The divisions between the clergy and the high courts are only animated by the sharper measures which are intended to allay them. The archbishop is exiled for not being exactly at the same point at which he was when the parliament was exiled, and brigands appear all over the kingdom. Mandrin, the head of the smugglers, has routed two regiments or detachments, killed thirty-five men, wounded many, and taken three officers. . . . In a word, the times are threatening, and the pilots cannot manage the ship, so that our nephews will have a rough time of it.'

These subjects were later to fill the whole horizon of Victor's mind, taking whimsical and unexpected shapes as they loomed large through the clouds of his aristocratic prejudices and of his personal ambitions. In the meantime he hurried to take a step by which the splendid edifice and the cloud-capped towers of his imaginary *maison* were all destroyed. By his marriage with Mademoiselle de Vassan he obtained three estates and a lead mine, but he loosened his ties to Provence, wearied his mother, and lost himself in the disgust of an ill-assorted union, and finally, by the costs of a separation, ruined himself and his family. Mademoiselle de Vassan, whom he married in 1743, was the heiress of broad acres, farms, and *châteaux* in the Limonsin, but she was personally unknown to him when at twenty-eight years of age, and in pursuance of his theory of alliances, he left the service where he had distinguished himself, and married the woman whom he afterwards called a most ridiculous creature and a 'monstre de folie effrénée dans tous les genres.' While counting on her acres it had never occurred to him to find out what had been her education, or what might be the qualities of this mother of the Mirabeans to be; and no man ever was more unhappy than was this dogmatic marquis through nineteen years of marriage and twenty-seven years of estrangement. The vices, the absolute want of self-control, the shamelessness, and the violence of this woman were all bequeathed to three of her children, to the orator, to his monstrous *cadet*, the Vicomte de Mirabeau, and to Madame de Cabris, whose coarse amours were scandalous even in a family where scandals were sufficiently rife. The Vassan blood, with all its taints, made wild work in the Mirabeau brains, and these children, 'nurtured in convulsions,' grew up as partisans, confidants, and enemies of parents whom they neither loved nor respected. It is said that on one occasion the young Gabriel-Honoré tried to interfere at an inopportune moment, and that his mother, by way of a conclusive argument, discharged a pistol at his head. The good Bailli often interposed, but was at length worn out, and reduced to telling the marquis frankly that 'never since the creation of the world was there such a wife as God has given to thee, or such children.'

Madame Françoise, who had disapproved of the marriage, and regretted the consequent migration of the family from Mirabeau to the Limousin and to Bignon, was aghast at the *faicts et gestes* of her daughter-in-law; the disorderly life of her granddaughter Madame de Cabris pained her, and clouds gathered very thick over the evening of a noble life, which had also been a happy one in the days when they lived in Provence, and 'Col d'Argent' first sent out her three sons on careers that might all have been careers of honour. That of Victor was now towards experiments, litigation, and dishonour, in the midst of a family of which he said himself that it was a 'dunghill such as no honest man would cover with his mantle.'

Nor was the marquis himself, though he said that morals were the strings of the political instrument of which laws are the tones, always guarded in his walk. In early life he had formed strong friendships, and now that he was middle-aged, worried, and outraged, he added to the family circle the constant presence of a Swiss lady, of a Madame de Pailly, full of graces, and rich, we are told, in personal as well as mental charms. Her friendship for the master of the house was of seven years' standing when it began to excite the jealousy of the marquise and the comments of her Vassan relations. Victor was not a man likely to yield a point on remonstrance or on compulsion. Madame de Pailly liked her quarters at Bignon, where, in the marquis's eyes, she appeared as the only woman who understood and valued him. She certainly enslaved him, and his children as certainly disliked her, and from their relations, though the marquis declared them to be sternly Platonic, Madame Françoise suffered greatly in spirit. Personally she liked the '*belle Bernoise*,' and, while she was glad of anything that pleased her son, she was probably not sorry at anything that displeased her daughter-in-law; but at the same time 'Col d'Argent's' widow had religious scruples. She valued morality even though it were little regarded, and though examples of illicit love were then being set in very high places. When at last, after nineteen stormy years, the marquis separated from his wife, she took care then to make the most of her wrongs at the hands of Madame de Pailly. What they had been up to that time was in reality only known to the Swiss lady, who now at any rate advanced 42,800 livres to her friend to help him to foil his wife in a lawsuit. This debt the marquis never repaid her, and as it weighed heavily on his mind when he came to die, it was well that he could not foresee how the *Terreur* would finally prevent his executors from ever reimbursing her.

The separation between man and wife, which was begun with precipitation at Bignon, was carried through with all the violence, high words, and mutual recriminations that characterised the Mirabeaus. The marquise, having brought the Limousin estates into the family, now claimed them for her private property. The marquis, who had many schemes to carry out in the country, and valued territorial greatness, would not resign them, but consigned his wife to a convent, and then began a lawsuit, famous and infamous in the history of *causes célèbres* in France, which ruined himself, and further separated him from his now grown-up children. One daughter only, Madame du Saillant, sympathised with her father. Madame de Cabris threw in her lot with a mother who promised *largesse* to her, and to her lover, the adventurer Brianson, if they would help her to ruin the marquis.

Then at last the head of this strange family, originally intended by him to found one of the great *maisons* of France, became like a stag at bay. He turned on his children, took out *lettres de cachet*, and published pamphlets till he made the world ring with misfortunes of which his wife also made no secret. Montpezat, meeting him one day, asked him if he had won his lawsuit. He replied that he had. 'Then where is Madame la Marquise?' 'In a convent.' 'And your son?' 'In a convent.' 'And your daughter from Provence?' 'In a convent.' 'Then you take a pleasure in filling convents?' 'Assuredly, and had *you* been a son of mine you would have been in one long ago.' When roused, this learned marquis could speak as bluntly as ever spoke his father, to whom a tiresome man one day said in support of an opinion, 'And my brother thinks the same.' 'Permit me,' said Jean-Antoine, taking off his hat and bowing low, 'to congratulate you on having a brother, as, but for that fact, you would be the biggest fool in France.'

The angry marquise did not always remain in the convent that was selected for her residence. One day she appeared in her husband's house in Paris, occupied his rapidly deserted room and bed, and was only ejected after a scene that Beaumarchais would have thought very effective, if rather broad. Her husband's spirits were not always proof against the worries and the isolation of this stormy life. Sometimes he seemed overpowered by his own troubles and by their repetition in the breach between his son Honoré and his wife, and by the death of the grandchild who was the sole offspring of that ill-starred union. 'If,' he cried, 'it were only reverses, *they* are the portion of all men; but I received my house healthy, flourishing, without debts or lawsuits, perfumed with dignity and fixed in the general esteem; and now—in what a state! What an offering to the succession bequeathed by my honoured forefathers!' And there was yet a darker touch to be added to the picture. Either owing to some organic lesion, or to the repeated and distracting catastrophes of her household, Françoise de Castellane, best and greatest of the *châtelaines* of Mirabeau, had become insane. By her son she was nursed with the greatest tenderness through a trial so bitter that, as

he said, it had gone far to turn his own head. One of the drawbacks to celebrity is the 'fierce light that beats upon' every detail of private life, and the fame of poor Françoise's misery, like that of the marquise's vices, the marquis's lawsuit, and of Gabriel's eccentric youth, spread all over Europe. Many were the conjectures made as to the cause of the poor lady's aberrations. She would not allow any woman to enter her presence; but when one recalls all that she had been made to suffer at the hands of the *mauvais sujet's* actress, of the Vassan ladies, of Madame de Cabris, and Madame de Pailly, it is not astonishing that the sick brain feared to recognise one of her tormentors in any representative of their perfidious sex.

Her illness lasted three years, and she was only released at the great age of eighty-four, when, in May 1769, they laid her in Saint-Sulpice, whence her coffin was removed by her son's express wish to his vault in the Benedictine church of Argenteuil. He announced her death thus to the Bailli:—

'I had warned you, dear brother, that the next letter would announce to you that our revered mother had entered into the possession of a better life. It was at nine o'clock in the evening that we lost her who had been once the honour of her sex and the blessing of our house. For the rest, she had been in such a state that one could only pray for her release.'

Such, up to sixty years of age, was the life of the Marquis de Mirabeau, and in recording it, as well as in reading it, one has difficulty in realising that it is meant to be the preamble to the history of one of the 'martyrs of liberty'—of a philosophical moralist who was one of the leading economists of the eighteenth century.

The marquis received, as usual, his impulse towards the study he was to pursue so hotly, and with so much loss to himself, from an external and a personal influence—from contact with Quesnay. That learned, pleasing, and visionary man was the son of a ploughman, and from an obscure medical practice in the west of France had become the doctor of Madame de Pompadour. As such he had an apartment assigned him at Versailles; and the king, who saw him there a great deal, was wont to call him his '*thinker*.' In his *entresol* Quesnay received all sorts of companions, and the conversations that occasionally passed within a few feet only of the royal favourite's room, must have been startling in their frankness, if we may judge by the specimens which her attendant, Madame de Hausset, has preserved in her memoirs. In that establishment at Versailles the old saying of 'Like mistress like maid,' certainly held good; and Madame de Hausset long occupied, with regard to the philosopher of the *entresol*, the same equivocal relations which Madame de Pompadour held to the king. This gave the waiting-woman many opportunities of hearing what was said both in and out of the royal presence, and the following conversation was noted down by her one day. Her brother, M. de Marigny, was already with Quesnay when the Marquis de Mirabeau and M. de la Rivière entered. Conversation turned on public affairs:—

'"This kingdom," said Mirabeau, "is in a very bad way. There are neither energetic lines of policy, nor money to carry them out."

'"It will never be regenerated," said M. de la Rivière, "except by foreign conquest, as in China, or by some great internal earthquake and revolution. But woe betide those on whom *that* falls, for the French populace will set to work with no slack hand."'

Madame de Hausset was so frightened that she withdrew. On another occasion the Marquis de Mirabeau came in, but his utterances seem to have been of a less apocalyptic nature. 'Their conversation was very dull for me: *n'y étant question que du produit net*,' the famous shibboleth of these economists. Madame de Hausset, fearing that they were all rebels at heart, trembled for her learned lover and her place, but M. de Marigny told her that Quesnay and his friends were honest if chimerical thinkers, right enough in their aims, to which Turgot gave all his sympathy, but shooting wide enough of their mark.

It is a strange symptom of the times, and a no less strange trait of this sect, that its members did not deceive themselves as to the incurable turpitude of society, as to that something rotten in the state of France which could be cured only by destruction; and that before reconstruction there must come earthquake and tempest, mourning and desolation, and woes unparalleled. Both the encyclopedists and the clericals were now helpless to save. The excess of bigotry in the religious factions, alike in Molinists and in Jansenists, had not purified manners, though it had led to a rupture between the parliament and an arbitrary king. Its manifestations produced reaction, not amendment, in the bystanders, while the *doctrinaires* were in their turn so bigoted as to make Duclos declare that he should be driven to mass and to vespers by way of a pleasant change. The royal authority, however ill defined in theory, was simply tyrannical in practice; the nobles, leaving like the Mirabeaus their feudal estates and dig-

nity, filled the city, the court, and the antechamber with their vanity, their intrigues, and their vices; and underlying all was a population immense in numbers, rich in intelligence, ground by taxation, and appearing only as suppliants in Assemblies which were good for nothing but to register the decrees of the king. By the expulsion of the Protestants a great blank had been created in the industries of a nation which was now deprived of political importance; and a moral check had also been removed from the clergy, who had relaxed greatly in discipline since the days of Bossuet and Pascal, while they lived in a ceaseless strife with the parliaments. Rousseau, while he professed respect for Christianity and even for Catholicism, had in reality done more even than Voltaire to alienate his countrymen and women from the creed and church of their forefathers. All these evils, 'slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent,' were now deeply rooted, and too many vested interests were at stake to make reformation easy or gradual. The economists cast about for a palliative, for in admitting the state of France they, like all the Frenchmen of their day, were but the more dogmatical because they were obliged to restrict themselves to theory alone, and were never able to test by practice either ideas or measures.

They fixed upon agriculture (probably because they resided in Paris), and founded upon its development their new scheme for national safety and human progress. The economists of the latter half of the eighteenth century have been accused of promoting revolution. Such was never their intention. They advocated the pre-eminence of a legal despotism, while the nation, thoroughly informed as to the laws, should be bound to observe them rigidly. All human society being by God subordinated in a natural order, property was to be held sacred; agriculture was the sole source of wealth, as it alone gave a *produit net* upon the expenses; all indirect taxation ought to be suppressed, and the total of the royal taxes diminished to one half; culture should be at the will and choice of the cultivator; free export of grain was not only to be permitted, but new ways (*débouchés*) were to be made through the country by canals and roads; government was to co-operate in lowering the cost of necessaries, by which means population would return, and the public loans and all the malpractices of the *fermiers* were to be suppressed. The philosophers who asked for these things were assuredly only democrats in so far as they were sensitive to the tendencies of a generation that was becoming essentially democratic. Toward such an issue *la roture* had long been moving. The subdivision of estates was an element constantly making for change; and, above all, there had been founded in France a republic of letters, which not only lent power and brilliancy to the *tiers état*, but handed over to it the spiritual empire of the world. It was in 1735 that the Academy of Dijon had proposed 'the Equality of Man' as a theme to Jean-Jacques Rousseau; and how could the economists avoid imbibing democracy in Quesnay's *entresol*, or under the gilded roofs and the high *mansardes* of royal Versailles?

It is, however, to wrong them to represent them as mere instigators of revolution, for revolution was but the logical result of the pressure which they felt, and which they were powerless to remove. Their position may more truly be described as holders of one of the many stations on the road to economic renovation. Along many stages of that road France had already passed, though her progress had, it is true, been anything rather than uniform. She had long left behind the first stages of violence and serfdom, when she arrived at the establishment of property, and of that distribution of alms from the monasteries which may be regarded as the infancy of social science in Christendom. But the trammels of feudality and of monopoly still held her fast when, at the expiration of the Middle Ages, civil and religious wars came to retard her progress for more than fifty years. The century of toleration which followed on the Edict of Nantes gave scope at last for the reforms and improvements by which first Sully and then Colbert had ennobled their respective tenures of office. Political economy, beginning to be recognised as a science which sets high aims before civilised communities, was not likely to be neglected during the reign when France, in arts as well as arms, was the greatest of the nations of Europe. The French populace, originally cultivators of the soil, possessed not only manufacturing and commercial talents, but under Colbert they had a thousand opportunities by which they knew how to profit. In 1685, Louis XIV., however, determined to effect in religion that unity which was not only the *beau idéal* of policy and of philosophy in the seventeenth century, but was also the express image of his personal and autocratic rule. He revoked the edict, and deprived France of half a million of her most industrious subjects. The next impulse towards social progress must, therefore, come from another direction. No Utopia of the shop or loom need be thought

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of, for the bones of the craftsmen were whitening the valleys of the Cevennes, and the weavers were in Spitalfields. Men's eyes thus turned to finance. Law's bank was opened in 1716, under the patronage of the Regent; and when two years later it was erected into the Royal Bank, the inventor of the Mississippi Scheme was named Comptroller-General of the kingdom. The history of the bubble of the Rue Quincampoix is well known; but when it broke, when thousands of families had been ruined, and Law himself had fled the country, the event had made its mark on banking, and upon the economists who occupied themselves with the *numéraire* and the multiplication of the means of wealth through finance.

The study of social questions was not without its dangers even to economists who might not happen, like Law, to be adventurers or speculators. Vauban, the prince of engineers, lived to see his book on taxation burnt by the hangman; and his nephew, Boisguilbert, was exiled for the reforms which he in his turn was bold enough to advocate. What wonder then that Victor de Mirabeau should suffer for his opinions? He held distinctively those of the *physiocrates*, the economists of the second period of the eighteenth century, who, setting aside the question of the *numéraire*, gave the preeminence to the *earth* and to her powers. They held that the true wealth of nations lay in the soil, in the multiplication of food, and in the realisation on the part of the agriculturist of the famous '*produit net*.' This was to belong to the proprietors as a remuneration of their outlaid capital, and the higher the *produit net* rose the more the community prospered, first because of the increase in the quantity of *produits disponibles*, and also because the augmentation of the *produit net* permits both proprietors and the State to increase the capital advanced. Those are undoubtedly the richest countries where the agricultural *produit net* is the highest, and experience has confirmed much of Quesnay's theory, while the wider insight of Adam Smith came to convict him of error: first, in so far as he said that agriculture *created* the wealth, which it can but manufacture out of the elements of the earth; and secondly, because he said that agriculture alone yielded that *produit net* which every well-managed industry can be made to do. No doubt Quesnay made some false deductions from undeniable facts, and of course Quesnay's pupil exaggerated them, and every other theory of his master, who had been only justified in calling *sterile* those unproductive outlays which diminish the real riches of a kingdom. Now, as the decay of agriculture and the dwindling of the population were caused by the incessant wars of Louis XIV. and by the *dragonnades*, by the luxury of the nobles and the oppressive taxes, Mirabeau, in dwelling on these topics, touched upon dangerous ground. And the marquis contented himself with generalising, with the cultivation of his own estates, or with a prose adaptation of the 'Georgics' to the age of Louis XV., all might have gone smoothly with him, or at least as smoothly as matters could go with a landed proprietor who had, by the help of a canal and a lead mine, contracted 678,740 *livres* of debt. But Victor was in many respects a repetition of his father's temperament, and from 'Col d'Argent,' who was quite capable of throwing an obnoxious taxgatherer into the Durance, he had inherited a hatred of the fiscal system. It was patently cruel and bad, and also shortsighted; and the more the *physiocrate* recognised the earth's powers to feed and bless the multitude, the more he denounced a system of which it had been once humorously said that 'the imposts were seventeen times the value of the rental.' Thus taxed, agriculture naturally could not be made to pay, and Jacques Bonhomme could not make a living, though in the marquis's books, as in Quesnay's tables, long pages of figures demonstrated that nothing could be simpler or surer than his gains. The marquis called his greatest book 'L'Ami des hommes,' and that name stuck to him, though, on account of the democratic flavour of its title, he had not signed it, but published it at Avignon with the initials L. D. H. It made a great sensation. The Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., declared that he had got by heart what he called the '*bréviaire des honnêtes gens*,' and Grimm said of it that it deserved its reputation

'from the importance of its object. It is an apology for agriculture against the luxury and oppressions of a misguided government, in three large volumes 4to. The author, the Marquis de Mirabeau, is a Provençal, and though young he has long since left the service—no doubt for some private reason of displeasure. He is the grandson of a man who took a dislike to Louis XIV. (Grimm is wrong; Victor, who left the army to marry Mademoiselle de Vassan, was the *son* of Marquis Jean-Antoine). When this Mirabeau gave his resignation into the hands of Louis XIV., he said, "Sire, I have the honour to thank your Majesty for dispensing me after forty years of service from any gratitude to your person." But to return to this book. The boldness of it gives it great vogue, and as the government has been stupid enough to suppress it, this adds greatly to its reputation.'

The book was suppressed, and no wonder.

The author remarked that the method now in vogue for collecting the royal taxes defeated its own object, and that 'his Majesty, with twenty millions of subjects, could not obtain their services for want of money.' For this home-thrust, which must have been bitterly felt at the time, M. de Mirabeau was summarily shut up in Vincennes. He had certainly spoken freely when he said:—

'You are the first of the *employés* of your kingdom. All your time and all your labours belong to the public, and while all, or nearly all, can serve by paying attention to their particular sphere, you alone cannot turn aside for a moment from the object to which you are dedicated—that is to say, from the *general weal*—without doing a wrong and a manifest theft. This charge is onerous, truly a very heavy one, and its weight is just the measure of the emoluments of all sorts which are yours. It is the wants of the people which make them consent to your sovereignty.'

This is one side of the question. The author was aware that it had been differently viewed at Versailles, where the nation was represented as existing for the king, and where the king in truth existed for Madame de Pompadour. He therefore changed the colours on his palette, and he painted the following sketch of Louis XIV., Fénelon, and Madame de Maintenon:—

'A great prince, born to command, and by the hand of Nature fashioned for a throne, lived from his youth upwards in civic strife. Surrounded at that age, which suspects nothing, with pomps and prejudices, common enough in the most stormy courts, he was accustomed to hear the blame of all the miseries of his reign laid upon the ambition of the nobles, the intrigues of the women, and the weakening of his authority. No one said to him that turbulent spirits are powerless to rouse a people, except when the people is miserable, or that he who in his own century and in history passes for the author of revolutions is only a man displaced through the displacement of others, one who becomes the incendiary of his country by the strength of the very same qualities which should have made him her glory and her defender at a happier age. No one pointed out to him how interested ministers gave the example of partiality; how the revenues of the prince were spent in liabilities of all sorts, at the same time that the public treasure could not suffice to the greed of the notables, or to the wars of the country; . . . they took care, I say, never to point out these things to him. He believed through pride, and as of system, that arbitrary limitless authority was the basis of the happiness of a people, and of the lustre of the State. He sacrificed to this idol his person, his time, his most assidnous labour. He was young, he was brilliant, he was strong, he was splendid, he declined, he grew old, and all the springs of his empire grew old with him and before him. Towards the end of his reign this prince and his state were like the lion in the fable. One of his creatures, in his dearest favour and most particularly attached to his person, obtained from the prince that he should hear a man of genius whose systems appeared luminous, and to whom the prince had given an important post. The prince gave him a private and quiet audience, and for three long hours heard him; but his heart, too long nourished with flattery, would not open to the words of truth. A long reign, many years of business, always conducted in a spirit which is considered the right one, ill prepared a proud spirit to receive the seeds of simple truth. The heart has no longer a centre to conceive or to warm into life the germs of hope. The prince said as he went out, "*I have been listening to the most visionary man in my kingdom.*" The principles of that most visionary man are collected here. When *they* in *their* turn shall have deceived as many kings, overburdened as many peoples, and destroyed as many states, as the *contrary* principles have deceived, overburdened, and destroyed, *then* I will subscribe to the judgment of the prince, most splendid example as he is of fortune and misfortune here below.'

This long extract breathes the very spirit of the Marquis Victor. If in it he attributes to Fénelon the task of trying in three hours to impress on the ruler of France the political axioms which he advanced in 'Télémaque,' and which the *physiocrates* afterwards adopted, the rugged, emphasised style of this passage is that of a Mirabeau; so are the noble attitude, the proudly sorrowful accents, the self-confidence, the courtesy, the irony, and the despair.

'Thus,' cries the marquis in conclusion, 'thus did a virtuous man dare to express his thoughts at the footstool of a monarch who was awe-inspiring in his greatness. Thus thought a military hero (Vauban), and still more strongly were these important truths published by a citizen (Boisguilbert), whose simplicity caused him to be neglected by a dazzled age, but to whom posterity will accord the honour that is his due. As for me, happy in so far that I have no responsible charge, I fear only my Master and the laws. My weak voice is the organ of the thunders of justice and of truth, and it fears not to be stopped either by the hisses of intrigue or by the howls of cupidity. France is inexhaustible.'

Thus the marquis continued to prophesy until at last the endurance of France was exhausted, and the curtain drew up for the most tremendous world-tragedy, in which kings, priests, nobles, and tax-gatherers were all 'in one red burial blent.' Then was seen the greatest portent of any age, when Frenchmen, with the tools and arts of ten centuries of civilisation in their hands, became as savages, and when those who had

been last, becoming first, swept away all the formulas of the ages. Then foremost upon a stage which had all the world for its audience stepped the heir of this far-seeing marquis, the Comte Gabriel-Honoré Riquet de Mirabeau, orator and tribune of the people of revolutionary France. 'The time for *his* sort is coming, and not a woman in France but now carries about in her some Arteveld or Masaniello,' complained the marquis. But surely, of all the sons born to women, none was ever stranger than this heir of the pedantic marquis, last of the Miraheaus, rejected by the nobles of Provence, and now representing at Versailles the *tiers état* of Aix. His father had ill forgiven him crimes, outrages, flights, pamphlets, scandals, and disappointments without number, and the son had ill forgiven the prisons at Rhé and Château d'If, the foreign exile, the poverty, the convent, the Castle of Vincennes, the harsh judgments, the unloved childhood, and all the pain which had gone to form this hero of the National Assembly. Yet the marquis was proud of him, dimly seeing perhaps from his sick room at Argenteuil that the hour had come and the man; and they were more than half reconciled to each other when, on July 13, 1789, Victor de Mirabeau died.

On July 15, the Bastille fell. Ninety years have passed since then, and in laying down M. de Loménie's fascinating pages one is struck hy the originality and the power of these ancestors of the tribune. They were the last specimens of the old *régime*, which, be its faults and its scandals what they may, gave a larger scope to character and formed stronger types of men than the new *régime* and the era of liberty in France. We look in vain in modern times for that originality of character and that immutahle adherence to principle, which were not rare in the French of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, nnder the fixed influence of monarchical and aristocratic traditions. Democratic France has not proved the nnrsing mother of genius, and the spring seems to have dried up that furnished her either with great generals or great politicians; and now that Gnizot and Thiers have gone over to the silent majority, and that Victor Hugo is growing old, we look in vain for any great examples of mental power.

The temporal well-heing of mankind is the gospel of the new *régime*, hut is there not to be seen in these utilitarians something of that manner of loving of one's own life by which one really loses it? The acknowledged leaders of society have been pulled out of their niches to make the sovereign people happy, hut democracy in France has hecome singularly and sadly commonplace. In the Chamber the manufacturer is jealous of the statesman, the man of letters hates his brethren of the craft, and in his turn has himself no friends. Even on questions of charity, religion, and education, men and women are separated, and we have the veriest of all Babels, such a divergence upon morals as makes society, in the old sense of the word, impossible. The old aristocracy has given place to a dozen indifferent copies of it; for France, being, as Victor de Mirabeau said, inexhaustible, is rich, so that an equality of expenditure may he remarked among Frenchmen. But it is the only equality, and, unless she takes warning hy the self-caused ruin of Poland, it is impossi!le for France to be at peace within herself. Churchmen maintain their pretensions, while there still comes from heneath an ominous whisper of a new and more sweeping 'social liqnidation;' and though the race of Frenchmen still possesses some of that vast recuperative power which hclongs to the Nature that Victor de Mirahean praised, and of which it is a part, still their future gives hut little promise of cure.

Art. VII.—*Cæsar: a Sketch.* By J. A. Froude, M.A. London: 1879.

In one of his earliest published compositions Macaulay makes Julius Cæsar the central figure in a fragmentary story of which the scene is laid at Rome on the eve of Catiline's conspiracy. The tale opens with a conversation between two of Catiline's friends. Ligarius is strolling hack from the Campus Martius to the Forum, when he overtakes Flaminins, who tells him what the political world is saying abont the supper-parties at Catiline's house. Cæsar, in particular, has been indicated hy Cicero as a dangerous person. Ligarins is astonished. Surely, he says, Cæsar does nothing but gamble, feast, intrigue, read Greek, and write verses. Flaminius, however, knows better. He has just lost a large snm to Cæsar at play, and Cæsar had won the game while carrying on a flirtation which preoccupied him so much that he scarcely looked at the board. 'I thought,' says Flaminius, 'that I had him. All at once I found my counters driven into the corner. Not a piece to move. It cost me two millions of sesterces.' While the friends are still talking, the subject of their conversation comes

in sight—the elegant Cæsar, whom the gay youth of Rome take to be merely one of themselves, but whose features can be read more truly by those who have felt his easy mastery of whatever he attempts. Slight as this early production of Macaulay's is, it has always seemed to us to suggest how excellent a subject Cæsar would be for a writer who united the qualifications of an historian with imaginative force and dramatic power. Exact scholarship, laborious research, and literary skill have been abundantly devoted in recent times to the illustration of Cæsar's career; yet after all that has been done by Mommsen and by Drumann, by Merivale and by Long, by M. Victor Duruy and by the Imperial biographer who in his account of the Gallic campaigns has at least made a solid contribution to military archæology, one thing still remained for a writer of Cæsar's life to do—to give us a living picture of the man, faithful to such authentic traits as history has preserved, and lending unity to these by such touches as only a sympathetic imagination can supply. This is what Mr. Froude has essayed to do. He has approached his subject not simply as a student of history, but also, and more peculiarly, in the spirit of a creative dramatist. An estimate of his work which aims at seizing that which is really distinctive of it will view it especially in the latter aspect. The book is not properly a critical study of the Fall of the Commonwealth; it is rather an artistic study—a 'sketch' as Mr. Froude calls it, a portrait as it might fairly be called—of Cæsar's character and work. The defects of Mr. Froude's performance arise in nearly every case from the same general cause. He has gone to the original sources, Latin and Greek, for the history of the period, and he has frequently used them with signal literary skill; but he has not always attended to the precise meaning of the texts on which he relies. The blemishes which result are of two classes. First, there is a certain number of small inaccuracies in regard to the interpretation of particular phrases, or to Roman political antiquities.* These inaccuracies lower the claim of the book in a critical sense, but will not, as a rule, seriously mislead the general reader, while the scholar will correct them for himself. Secondly, there are some instances of injustice, springing chiefly from the same source, to the characters of the secondary personages of the drama; these faults are of a graver nature, and ought to receive the author's attention in the next edition of the work. Thus we would suggest that he should consider carefully what Professor Tyrrell urges in the Preface and Introduction to the first volume of his edition of 'Cicero's Letters' regarding Cicero's relations to Cæsar, to Clodius, and to Catiline, and regarding the question of Cæsar's complicity in the Catilinarian plot.* The estimate of Tiberius Gracchus is hardly, we think, duly appreciative, and the verdict upon Lucullus appears to us unfairly harsh.† But it will not be the object of the following pages to examine the questionable points of Mr. Froude's work in minute detail. This task has not been neglected by our predecessors in the criticism of the book; and having indicated the nature and bearing of these minor defects, we may therefore pass at once to the consideration of the larger questions which Mr. Froude has raised. The general conception of Cæsar's place in history which the 'Sketch' unfolds, apart from those merits or flaws of workmanship which only the few can appreciate, constitutes its really distinctive interest, and it is to this that our remarks shall be chiefly directed.

The first condition for a just estimate of Cæsar's public character and work is a clear perception of the point which the downward course of the Republic had reached at the moment when he entered on his career. Mr. Froude has aimed at satisfying this condition in the most complete manner, and

* Thus there is a pervading confusion between the technical Roman sense and the ordinary modern sense of 'patrician' and 'plebeian,' which comes out strongly when Mr. Froude infers Cæsar's early lack of political ardour from the fact that he had never been a candidate for the tribuneship. Again, Mr. Froude seems to think that all the *Leges Juliæ* were Julius Cæsar's. The terms of the Lex Aurelia of 70 B.C. are not accurately described (p. 110), no mention being made of the tribuni ærarii as forming one-third of the judices. The term *equites* is a stumbling-block to Mr. Froude; he renders it 'young lords' where it simply means 'knights' (Sallust, Catil. 49) and 'knights' where it means 'cavalry' (Cæs. de Bell. Gall. iv. 13). 'Libertini' is rendered 'sons of freedmen.' The 'gentile name' is used as if it distinguished men of the same 'cognomen' like a modern Christian name, e.g. p. 382. The young Cæsar's complexion is described as '*sallow*' (p. 68), but 'candido colore' means 'fair' or 'pale.'

* As Professor Tyrrell remarks (and shows in a note on Cic. Ep. I. xii. § 8), evidence is against the tradition of Cicero having defended Catiline on a charge of malversation in Africa; as it is also against the story of Cicero's intimacy with Clodia. Nor, again, is there any reason for referring *nosti marinas* in Cic. ad Att. i. 16 to an infamous adventure of Clodius.

† Pp. 22–24 (where, by the way, Plutarch's account of the breach between Tiberius Gracchus and Scipio Æmilianus is not accurately reproduced), pp. 104, 114, 127, &c.

has accordingly devoted several of his earlier chapters to a narrative of Roman affairs from the time of the Gracchi. This method has the advantage of developing his views in fuller detail, but we are inclined to think that it is injurious to the artistic effect of his sketch as a whole. Too long an interval elapses between the opening of the drama and the first appearance of the chief actor. Mr. Froude is seldom more effective than in describing the tendencies and characteristics of a period which presents vivid contrasts. In this case his object would, we think, have been better attained if he had compressed his preliminary narrative into a general survey, and had not made the reader wait so long for introduction to the central figure of the story. The first part of the book might be described as a detailed proof that the Roman aristocracy had become no less incapable of governing than the Roman mob. It would not be easy to bring any new charge against the Senate of the declining Republic; but the indictment has never been laid with more rhetorical force than by Mr. Froude. In following the chief points of this indictment, it will be convenient to recognise two periods: the first, from the Gracchi to Sulla; the second, from Sulla to the first consulship of Cæsar.

'The Senate,' says Mr. Froude, 'was the permanent Council of State, and was the real administrator of the empire. The Senate had the control of the treasury, conducted the public policy, appointed from its own ranks the governors of the provinces. It was patrician in sentiment, but not necessarily patrician in composition. The members of it had virtually been elected for life by the people, and were almost entirely those who had been quæstors, ædiles, prætors, or consuls; and these offices had been long open to the plebeians. It was an aristocracy, in theory a real one, but tending to become, as civilisation went forward, an aristocracy of the rich.'

This account is substantially correct, though, as we shall see presently, it scarcely brings out with sufficient clearness the character which had belonged to the Senate before it began to degenerate. We proceed to trace, with Mr. Froude, the process by which senatorial rule was finally discredited. 'Caius Gracchus had a broader intellect than his brother, and a character considerably less noble. The land question, he perceived, was but one of many questions. The true source of the disorders of the Commonwealth was the Senate itself. The administration of the empire was in the hands of men totally unfit to be trusted with it.' Accordingly, after reviving the agrarian law, Caius Gracchus transferred the judicial functions of the Senate to the knights. 'How bitterly must such a measure have been resented by the Senate, which at once robbed them of their protective and profitable privileges, handed them over to be tried by their rivals for their pleasant irregularities, and stamped them at the same time with the brand of dishonesty! How certainly must such a measure have been deserved when neither consul nor tribune could be found to interpose his veto!' But the Senate were equal to the occasion, and acted after their kind. 'Again, as ten years before, the noble lords armed their followers.' Caius Gracchus was killed, and 'the surviving patriots who were in any way notorious or dangerous were hunted down in legal manner and put to death or banished.' From this point down to the Sullan Revolution, Mr. Froude represents the Senate as merely going from bad to worse, giving more and more signal proofs, at each new crisis, of shameless selfishness and disastrous incapacity. Jugurtha bribes the senatorial commissioners sent to Africa, and then, 'with contemptuous confidence,' comes over to Italy, loaded with gold, and bribes the senators themselves at Rome. When the wave of Teutonic invasion comes surging down the northern plains, the prating Senate are as helpless as the howling mob, and the country is saved by Marius and the legions. When the Italians rise in the Social War, and claim the franchise, the Senate discover that they must come to terms if they would escape destruction. They yield, and so gain a breathing-space. Presently, the terrible Mithridates crosses the Bosporus, and Greece is up in revolt. As usual, the Senate are utterly unprepared, and this time there is an explosion of fury at Rome. No fleet, no army; the treasury empty; an aristocracy of millionnaires and a bankrupt State; the interests of the Commonwealth sacrificed to fill the purses of the few. The panic-stricken Senate command Sulla to save the Republic. But the people remember who opened the Alps to the Germans; they know how much is to be expected from a continuance of 'the accursed system.' They insist on having Marius. Sulla asserts his claim by marching on Rome, and then goes away to that campaign by which, after four years, he brings Mithridates to sue for peace on his knees. No sooner is he gone than the democrats rise under Cinna. 'Again, as so many times before, the supremacy of the aristocrats had been accompanied with dishonour abroad, and the lawless murder of political adversaries at home.' Democracy has its bloody triumph under Marius; and then the triumph of aristocracy is signalised with still more horrible atrocities under Sulla.

The Senate now enters on a fresh phase of existence. As an administrative body, it had hopelessly broken down. Sulla gives it a new lease of life, and sends it forth on a new period of probation. The virtual effect of his reforms was to concentrate all independent power in the Senate; to give it the supreme control, legislative and executive; to make it 'omnipotent and irresponsible.' Once more it fails, and now the failure is final and decisive. When Cæsar was twenty-four years of age, the situation had already come to be this: the Roman dominion must suffer disruption, or the existing Constitution must be abolished. The mob manifestly could not govern, and the aristocracy had given irrefutable proof that they could not govern either. Sulla had framed for them the most favourable conditions that an absolute aristocrat could invent, and the result was universal disorder. Spain had been reduced to temporary submission only by the assassination of Sertorius. The sea was abandoned to buccaneers. 'Wolves calling themselves Roman senators' preyed at will upon the wretched people of the provinces. Honest and industrious men were robbed of their hardly-earned property. Their wives and daughters were dishonoured, and protests only provoked fresh outrage. Nor was there any hope for the unhappy victims, since they were not enduring the transient calamity of rule by a bad man—they were under the indefeasible tyranny of a dead hand. The insurrection of the slaves showed how the very foundations of Roman society were heaving beneath it. It was quelled, and six thousand miserable beings were impaled along the sides of the Italian highways; but the deadly disease was not remedied, it was only inflamed, by forcible repression. As the Servile War showed what Rome had to fear from the despair of the lowest, the conspiracy of Catiline revealed the danger which menaced it from the discontents of men more highly placed. Catiline's followers were not only 'the dangerous classes,' the parricides, adulterers, forgers, brigands, pirates; their ranks included ruined men of birth and dissatisfied men of wealth. The fact which gave the conspiracy a plausible significance and a dangerous cohesion was the general disrepute of the government. The trial of Clodius for sacrilege, resulting in his scandalous acquittal, brought fresh infamy on the Senate, causing Cicero, who believed that the Commonwealth had been founded anew in his own consulship, to say, 'Unless some god looks favourably on us, all is lost by this single judgment.' It was, in fact, the most glaring example which had yet illustrated the depravity of the law courts. The elections to the magistracies became every year more corrupt. Italy was parcelled out into vast estates cultivated by slaves. The colonists of the Gracchan system, the military settlers planted on the lands by Sulla, had alike disappeared, and the agrarian problem remained to be attacked anew. Thus in every department of the State there was a crying need of reform when Cæsar entered on his first consulship. The spirit in which he addressed himself to the task, as conceived by Mr. Froude, shall be described in Mr. Froude's own words (p. 171):—

'The consulship of Cæsar was the last chance for the Roman aristocracy. He was not a revolutionist. Revolutions are the last desperate remedy when all else has failed. They may create as many evils as they cure, and wise men always hate them. But if revolution was to be escaped, reform was inevitable, and it was for the Senate to choose between the alternatives. Could the noble lords have known then, in that their day, the things that belonged to their peace—could they have forgotten their fish-ponds and their game preserves, and have remembered that, as the rulers of the civilised world, they had duties which the eternal order of nature would exact at their hands, the shaken constitution might again have regained its stability, and the forms and even the reality of the republic might have continued for another century. It was not to be. Had the Senate been capable of using the opportunity, they would long before have undertaken a reformation for themselves. Even had their eyes been opened, there were disintegrating forces at work which the highest political wisdom could do no more than arrest; and little good is really effected by prolonging artificially the lives of either constitutions or individuals beyond their natural period. From the time when Rome became an empire, mistress of provinces to which she was unable to extend her own liberties, the days of her self-government were numbered. A homogeneous and vigorous people may manage their own affairs under a popular constitution so long as their personal characters remain undegenerate. Parliaments and Senates may represent the general will of the community, and may pass laws and administer them as public sentiment approves. But such bodies can preside successfully only among subjects who are directly represented in them. They are too ignorant, too selfish, too divided, to govern others; and imperial aspirations draw after them, by obvious necessity, an imperial rule. Cæsar may have known this in his heart, yet the most far-seeing statesman will not so trust his own misgivings as to refuse to hope for the regeneration of the institutions into which he is born. He will determine that justice shall be done. Justice is the essence of government, and without justice all forms, democratic or monarchic, are tyrannies alike. But he will work with the existing methods till the inadequacy of them has

been proved beyond dispute. Constitutions are never overthrown till they have pronounced sentence on themselves.'

Mr. Froude's view, then, is this. The Roman Constitution—the Republic with the Senate as the chief depositary of its powers—was irrevocably doomed from the moment that Rome acquired provinces to which the liberties of the Constitution could not be imparted. But the doom was precipitated by the incapacity and the vices of the order from which the Senate was drawn. Cæsar had a loyal desire to give the Constitution a last chance. This was the motive of his legislation in his consulship. He was affirming the only principles on which the existing fabric could be sustained. The senators 'groaned and foamed,' but it was Cæsar who was trying to save them in spite of themselves. He did his best; but their incorrigible perversity was too much for his disinterested devotion to the task of healing the commonwealth. His effort failed; and then only one course remained.

The brilliant literary power with which Mr. Froude has urged the case against the Senate would lend strength to a weak cause. It is the more impressive because, as every student of history knows, the charges which it enforces contain a large element of truth. The senators who regarded an election as an occasion for giving bribes, and a seat on the judicial bench as an opportunity for receiving them—the senators to whom a provincial government meant a boundless license of rapine, who used the highest offices of state in the unscrupulous service of party or family, who trifled with all grave matters, secular or sacred, and found the serious occupation of life in the superintendence of fish-ponds and aviaries—the senators whose habitual vices were not only those from which modern society revolts, but those which it has agreed not to name—these 'noble lords,' as Mr. Froude delights, with questionable taste, to call them, are by no means imaginary persons. Yet, as we follow the course of the eloquent impeachment, the impression gradually produced upon our mind resembles that described by a listener who was present in Westminster Hall when a master of invective not inferior to Cicero denounced the man who, in a distant province of our Empire, had abused responsibilities vaster than those committed to Verres. The vigour, the imagination, the fire of Burke's opening narrative enchained the audience, but when he passed from narrative to comment,—when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny were reiterated in general terms,—his declamatory vehemence broke the spell. Mr. Froude's statement of the case against the Roman Senate has a similar effect upon us. He first elicits the damning eloquence of facts, and then overlays it with the rhetoric of denunciation.

It is evident that two distinct questions are involved in Mr. Froude's statement of the political situation in the last years of the Roman Republic. The first question is: Was the maintenance of the Constitution essentially incompatible with the imperial position which Rome had acquired by foreign conquest? The second question is: Were the actual circumstances of the Constitution so desperate that there was nothing left for Cæsar to do but 'to found the military monarchy,' or, in other words, to make himself absolute?

The change made in the position of Rome by conquests beyond the Italian peninsula consisted in the extension of Roman power over subjects who could not become citizens. The privileges of free membership in the commonwealth might possibly be imparted to all Italians; but they could not be received, still less exercised, by the heterogeneous mass of populations who successively yielded to the Roman arms. If the practical difficulties of communication imposed by distance and by language could have been overcome, more insuperable obstacles would have remained. Deeply ingrained differences of civilisation, utterly alien modes of thought, would have made it impossible for the foreign races to coalesce into a free civic body with the members of the Italian commonwealth; and, had it been otherwise, their adoption into that body would have been barred by the scorn with which the meanest of the victorious people regarded the noblest of the vanquished. So much must be fully conceded to those who maintain that the military monarchy was a necessity. The basis on which the government of the Republic rested could not have been widened in such a manner as to bring within the circle of its liberties all those around whom it had drawn the girdle of its dominion. Henceforth the self-governing Republic had also to govern dependents. The conditions for a successful performance of this latter task were mainly two—first, a thoroughly efficient military administration; secondly, a supply of provincial governors with adequate political training, and under adequate control. The Senate, Mr. Froude holds, was 'too ignorant, too selfish, too divided,' to satisfy these conditions. We shall come presently to the actual state of things which confronted Cæsar. We are now enquiring whether the Roman Constitution was essentially and necessarily unequal to such a work. As Mr. Froude says, the Senate was 'in

theory' a real aristocracy. But we must remember that it had not always been so 'in theory' alone. During the most brilliant period of Roman history it had been a real aristocracy in fact. Government by the Senate was the result of the struggle between patricians and plebeians; and it was the Senate that ruled Rome from the end of the Samnite wars to the conquest of Macedonia—that is, during the earlier and more arduous part of her progress from Italian supremacy to universal empire. The Senate of this period was not an oligarchy of birth or wealth, but a body of practical statesmen, representing the best popular judgment, and protected by life-tenure from servility to popular caprice. Its control of the treasury, of the magistracies, and of foreign affairs was firm enough for political stability, but not too absolute for freedom. The periodical scrutiny by the censors was not as yet a hollow form or a pedantic farce, but operated as an efficient moral check. Above all, the Senate was responsible to an intelligent public opinion, which afforded the best guarantee against reckless appointments or corrupt measures, making itself felt both as an impulse and as a restraint. Mommsen holds as decidedly as Mr. Froude that Cæsar obeyed a necessity when he overthrew the Constitution. In quoting Mommsen's description, then, of the Senate as it was at its best, we are not adducing the evidence of a too partial witness:—

'Called to power not through the empty accident of birth, but substantially through the free choice of the nation; confirmed every five years by the stern moral judgment of the worthiest men; holding office for life, and so not dependent on the expiration of its commission or on the varying opinion of the people; having its ranks close and united ever after the equalisation of the orders; embracing in it all that the people possessed of political intelligence and practical statesmanship; absolutely disposing of all financial questions and controlling foreign policy; having complete power over the executive by virtue of its brief duration and of the tribunitian intercession which was at the service of the Senate after the termination of the quarrels between the orders—the Roman Senate was the noblest embodiment of the nation, and in consistency and political sagacity, in unanimity and patriotism, in grasp of power and unwavering courage, the foremost political corporation of all times—an "assembly of kings" which well knew how to combine despotic energy with republican self-devotedness.'

The 'despotic energy' of such a Senate was calculated to be at least as effective, for the purposes of empire over foreign subjects, as the despotic energy of a single will; while on other grounds it was decidedly to be preferred, as not depending on the equilibrium of a single character or the term of a single life. This was proved by experiment. For more than a century and a half the Senate efficiently discharged imperial duties, duties the same in kind, though not so wide in scope, as those which were afterwards performed by the military monarchy. The increasing compass of the Roman dominion might demand many modifications of detail, the addition of many special appliances in the constitutional machinery. But it cannot be said that the scheme of the Constitution itself was essentially and fundamentally inadequate to imperial requirements. If the act by which Cæsar overthrew the Constitution is to be defended as a political necessity, it must be defended on the ground that the Constitution had become diseased beyond the hope of remedy.

The process of decay, which the Gracchi made the first serious effort to arrest, might be described as the break-up of an aristocratic commonwealth into two elements, an oligarchy and a rabble. The Senate was losing public spirit, and the people were becoming incapable of expressing or enforcing a public opinion. Sulla's legislation was the crisis. It does not greatly matter, for our present purpose, what precise view we are to take of Sulla's personal character and genius. The high-born voluptuary who, tearing himself away from dinner-parties and actresses, condescends to become the greatest soldier and then the greatest statesman of his age, and finally, having made these sacrifices, returns to the pursuits of his choice, has naturally exercised the imagination of literary artists. We may conceive him, if we please, as the inspired Don Juan of politics, or we may take the prosaic view, and set him down as a more ordinary compound of ability, cruelty, and lust. But at any rate there is no doubt as to the distinctive mark of his work. It was the remodelling of an oligarchy by an oligarch. The oligarchy was almost destitute of virtues, and the oligarch was wholly exempt from illusions. To paraphrase his own saying, he built the fortress, but he could not answer for the garrison. Mr. Froude thoroughly appreciates this aspect of the achievement; but it has another aspect to which, we think, he scarcely does justice. Sulla was, indeed, an aristocrat of the aristocrats; his object was to place the rule of the aristocracy on a permanent basis; but in doing this he was not merely the champion of the optimates against the democrats; he was what any clear-sighted legislator, armed with such powers, must necessarily be in such times—the vindicator of order against anarchy.

Montesquieu is by no means a great admirer of Sulla; he points out various ways in which Sulla undermined the Republic, by relaxing the discipline and stimulating the avidity of the army, by setting the example of entering Rome in arms, and so violating the asylum of liberty, by those proscriptions which made men feel that there was no safety save in the camp of a faction, and thus estranged them from the common cause. But he recognises that Sulla's measures were at least calculated to restore the reign of law; and therefore, we think, Montesquieu's view of Sulla is, on the whole, fairer than Mr. Froude's. The system which Sulla established could not, indeed, escape early disaster when administered by the men in whose hands he was compelled to leave it; nor, even if these administrators had been more efficient, could it have been permanent without reform. Still, we must credit Sulla with having made the best, on his own principles, of an almost desperate situation. On the assumption that an oligarchy must bear rule by the strong hand, the first duty of legislative prudence was to construct an impregnable citadel. A less prejudiced observer might probably have seen then, as it is more easy for us moderns, wise after the event, to see now, that this assumption was fatal to the oligarchy itself, and disastrous to the commonwealth. At the moment when Sulla interposed, two courses were possible, though not equally easy. One course, that which Sulla took, was to reconstitute the oligarchy in the oligarchic sense, by a more intense concentration of powers. The other course, more difficult, but perfectly feasible for an able and resolute dictator, was to reform the oligarchy in the direction of true aristocracy, by bringing the Senate back as much as possible to the type of that Senate which had ruled Rome from the overthrow of the Samnites to the overthrow of Carthage. A man who had attempted this would have offended the ultra-oligarchs and failed to satisfy the ultra-democrats; but the Right Centre and the Left Centre would have been with him; and, with the peculiar powers of a Roman dictator, he might have left the irreconcilables to be converted by the soothing counsels of time or the sharper admonitions of self-interest. The first step towards the successful attainment of this object would have been to recruit the Senate, not, as Sulla did, exclusively from that order of which it embodied the views, but in a certain proportion, to be gradually increased, from the educated part of the upper middle class, or, in Roman phrase, from the best Equites. The next step would have been a Land Act, having for its object to restore the class of small farmers, and so to create a healthy nucleus for a lower middle class. When Sulla planted his military colonies, he was the Cadmus of agrarian reform; he was sowing the face of the land with dragon-seed from which armed men were to start up. The gradual disappearance of these settlements under the grinding pressure from above meant not only what the failure of the Gracchan scheme meant, the extinction of so many peasant-holders; it meant, further, that the active elements of disorder were reinforced by innumerable adventurers of military instinct and aptitude, ready for any civil war that promised to repair their fortunes. The distempers of government and society with which Sulla attempted to deal were already beyond the reach of normal legislation, which might occasionally mitigate the virulence of particular symptoms, but could not penetrate to the deeper springs of evil. A dictator, with plenary authority and of intrepid ability, was indispensable, if the progress of the disease was to be arrested. Such a dictator, acting in the temporary political vacuum caused by the suspension of ordinary forces, might replenish the failing sources of health, reinvigorate the sound parts of the Constitution, and, after the breathing-space which his own supremacy secured, launch it on a new term of existence, in which the fortified powers of life should battle with better hope against the insidious approaches of decay and death. The decline of the Republic presents only two moments at which such a dictator appeared and such an enterprise was possible. The first moment was when Sulla stood triumphant above the prostrate democracy, and used his victory to entrench the oligarchy in the most unassailable position that he could devise. The second moment was when the end of the Civil War left Cæsar supreme over the Roman world.

The peculiar fascination of Cæsar's career for our days depends partly on the rather delusive facility with which modern society, especially perhaps English society, thinks to recognise its own features in the Roman society of Cæsar's time. The mirror is hardly flattering—certainly not when it is held up by the deft hand of Mr. Froude.

'It was an age of material progress and material civilisation; an age of civil liberty and intellectual culture; an age of pamphlets and epigrams, of salons and dinner parties, of senatorial majorities and electoral corruption. The highest offices of state were open in theory to the meanest citizen; they were confined in fact to those who had the longest purses, or the most ready use of the tongue on popular platforms. Distinctions of birth had been exchanged for distinctions of wealth.

The struggles between plebeians and patricians for equality of privilege were over, and a new division had been formed between the party of property and a party who desired a change in the structure of society. The free cultivators were disappearing from the soil. Italy was being absorbed into vast estates, held by a few favoured families and cultivated by slaves, while the old agricultural population was driven off the land and was crowded into towns. The rich were extravagant, for life had ceased to have practical interest, except for its material pleasures; the occupation of the higher classes was to obtain money without labour, and to spend it in idle enjoyment. Patriotism survived on the lips, but patriotism meant the ascendency of the party which would maintain the existing order of things, or would overthrow it for a more equal distribution of the good things which alone were valued. Religion, once the foundation of the laws and rule of personal conduct, had subsided into opinion. The educated, in their hearts, disbelieved it. Temples were still built with increasing splendour; the established forms were scrupulously observed. Public men spoke conventionally of Providence, that they might throw on their opponents the odium of impiety; but of genuine belief that life had any serious meaning, there was none remaining beyond the circle of the silent, patient, ignorant multitude. The whole spiritual atmosphere was saturated with cant—cant moral, cant political, cant religious; an affectation of high principle which had ceased to touch the conduct, and flowed on in an increasing volume of insincere and unreal speech.'

Social resemblances between widely different ages may be interesting and instructive even when they are little more than superficial; they become dangerous only when they are made the basis of false political parallelisms; and, unlike some writers of the day, Mr. Froude has avoided this error. Yet when he says that 'on the great subjects of human interest, on morals and politics, on poetry and art, even on religion itself and the speculative problems of life, men (in Cæsar's time) thought as we think, doubted where we doubt, argued as we argue, aspired and struggled after the same objects,' he is surely stating an analogy too much as if it were an identity. The moral and mental history of modern civilisation may produce fruits which, at a certain stage of growth, resemble the fruits of two thousand years ago; but they are of a different stock, and, as their root is different, so will be their distinctive development. When Kingsley sought to show us 'old friends with new faces' in the Roman Empire of the fourth century, he created one of the most powerful characters in fiction, Raphael ben Ezra; and as surely as Raphael ben Ezra is an intelligent sceptic of the nineteenth century in ancient costume, so surely are the men of Cæsar's age, even when they come upon the stage amid scenic accessories of a modern cast, widely separated in mind and heart from our own. We are not, of course, questioning the analogy which Mr. Froude has traced with such vivid effect; but we think that it is important to guard more carefully than he has done against supposing the analogy to be something more. A literal interpretation of the infelicitous platitude that 'history repeats itself' has often set students of the past on a false track, and has sometimes lent colour to political sophistries—never more signally than in our own time, and never more audaciously than when the alleged precedent has been drawn from the life of Cæsar. In Cæsar's character there is this special attraction for the modern historian or essayist, that it furnishes him with a magnificent outline which he can fill up very much as he pleases. In a conjectural biography of Shakespeare it would be desirable to avoid representing him as morosely ascetic, or as consumed by a restless solicitude regarding the fate of his publications; and similarly there are a few cardinal errors which every well-informed biographer of Cæsar is expected to shun. Cæsar must not be drawn as an intemperate conqueror or an ambitious visionary; but when his 'clemency,' his self-mastery, his inexhaustible energy, and the intensely practical character of his comprehensive genius have been noted, all the subtler traits of personality, all those living touches which distinguish a man from a list of qualities, may be supplied with a large freedom of discretion.

No one has seen this more clearly than Mommsen, or has turned it with more brilliant effect into a crowning theme of passionate panegyric. This character without characteristics, he exclaims, is but a nature without deformity or defect. 'As the artist can paint everything except consummate beauty, so the historian, when once in a thousand years he falls in with the perfect, can only be silent regarding it. For normality admits doubtless of being expressed, but it gives us only the negative notion of the absence of defect; the secret of nature, whereby in her most finished manifestations normality and individuality are combined, is beyond expression.' And so the rapture which thus declares itself inarticulate has no resource but an enthusiastic parody of the immortal lover's words, 'beati gli occhi chi la videro viva,' blessed are the eyes which beheld that perfection in the flesh. Such perfection, it need not be added, would not have overturned the Roman Constitution to gratify personal ambition, or unless this had

been the best course which the loftiest human wisdom could devise. Mommsen justifies the act of Cæsar in substituting his own rule for that of the Senate by precisely the same reasoning which he employs to justify the Senate of an earlier period for superseding the rule of the people. In each case the usurpation was rendered legitimate by 'exclusive ability to govern.'

Now it is perfectly true that the Senate, as Cæsar found it at the end of the Civil War, had become incapable of governing. The question is whether Cæsar, armed with the powers of the dictatorship, could not have reformed the Senate on a firmer basis than that selected, at the last opportunity, by Sulla—on the basis, namely, not of oligarchy, but of true aristocracy—of the Conservative Republic; and whether, when Cæsar, instead of doing this, established 'the military monarchy'—that is, made himself military autocrat—he was obeying the dictates of necessity or of ambition. For our part we believe that, as all Cæsar's abilities united to make him a consummate impersonation of the Roman faculty of command, so the sovereign motive of his nature was the love of power. Very possibly he may have brought himself to believe that no other course was open to him than that which he adopted. Such a mental phenomenon has not been rare when supreme gifts have had to struggle with supreme temptation. But when it is asserted that there was nothing else possible for him to do, this is an assumption which would not even be plausible were it not for Cæsar's towering eminence in practical ability, military and political, above all the other men of his day. His advocates, who usually delight in theoretic apologies for their practical hero, might almost quote Aristotle's remark that, if you can only find your god-like man, then clearly you ought to make him king.

This personal pre-eminence has in our day enlisted in Cæsar's cause three strains of sympathy, two of which are more or less respectable, while the third has had the prestige of success. The worshippers of heroic force have grovelled before him with all the humility of their strong hearts; those who believe that Providence is always to be found with the big battalions have recognised in Cæsar an instrument of Heaven; and the doctrine that a soldier of fortune is entitled to be a military autocrat, if he can, has paid Cæsar the compliment of distorting his name. Mommsen is a philosophic panegyrist of force, who appears to have the ambition of proving how completely a man of letters may be exempt from everything like weak sentiment. His adoration of victorious strength, more cynical than Carlyle's, is capable not only of idealising unscrupulous success, but also of spurning noble defeat; there is too much of *væ victis* in his way of describing the fall of the Commonwealth—the sword is hurled with too open bravado into the scale; and if his eloquent rhapsody on Cæsar has the excuse of a generous extravagance, common sense and fairness are alike shocked when we are asked to believe that Cicero was a nonentity who could not excel even in oratory, and when Cato's epitaph is a remark on the irony of the fate which had decreed that the epilogue of a great tragedy should be spoken by the fool. But Mommsen has at least taken care that his defence of Cæsar's autocracy on the plea of 'exclusive ability to govern' shall not be confounded with modern Cæsarism. History, he says, must not refuse due honour to the true Cæsar because her verdict may help false Cæsars to beguile the unwary. 'History, too, is a Bible, and if she cannot any more than the Bible hinder the fool from misunderstanding and the Devil from quoting her, she, too, will be able to bear with and to requite them both.'

The appeal of modern Cæsarism to the career of Julius Cæsar involves, in fact, a double fallacy. The first fallacy consists in representing Cæsar as expressing and fulfilling the will of the people by founding the military monarchy. Cæsar happened, indeed, to have been at the head of the popular party, and that fact contributed in several ways to make his assumption of supreme power more plausible; but the will which he expressed and fulfilled when he became absolute was neither that of the democracy nor that of the oligarchy; it was a more important one, namely, his own. If Pompey had conquered in the Civil War, he also might have founded a military absolutism, had his qualities been equal to the task; but modern apologists would then have found it more difficult to represent the victorious leader of the oligarchy as interpreting the desire of the people. The second fallacy consists in supposing that such a crisis as that which had arrived in the Roman society of Cæsar's day could really recur in a modern society which is not based on slavery, and which possesses representative institutions. The only part of the nineteenth-century world in which such a crisis was even possible has been secured against that remote contingency by the events which saved the integrity of the American Union. A theory of imperialism which ignores these profound differences is spanning an impassable gulf with a bridge

of cobwebs. Mr. Froude's view of Cæsar's work has thus much in common with the two which bave been noticed, that he also regards it as a work of necessity. He thus snms up the situation at the close of ,the Civil War (p. 435):—

'Thus bloodily ended the civil war which the Senate of Rome had undertaken against Cæsar to escape the reforms which were threatened by his second consulship. They had involuntarily rendered their country the best service which they were capable of conferring upon it, for the attempts which Cæsar would have made to amend a system too decayed to benefit by the process had been rendered for ever impossible by their persistence. The free constitution of the Republic had issued at last in elections which were a mockery of representation, in courts of law which were an insult to justice, and in the conversion of the provinces of the empire into the feeding grounds of a gluttonous aristocracy. In the army alone the Roman character and the Roman honour survived. In the imperator, therefore, as chief of the army, the care of the provinces, the direction of public policy, the sovereign authority in the last appeal, could alone thenceforward reside. The Senate might remain as a Council of State; the magistrates might bear their old names and administer their old functions. But the authority of the executive government lay in the loyalty, the morality, and the patriotism of the legions to whom the power had been transferred. Fortunately for Rome, the change came before decay had eaten into the bone, and the genius of the empire had still a refuge from platform oratory and senatorial wrangling in the heart of her soldiers.'

The flaw in the reasoning here consists in omitting to distinguisb between the position occupied by Cæsar in bis first consulship, before the Civil War, and the position which he occupied as dictator at the end of it. Snlla, before his decisive victory over tbe Marian party, might have tried in vain to carry the measures which he afterwards enforced during the period of his temporary supremacy. Cæsar, as consul in 59 B.C., may have fouud that the evils of the existing system could not be enred by such piecemeal remedies as the limited resources of ordinary legislation permitted. Bnt it does not follow that a system which cannot be successfully tinkered is therefore incapable of being effectively reconstituted. As master of Rome in 45 B.C., Cæsar had an opportunity of applying such larger and more drastic measures as would have gone to the roots of the disease. Ho might have endeavonred, by the infusion of a sound element from the eqnestrian order, to make the Senate once more that which it so long was—not an oligarchy, but a real aristocracy. He might have made a vigorous attempt, for whicb no similar opening had presented itself since Sulla's time, to restore a healthy pnblic opinion, as a moderating and controlling force in tbe State, by an agrarian reform which should revive the rural middle class, now snnk in the gulf between the oligarchy and the rabble. If he had pursned these objects with the whole energy of his unrivalled gift for discovering means to any end whicb he desired, and if he had failed, then, indeed, the military monarchy would stand jnstified at the bar of history as the least of the evils which an inexorable necessity offered. Bnt his armed self-reliance despaired of tbe Republic. The only cure which he could find for the distempers of Rome was similar to that which an observer at a safe distance once recommended for the griefs of Ireland; he plnnged the forms of the Constitution beneath the flood, and when they rose again to the surface they were no longer tenanted by any living soul that could thwart him with resistance or complaint. The fact that a thing has happened is always a temptation for an ingenious mind to demonstrate that nothing else could have happened. If William III. had given ns a military despotism instead of a Whig aristocracy, it would long ago have been proved that the stars in their courses were fighting against everything except that precise result. Cæsar, as we read his history, was a man of intense personal ambition, who attained his goal; having this peculiar good fortune, that wben, by extraordinary gifts of character and intellect, he had reached a certain point, the circumstances of the time threw a veil over the final transformation scene of bis career. A usnrper, in passing from the position of first citizen to that of despot, has usually had to force a few barricades, to strike a few foul blows, before he could pose upon the snmmit with a serene halo around his brow, the acknowledged saviour of society. Cæsar, once victorious in the Civil War, was stopped by no barricades; he was confronted with his own conscience. It is possible to hold, as we do, that his military absolntism probably was not a necessity, and that a defence of his usurpation which postnlates that necessity rests upon an unproved assumption. But on the other hand the task of demonstrating that he could have saved the Republic is made impossible by the fact that, as dictator, he did not try. It is also his advantage that the benefits of law and order which he conferred on Rome are brought into the clearest relief by a background of terrible anarchy and misery. At such a time it is of minor importance whether the man who establishes a strong government

is actuated mainly by the love of power or by a disinterested devotion to the commonweal. If he is capable of large and clear views, if he has the requisite energy and patience, he must in either case do a vast amount of good. The crimes and errors of Sulla do not prevent our recognising his merit in this sense; and Sulla can no more be compared with Cæsar than the temporary services which Sulla rendered to the cause of order can be compared with the massive stability of that protection under which Cæsar's legislation placed the life of civilised mankind.

The legend which Titian has made immortal told how, when Charles V. died, the accusing angel came before the heavenly tribunal, urging crimes which no defence could palliate, and how the Supreme Judge himself vindicated the offending soul from the Destroyer, declaring that its stern mission on the earth had been given from above. It is thus, says Mr. Froude, that we are to deem of Cæsar:—

'Of Cæsar, too, it may be said that he came into the world at a special time and for a special object. The old religions were dead, from the pillars of Hercules to the Euphrates and the Nile, and the principles on which human society had been constructed were dead also. There remained of spiritual conviction only the common and human sense of justice and morality; and out of this sense some ordered system of government had to be constructed, under which quiet men could live and labour and eat the fruit of their industry. Under a rule of this material kind, there can be no enthusiasm, no chivalry, no saintly aspirations, no patriotism of the heroic type. It was not to last for ever. A new life was about to dawn for mankind. Poetry and faith and devotion were to spring again out of the seeds which were sleeping in the heart of humanity. But the life which is to endure grows slowly; and as the soil must be prepared before the wheat can be sown, so before the kingdom of Heaven could throw up its shoots there was needed a kingdom of this world where the nations were neither torn in pieces by violence, nor were rushing after false ideals and spurious ambitions. Such a kingdom was the empire of the Cæsars—a kingdom where peaceful men could work, think, and speak as they pleased, and travel freely among provinces ruled for the most part by Gallios who protected life and property, and forbade fanatics to tear each other in pieces for their religious opinions.'

This is a nobler conception of Cæsar's place in history than that which rests on the apotheosis of intelligent force; nobler, also, and truer than the view of modern Cæsarism, which differs from Mr. Froude's about as widely as a 'providential man' differs from a human Providence. But Mr. Froude's statement requires some modification before it can bear scrutiny in the cold light of historical fact. It is true that the establishment of imperial order, the repression of such local violence as might otherwise have been exerted by local fanaticism, was so much gained in favour of Christianity, and Mr. Froude may be right in conjecturing that if St. Paul had escaped the clutches of an independent Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, he would certainly have been torn to pieces by autonomous silversmiths at Ephesus. If, however, we have any lingering doubts as to whether Cæsar was obeying a necessity when he destroyed the Roman Constitution, these doubts are hardly removed by the suggestion that Providence meant him to pave the way for Christianity; since, though the establishment of imperial order may have been in favour of nascent Christianity, there is one thing which, so far as we can see, would have been more favourable to it still—namely, the establishment of order without the loss of those healthy conditions of public and private life which political freedom tends to conserve, and which despotism sooner or later crushes. The Empire meant political order, but it meant also moral deterioration, boundless luxury and enormous sensuality, a depravity among the highest of the earth from which, even in this age, men dare not withdraw the veil of the dead language to which its hideous secrets were committed by the biographers of emperors, an abject baseness of servility in the vulgar of every rank which can be measured only by the facilities of torture and murder belonging to the human monster whom they adored as a god and dreaded as a fiend, a wide-spread corruption of everything that distinguishes man from the lowest of the brutes, and a fierce exaggeration of every instinct that he shares with them.

If the foundation of the Empire by Cæsar is to be interpreted as a providential arrangement designed to favour the early progress of Christianity, it will be necessary to complete Mr. Froude's picture of it, as a reign of law, by arguing that its moral corruption enervated qualities which might otherwise have rallied to the defence of paganism. We have no desire to enter now upon so extensive a field of controversy; but there is one aspect of the matter which the literature of Cæsar's age, and that of the age which immediately succeeded it, brings vividly before every reader. The purest and loftiest characters of the early Empire had this in common with the vilest: they were never very far from the conclusion that life had ceased to be worth living, and that it was better to die than to live. A Roman letter-writer of the first century tells how he was once sail-

ing on Lake Como when a friend pointed ont a villa on the shore with a balcony projecting over the water, and described what had lately occurred there. The master of the villa had long suffered from an agonising disease; his wife had besought him that she might see with her own eyes the frightful ulcers that were its seat, saying that no physician would tell him so faithfully as she whether there was any hope of cure. She saw, and despaired; then she gave him her counsel—to die—and said that she would die with him; she bound him to her side, and they sprang together into the lake. The hopeless anguish of that incurable sufferer was but a type of the despair which preyed on many a Roman from whom bodily health could not avert the sickness of the spirit, whom riches could not reconcile to an existence without worthy objects of ambition, whom studious leisure could not compensate for the loss of political energy, or poetry console for the extinction of faith; the true companion who told him the worst, and, as she had helped him to bear his pain, so now exhorted him to end it with a constant mind, was the Stoic philosophy—not deserting him even on the brink of the dark lake, but nerving him with a resolution which was not his own, and yet which was not divine, to spring into the unknown depths.

Against such men, and such were the representatives of the highest moral fortitude that remained to Roman paganism, Christianity came in the strength of an enthusiastic hope, fearing death as little as the Roman feared it, but, unlike the Roman, not afraid to live. And then at last an hour arrived when the new religion was received as an indwelling spirit into the mighty fabric of the Empire, when the kingdom of this world, secular still, became also the kingdom of Christ, when the pillars that upbore the Roman State and the paths that Rome had opened over land and sea sustained a structure and carried a message that were to remain when her dominion had fallen. 'Rome alone,' cries Claudian, 'has taken the conquered to her bosom, and has made men to be one household with one name, and has linked far places in a bond of charity. Hers is that large loyalty to which we owe it that the stranger walks in a strange land as if it were his own, that men can change their homes, that it is a pastime to visit Thule and to explore mysteries at which once we shuddered, that we drink at will the waters of the Rhone and the Orontes, that the whole earth is one people.' The benefits which Claudian describes as conferred by the Empire on the temporal intercourse of mankind were shared by the œcumenical commonwealth of the Church; and these benefits, indeed, took their origin from the military despotism which Julius Cæsar founded. But this ultimate result must not be allowed to reflect an unreal glory on the process by which that despotism was first established. Our judgment on the act by which a soldier and statesman of surpassing genius crowned a career of unparalleled success must not be confused by the fancy which would consecrate this act as a necessary part in the scheme of a beneficent Providence. To regard the special work of Cæsar as a direct preparation for the work of Christ is less extravagant, but not essentially less illogical, than it would be to suggest that the moral influence of the Gospel had providentially prepared the Roman world to appreciate the virtues of Marcus Antoninus.

We have indicated those aspects of Cæsar's public character and achievement in which our estimate differs fundamentally from that formed by Mr. Froude. But any notice of his book would be very incomplete which concluded without a cordial acknowledgment of its many excellences. A literary artist of such brilliant accomplishments as Mr. Froude could scarcely have finer subjects than the Gallic campaigns and the civil war. It might be said that Mr. Froude's narrative has the two merits which most conspicuously distinguished Cæsar's strategy, clearness of plan and swiftness of movement. Nothing could be better than the following statement of Cæsar's position at the beginning of the war in Gaul, and of the peculiar feature of the task which lay before him (p. 203):—

'The points in his favour were these. He was the ablest Roman then living, and he had the power of attracting and attaching the ablest men to his service. He had five years in which to look about him and to act at leisure—as much time as had been given Pompey for the East. Like Pompey, too, he was left perfectly free. No senatorial officials could encumber him with orders from home. The people had given him his command, and to the people alone he was responsible. Lastly, and beyond everything, he could rely with certainty on the material with which he had to work. The Roman legionaries were no longer yeomen taken from the plough or shopkeepers from the street. They were men more completely trained in every variety of accomplishment than have perhaps ever followed a general into the field before or since. It was not enough that they could use sword and lance. The campaign on which Cæsar was about to enter was fought with spade and pick and axe and hatchet. Corps of engineers he may have had; but if the engineers designed the work, the execution lay with the army. . . . How the legionaries acquired these various arts, whether the Italian peasantry were generally educated in such occupa-

tions, or whether on this occasion there was a special selection of the best, of this we have no information. Certain only it was that men and instruments were as excellent in their kind as honesty and skill could make them; and however degenerate the patricians and corrupt the legislature, there was sound stuff somewhere in the Roman Constitution.'

A sign, we would ventnre to remind Mr. Fronde, that there was one department, at all events, in which the Senate had not been such an ntter failure—the administration of the army; and also that the Constitution, sick as it might be, was perhaps not so very sick that there was nothing left for it bnt to receive the *coup de grâce*. Mr. Froude's power of description finds admirable scope in many of the striking scenes which the campaigns present. We would instance as good examples—and there are many others hardly inferior—Cæsar's battle with the Nervii (p. 221), the battle of Pharsalia (p. 389), Cæsar's repression of the mutiny in the Tenth Legion (p. 415), and the occasion in the African campaign when he dismissed five of his officers for miscondnct, after addressing them severally before the assembled tribunes and centurions (p. 422). In these and similar cases, Mr. Froude has preserved much of the rapid brevity of the Commentaries, while he has skilfnlly added such dramatic touches as are required to light up the picture for a modern reader.

Another merit of Mr. Froude's sketch is, thst he has not sacrificed the secondary characters of his history to the hero. We may occasionally differ from him as to their relative importance or the particnlar complexion of each, but at least there has been a disposition to do impartial justice. Mommsen set the example of offering a holocaust of reputations at the shrine of his idol, and Mommsen's treatment of Cato, still more of Cicero, is one of the glaring blots npon his work. The imperial biographer of Cæsar dealt more mildly with the dilemma arising from the theory with which he set ont; but the general result was that the disreputable persons who had helped Cæsar got off rather easily, and the respectable persons who had opposed him were fortunate if they came in for a little faint praise. Mr. Fronde surveys the period from a higher point of view, and, if generous to Cæsar, can still afford to be just to Cæsar's contemporaries. Pompey has sometimes been described by the adorers of Cæsar as a sort of anti-Christ, a false light, a lying spirit, an incarnate opposition to the truth. Mr. Froude paints him in less imposing colours, as a mock hero who did not even know that he was a sham. 'His end was piteous, but scarcely tragic, for the cause to which he was sacrificed was too slightly removed from being ignominious. He was no Phœbus Apollo sinking into the ocean, surrounded with glory. He was not even a brilliant meteor. He was a weak, good man, whom accident had thrust into a place to which he was nnequal; and ignorant of himself, and unwilling to part with his imaginary greatness, he was flnng down with careless cruelty by the forces which were dividing the world.' We are inclined to agree with this estimate; and one reason for believing in its general correctness is, to our mind, the fact that Cicero's intimate knowledge and keen insight had led him to mnch the same conclnsion. Mr. Fronde's view that Cicero's vanity estranged him from Cæsar's party, beçanse he could not be the first man in it, is, we think, a complete misconception. Cicero had finally chosen his side long before Cæsar had become the foremost Roman: and, for that matter, it was Pompey, not Cicero, whom the Optimates regarded as their head. But, without viewing Cicero as an alarmed egotist, we may admit that no one was better qualified to appreciate the difference between the two leaders. 'Cicero,' says Mr. Froude, 'is the second great figure in the history of the time.' He describes him as 'a tragic combination of magnificent talents, high aspirations, and true desire to do right, with an infirmity of purpose and a latent insincerity of character which neutralised and could almost make us forget his nobler qualities.'

'In Cicero Nature half made a great man and left him uncompleted. Our characters are written in our forms, and the bust of Cicero is the key to his history. The brow is broad and strong, the nose large, the lips tightly compressed, the features lean and keen from restless intellectual energy. The loose bending figure, the neck, too weak for the weight of the head, explain the infirmity of will, the passion, the cunning, the vanity, the absence of manliness and veracity. He was born into an age of violence with which he was too feeble to contend. The gratitude of mankind for his literary excellence will for ever preserve his memory from too harsh a judgment.'

We sincerely hope that it may; bnt we think of Dr. Mommsen, and onr confidence is abated. Immoderate disparagement nsually, indeed, corrects itself; and we hail Mr. Fronde's judgment as a symptom that it is still possible for a modern writer to speak of Cicero in other tones than those of absolnte contempt. There is one peculiarity of Cicero's position in history which is so obvious that it would not deserve mention if it were not so constantly forgotten. We

have the 'Letters,' to which he confided every one of those weaknesses which a public man usually aims at concealing from all but his most intimate friends. Every trait of personal vanity, every passing impulse of self-interest, every momentary vacillation of purpose is laid bare before us, to be studied with the same leisurely attention which we devote to Cæsar's modest narrative of his mighty exploits. The modern world is Cicero's valet. Let us suppose that the younger Pliny had been a prominent actor in a great political drama. What detrimental inferences might not a writer with a robust scorn for little infirmities have drawn from the ten books of epistles in which Pliny unfolds how candid friends slowly persuaded him that he was an execrable reader of poetry, and consults one of them as to whether it would be advisable for him to accompany the reading of his freedman with dumb show; or celebrates the praises of his own oratory; or relates how a provincial, hearing that an eminent literary man was at table, exclaimed, 'It must be Tacitus or Pliny!' Even Mr. Froude, we think, has not made sufficient allowance for the terrible disadvantage which Cicero sustains, relatively to his greatest contemporaries, by being known to us as he was known to his own innermost circle. The character of Cato is less complex, so far as history reveals it, but not, perhaps, less difficult to judge fairly. Mr. Froude says—as we think, with good reason—that Cato's animosity to Cæsar 'had been originally the natural antipathy which a man of narrow understanding instinctively feels for a man of genius. It had been converted by perpetual disappointment into a monomania, and Cæsar had become to him the incarnation of every quality and every principle which he most abhorred.' Much of the truth, though not the whole truth, is told in these words:—

> '*Ultimus Romanorum* has been the epitaph which posterity has written on the tomb of Cato. Nobler Romans than he lived after him; and a genuine son of the old Republic would never have consented to surrender an imperial province to a barbarian prince. But at least he was an open enemy. He would not, like his nephew Brutus, have pretended to be Cæsar's friend, that he might the more conveniently drive a dagger into his side.'

This is not Cato's highest praise. His understanding was, indeed, narrow; his political animosities were usually perverse and sometimes malevolent; the programme of the party which he supported could not have saved the Commonwealth, and he himself had not the qualities of a political leader. But the moral cause which he identified with his politics—the cause of honesty and purity in public and private life—was represented by the Republicans whose forlorn hope he led, or it was destitute of representatives in Rome. His 'virtue' may have been illiberal, it may often have been impracticable; such as it was, however, it was the only extant antithesis to unbridling corruption and triumphant violence.

We would fain have parted from Mr. Froude with a simple record of the pleasure which his 'Sketch' has given us, and of the admiration which we feel for the literary power with which it has been executed, widely as we dissent from the conception of Cæsar's career upon which it rests. But we cannot conclude without a word of remark on the resemblance—'strange and startling' indeed, as Mr. Froude calls it—which the last lines of the book briefly suggest between the founder of the kingdom of this world and the Founder of a kingdom not of this world. To say that the work of Cæsar was designed by Providence to prepare the work of Christ is a different proposition; that we have already discussed. Here we find the suggestion of a parallel between the personal life of Cæsar and the personal life of Christ. Mr. Froude has abstained from developing this paradox, and we shall imitate his reticence, merely expressing our belief that, if it would be easy to compare Cæsar with Christ, it would be still more easy, and considerably more true, to draw the most absolute contrast between them. The tendency to exalt great characters by suggesting the likeness at which Mr. Froude hints is alarmingly on the increase in the literature of the day, and we look forward with apprehension to a time when no 'tribute' to an imperial policy will be considered complete unless the wreath is inwoven with some delicate allusion of this nature, however distasteful such a comparison might be to the intended recipient. Neither the heavenly nor the earthly king is honoured by rendering to Cæsar that which is not Cæsar's.

ART. VIII.—*Bill for the Codification of the Law on Indictable Offences.* Sessions 1878 and 1879.

IN the Queen's Speech with which the Parliamentary Session of 1878 was opened, the country was promised that an attempt would be made to carry out reforms in our criminal law, and these reforms were to include improvements in the substantive law

itself, and improvements in criminal procedure. It was in redemption of this pledge that the Attorney-General, early in May of that year, asked leave to introduce a Bill, and in an able speech gave an elaborate sketch of the proposed measure, describing in vigorous language the abuses which at present disfigure our law, and pointing out the ways in which he hoped to remove them. While generously giving the whole credit of the Bill to Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Sir John Holker showed, by his clear and energetic language, his thorough appreciation of the benefits to be gained by the projected reforms, and of the great efforts made by Sir J. F. Stephen in his attempt to bring them about.

The real author of the measure could not himself have presented his offspring to the public with a more evident desire to secure it a favourable reception than did its foster-father, the Attorney-General, who, though the law officer of a Conservative government, was nevertheless inaugurating such changes, not only in the mere methods of administration, but in the very substance of the law, as might have made his Conservative predecessors turn in their graves.

In this memorable speech, which marks the starting-point of a reform which will ultimately change the whole face of English law, the Attorney-General proposed to himself two great objects, (1) codification of the criminal law, and (2) a reformed criminal procedure. That it is desirable to cast our law in general into the form of a code, has long been the belief of many of our distinguished lawyers. At the meeting of the National Association at Liverpool, in 1876, Mr. Herschell proposed that three commissioners should be appointed, at the same salary and of the same dignity as judges, for the sole purpose of undertaking, branch by branch, the codification of the law, each branch as it was completed being laid before Parliament as a Codification Bill, in the expectation that it would be passed unmangled by the Legislature; and thus it was hoped that in the period of an ordinary 'judicial life' the whole of the law would be embodied in a code. Thanks, however, to the industry and ability of Sir J. F. Stephen, we have now a prospect of seeing one most important branch of the law codified, and a splendid monument this code will be of what may be done by the voluntary labours of one ardent reformer.

Before codifying any branch of the law it is desirable, indeed almost necessary, that it should first of all be collected in a compendious form. In law, existing in the condition of the English law of the present day, it is by no means easy to discover what the law is. We have the common law; the statute law, passed in reference to, and, so to speak, based upon, the common law; and case law, interpreting and expounding both.

As far as the criminal law is concerned, Sir J. F. Stephen has done this preliminary work for us in his 'Digest of the Criminal Law.' The digest contemplates the law *as it is*, the code the law as it *ought to be*. It is evident that the introduction of a code in a country where the law can only be extracted from many thousand judicial decisions, pronounced each with reference to a special set of circumstances, is a matter almost of impossibility, unless it has been preceded by a digest which, without *altering* the law, yet exposes it in clear language, in an authorised form, and in the light of day. In the course of a few years' time it will seem almost incredible that down to the year of grace 1878 there was no authorised version or exposition whatsoever of the English law, or of any branch of it, in existence. How is it, then, that the law—and we wish now to confine our remarks to the criminal law—is understood and practically administered among us? We find the law laid down by writers who have for generations commanded the respect of the legal profession; Coke, Hale, Hawkins, East, are constantly referred to for definitions or expositions of the law. Text-books, such as 'Russell on Crimes,' Archbold's 'Criminal Practice,' Roscoe's 'Criminal Practice,' are indispensably necessary to anyone practically concerned in its administration. These, embodying such portions of the works of the old writers as are still useful, contain the statute law, and references to the many thousand cases which, up to the present time, have contributed to the formation or interpretation of the law. Every two or three years new editions of these invaluable works make their appearance.* Out of these innumerable cases the text-books manage, with considerable skill, to deduce principles; but this is not always possible, and many a page of Archbold seems, at all events to an unlearned reader, to contain a series of cases, or of judgments, which are in flat contradiction to each other. These text-books, useful as they are, do not of course contain the law in an *authorised* form. No one is bound by the opinion of a text-writer; and in every case of difficulty that arises in a criminal court it is necessary to go behind the text-book, to the reports of

* The enormous increase in the number of cases reported must soon make codification of other branches of the law necessary. At a moderate estimate, every ten years that elapses adds 5,000 cases to the stock already existing.

the jndgments themselves, or to the statntes. What we expect of a code, on the contrary, is that *itself* should be the law. No going behind it will be allowed, or will be necessary. It must be *interpreted*, and its interpretation will give rise to much judicial decision, and thus case law will found itself upon the code. Bnt interpretation of the code is a very different affair from interpretation, or rather discovery, of the law, from the present wilderness of cases, opinions of text-writers, and statutes. In other countries the criminal law has long been codified; in France, in Austria, in Belginm, in Italy, in the Livingstone Code for Lonisiana, in Macaulay's Penal Code for India, we have seen the applicability of codification to various systems. Yet in England and Scotland, whence much that is good in modern continental procedure has been borrowed, the law, while *substantially* admirable, remains in *a shape* which reflects little credit either on the legal profession or on Parliament. At last we have reason to hope for better things, and that the new shape in which the law is to be cast will make more apparent than ever its real merits. There are, perhaps, in the legal profession some persons who nnderrate the importance of the criminal law. It is not in the criminal courts that most professional snccess or emolument is to be gained, and it is consequently not there that barristers of the greatest eminence usually practise. Hence a tendency to slight the doings of the Crown courts. Bnt, in truth and fact, it is in the proceedings of the Crown conrts that the public takes interest, and it is upon the character of the law as there administered, and npon the character of those administering it, that the repntation of the jndicial and legal profession, in the eyes of the pnblic, mainly depends, and on which also mainly rests the public belief in the spirit of fair play, which has done so much to make English law popnlar.

The Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Bill, 1878, was a great measnre, proposing, as it did, to deal with the whole law affecting those crimes which were the subject of indictment. Snch a measure onght not to become law without being subjected to the ordeal of pnblic discussion; and it was therefore without regret that we saw its postponement till this year, and its reference to a Royal Commission for consideration and report.

A notion seems to have grown np in Parliament that it would be advisable to pass the Bill *en bloc*, that Parliament is itself incapable of dealing with such a measnre, and that it shonld act npon the recommendation of experts, merely enacting what is laid before it. This is certainly a modest view to take of the functions or capacity of Parliament, viz., that the representatives of the people should pass *without discussion* changes in the law regulating, and affecting in every way, the ordinary rights and liberties of those they represent. That the Honse of Commons, as a body, is not snited for *shaping* the law, may be very true, but the proposed measure does much more than this, and contains changes which are as fully worthy of the careful consideration of the statesman as of the professional lawyer. Whether there should or shonld not be a Court of Appeal on the facts from the decision of a jury; whether it is desirable to interrogate the accused; whether it is wise to extend jndicial discretion in the infliction of pnnishment, so as to enable judges in every case, not capital, to award a fine instead of any other punishment, are all questions of great importance, which it wonld be a dereliction of duty on the part of Parliament to leave undiscussed. On these matters not only are many members of the House of Commons and Honse of Lords fully competent to express an opinion, bnt the people themselves have a right to be heard. It surely would be easy to pass resolutions in each House of Parliament, so as to give approval to the proposed changes, and yet not meddle with the form in which they are expressed. After all, it is *possible* that some of these changes may be distasteful to the public, and in snch a case, whether we may think them right or wrong, they would probably do more harm than good. The eode has now emerged from the hands of a very strong commission; bnt nevertheless we shall be sorry to see Parliament abstaining from thoroughly discussing the desirability of the proposed reforms, under a belief that such matters can be dealt with satisfactorily only by professional experts, and are beyond the criticism of ordinary intelligent men.

Before considering the measures proposed, it shonld perhaps be mentioned, for the sake of the unlearned, that the great majority of indictable offences now tried are dealt with in five statutes passed in 1861, and known as the Criminal Law Consolidation Acts. These Acts embrace snch offences as murders, manslaughters, assaults, rapes, arsons, larcenies, forgeries, coinage offences, and others; and hence it has seemed to some persons that, as regards nine crimes ont of ten, we are already in possession of a criminal code. This is a misapprehension as to the very nature of what is meant by a code, as will become ap-

parent when we come to contrast any special indictable offence under the proposed code with the similar offence under the present system. Suffice it to say at present that the Criminal Law Consolidation Acts, like all our statutes, are almost unintelligible till we investigate the common law, upon which they are based. A code, if it is worthy of the name, must be self-contained. It must be intelligible not merely to the specialist, but to every well-educated and intelligent man. As to the meaning of clauses and words, it is certain that from time to time differences of opinion will arise, followed by decisions of the courts, and hence a train of precedents will grow up on questions of the right construction of the code. In a country like ours, where a previous decision of a court of justice is held to settle the law—to form, as we say, 'a precedent,' to be followed in similar cases—it is impossible that a character of finality can attach to the most skilfully drawn code; and hence from time to time the code will require the revision of the Legislature to condense and shape the results of judicial decisions. The country has now had laid before it two measures: the first calling itself the Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Act, 1878, solely the work of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen; the other the Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Act, 1879, introduced during the present session by the Attorney-General, and being the result of suggestion and revision by the powerful Royal Commission to which the consideration of the former measure had been referred. This Commission, containing not only the author of the Code of 1878 himself, but also such distinguished lawyers as Lord Blackburn, Mr. Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Barry, has devoted much time to its work, and its conclusions may be accepted as being the best that experience and ability could provide. Still it is not only experts, in a country like ours, that are to be, or ought to be, consulted when great changes are made in the law. It is said, moreover, that though the Commission has thrown the proposed legislation into the shape of the present measure as the best form for bringing about the results aimed at by the Government and its legal advisers, its members are not agreed that all the objects sought are in themselves desirable.

The Code of 1878 was divided into seven parts, and consisted of 425 sections. Part I., containing 'Introductory Provisions,' was subdivided into four chapters, dealing with 'the application of the Act,' 'punishments,' 'matters of excuse,' and 'parties to offences.' Part II., dealing with 'offences against public order, internal or external,' included treasons, seditions, riots, breaches of the peace, libels on foreign powers, violation of ambassadorial privileges, and piracy. Part III. dealt with 'offences by and against public officers and against the administration of justice,' and included extortion and oppression by public officers, bribery, false evidence, escapes and rescues. Part IV. with 'acts injurious to the public generally,' including offences against religion, against morality, and common nuisances. Part V. with 'offences against the person, conjugal and parental rights, and the reputation of individuals,' and included therefore homicides, assaults, libels, &c. Part VI. with 'offences against the rights of property or rights arising out of contracts,' and included thefts, frauds, forgery, mischief, &c. Part VII. referred solely to the important matter of procedure.

The Code of 1879 emerges from the hands of the Royal Commissioners in its main lines and features unchanged. This also, like its predecessor, contains seven parts, now, however, called titles, each title embracing very much the same subject-matter as the corresponding 'part' of the former. Each title is again subdivided into parts instead of chapters. This is, of course, a mere change of nomenclature; but when the new Code is more closely compared with the original Draft Code of Sir James Stephen, we find a good deal of alteration. The revised code contains altogether 552 sections, and it is therefore evident that the tendency of the Commission has been rather to amplify than condense. To discuss in detail such ambitious measures as these would require far more space than can be here allotted to it. All that can be done is to indicate the general method of the Code and the proposed changes in the law, and to call attention to those portions of the Government measure which seem specially deserving of notice. The introductory provisions having defined the limits to which the Code extends, and having provided that henceforth all persons accused of an indictable offence shall be proceeded against under the Code itself or under some statute not inconsistent with it, and not repealed, proceed to deal with the important branch of 'punishments.' These are declared to be death, penal servitude, imprisonment with or without hard labour, flogging, whipping, and fine. As regards fine, a considerable change, and one of very doubtful expediency, was introduced by section 12 of the Code of 1878. Under the existing law as settled by the Consolidation Acts, 1861, the judges have the power of fining *instead* of imprisoning in cases of misdemeanour only, while in

felonies they must impose the authorised punishment. Section 12 of the Code of 1878 enacts that 'every person who by any provision of this Act is declared to be liable to penal servitude or imprisonment of any kind may, in addition thereto *or instead thereof*, be sentenced to pay a fine.' In the Code of 1879 the wording is different, but the effect of the provisions is apparently the same, for section 12 enacts that 'everyone liable to be imprisoned with or without hard labour for any offence may be sentenced to pay a fine in addition to or instead of such imprisonment.' The section has just before declared that anyone liable to a sentence of penal servitude for life or years may be sentenced to imprisonment instead thereof, with or without hard labour; and the result therefore is, that since for any offence whatever (not capital), under the Act, the offender may be sentenced to imprisonment, it is always optional to the court to let the prisoner off with a fine. The change in the wording of the Revised Code looks as if it had been intended to keep the law in its present condition (roughly speaking), instead of making the change proposed by the Code of 1878; but if this was the intention of the Commission, the wording of section 12 is at the least open to the charge of great ambiguity, and requires remodelling. That any increase should be made in the number of offences in which the court has an optional power of fining, would be a matter of regret. The necessary tendency of such a change would be to increase the difference in the treatment of criminals of different social status. It would probably not greatly alter the practice of the judges; but where, as at quarter sessions, the court is less exposed to severe public criticism, and its members are drawn from a very limited class of the community, the effect of sympathy felt by the court for unfortunate 'gentlemen' might make itself apparent, to the disgust of all who think that punishment should be proportioned to the nature of the crime rather than the status of the criminal.

When we compare Part III. of the 'Introductory Provisions,' which deals with the important matter of 'justification and excuse for acts which would be otherwise offences,' with the corresponding Chapter III. Part I. of the original draft, we find an immense expansion; the eleven sections of the earlier measure embracing such defences as childhood, insanity, drunkenness, compulsion, necessity, and ignorance of law and fact, have grown into forty-two sections, which, besides containing provisions on these subjects, refer also to arrests, executions, self-defence, defence of property, surgical operations, and other matters. This is chiefly, however, a matter of rearrangement, as in the earlier code these varieties of excuse came under other chapters. The change is, on the whole, an improvement, as it enables the reader better to appreciate the principles which govern the laws of criminality in general.

These 'Introductory Provisions,' governing as they do the whole of the criminal law, are most important, and we therefore make no apology for looking at them rather closely. In the very first section of Part III. we are struck with the caution, if not timidity, shown by the Royal Commissioners, who, while they provide that henceforth no prosecution shall be possible except under the Act, shrink from curtailing possible grounds of defence for the accused. Section 19, which will rejoice the hearts of many defenders of prisoners, enacts that 'all rules and principles of the common law which render any circumstances a justification or excuse for any act, or a defence to any charge, shall remain in force and be applicable to any defence to a charge under this Act, except in so far as they are thereby altered or are inconsistent therewith.'*

In section 22 we find treated the much-vexed question of insanity. That the insanity of an accused at the time of committing an offence should remove from the act its character of criminality, and consequently from the accused responsibility to the criminal law, has never been disputed; but for long the question has been much discussed both by lawyers and doctors as to what is meant, or should be meant, by insanity, some of the latter having even contended for a 'moral insanity' as a known disease of the mind proper to exempt the subject of it from criminal responsibility.

The different way in which this matter is treated in the Draft Code and in the Revised Code throws light upon the characteristic divergence of thought among the Royal Commissioners, and gives a glimpse of many a keen discussion in which the philosophical and practical views of law must have come in conflict. Thus section 20 of the Draft Code provides that—

'No act shall be an offence if the person

* It is of this section that the Lord Chief Justice writes as follows: 'Great indeed was my astonishment on reading the first clause of this section. . . . Such a provision appears to me altogether inconsistent with every idea of codification of the law. If it is worth while to codify at all, whatever forms a material part of the law should find its place in the Code.' See Letter to the Attorney-General.

who does it is, at the time when it is done, prevented, either by defective mental power or by any disease affecting his mind, (*a*) from knowing the nature of his act; or (*b*) either from knowing that the act is forbidden by law or that it is morally wrong; or (*c*) if such person was, at the time when the act was done, by reason of any such cause as aforesaid, in such a state that he would not have been prevented from doing that act by knowing that if he did do it the greatest punishment permitted by law for such an offence would be instantly inflicted upon him: Provided that this provision shall not apply to any person in whom such a state of mind has been produced by his own default. An act may be an offence, although the mind of the person who does it is affected by disease or is deficient in power, if such disease or deficiency does not in fact produce one or other of the effects above mentioned in reference to that act.'

Instead of this, section 22 of the Revised Code enacts that—

'If it be proved that a person who has committed an offence was, at the time he committed the offence, insane, so as not to be responsible for that offence, he shall not therefore be simply acquitted, but shall be found not guilty on the ground of insanity. To establish a defence on the ground of insanity, it must be proved that the offender was, at the time when he committed the act, labouring under natural imbecility or disease of or affecting the mind to such an extent as to be incapable of appreciating the nature or quality of the act, or that the act was wrong. A person labouring under specific delusions, but in other respects sane, shall not be acquitted on the ground of insanity, unless the delusions caused him to believe in the existence of some state of facts which, if it existed, would justify or excuse his act: Provided that insanity before or after the time when he committed the act, and insane delusions, though only partial, may be evidence that the offender was, at the time he committed the act, in such a condition of mind as to entitle him to be acquitted on the ground of insanity. Everyone committing an offence shall be presumed to be sane till the contrary is proved.'

The general direction now given by judges to juries is to acquit on the ground of insanity, if the prisoner has established that he did not know the nature of the act that he was doing, or if, while knowing what he was doing, he did not know that he was doing wrong, and in all other cases to reject the plea. This will continue under the Revised Code the right direction to be given to juries, but it cannot be said that in the way of definition of insanity, or of 'disease of the mind,' we have got any nearer a clear appreciation of the matter by virtue of section 22.

Leaving insanity, we find compulsion treated as the next ground of excuse. For section 23, while abolishing the absurd presumption that a married woman committing an offence in her husband's presence does so under the compulsion of her husband, provides that 'compulsion by means of threats of immediate death or grievous bodily harm from a person actually present at the commission of any offence other than' certain specified offences of a very grave character shall be an excuse for the committing the said offence where the person under compulsion really believes that the threat will be executed. Here we cannot help calling to mind the note of Sir James Stephen to his 31st article of the Criminal Digest: 'It would seem in all common cases that the fact that a crime is done unwillingly and in order to avoid injury ought to affect rather the punishment than the guilt.'

Several sections of the 'Introdnctory Provisions' are devoted to the law governing the arrest of suspected persons. What would otherwise be an assault of course ceases to be so, if the act be the lawful exercise by the accused of a lawful authority to arrest; and hence the subject of arrest enters into the question of what is a justification or excuse for alleged crime. The Code abolishes the distinction between felonies and misdemeanours, and as at present the authority to arrest differs in these cases, and as it is intended as far as possible to perpetuate the existing law on the subject, the Code has to provide a new method of distinguishing between different classes of crimes. This is done in the following way. Arrests may lawfully be made by peace officers or by private persons, with or without warrant, according to circumstances. The Code describes as a 'major offence' an offence which may under the Act be the subject of arrest without warrant; and provides that in such a case a *peace officer* may lawfully arrest a suspected offender, whom he has reason to believe, and does believe, to be guilty of the offence, though in fact the suspected person is not guilty, and no such offence has in fact been committed; but that a private individual may not arrest, unless a 'major offence' has in fact been committed, and he has reasonable grounds for believing the person arrested to have committed it. Private persons, assisting peace officers in case of a major offence, have the same authority to arrest as is enjoyed by the latter. Every person, whether a peace officer or private individual, may arrest any person whom he finds committing a 'major offence,' but only peace officers, speaking generally, may arrest persons found committing minor offences. Further sections then provide for the lawfulness of an arrest to prevent breaches of the

peace, the lawfulness of means taken to suppress riot, and the lawfulness of assaults committed in self-defence or in defence of property.* It is curious to find that, in consequence of the abolition of the old distinction between felonies and misdemeanours, it has become necessary, for one purpose at all events, to distinguish between 'major' and more trivial offences. The 'Introductory Provisions' conclude with section 70 applying the principle of the treason law to all criminal law. 'Everyone is protected from criminal responsibility for any act done in obedience to the laws for the time being made and enforced by those in possession *de facto* of the sovereign power in and over the place where the act is done.'

Leaving now the 'Introductory Provisions,' we come to Title II. of the Code dealing with offences against public order internal and external, of which Part V. defines high treason and conspiracy, and provides the procedure to regulate their trial, and the punishment to be awarded in each case. One blot of our criminal law has here at last been removed, that, namely, which made an accessory after the fact to high treason himself guilty of high treason. Everyone remembers Lord Macaulay's description of the fate of Lady Alice Lisle; how, because she had out of compassion harboured in her house two supposed partakers in the Rye House Plot, flying from the vengeance of the Crown, she was put upon her trial before Judge Jeffreys, convicted, and sentenced to be burned to death, the sentence being afterwards commuted into beheading, which was carried into effect. By section 78 an accessory after the fact will be guilty of an indictable offence, and will be liable to penal servitude for life, or any less sentence the court may wish to pronounce. Part VI. deals with unlawful assemblies, riots, and breaches of the peace; and to understand the whole law enacted by the Code on this important matter, we should look also to the 'Introductory Provisions,' sections 48 to 53 inclusive, which justify the use of force where necessary for the good of the community. A riot is defined to be 'an unlawful assembly which has begun to act in a tumultuous manner to the disturbance of the peace;' and an 'unlawful assembly' is defined as an assembly of three or more assembled with a common purpose so as to be likely to disturb the peace tumultuously; a member of an unlawful assembly is to be punishable with one year's imprisonment, while a rioter is liable to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. The supposed uncertainty of the present law has worked great injustice upon those whose duty required them to use force in order to maintain the Queen's peace. A soldier, it has been thought, had the disagreeable alternative of being punished for disobedience of orders if he refused to fire when ordered by his commanding officer, or of being tried before a judge and jury for murder if he did fire and killed somebody. The unwillingness of the guardians of the peace to take upon themselves responsibility in such circumstances, however natural, has often been injurious to the State. In the Lord George Gordon riots, the military were at first supposed to be useless, as they dared not fire till an hour after the Riot Act had been read; and George III. and the Attorney-General Wedderburn have been praised, the latter for boldly refuting this erroneous doctrine, and the former for his determination, as chief magistrate of the kingdom, to see that other magistrates acted in accordance with Wedderburn's exposition of the law. In the Bristol riots of 1832 the country was more excited by the trials of the mayor and of Colonel Brereton for neglect of duty than by the riots themselves. Yet the law as expounded was clear enough. The Chief Justice, Tindal, in charging the grand jury in the Bristol case, declared that—

'by the common law, every private individual may lawfully endeavour, of his own authority and without any warrant or sanction of the magistrate, to suppress a riot by every means in his power; he may disperse or assist in dispersing those who are assembled; he may stay those who are engaged in it from executing their purpose; he may stop and prevent those whom he may see coming up from joining the rest; and not only has he authority, but it *is his bounden duty*, as a good subject of the king, to perform this to the utmost of his ability. If the riot be general and dangerous, he may arm himself against the evil doers to keep the peace. Such was the opinion of all the judges in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in a case called the "Case of Arms," although the judges add that it would be more discreet for everyone in such a case to attend and be assistant to the justices and sheriffs or other ministers of the king in doing this.'

Chief Justice Tindal, approving this, adds:—

'But if the occasion demands immediate action and no opportunity is given for obtaining the advice or sanction of the magistrate, *it is the duty of every subject* to act for himself

* Mr. Henry Crompton truly remarks of these sections, 'that it is not only necessary to put a check upon arrest *without warrant*, but upon *arrest by warrant*. . . . A man ought not to be allowed to arrest with warrant or without, if a summons will do.' See a 'Paper on the Criminal Code Bill,' by Henry Crompton, published by the Trades Union Congress.

and on his own responsibility in suppressing a riotous and tumultuous assembly, and he may be assured whatever is honestly done by him in the execution of that object will be supported and justified by the common law.'

The Code, section 49, enacts that '*everyone* is justified in using force necessary to suppress a riot, provided the force used is not disproportioned to the danger to be apprehended from the continuance of the riot.' The four following sections will henceforth regulate the law under which magistrates and soldiers in difficult circumstances have to act. Thus, by section 50, every sheriff, mayor, magistrate, justice of the peace and peace officer is justified in using such force as he honestly and reasonably believes to be necessary 'to suppress a riot, and as is not disproportioned to the danger' which he reasonably 'believes to be apprehended from the continuance of the riot.' By section 57, everyone acting in obedience to such orders is justified in obeying them 'unless such orders are manifestly unlawful. . . . *It shall be a question of law whether any particular order is manifestly unlawful or not.*' That is to say, this all-important question is one which in each case must be decided by the judge or judges, not by the jury. Section 52 provides that—

'everyone, whether subject to military law or not, who, in good faith and on reasonable and probable grounds, believes that serious mischief will arise from a riot before there is time to procure the intervention of any of the authorities aforesaid, is justified in using such force as he, in good faith and on reasonable and probable grounds, believes to be necessary for the suppression of such riot, and is not disproportioned to the danger which he, on reasonable and probable grounds, believes to be apprehended from the continuance of the riot.'

Section 53—

'Everyone who is bound by military law to obey the lawful command of his superior officer is justified in obeying any command given him by his superior officer for the suppression of a riot, unless such order is manifestly unlawful. It shall *be a question of law* whether any particular order is manifestly unlawful or not.'

But *the law* has just been declared; its applicability in each case depends upon what are *the facts of that case.* Is it the intention that the judge, not the jury, should decide these? A soldier ordered to fire does so, and is put on his trial for the murder of the man shot. The prosecution must show that the order to fire was 'manifestly unlawful.' This will apparently depend upon whether the facts proved bring the case within section 52. Surely in such a case the facts only, and not the law, would be in doubt; and hence, in accordance with constitutional usage, a jury should decide. Section 88 provides for the due reading of the Riot Act, requiring the rioters to disperse, and making non-dispersal an offence punishable with penal servitude for life. In this Title II. the subject of sedition is also treated; and we find in one section, viz. section 102, such an admirable condensation of those legal principles which it has taken innumerable cases and the gradual progress of freedom to establish among us, that the section deserves to be quoted entire. It appears, with only one or two verbal changes, precisely as it did in Sir J. Stephen's draft.

'A seditious intention is an intention to bring into hatred or contempt, or to excite disaffection against, the person of her Majesty, her heirs, or successors, or the government and constitution of the United Kingdom, or of any part of it, as by law established, or either House of Parliament, or the administration of justice;

'Or to excite her Majesty's subjects to attempt to procure, otherwise than by lawful means, the alteration of any matter in Church or State by law established;

'Or to raise discontent or disaffection amongst her Majesty's subjects;

'Or to promote feelings of illwill and hostility between different classes of such subjects:

'Provided that—

'No one shall be deemed to have a seditious intention only because he intends (in good faith*) to show that her Majesty has been mistaken or misled in her measures;

'Or to point out errors or defects in the government or constitution of the United Kingdom or of any part of it as by law established, or in the administration of justice, with a view to the reformation of such alleged errors or defects;

'Or to excite her Majesty's subjects to attempt to procure by lawful means the alteration of any matter in Church or State as by law established;

'Or to point out, in order to their removal, matters which are producing, or have a tendency to produce, feelings of hatred and illwill between different classes of her Majesty's subjects.

'Seditious words are words expressive of, or intended to carry into execution, or to excite others to carry into execution, a seditious intention. A seditious conspiracy is an agreement between two or more persons to carry into execution a seditious intention.'

The next section makes the publishing of seditious words or writings, or the being a party to any seditious conspiracy, an indictable offence, punishable with *simple imprisonment;* a strong mark of the lenity of

* Inserted in Revised Code.

modern times towards political offenders, since simple imprisonment is only that species of confinement to which first-class misdemeanants are now subjected.

Title III. of the Code need not detain us long. It embraces 'offences affecting the administration of justice and the maintenance of public order,' and consists of only three parts; Part IX. dealing with corruption on the part of officials, Part X. with misleading justice, Part XI. with escapes and rescues. Title III. corresponds closely with Part III. of the Draft Code, but we are glad to notice in the later Code that the word '*perjury*' has been revived, having been somewhat unnecessarily discarded by the draft, which substituted the expression 'false evidence.' Title IV. contains but three parts: Part XII. 'Offences against Religion,' Part XIII. 'Offences against Morality,' Part XIV. 'Nuisances.' There is nothing here calling for special remark except the satisfactory omission of those sections of the draft which made places of entertainment or amusement, kept open on the Lord's day for the payment of money, 'disorderly places,' and one of which sections seemed to be aimed expressly at the Sunday conduct of the Zoological Gardens.

So far the Code has been dealing either with what are termed 'Introductory Provisions,' or with offences of a public and, so to speak, political character, which, however interesting in themselves, are of course of comparatively rare occurrence. With Titles V. and VI. we come to offences against the person and reputation, and offences against rights of property, or rights arising out of contracts.

Under these heads come the vast majority of the ordinary crimes prosecuted at the assizes and at quarter sessions, and upon the Code's success in dealing with these will turn the real credit of the measure. The method of the Code is, first of all, in each chapter to *define* the crime there treated of, and then to assign the proper punishment awarded to it; adding, with regard to the more serious crimes, 'Everyone charged with this offence may be arrested without warrant, and shall be bailable at discretion.' The only way in which the Code can be judged fairly is by contrasting some special crime, as at present treated by the law, with the same crime under the Code. Take murder: by the existing law we know that whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer death. See Statute 24 and 25 Vict., c. 100. But what constitutes the crime of murder? This can only be discovered by reading the definitions given by writers of authority, and by studying the cases which have been decided by the criminal courts. Of course the definitions given by the most eminent legal writers, whether Coke, Hale, or Hawkins, are not, strictly speaking, 'of authority.' The law of England is to be found in an authorised form only in the Statutes of the Realm and the recorded judgments of the judges upon cases actually before them. And thus Lord Coke's description of murder is merely a description given by a distinguished judge, which has been recognised by the courts as a correct expounding of the law. Lord Coke describes murder 'where a person of sound memory and discretion unlawfully killeth any reasonable creature in being and under the King's peace, with malice aforethought, either express or implied.' If we now turn to the text-books on criminal practice, we find that almost every word of this definition has been the subject of judicial interpretation; and without the text-book and without an extensive and exhaustive study of the cases themselves, it would be quite impossible to form anything like an adequate notion of the law of murder. Nevertheless the definition is intelligible enough, and gives fairly to the general public the legal view of the crime in question. When a specific case arises—as, for instance, whether a prisoner is of sound memory and discretion, i.e. sane; whether a child killed was actually 'in being;' whether the circumstances were such as to render the killing lawful; what is meant by express and implied malice—recourse must be had to the decided cases before we can determine what is the law. We find it laid down in the text-books, which are in fact a concentration of the results of decided cases; but, as before stated, these text-books do not speak with authority, and moreover are themselves often very difficult of comprehension, from the difficulty and impossibility occasionally of deducing the law from judicial decisions hopelessly conflicting. The plan of the Code is to incorporate the law so laid down with reference to special instances of the crime, into the general and authorised definition of the crime itself.

Under the Code, to understand what is meant by murder or manslaughter, we must first make acquaintance with homicide, and section 165 tells us that 'homicide is the killing of a human being by another, directly or indirectly, by any means whatever.' Section 166 defines the expression 'a human being' as follows:

'A child becomes a human being within the meaning of this Act when it has completely proceeded in a living state from the body of its mother, whether it has breathed or not, and whether it has an independent circulation

or not, and whether the navel-string is severed or not; and the killing of such child is homicide when it dies after birth in consequence of injuries received before, during, or after birth.'

According to section 167:—

'Homicide may be either culpable or not culpable. Homicide is culpable when it consists in the killing of any person either by an unlawful act, or by a culpable omission to perform or observe any legal duty, or by both combined, or by causing a person, by threats or fear of violence, or by deception, to do an act which causes that person's death, or by wilfully frightening a child or sick person.

'Culpable homicide is either murder or manslaughter.

'Homicide which is not culpable is not an offence.'

To make the offender responsible, the death must occur within a year and a day from the act causing it (section 169). Murder is at length itself defined by sections 174 and 175 as follows (section 174):—

'Culpable homicide is murder in each of the following cases:—

'(*a*) If the offender means to cause the death of the person killed.

'(*b*) If the offender means to cause to the person killed any bodily injury which is known to the offender to be likely to cause death, and if the offender, whether he does or does not mean to cause death, is reckless whether death ensues or not.

'(*c*) If the offender means to cause death or such bodily harm as aforesaid to one person, so that if that person be killed the offender would be guilty of murder, and by accident or mistake the offender kills another person, though he does not mean to hurt the person killed.

'(*d*) If the offender, for any unlawful object, does an act which he knows to be likely to cause death, and thereby kills any person, though he may have desired that his object should be effected without hurting anyone.'

Section 175 gives 'a further definition of murder' as follows:—

'Culpable homicide is also murder in each of the following cases, whether the offender means or not death to ensue, or knows or not that death is likely to ensue:—

'(*a*) If he means to inflict grievous bodily injury for the purpose of facilitating the commission of any of the offences hereinafter mentioned, or the flight of the offender upon the commission or attempted commission thereof, and death ensues from his violence.

'(*b*) If he administers any stupefying thing for either of the purposes aforesaid, and death ensues from the effects thereof.

'(*c*) If he by any means wilfully stops the breath of any person for either of the purposes aforesaid, and death ensues from such stopping of the breath.'

The offences referred to in this section are treasons, piracies, escapes or rescues, resisting lawful apprehension, murder, rape, forcible abduction, robbery, burglary, arson. Section 176 tells us what sort of 'provocation' will suffice to reduce the crime of murder to manslaughter, and section 177 enacts that 'culpable homicide not amounting to murder is manslaughter.'

To sum up, the Code defines 'a human being.' It declares 'homicide' to be the killing of a human being, that certain circumstances make homicide 'culpable,' that certain kinds of culpable homicide are 'murder,' and that all other kinds are manslaughter. Surely here we have an instance of unnecessary sacrifice of brevity and clearness to a desire to obtain logical accuracy of definition. Is it wise thus to incorporate into the general definition of a crime the whole of the law which has necessarily been laid down with regard to special instances? We do not ourselves, for instance, see why a definition of murder should touch upon such a matter as the cutting of the navel-string. The judges *must* be trusted to interpret ordinary English words, and if it is thought right for Parliament to interpret such an expression as 'human being' we fail to see where parliamentary interpretation is to stop. The power of human foresight is very limited, and special circumstances are sure to occur not contemplated by the framers of the Code. It is better, therefore, to leave a wide power of interpretation to the judges. This is the course pursued in the Code itself when dealing with 'actual bodily harm' (section 199): 'Everyone shall be guilty of an indictable offence, and shall be liable on conviction thereof to five years' penal servitude, who assaults any person so as to wound him or to cause him actual bodily harm.' It is true that we are very properly told elsewhere what constitutes 'an assault,' but we are not informed that wounding must consist of a breaking or lesion of the skin, or what are the limits to 'actual harm,' nor at what period 'a person' comes into existence within the section. It should be noticed that this title opens by declaring the existence of certain legal 'duties tending to the preservation of life,' and makes the neglect of these duties, whereby death is caused or life is endangered, an indictable offence. Thus the neglect by parents, masters, and others to supply necessaries to children, servants, and persons depending upon them, is the neglect of a legal duty. So persons in 'charge of dangerous things' are bound to take care lest others are injured. Where death results from negligence in such cases, the offender will be guilty of manslaughter by virtue of the before-quoted.

section 167 declaring homicide to be *culpable* where it consists in the *culpable* omission to perform a legal duty. This hardly tells us more than that homicide is culpable when it is culpable. In practice it will put it into the hands of juries to say in what cases they think those who neglect a legal duty *ought to be* criminally responsible. Sections 185 and 186 will enable the prosecution to proceed against women for infanticide without charging actual murder. This is achieved in a somewhat roundabout fashion, but will probably operate beneficially.

Space forbids our entering upon the other branches of crime treated under this title, and we must therefore pass by such interesting topics of discussion as bigamy and the abduction of heiresses, and even the important provisions of Part XXIII. defining the crime of defamatory libel and regulating the law relating thereto (upon which the limits of the liberty of the press depend), in order to examine Title VI. on offences against rights of property or rights arising out of contract. Under these heads are treated theft, embezzlement, false pretences, criminal breach of trust, frauds by directors, robbery and extortion, burglary, receiving stolen goods, forgery, personation, coinage offences, mischief (including arson), &c.

Title VI., though dealing with the same subject matter as Part VI. of the Draft Code, has undergone very considerable changes in form and arrangement, and has revived many of the old terms of the criminal law which had been rather unnecessarily cast aside. We are forcibly reminded of Pistol's answer to Nym's remark that 'the good humour is to *steal* at a minute's rest,' viz. '*Convey* the wise it call. *Steal!* foh! a fico for the phrase!' In the draft, the old words 'steal,' 'embezzle,' 'larceny,' were conspicuous by their absence; theft, embezzlement, and false pretences forming merely three manifestations of a taking 'with intent to misappropriate,' the term 'fraudulent misappropriation' covering them all. The 'intent to misappropriate' was very elaborately defined, and some of the sections of this part of the Draft Code, however accurate their language, would probably have confused the minds of many lay magistrates and jurymen whose duty it would have been to apply them. Of this, section 195, headed 'Fraudulent Misappropriation by General Owners, Corporators, or Trustees,' is a good example.

'The general owner of a thing in which another person has a special property, a person having a special property in a thing of which another is the general owner, any one of several joint owners, or co-part-owners of a thing, and a person having the legal estate in anything in which another person is beneficially interested, may commit the offence of fraudulent misappropriation in respect of that thing, and as against the special owner, the general owner, the other joint owners or co-part-owners, or the person beneficially interested respectively, by dealing with it in such a way and with such an intent as would amount to that offence if the offender had no interest in the thing.'

The language of the present Bill is simpler if its definitions are less philosophical. In each it was found necessary in the first place to declare what things are 'capable of being stolen.' It is curious to notice how many things are not the subject of larceny at common law; thus there could be no felony unless the goods stolen were goods personal, and from this it was considered to follow that there could be no felony of chattels real, as of a box containing charters to land; and, to quote from Chief Justice Hale's 'Pleas of the Crown,' 'neither can larceny be committed of things which adhere to the freehold, as trees, grass, bushes, hedges, stones, or lead of a house, and the like.'

So also—

'larceny cannot be committed in some things whereof the owner may have a lawful property, and such whereupon he may obtain an action of trespass, in respect of the baseness of their nature, as mastiffs, spaniels, greyhounds, bloodhounds, or of some such things wild by nature yet reclaimed by art or industry, as bears, foxes, ferrets, &c., or their whelps or calves, because, though reclaimed, they serve not for food but pleasure, and so differ from pheasants, swans, &c., made tame, which, though wild by nature, serve for food. Only of the reclaimed hawk, in respect of the nobleness of its nature and use for princes and great men, larceny may be committed if the party knows it to be reclaimed.'

There was moreover in our old law the distinction between grand and petty larceny, the latter being of chattels not exceeding in value twelve pence, and not being, like the former, subject to capital punishment. In the Revised Code section 244 describes 'Inanimate things, fixed or moveable, capable of being stolen.'

'Every inanimate thing whatever which is the property of any person, and which either is, or may be made, moveable, shall henceforth be capable of being stolen as soon as it becomes moveable, although it is made moveable in order to steal it: Provided, that nothing growing out of the earth of a value not exceeding one shilling shall (except in the cases hereinafter provided) be deemed capable of being stolen. Nothing herein contained shall affect the provisions of any statute in force at

any time as to summary convictions for stealing things growing out of the earth.'

Section 245 treats of 'animals capable of being stolen.' Section 246 gives the definition of theft.

'Theft or stealing is the act of fraudulently and without colour of right taking, or fraudulently and without colour of right converting to the use of any person, anything capable of being stolen, with intent to deprive the owner permanently thereof, or to deprive any person having any special property or interest therein permanently of such property or interest.'

The section goes on at length to declare that everyone 'commits theft' who so takes or converts anything capable of being stolen, with the intent specified in the section, as of pledging or parting with it, &c. This is followed by other sections relating to special kinds of theft, and Part XXV. provides the maximum punishments to be awarded in each case, wisely omitting the provisions of the Draft Code by which sentences were to be regulated to some extent in proportion to the amount stolen. Thus, if property stolen was worth over 500*l.*, the prisoner might be sentenced to penal servitude for life; if between 100*l.* and 500*l.* to penal servitude for fourteen years; if less than 100*l.* to seven years' penal servitude, and if less than 5*l.* then to imprisonment only. Nothing of this kind is attempted by the present Bill, and no question of the value of the property stolen will hamper judicial discretion.

The Code proceeds to define false pretences, criminal breach of trust, and the other crimes against property. There has been no subject upon which the refinements of legal distinction have been more conspicuous than the law of false pretences. Under our present law larceny is felony, false pretences a misdemeanour, but to decide what cases came within the true definition of larceny and what within that of false pretences has required a vast expenditure of judicial acumen, with the result of leaving the law in anything but a lucid condition. As generally happens when this is the case, statute law comes to the assistance of case law, and, by patching here and changing there, removes to some extent the special inconvenience felt, though by a clumsy contrivance which leaves the reformed law in a condition hardly intelligible to those who are not first made acquainted with all the difficulties previously existing. Thus, inasmuch as prisoners charged with false pretences were continually acquitted because on the trial it appeared that the offence was larceny, it was enacted that where such was the case the prisoner 'should not by reason thereof be entitled to be acquitted of such misdemeanour.' Still, in the converse case, i.e. where a prisoner charged with larceny is proved to be guilty of false pretences, he must be acquitted; and hence in cases of doubt under which category of crime to class the prisoner's offence, it is the usual practice to charge the misdemeanour. Sections 270 and 271 of the Code, taken with the provisions of a subsequent chapter enabling various counts to be joined in the same indictment, will now remove all difficulty from the subject. The Code then goes on to define and deal with the other offences against property. But it is time to pass on to Title VII. of the Code, regulating procedure.

Here we find much alteration. The proposed methods of procedure are intended to be simpler and more satisfactory than those to which we have been so long accustomed; but, inasmuch as their mere proposal shows the dissatisfaction with the old state of things, it will be as well to consider what are the defects we wish to remedy before examining how far the proposals of the Code are an improvement. It is a peculiarity of the English system of criminal procedure that proceedings are initiated and conducted by private persons. There is no official in England corresponding to the Scotch Procurator Fiscal, to take up and superintend criminal proceedings, and this want has been long felt. In 1874 a committee of the Judicature Commission reported unanimously in favour of a system of public prosecution, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, in a separate report, advised that *every* prosecution, however small the offence, should be subject to the control of a public official appointed by and responsible to the State, such control to extend over the case from the earliest to the final proceedings throughout the prosecution. It is also one of the most noticeable faults of the English procedure that in each case there should be so many separate enquiries, and hence so much useless repetition, expense, and delay. We know to what preposterous length the enquiry before the magistrate, supposed to be an enquiry as to the existence of a *prima facie* case, is often drawn out. We have seen in many a 'show case' proceedings before a magistrate so elaborated as to make the trial itself little more than a *verbatim* repetition of the preliminary proceedings. It happens, indeed, occasionally that the enquiry before the committing magistrate takes longer than that before the judge and jury at the trial. We know also that, after this elaborate preliminary enquiry and immediately before the trial, the case is enquired into by the grand jury, a body of some twenty gentlemen who sit in private, and who have to make out the facts of the

case as best they can from the witnesses for the prosecution, without any assistance from counsel or solicitor in laying the case before them. The accused is not before the grand jury, and, whatever merits this tribunal may possess, its constitution and the way in which it has to exercise its functions render it very unfit to act as a court of appeal from the committing magistrate. Moreover, the grand jury holds its investigation *immediately before* trial, and is therefore too late to save an accused from unnecessary imprisonment, which it is the most important object of preliminary enquiry to prevent. It has consequently been proposed by some considerable authorities to abolish this venerable institution as far as regards trials at quarter sessions, but yet, for some not very intelligible reasons, to retain it for trials at the assizes. Many persons have thought the coroner's jury a very unsatisfactory court, and certainly the holding the coroner's inquest *as well* as the magistrate's enquiry is, in most cases of murder and manslaughter, entirely a work of supererogation. Our system is undoubtedly very cumbrous. A magistrate, twenty-three grand jurymen, a dozen petty jurymen, and a judge form an array more imposing than is required when perhaps the only crime to be disposed of is the theft of a pair of boots or a pocket-handkerchief. Where the crime has been murder or manslaughter, we have the coroner's jury as well, and thus we have the crime enquired into by some fifty different investigators in four separate enquiries. These considerations are becoming very obvious at the present day from the greater frequency of gaol deliveries, and consequently the more glaring disproportion between the small amount of work to be done at each assize and the great preparations made to do it. Thus the great blots in our procedure seem to be the absence of a public prosecutor, the cumbrousness of the machinery, and unnecessary repetition and delay. Two investigations in each case should surely suffice, one to determine whether an accused is to be tried at all, and, if so, to commit him or bail him to await his trial; the other, the final trial to dispose and make an end of the whole case. The very different objects of these two investigations should be kept distinct, and if these were efficient any third or intermediate investigation would be superfluous. To simplify and shorten the preliminary proceedings and to raise the character of the final investigation should be the great object of the reformer. In any real discussion of a reformed criminal procedure these points will require consideration, and therefore no apology is made for touching upon them here, though the Code itself hardly deals with the most important of them. No system of public prosecution is introduced; the grand jury is to remain as before. There are, however, provisions in the Code for making the magistrate's enquiry more satisfactory, and others which have for their object the improvement of the final trial. Section 437 will enable justices to enquire and take evidence upon oath in reference to a suspected crime without having an accused actually before them; and this, in cases of suspected murder, will probably lead to the superseding of the coroner's enquiry, which by section 506 will no longer have the power of sending an accused for trial.

Part VII. abolishes the old distinction between felonies and misdemeanours. As there will be henceforth no difference in the procedure in these cases, there would be no meaning in retaining the distinctive terms. In France the very first article of the Code Pénal divides all offences into *contraventions*, *délits*, and *crimes;* but these distinct offences are differently proceeded against and punished, the last being punishable with a 'peine afflictive ou infamante,' and being the only class of crime triable by a jury. With us, for the future, 'indictable offence' will cover every crime known to the law, not by statute made solely subject to summary proceedings.

Sections 453 to 464 regulate the preliminary enquiry before the magistrate. The Draft Code attempted several changes in our procedure, which have not reappeared in the present measure. In the 1878 Code it was specifically stated that though the defendant, his counsel, or solicitor should be entitled to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution upon facts relative to the charge, he should not, unless the justice thought it necessary or desirable, cross-examine to matters relevant only as affecting the credit of the witnesses. Under this provision justices would have sometimes had to exercise a difficult discretion, never checking a cross-examination that was really tending to elucidate the truth, and yet, on the other hand, protecting witnesses from unfair and unfounded aspersion. It is not easy to deny that the interference of the bench is occasionally needed for the protection of witnesses from unscrupulous or reckless advocates.

Again, the Code of 1878 made it the duty of a justice to commit a defendant when a sufficient case had been made out, even though some of the witnesses for the prosecution had not been examined. These provisions would have tended to shorten preliminary enquiries without prejudicing the prisoner, since subsequent sections required the prosecution to furnish the defendant

with the names of the witnesses it was intended to call, and with the substance of the evidence they were expected to give. This necessity of giving notice applied to the prosecution only. In Scotland *the accused* is required to give notice to the prosecution if he intends at the trial to set up a 'special defence,' and this must greatly tend to the prevention of perjured defences, such as false alibis, being set up. These provisions of the Draft Code do not appear in the Code as it comes from the Royal Commission, and therefore in these respects the procedure now existing will continue. We find, however, a useful provision in section 461 enabling quarter sessions to which a prisoner has been committed to commit him over *to the assizes* for trial, if that course seems desirable.

If the changes in preliminary procedure are slight, the same cannot be said of the provisions relating to *trial*. In section 477 the old doctrine that a man is to be tried by his peers is subjected to a rule giving a judge power, on the application of either side, to order any assize case to be tried before *a special jury*, a tribunal hitherto unknown in the trial of felonies. The intention of this section is excellent, but nevertheless the Legislature will do well not to establish a system by which high-class offenders will be tried before high-class jurymen. One of the benefits of the jury system is that the public believes in the absence of all fear or favour as regards the accused. Would this be always so if judges had the power of putting into the jury-box a special class of jurymen? A jury should be drawn from various classes, and again we can turn for instruction to Scotland, where by law a fixed proportion of the jury must be special jurymen. In these days of the spread of education and intelligence through all classes it is less necessary than ever to establish special juries for the trial of crime. Even in Ireland, where some persons think ordinary jurymen unfit for their duties, what effect would it have if agrarian crimes were always tried before juries having special class interests to serve? Would not the increase of convictions be dearly bought by the entire withdrawal of public approval from such convictions as were obtained? The manifestation of popular feeling and even prejudice in juries has often, on the whole, tended to the advantage of the country.

Part XLIII. regulates the trial of indictable offences. Passing over other matters, we notice two provisions which will at once strike everyone conversant with the practice of the criminal courts as introducing a thoroughly novel principle into our procedure. Section 523 provides for the examination of the defendant; section 525 enables the court to call witnesses and to examine them, or rather to require the prosecution to do so. To the latter section, though involving a thorough departure in principle from the English theory, viz. that the court tries a crime after the fashion of a private litigation, leaving each side to shape its own case as it likes, it is difficult to see that any very practical objection can be taken.

Section 523 is one of the most important in the Code. Hitherto at no period of the various investigations has it been allowed to put questions to the accused. Before the committing magistrate he is always told he may if he pleases make a statement; but he is cautioned at the same time that what he says may be used against him. This procedure before the magistrate is preserved by the Code. At the trial, the only question allowed to be put to the prisoner has been whether he is guilty or not guilty of the charge. At the same time he is at liberty, himself if undefended by counsel, or by solicitor if defended, to state his case to the court. To represent that the prisoner's mouth is closed' (a representation very often made) is simply to misstate the fact. He is not, indeed, allowed to give evidence on oath, and this the Draft Code did not propose to permit. The Revised Code, however, treats the matter very differently:—

'Everyone accused of any indictable offence shall be a competent witness upon his trial for such offence, and the wife or husband, as the case may be, shall be a competent witness upon such trial: Provided that no such person shall be liable to be called as a witness by the prosecutor; but every such witness called and giving evidence on behalf of the accused shall be liable to be cross-examined like any other witness on any matter, though not arising out of his examination in chief: Provided that, so far as the cross-examination relates to the credit of the accused, the court may limit such cross-examination to such extent as it thinks proper, although the proposed cross-examination might be permissible in the case of any other witness.'

Now what is new is not the power given to the prisoner to make a statement—for this at present he can do either personally or through counsel—but the fact that his statement is to be made *on oath*, and that he is to be subject to cross-examination by the prosecution. The simplest of all questions for the prosecuting counsel to put in cross-examination will be directly as to the guilt of the prisoner. Suppose a man accused of stealing a pair of boots. He is duly sworn and makes a rambling statement to the jury.

Prosecuting counsel then turns round to the dock, looks the prisoner in the face, and says, 'Now, my good man, did not yon steal those boots? Tell the truth; yon know yon are upon yonr oath.' If the prisoner denies it and is convicted, we presnme he may be tried for perjnry in refusing to plead guilty to the charge. The result is to apply a species of terrorism to the accused to extort a confession. We hope to hear no more abont the kindness to the prisoner of 'opening his month.' Bnt, even without putting so crucial a qnestion, counsel in cross-examining will certainly try to entrap the prisoner into difficnlties. Sir James Stephen himself somewhere speaks of cross-examination as being almost necessarily unfair, and when applied to such ignorant and terrified persons as most prisoners on their trial prove themselves, though it will perhaps be effective in insuring convictions, it will be at a sacrifice of that appearance of fair play which has so maintained the pnhlic estimation of our criminal courts.

There is no part of the Code more deserving careful consideration hy Parliament and the conntry than Part XLIV., which provides means of appealing from decisions of the criminal courts. It is now the general principle of our criminal law that there is no appeal *on the facts* from the verdict of a jury. In the United States of America it is also a provision of the Constitution that no persons shall be snhject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy. Yet in England it is possible, in some cases of misdemeanonr tried in the Queen's Bench, for a defendant after conviction to obtain a new trial where the verdict has been contrary to evidence, or the jndge has misdirected the jury, or evidence has been improperly admitted or rejected; and for the prosecntion, after an acquittal, to ohtain a new trial, on showing that the defendant had corruptly ohtained the verdict. As regards felonies, on no pretext whatever can a prisoner be tried twice on the same charge; and thus, with the small exception above mentioned, no new trial can be had, nor appeal prosecuted, after a jury has once given a verdict. This rule is perhaps dne to an illogical extension of the principle 'that no one shall be twice pnt in jeopardy for the same offence.' In America, starting from the same fundamental principle, the law courts have arrived at a different result, for it is now settled in that conntry that new trials may he allowed to a prisoner after conviction, alike in treason, felony, and misdemeanour. The language of the court in the case which mainly is responsible for this change (U.S.A. *v.* Kean) is worth quoting. It had been argued that the above principle prevented the granting of a new trial even *at the instance of the defendant.* The conrt observes:—

'The prisoner is found guilty, and, whether right or wrong, he must stand convicted. He claims, under the Constitution, a fair and an impartial trial, and he shows gross prejudice against him by the jury, who have convicted him on evidence wholly insufficient; but he is answered that the Constitution protects him from being put in jeopardy a second time for the same offence, and that a new trial would violate this provision. In other words, the Constitution guarantees to him the right of being hung to protect him from the danger of a second trial. Whatever may be said theoretically of this constitutional protection, practically the subject of it can have no very strong reason to appreciate it.'

A similar conclusion was very nearly arrived at in England, and there is one qnite recent precedent in the hooks, in which a prisoner after a conviction for felony obtained a new trial, and suffered imprisonment in conseqnence of the sentence passed on the second conviction. This case was followed hy two others that arose in Anstralia, and there was every prospect of the innovation establishing itself, had not the Privy Council, to which these cases were appealed, decided that the English precedent was not law, and that to sanction new trials after conviction for felony was beyond the power of the judges. Thus in America new trials became grantable, but in England not. The Livingstone Code, drawn up for the State of Lonisiana, contains express provisions for the re-trial of prisoners. Either party is allowed to move the court on affidavit: the pnhlic prosecutor on the ground that the verdict of acquittal was corruptly obtained by the prisoner; the prisoner on the gronnd of verdict being corruptly ohtained, and also on the ground of certain specified irregularities, as that he had not been in court during the proceedings, that he had asked for counsel's assistance and none had been assigned him, and so on. He is also allowed a new trial 'where, in the opinion of the court, the verdict is contrary to law or evidence, bnt no more than two new trials shall be given for this cause alone.' Under the French Code it would seem that originally no new trial conld he had npon the merits, and it still remains the case that a person *legally acquitted* cannot he again charged with the same act; but we find it provided by the law of 1853 that in the case of a prisoner *convicted* where 'la cour est convaincne que les jurés, tout en ohservant les formes, se sont trompés au fond, elle déclare qu'il est snrsis au jugement et renvoie

l'affaire à la session suivante pour y être soumise à un nouveau jury. . . . Nul n'a le droit de provoquer cette mesure. La cour ne peut l'ordonner que d'office, immédiatement après que la déclaration du jury a été prononcée publiquement.' And only one such new trial can be had.

In the Austrian Code of 1874 we have the most recent expression of continental views on this subject; and we find the provision for the granting of a new trial not very different from that above quoted from the French Code. In the preface to the translation by MM. Bertrand and Caen of the Austrian Code, they remark that *an appeal* from the decision of one court to another, on the facts, must either infringe upon the modern practice of oral procedure, the superior court judging *upon reports*, instead of having the evidence in its original shape before it, or the appeal must amount to *a rehearing;* and the latter is considered too costly and lengthy a procedure to be very desirable. They argue that in days when a certain legal *quantum* of evidence was required to constitute *proof*, the question of the guilt of a prisoner was much more a matter of law than at present, when proof depends solely upon the impression on the mind of the court, upon its *moral conviction*. Continental procedure, however, differs so widely from our own, that it is difficult to draw any analogy from the one to the other as to the alleged necessity for new trials. The mere fact that in France a verdict is given by a majority of jurors, and in Austria by one of two-thirds, may make a revision of verdicts of guilty necessary for the protection of innocent persons; while in a country where unanimity among twelve jurors is required, and where the rule, as to giving a prisoner the benefit of the doubt, is always impressed upon them, the same protection may not be needed.

The questions for us are: What are the evils *we* have to remedy? Are the proposals of the Code the proper remedy? The evil to be remedied by appeal or new trial is the conviction of the innocent, or at all events of those against whom there is insufficient legal evidence. And the greater the tendency of the original court to convict on insufficient grounds, the greater the need for revising verdicts. Is it a tendency of our jury trial, in the present administration of the law, to convict too easily? On the contrary, it would appear that our whole system even favours the escape of the probably guilty, rather than that a possibly innocent man should be convicted. By the present practice, and the system is to be continued under the Code, the case has been examined before the magistrate, and a full written report of it taken, before it even comes before the judge and jury. The latter must be unanimous, and the practice of impressing upon them to allow to the accused the benefit of any reasonable doubt is invariably followed. One would, *à priori*, expect this to be ample security. Does experience not prove that it is? 'But,' we are answered, 'surely there is something altogether anomalous in the law refusing a new trial to a man under sentence of death, and readily allowing it to defendants in petty actions on tradesmen's bills.' The analogy between civil and criminal proceedings is not a good one. In a civil cause the jury has to come to the best opinion it can, after balancing the one side against the other. In a criminal case it is not a question of probabilities, and the defendant is *entitled* to an acquittal unless the prosecution have established his guilt beyond all reasonable doubt. In many a civil case the verdict of a jury is often, not improperly, something like a compromise of the dispute between the parties. Moreover, it should be said that the frequency with which new trials in civil cases are granted is a very great source of hardship to litigants, and of injustice to persons who dare not insist upon their rights from the risk of becoming involved in almost interminable proceedings, and having the costs thereby swelled out of all proportion to the claim. Any rich litigant, such, for instance, as a public board or company, has thus an immense advantage over an ordinary antagonist, who knows that, as soon as one trial is concluded to his advantage, the courts of law will be moved to indulge him in another, to the advantage of legal practitioners if of no one else.

It is worthy of notice that public dissatisfaction with convictions is very rare indeed, except in cases of murder; and as it cannot be supposed for a moment that juries are *more* ready to convict rashly in murder cases than in others, we are driven to the conclusion that it is in reality not so much the verdict as the punishment to be inflicted, that displeases the public. If the punishment strikes the moral sense of the public as being more severe than the crime deserves, the rational way to remedy this is to change the punishment, not to establish a system for the revising of *verdicts* in all classes of crime. The only way in which, at present, a conviction can be interfered with, is by the Home Secretary's exercise of the royal prerogative. That he should be considered a court of appeal on the facts from a jury, and should be expected regularly to act in that capacity, would be most

unfortnnate. It has happened that the very defence which failed at the trial bas prevailed at the private cnquiry before the Home Secretary, but no one wonld wish to see this happen frequently.

These considerations have, for the most part, been borne in mind by tbe autbors of the Code, and certainly there is no attempt to make appeal and new trial as easy in criminal as in civil proceedings. The Code provides for the establishment of a court of criminal appeal on the law, leave to appeal being grantable on the application of either party, either by the court whicb tried the case or by the court of appeal, the party having, in the latter case, obtained the leave of the Attorney-General to move the conrt. The court of appeal may confirm or reverse the decision of the court below, or 'in any case, wbether the appeal is on behalf of the prosecntor or the accused, direct a new trial.' So much for appeals on the law, which are allowed to be carried up to the House of Lords. Sections 544 and 545 deal not with the law, bnt the facts.

'After the conviction of any person for any indictable offence, the court before which the trial takes place may, either during the sittings or afterwards, give leave to the person convicted to apply to the court of appeal for a new trial on the ground that *the verdict was against the weight of evidence*. The court of criminal appeal may, upon hearing such motion, direct a new trial if it thinks fit. In the case of a trial before a court of quarter session . . . such leave may be given during or at the end of the session by the justice who presided at the trial and one other justice present at the trial.'

Section 545: 'If, npon any application for the mercy of the Crown, on behalf of any person convicted of an indictable offence,' the Home Secretary 'entertains a doubt whether such person ought to have been convicted,' he may, after enquiry, order a 'new trial, at such time and before such court as he may think proper.' *

It is difficult to dispnte the justice of these proposed changes of our law, but we mnst hope that the power of granting new trials will be most sparingly exercised. In these days, in cases involving capital pnnishment at all events, tbere is a tenderness, almost a softness, on the part of conrts and Home Secretaries, towards prisoners, which will make them inclined to shirk a disagreeable responsibility by thrusting its burden npon another tribnnal. The change is not the only one in the Code which tends to take power from juries and give it to judges, and it is not one of the least objections to the change that it may make some criminal investigations, already sufficiently long, become almost interminable. We think it would bave been better only to allow new trials in cases where the judge trying the case reported *that he was dissatisfied* with the verdict, and that it should not be granted upon application to the court, but of its own mere motion, as in France. Applications by counsel to tbe court of appeal, the obtaining of the leave of the Attorney-General, and snchlike proceedings, all reqnire money, and it is not desirable to increase the advantages already possessed by rich men over their poorer fellows in pleading before the criminal conrts. Let the *same justice*, as far as possible, be open to all, whether ricb or poor, powerful or weak. We have treated this portion of the Code at such length that we have no space left to describe the immense improvement to be expected from the procedure relating to indictments, or even to mention many otber beneficial provisions introduced.

Yet we cannot conclude withont directing attention to some of tbe criticisms the Code has called fortb. First in importance is, of course, the elaborate criticism contained in the letter of the Lord Cbief Justice to tbe Attorney-General and printed by the order of Parliament. Tbe Lord Chief Justice, remarking that tbe proposed Code consists of three main parts, viz., general provisions as to jnrisdiction and preliminary matters, substantive law, and procedure, confines his attention to the first part, reserving his remarks on tbe subseqnent parts for future letters. It is thus only incidentally that he expresses his belief that 'the admissibility of an accused person as a witness would be a grievous mistake.' His criticisms of the Code are in many instances somewhat minnte; but the main charges he brings are worthy of the most careful consideration. All will share bis regret tbat the repeal of statutes is in many cases only *partial*, and that the Code will have to be snpplemented by sections left snrviving. If it is desired to keep the provisions of these sections in operation, the Lord Chief Justice is right in his contention that their object should be given effect to by the Code itself. We agree also with Sir Alexander Cockburn tbat it 'necessarily

* This section affords a curious instance of the method in which our Constitution *grows* of itself. The sovereign always had the right to pardon, the minister's duty was to advise on the exercise of this right. But the practice has been for years for the Home Secretary, instead of advising upon the exercise of the royal prerogative of pardon, to inquire into the merits of the case; and now we find a statute proposed giving legal sanction to the new practice, and making the Home Secretary *a judge* 'of whether such person ought to have been convicted.'

mars the completeness of the work,' that its operation should be limited to offences *when made the subject of indictment.* To quote from his letter, 'It would, no doubt, be impracticable to enumerate all the instances in which penalties are resorted to for the purpose of enforcing the performance of duties, or the observance of police or sanitary regulations, or the like; but we are dealing with acts which the proposed law constitutes crimes, and which are so dealt with in the Code. It is exclusively to these that my observations apply; it seems in the highest degree illogical to omit all mention of them, and all reference to the procedure applicable to them, when dealt with otherwise than by indictment, simply because the degree of guilt is less, and the circumstances are such that the fuller and more formal methods of proceeding may be dispensed with.' That crimes committed by peers are not dealt with by the Code appears to us to be a smaller criticism, and there are others still more minute which deserve the attention of the Attorney-General, but need not detain us here.

As the public becomes better acquainted with the proposals of the Government Bill, and as criminal codification has at last been seriously taken up by Parliament, we shall have much useful criticism of details to consider, and even rival codification schemes to compare. Thus, this year a complete 'Draft Code of Criminal Law and Procedure,' by Mr. E. D. Lewis, has been published, professing to deal with the whole subject, descending even into such minutiæ as the salaries of the judges' clerks. This Code would abolish altogether the grand jury; would take from the coroner's jury the power of sending an accused for trial; would establish a 'Supreme Court of Criminal Judicature' out of judges to be specially devoted to criminal business, thus freeing the judges of Westminster Hall from all but civil business; would enable prisoners to be tried by special juries, but only with their own consent; and would allow the examination and cross-examination of the accused, but without allowing him to be sworn. It will be seen that Mr. Lewis's work is of a bold and somewhat ambitious character. There is much in his 'Draft Code' as well as in the Lord Chief Justice's letter that we hope the Attorney-General will consider and make use of before his bill is again introduced; but on the whole the Royal Commissioners and the Government deserve congratulation that no more serious objections have been made to their proposals.

The Code is a magnificent piece of legislation, and will prove the precursor of many Codification Bills, which will ultimately change the face of our law. We wish the Government success in their efforts to pass it, with only minor alterations, through Parliament. In so doing they will have acquired for themselves the fame of having added, during their reign, at least one really great measure to the Statute Book.

Art. IX.—*Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By George Eliot. London and Edinburgh: 1879.

A distinguished living author once observed in our hearing, that there was a time when George Eliot's genius seemed to him to be of almost boundless promise. 'I even thought,' he proceeded, 'that some day she might perhaps have equalled Miss Austen.' There are few, we conceive, amongst George Eliot's admirers who would either thank our critic for these liberal hopes, or sympathise with him in his implied disappointment; nor do we ourselves share in the temper of his criticism. We disagree with him, however, not because his judgment was entirely false, but because it was only very partially true. So far as he had viewed the matter, his view was accurate. It is misleading only because its scope was limited. There are few minds which have accomplished much, that to observant eyes have at one time not promised more. Even the most many-sided genius must have given hints, at the outset, of the possession of many powers it could never bring to perfection; and we shall often best estimate a writer's chief achievements by examining first the extent and the nature of his partial failures. When, therefore, it is said that George Eliot might have been a second Miss Austen, and has failed to be so, we need not, in assenting to this, be passing a degrading judgment. We advance instantly from our notice of the success she has foregone, to inquiring what other success she has tried to achieve instead of it—what greater birthright she has bought by the sacrifice of her mess of pottage. This inquiry is not altogether an easy one; and a more significant homage could not be paid to the authoress than to say that it is worth our while, in her case, to make it with all care and seriousness. Her present volume is especially welcome, not only because it suggests such a task to us, but also because it will assist us in attempting it.

The most obvious aspect under which we look at her is that simply of a novelist—as a dramatic artist in prose. It is not here

that her real pre-eminence lies; but we will confine ourselves at first to this very restricted view of her, and regard her as though she were simply a novelist among novelists.

Now, the qualities that a novelist most requires are, in their own degree, the same as those required by a dramatist. A novel, like a drama, is a work of art, and must, like a drama, conform to certain artistic laws, and present certain artistic qualities. The most prominent of these have their close analogies in painting. The first requirements in a picture are that it conform to certain rules of composition, grouping, chiaro-oscuro, and perspective. In like manner we require first of all in a novel or a drama that there be a certain method, grace, and unity in the plot. The various incidents must be presented to us in their due proportion. The attention must not be distracted by unnecessary figures or events. Everything must be properly subordinate to some central interest; and form parts of a single organic whole. When the novelist or the dramatist fulfils these requirements, we may say, in painters' language, that the *composition* of his piece is perfect. As equally apposite examples of this kind of perfection, we may cite two works, which, in other ways, are of a widely different character—'Tom Jones,' and the 'Œdipus Tyrannus' of Sophocles. But *composition* is not all. We require moral perspective and moral chiaro-oscuro as well. What is trivial and incidental must not be drawn too large. What is important must not be drawn too small. And further, the lights and shades, or, if we like to add a new metaphor, the colours, must be properly harmonised and distributed. Everything must not be made an unrelieved darkness by vice or sorrow, or a flat and even brightness by joy or virtue. The novelist and the painter have each of them a kindred artistic effect to produce with shine and shadow, and with various combinations of colour.

Further, there is a second class of requirements needful for a novelist, which might also, were there occasion for it, be illustrated by a reference to painting; and this is an insight into the human heart which is not only profound, but at the same time wide and impartial; and a power, not alone of describing character, but still more of presenting it in action.

If we judge George Eliot's work by the tests above suggested, there is scarcely one adverse criticism to which it is not open. The *composition* of her stories is to the utmost rude and faulty; or rather, in the artistic sense of the word, there is no composition in them at all. In 'Middlemarch,' for instance, we have not one plot, but two, and these joined together in the clumsiest and most unskilful fashion. Elsewhere, it is true, her designs may have more unity; but the unity, even where most traceable, is obscured or quite distorted by masses of irrelevant detail. Every stone in her building may be of marble, and of marble finely cut: but the building as a whole is not fitly framed together; and many of the blocks which exhibit the finest carving are not only not needed by the structure, but they overload it, and destroy its symmetry. She recognises the time-worn truth that a story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end; but between these three parts she observes no just proportion. Her action moves onwards by fits and starts. She hurries when we would have her linger; she lingers when we would have her hurry: and her pace seems to depend not so much on the nature of the road, as on the flowers she desires to pluck by the side of it, or the views of distant scenery which she leans over gates to contemplate.

But there is a greater defect still to notice. In dealing with her principal characters she does not, as a general rule, so much *present* them, as *describe* them to us. And we are made all the more keenly conscious of this, because with her minor characters her procedure is exactly opposite. Mrs. Tulliver and Aunt Pullet, discussing a bonnet, are presented to us. Maggie and Stephen Guest, in their love scenes, are described to us. The former group is a painting left to speak for itself. The latter is a charcoal sketch, with a long explanation under it. We are not saying that the sketch may not show higher powers than the painting: but they are not powers of the same order; they are not the powers we expect to find in an artist. And so far as artistic success—the success of the true novelist—goes, it is not too much to say that with George Eliot this varies in an inverse ratio to the importance which she herself attaches to her subjects.

It will be recollected that in making these remarks we are purposely narrowing our view. We are regarding the authoress under only one aspect. And if our judgment should seem to be somewhat too severe, it is she herself who is responsible for the severity. We are trying her by standards that she has herself suggested; and those standards are the highest. We are condemning the faults of what she has done by the perfection of what she shows us she might have done. She might have been a second Miss Austen: and that within its limits is no small praise; for it means at any rate that she might have been a consummate artist.

And it is only because we see her to have been capable of perfect art, that we are forced to note the imperfections of the art she has actually given us.

But if she has failed as a novelist where novelists of less genius have succeeded, she exhibits powers to which, amongst other novelists, we can hardly find a parallel, and which only very rarely have expressed themselves in prose fiction at all. She may be less than Miss Austen in art, but she is greater than Scott in insight. Indeed, to compare her even to Scott is an unfairness to her. We must go for our parallel yet a stage higher; and we must not stop short of the world's greatest poets. The art of the novelist, and presumably his vision also, rests on the surface of life and of society. His eyes, so far as he can use them, may be as keen and piercing as the poet's; but he uses them from a different point of view. The varied human landscape lies before him, and he paints what he sees of it; but he is not, like the poet, at a sufficient height above it, to see to the bottom of its deep ravines and valleys, or to the summits of its lofty mountains. That it has deep valleys and that it has mountain peaks, he presumes; but he has neither descended to the one, nor scaled the other. With George Eliot, however, the case is different. She, like the poet, takes a more commanding standpoint. Her eyes are occupied with the high and deep places of the human spirit, and the larger and profounder questions of human destiny. For her, as for the poet, life is, as it were, transparent; and she sees the mightiest issues hiding under the most trivial. Her materials for excitement and interest are not the excitements of adventure, with their varieties of surface incident; her materials for tragedy are not murders, or escapes from murder, with the manœuvres of criminals and detectives: but they are the inner spiritual events that take place beneath the surface, and of which the outer events are for her the signs merely. Her works partake thus of the quality that separates the poetry of a great drama from the prose of a great novel. The essential difference, for instance, between 'Hamlet' and 'Pendennis' lies in the different level in human life to which the two works pierce. The one reaches to the poetry of life; the other only presumes it, or at best points to it from a distance. But the vision of George Eliot goes straight to it, and encounters it face to face. She has seen and has felt like Sophocles, that

'Full many things are wonderful, but none
More fearful and more wonderful than man;'*

and she has seen and felt this with something of the emotion that is common and almost peculiar to the greatest tragic poets.

And yet with all this George Eliot is not a poet; and, putting form altogether out of the question, her works are not poetry. They bear the same relation to poems that a chrysalis does to a butterfly, just before the change. We feel them to be quivering with a life that demands some further development. We feel that something is on the ground that requires to fly, and that is every moment on the point of soaring. But the wings never unfold themselves. The strength is wanting somewhere by which the prison is to be broken.

Thus, to pass on her work any general literary judgment is a somewhat puzzling task. But going again for assistance to a simile drawn from painting, we may compare her work, not so much to so many separate pictures, as to so many separate canvases, each covered with a number of pictorial fragments—fragments connected together indeed by some thread, inward or outward, of thought or meaning; but neither in conception nor execution fused together into coherent artistic wholes. We have studies for some heroic subject—some great and solemn action—which are instinct with power and genius, but in which the figures are grouped ill, and often only partly outlined; and we have this heroic group broken or surrounded by a number of semi-serious figures—not in outline, but painted in solid colour, and with the most masterly and complete finish. Such at least is the impression which her earlier works have made on us. Her manner latterly, it is true, has grown in some ways more congruous; but this is not because she has learned to finish the whole of her pictures as she once did their secondary parts; but because she has ceased to use her brush at all, and has left the whole in the condition of shadowy sketches.

To the eye, therefore, of purely artistic criticism, George Eliot's work, even at its highest, is full of flaws and blemishes. The world, however, is not made up entirely of artistic critics; and the common sense of the public, with its wise want of fastidiousness, often detects in a writer what there is of genius, the better for not detecting what there is lacking in art and skill. And such is the case with George Eliot. She sees truths about life which vast numbers of men and women feel to be true, and which they are grateful to her for having expressed and set before them. She has given definiteness to views which before were dim and vague to them; she has given voice to thoughts and feelings which before were inarticulate.

* Antigone, 333.

They feel that she has done this for them *somehow;* and *how*, they neither know nor care to criticise. Her hooks are more to them like Bibles than books of mere amusement; and they have been treated and read with a reverence that was perhaps never before accorded to any works of fiction.

Her position is thus sufficiently remarkable; but there is a point about it beyond any we have yet touched upon, which makes it more remarkable still; and this is a point, probably, that is little suspected by the larger part of her most earnest and most reverent students. She is the first great *godless* writer of fiction that has appeared in England; perhaps, in the sense in which we use the expression, the first that has appeared in Europe. To say this may sound a paradox or an insult; but it is neither. And this will appear presently, when we have explained the meaning which we attach to the obnoxious word *godless.*

We must remember that generally, up to the present time, human conduct was, amongst serious people, supposed to bear reference, before all things, to some power above ourselves, and of a different nature, to whom our souls belonged, and for whose sake we were bound to keep them pure. And this conception has so penetrated our modern civilisation, that it has been implied in the entire lives and thoughts of numbers who not only never thought of affirming it, but who even posed as deniers of the belief upon which it rested. Shakespeare, for instance, may or may not have been a religious man; he may or may not have been a Catholic, or a Protestant. But whatever his personal views or feelings may have been, the light by which he viewed life was the light of Christianity. The shine, the shadow, and the colours of the moral world he looked upon, were all caused or cast by the Christian Sun of Righteousness. But now amongst the vast changes that human thought has been undergoing, the sun that we once all walked by has for many eyes become extinguished; and every energy has been bent upon supplying man with a substitute, which shall have, if possible, an equal illuminating power, and at any rate the same power of moral actinism. This substitute at present is, it is true, somewhat nebulous; but the substance it is composed of is already sufficiently plain. The new object of our duty is not our Father which is in Heaven, but our brothers and our children who are on earth. It is to these alone, according to the new gospel, that our piety is due; it is indeed to these that all true piety has, in all ages, been ignorantly paid. It is needless to dwell upon this conception longer. Whether we think it sound or hollow, its general character is familiar enough to all of us; and we know that a growing number of men and women around us are adopting it. But it is one thing to adopt a belief in theory—another thing to put it in practice; and again another thing, to receive it, as it were in solution, into our daily thoughts and feelings, so that we not only act and think by it, but also instinctively judge and feel by it. This third stage is the one that is reached latest, and we doubt whether as yet any considerable body of men and women have attained to it. The nearest approach to it, so far as we know, is to be found in the novels of George Eliot: only there even it is not reached perfectly; for the moral standard of the novelist, and the rational justification of her own judgments and sympathies, are not present to her mind instinctively, and as matters of course; but they are for ever being consciously emphasised by herself, and for ever being pointed out, more or less directly, to the reader. At any rate, in the world of earnest art, she is the first legitimate fruit of our modern atheistic pietism; and as such, she is an object of extreme interest, if not to artistic epicures, at any rate to all anxious inquirers into human destiny. For in her writings we have some sort of presentation of a world of high endeavour, pure morality, and strong enthusiasm, existing and in full work, without any reference to, or help from, the thought of God. *Godless* in its literal sense, and divested of all vindictive meaning, exactly describes her writings. They are without God, not against Him. They do not deny, but they silently and skilfully ignore Him. We have the same old liturgies of human faith and action, only they are intercepted and appropriated by a new object, when they seemed to be on their way to the old. The glory and the devotion that was once given to God is transferred silently to man.

The way in which this feat is performed is very remarkable; for the characters she presents us with are suffered rarely, if ever, to hold opinions that are consciously to themselves at all akin to the author's. On the contrary, they are most of them Christian people, with the love of God and the fear of hell presumably before their eyes. But in all their more vital struggles after God, the supernatural element in their beliefs is represented as having no effect on them. It is treated as a husk or shell, concealing or perhaps sheltering, something more precious than itself; or at best conveying a truth in metaphor through the channel of a sacramental lie. Mr. Tryan, in 'Janet's Repentance,' and Savonarola in 'Romola,' are both

of them marked instances of this; and the author's dealing with these characters is exceeding skilful. Mr. Tryan is a clergyman, passionately devoted to his sacred calling, an ardent disciple of a special school of divinity, and eaten up with the sincerest zeal for souls. And yet the writer contrives to exhibit all that she wishes us to admire in him as resting on a basis with which his religious beliefs have nothing at all to do. In her portrait of Savonarola this treatment is yet more distinguishable and yet more significant. His chief connexion with the story in which she introduces him, is his conversion of the heroine, from the neo-paganism of the Renaissance, to the precepts of Christ, and to a humble acceptance of sorrow. But in all his exhortations to her, and they are some of them singularly beautiful, there is hardly one appeal to Christianity on its supernatural side. Savonarola is the spokesman of Humanity made divine, not of Deity made human. In so far as he is not this, but the reverse of this, there, according to George Eliot, lies his weakness and not his strength. The 'higher life,' the withdrawal from man for the sake of communion with God, is for her a diseased weakness, if not a wickedness. The Christ of the Christian Church says, 'If a man love father and mother more than me, he is not worthy of me.' The Christ of George Eliot says the exact opposite: 'A man is not worthy of me unless he love me less than father or mother.' With her, as she says often and explicitly, the 'transcendent morality' is to share willingly in the 'common lot,' and not to seek escape from ties 'after those ties have ceased to be pleasant.' She urges with a solemn eloquence, she seems to see in a solemn ecstasy, that a man's highest life is to be found in sorrow, borne for the sake of others; and that all seeming miseries may be turned to blessings, by making an offering of them to something beyond ourselves. But an offering to what? To the God who has made us, loved us, and suffered for us, and into whose presence we may one day win admission? To no such God; but to some impersonal cause, some force of human progress. 'Make your marriage-sorrows,' says Savonarola to Romola, 'an offering, too, my daughter: an offering to *the great work* by which sin and sorrow are to be made to cease.' This is the one teaching of all her novels; and its fundamental difference from the higher Christian teaching lies in this, that it asserts the part to be greater and more complete than the whole; that it asserts those human hopes, and loves, and enthusiasms which Christianity has developed for us, and bequeathed to us, to be in reality complete in themselves, and clogged and weighted only, not supported by, what were once supposed to be their divine foundations.

This fact, as we have said before, is probably little suspected by the majority of George Eliot's readers. These carry with them the lamp of their own religion into that tender but gloomy world into which the author leads them; and do not perceive what the only light is, with which it would be else provided. They have themselves supplied what is wanting before they have felt the want. And they have imagined that the beliefs which they do not find dwelt upon, have been presupposed as true, instead of being studiously ignored as false. But if we would really see George Eliot in all her full significance, we must not close our eyes thus. If we do, we shall not only miss the one thing which she has renounced much to teach us; but we shall miss something that is of an importance far more general. We shall miss the first concrete examples of the workings of the new religion of humanity; and the only means as yet offered us by which to test the results of it, as seen or anticipated by one of its own apostles. Further, if we look at her in this way, and with this intention, her work, which seems so chaotic when judged by any mere artistic tests, becomes congruous and intelligible. It is not so much a series of novels, interspersed with philosophical reflections; it is a gradual setting forth of a philosophy and religion of life, illustrated by a continuous succession of diagrams. That this is the true view of the matter has been getting more and more evident as the career of the author has proceeded. How far this line of development has been conscious and intentional, with herself, it is not ours to inquire. But, consciously or unconsciously, the main stream of her powers has drifted into the philosophic channel, and has left her artistic powers as a mere auxiliary to these, although from the very nature of the case closely connected with them. It is, therefore, by her philosophy that she has the strongest claim to be judged.

Now, it is not our intention here (for neither place nor space permits of it) to discuss that philosophy with reference to its truth or permanent value. But for reasons that will appear presently it will be well to glance at certain salient features of it. The first article of her creed is—I believe in Humanity as the embracer of every moral end that is possible for man; as the only and sufficient object of his highest hopes, and his truest religious emotions. And it is her aim, conscious or unconscious, throughout all her writings to exhibit to us the highest

lives directed and nourished only by motives that are purely human. One thing therefore is at once evident. She does not, if we recollect rightly, profess herself to be an optimist. We think indeed she has expressed her convictions somewhere as a creed of '*meliorism*.' But at any rate the whole fabric of her system and her emotions rests, for its one foundation, on a profound satisfaction in the fact of the human race existing, and an earnest hope and expectation of a blessed, if not of a quite perfect, future for it. It is an unspeakable good that it exists now; it will be a yet more unspeakable good that it exists by-and-by. We need not, however, seek to define her hopes too exactly. It is sufficient that her entire philosophy is an impassioned protest against pessimism, and that it presents the human life and the human lot to us as worthy of all our piety—all our love and reverence. The question that at once arises is, how far does this Deity, as she presents it to us, justify or excite the adoration that she is so pressing we should accord to it? And the answer to this question is somewhat startling. George Eliot, as we have said, is theoretically no pessimist; and yet the picture she presents to us of the world we live in almost exactly answers to the description given of it by Schopenhauer, as nothing better than a 'penal settlement.' It might at first sight seem hard to account for this inconsistency. It might seem that her philosophic theories and her true natural vision were at hopeless war with one another; and that her diagrams refuted instead of illustrating the text of her proposition. Or we might figure her as labouring under a destiny the exact reverse of Balaam's; and having resolved to bless the human destiny, finding herself constrained by the power of truth to curse it.

For in what light is it that she exhibits men to us? She exhibits them as, first and before all things, beings who are not isolated, but linked together by countless ties of duty and affection; and the essence of all right conduct, and the moral *raison d'être* of existence, consists, according to her, in our willingly keeping these ties inviolate. Thus far the matter does not sound unpromising. But if we go farther, it will appear that the race of beings that are thus linked together, form no happy and rejoicing brotherhood, finding each a glad reward in the sense that the rest are helped by him; but a sad and labouring race of chained convicts, whose highest glory it is not to attempt escaping. We are all born, she teaches, with bonds about us, and we inevitably increase their number, prompted by our own cravings, as we live on. And, says George Eliot, every such bond 'is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; *it can lie nowhere else.* In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering away for ever from the right.'

Now 'the right,' according to her teaching, has two distinct characteristics: in the first place, it is the hardest thing of all to attain; and in the next place, it is the only thing that is worth attaining. But when it is attained it seems, as she describes it, little better, at the best, from the human standpoint, than a choice between evils. 'Renunciation,' she says explicitly, 'does not cease to be a sorrow; but it is a sorrow borne willingly.' And again she says in another place, 'the highest happiness . . . often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good.' But thus far clearly she must be doing it some injustice. For elsewhere a sense of positive rapture is supposed to be a part of its content; and despite all its anguish, it is supposed to admit us to some 'vision, that makes all life below it dross for ever.' The matter is a mystery, and is seen by herself to be so; so much so, indeed, that the illustration and simplification of it is really the one purpose that runs through all her novels. The central action of all of them—at least of all the later ones—is transparently the same. It is the choice or the refusal of some person or persons of this highest happiness, which can hardly be told from pain, but which, when once chosen, is to make all else dross for ever. And by these examples she seeks to convince us of three things: firstly, that the *right*, for its own sake, and resting on a strictly human basis, does practically bring its own reward with it, in the way her system requires of it; secondly, that men and women will recognise this truth, without any bias derived from supernatural hopes or affections; and, lastly, we gather her to imply that though the number of these loftier natures be but small, they yet impart a kind of vicarious value and sanctity to the entire race they belong to; and thus give ground to the philosopher for a solemn piety towards that race as it is, and a sure if anxious hope for it as it will be.

Now, as this philosophy of George Eliot's is the most rational and moving statement of all that, according to many modern thinkers, the salvation of man depends on, it becomes a matter of no small interest to inquire what basis of fact it rests upon. It certainly does not rest—and this is the grand point in its favour—on an ignorance or careless observation of life's meanness,

sins, and miseries. She does not underestimate the causes for despair. The question is, does she overestimate the causes for hope? In other words, how far does this prophetess of humanity understand and present correctly the realities of human nature?

The answer to this question is, we fear, not reassuring. We have already pointed out in her work certain artistic anomalies which are fatal to it from the point of view of the artist; and chief amongst these was the strange want of unity in her manner, which we compared to a mixing together of finished figures in oil with shadowy charcoal outlines. Looking at her simply as a novelist, this phenomenon was puzzling. Looking at her as a philosopher, it becomes, we conceive, sufficiently explicable. In her side characters we see her genuine artistic vision, her genuine artistic powers. We see living men and women presented to us with all the power of a dramatist. But when we pass from her side characters to her principal ones, the whole spectacle changes. We have not what the artist discovers as existing, but what the theorist dreams of as that which ought to exist. We have the phantoms of the philosopher projected into the world of reality. In other words, her higher characters, which she holds up to us as the salt of the earth and the examples of right action, are hardly, as she presents them to us, human characters at all. They are principles, not incarnate in so many different bodies, but dressed up in different suits of clothes, and set working under different circumstances. Romola, except in externals, is the same as Dorothea; so too, towards the end of her history, is Maggie Tulliver. This last character, by the way, is in one respect a very curious one. She is a composite product of both of the author's methods. She is begun according to one, she is finished according to the other. She is begun as a little flesh-and-blood girl; she is gradually sublimated into a great philosophy in action. And amongst such shadowy presences, which alone are to be our models and our encouragements, Annt Gleg moves as Dante did through the world of spirits—a solid body and casting a human shadow, and which we feel at once to belong to quite a different order of beings.

The treatment by George Eliot of her own genius may be compared to her treatment, just noticed, of the character of Maggie Tulliver. There were two tendencies always visible in her—that of the artist, and that of the philosopher. Could the first of these have absorbed and employed the second, the highest artistic work might doubtless have been the result. As a matter of fact, the philosophy has gained the day; and as the philosophy has grown, the art has dwindled. But, like Pharaoh's lean kine, it has not fattened by what it has fed upon. Her view of human nature as a philosopher has grown wider than it would have been as an artist; but as it has grown wider it has grown less accurate; and as her inductions have grown more confident, the basis on which she rests them has become less reliable. To make such systems as hers of any practical value, two things are needed. One is a knowledge of the great general principles of human impulse; the other is a knowledge of the various complex circumstances under which these impulses act upon us, and by which their power is profoundly modified. It is this latter sort of knowledge in which George Eliot appears to us to be so deficient. She reminds us of an engineer or a shipwright, who may be deeply versed, to a certain extent, in the laws of motion, but who knows little of the practical difficulties caused by friction, or of the various strengths and consistencies of the only materials in which his designs can be carried out. And the shadowy and unreal impression which her typical characters convey to us, we take to be but the outward sign of a fundamental unreality in her conception of them.

Her present volume more than any of the preceding ones serves at once to confirm and to illustrate this impression. Its scope and character fit it in a peculiar way to show us what her general knowledge of the world really is; and in what manner and from what fields she has gleaned the facts on which she supports her theories. And thus, whatever may be its intrinsic interest, it may form for each reader a text for more interesting inquiry. The 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such' belongs to that class of literature which Theophrastus the Greek originated, and which La Bruyère in modern times has made yet more famous. Like the 'Characters' of these two writers, it consists, not of a dramatic presentation of various men acting and reacting with their various aims and powers upon one another, but of studies of men and women taken singly, and regarded primarily in relation to themselves, or rather to a single class of which they are supposed typical, and which is further supposed to be an important element in the composition of society. The talents required by this kind of composition are fewer than those required by the novelist; but though the novelist requires other talents in addition to these, he first and before all things requires these also. Theophrastus and La Bruyère might not have all the makings in them of great novelists. But

a great novelist must have all the makings of a Theophrastus or a La Bruyère. The generalised facts that such writers as these present to us, are the raw material of artistic fiction; and George Eliot, in following in their wake, has been inviting us to see the quality of her material before it has been manufactured, and allowing us, perhaps a little unwisely, to examine its quality when in that condition. In the creations of the novelist which are presented to us in rapid action, and which distract our judgment by a vivid appeal to our interest, there may be many defects that will readily escape notice. But in a work like the present, we have the characters standing still as it were, and an examination of them becomes a much simpler task; and we are in the present case not only shown what the author thus observes of men, but we are told by her how she observes them, and with what intentions.

Now, in the book before us it is hardly necessary to say that there are many passages that bear the full stamp of the author's insight and originality; but nothing she has ever written has, whilst reminding us of her strength, so fully convinced us of her weakness. In the first place, at the very threshold, we are met with an instance of her want of art—of a sense of what is and what is not superfluous. Her first two chapters are devoted to a description by himself of a certain imaginary bachelor, who tells us he has clumsy feet, a shambling ungainly gait, a frightful upper lip, and an aspect generally that makes ladies smile when they look at him; and it is to this shadowy being that all the following studies of life are attributed. In the character of this gentleman there is nothing very striking or attractive; but the chief fault to find with him is, not that he is vague and vapid, but that he is absolutely unneeded. We suppose him at the outset to have some significance in connexion with what follows: but so far as we can see, he has none whatever. He is introduced by the authoress probably as a sort of screen for her own personality; but her device is none the less inartistic because it was a becoming modesty that suggested it. Nor is it redeemed as art, because the bachelor's autobiography is the occasion in one place of one of the finest and most truthful passages in the book, which we think it will not be amiss to present here to the reader, so that he may be reminded that the faults we shall dwell upon are the faults of a genius of very high order. The bachelor is speaking of the changes in English scenery, which the progress of the present century has brought with it, 'in contrast,' he says, 'with those grander and vaster regions of the earth, which keep an indifferent aspect in the presence of man's toil and devices.'

'What,' he continues, 'does it signify that a Lilliputian train passes over a viaduct amidst the abysses of the Apennines, or that a caravan laden with a nation's offerings creeps across the unresting sameness of the desert, or that a petty cloud of steam sweeps for an instant over the face of an Egyptian colossus, immovably submitting to its slow burial beneath the sand? But our woodlands and pastures, our hedge-parted corn-fields and meadows, our bits of high common where we used to plant the windmills, our quiet little rivers here and there fit to turn a mill-wheel, our villages along the old coach roads, are all easily alterable lineaments that seem to make the face of our Motherland sympathetic with the laborious lives of her children. . . . Our rural tracts—where no Babel-chimney scales the heavens—are without mighty objects to fill the soul with the sense of an outer world unconquerably aloof from our efforts. . . . The grasses and reeds nod to each other over the river, but we have a canal close by; the very heights laugh with corn in August, or lift the plough-team against the sky in September. Then comes a crowd of hurly navvies with pickaxes and barrows; and while hardly a wrinkle is made in the fading mother's face or a new curve of health in the blooming girl's, the hills are cut through or the breaches between them spanned; we choose our level, and the white steam pennon flies along it.

'But because our land shows this readiness to be changed, all signs of permanence upon it raise a tender attachment, instead of awe. Some of us, at least, love the scanty relics of our forests, and are thankful if a hush is left of the old hedgerow. A crumbling bit of wall, where the delicate ivy-leafed toad-flax hangs its light branches, or a bit of grey thatch, with patches of dark moss on its shoulder and a troop of grass-stems on its ridge, is a thing to visit. And then the tiled roof of cottage and homestead, of the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently, of the broad-shouldered barns, where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music, while the watch-dog barked at the timidly venturesome fowls making pecking raids on the outflying grain; the roofs that have looked out from among the elms and walnut-trees, or beside the yearly group of hay and corn stacks, or below the square stone steeple, gathering their grey or ochre-tinted lichens and their olive-green mosses, under all ministries,—let us praise the sober harmonies they give to our landscape, helping to unite us pleasantly with the elder generations.'

This eloquent passage is worthy of George Eliot at her best, and not only shows us how on occasions thought and feeling can be harmoniously fused together by her, and presented to us in the form of a vivid picture, but it shows how near she can rise towards the true sublime. What can be more impressive

than the first sentence we have quoted, with its solemn presentation of the littleness of man's greatest labours, when confronted with the vaster aspects of Time and Nature? What more skilful than her transitions to the converse picture? Whilst, when we read how the heights lift the plough-team against the sky, prose seems to be standing on tiptoe, and to be on the point of unfolding the wings of poetry.

But we are delaying too long the main subject of our consideration. The chief aspect under which we are to consider our author—the special aspect under which, in her new volume, she explicitly presents herself, is that of a philosopher and a woman of the world, who has fitted herself to be the former of these by having first become the latter; who claims to speak with authority about man, from her intimate knowledge of the ways and works of men.

Deducting the two chapters we have just noticed, the 'Impressions of Theophrastus Such' consists of sixteen essays, of which five or six may be classified as fragments of moral philosophy, and the remaining ten or eleven as studies of the facts of character. Or—for this division is in some way not entirely accurate—we may describe the sixteen essays taken all together as composed of three separate elements, theories, reflections, and observations.

The theories of the author are precisely those we should have expected to find. They are nothing but re-statements of the great thesis of our modern moralized humanism, that the basis and the motive of all right conduct depends on nothing but the necessities of human welfare and the constitution of the human character. To one important side of this theory the whole of her last essay is devoted—the identification of the individual consciousness with the corporate consciousness of the race. She is—and we are glad to see her so far moderate—convinced that we are not at present ripe for a full cosmopolitanism—for a participation in a universal human consciousness. But a participation in a national consciousness, which we are ripe for, is, she holds, a far more solid and important fact than we most of us take it to be. 'Not only,' she says, 'does the nobleness of a nation depend on the presence of this national consciousness, but *also the nobleness of each individual citizen.*' The memory of our historical past, the anticipation of our historical future—here is one of the substitutes for the love and the fear of God, and the aspiration after a more intimate communion with him! And the Jews are, in this essay, held up to us as an example of its working power, and the splendid results that would, in their case, come of it, were the Gentile world only less cynical and selfish. Her Judaic enthusiasm has the double demerit of being at once flat and fantastic; nor will readers of 'Daniel Deronda,' we imagine, expect much pleasure from the author's return to the subject. Her treatment of it in this essay, however, seems to express clearly the reasons of its special attraction for her; though we can hardly think that the example she has chosen will add much to the force of her precepts.

In her essay on 'Moral Swindlers' the above doctrine is inculcated under a different guise, and with more practical force. In it she comments on the excuses made and the pity expressed for the disgraced director of certain bubble companies, on the ground that he was 'a thoroughly *moral* man.'

> '"What do you mean by a thoroughly moral man?" said I.
>
> '"Oh, I suppose that every one means the same by that," said Melissa, with a slight air of rebuke. "Sir Gavial is an excellent family man, quite blameless there; and so charitable round his place at Tiptop. Very different from Mr. Barabbas, whose life, my husband tells me, is most objectionable, with actresses and that sort of thing. I think a man's morals should make a difference to us. I'm not sorry for Mr. Barabbas, but I *am* sorry for Sir Gavial Mantrap." . . . I wish that this narrow use of words, which are wanted in their full meaning, were confined to women like Melissa. Seeing that Morality and Morals under their *alias* of Ethics are the subject of voluminous discussion, and their true basis a pressing matter of dispute, . . . one might expect to find that educated men would avoid a perversion of language which lends itself to no wider view of life than that of village gossips. . . . Not for one moment would one willingly lose sight of the truth that the relation of the sexes and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest root of human well-being; but to make them by themselves the equivalent of morality is verbally to cut off the channels of feeling through which they are the feeders of that well-being.'

The writer proceeds to explain her meaning farther, by declaring that the most momentous portion of morality, and that to which the name should be most emphatically applied, lies not in personal purity of life, or benignity and self-restraint towards those about us, but in what she calls 'good workmanship . . . manipulative or other,' from —and these are her own examples—the making a pair of boots to the editing a political newspaper. And the one thing needful, she says, to the loftiest moral life, and —as she elsewhere adds—to the only true religion as well, is 'an effective and awe

inspiring vision of the human lot,' and an understanding of 'the connexion between duty and the material processes by which the world is kept habitable.' Thus she explicitly presents adulteration to us as a greater crime than adultery; and the seduction of a girl as pardonable when compared with using pasteboard for boot-soles in the place of leather.

How far all this will harmonise with certain of her other dicta we cannot here pause to inquire. We should have conceived, however, from certain passages in her writings, and from many incidents in her stories, that the inner intention which an act embodied, and not the material results that followed on it, were, according to her view, the primary tests of morality; and that actions might, at times, be in the highest sense moral, though their inevitable results could be nothing but unhappiness. The question, however, is not whether one view of the question is true, and another false; for they are not mutually exclusive; on the contrary, they each imply the other, and no moralist for a moment ever doubted the truth of either of them. The only question is as to their relative importance. It is not whether private morality is possible without public, but whether public morality is possible without private; and whether private morality, with the agonizing struggles which she says are involved in it, can be ever generally sustained by merely temporal aspirations and enthusiasms. Morality must spring, she tells us, from an 'effective and awe-inspiring vision of the human lot.' That possibly may be very true: but is the 'human lot' calculated to inspire awe? Doubtless it is so for those who suppose that each human being has a stake in eternity. Will it be equally so for those who suppose man's greatest mission is to 'keep the world habitable' for himself and his ephemeral children? Will the 'vision' supply such men with the solemn enthusiasm and the severe resolve that will alone serve their purpose? This is really the long and short of the matter. The whole philosophic dispute becomes at last eminently practical; and is carried inevitably from that lower court in which cases are judged by theory, to that higher and final one, where they are judged by homely knowledge of the world, and shrewd observation of fact. The 'common lot,' as it exists at present, can be an object of 'effective vision' for George Eliot, only as containing in itself the seeds of its own improvement. At present the world consists of a majority that have need to be improved, and of a minority that are labouring to improve them; but if mankind show few signs of progress, not only does their own existence become morally hopeless, but the efforts of their improvers become altogether vain. Does our author, then, really see in the world around her any sure signs for the faith that she feels and inculcates? Is the awe that the 'vision' inspires her with due to the width of her view, or to a haze that distance lends to it? Let us turn from her generalizations on man to the specimens she offers us of typical individual men.

We used to question whether in the whole range of fiction there was ever a being so unreal and so meaningless as the gentleman or the man of fashion described by Dickens. Certainly no chimæra or centaur could be more impossible than Sir Mulberry Hawk, or Lord Frederick Verisopht. But George Eliot has, we think, equalled Dickens. If Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick are chimæras, the men and women of 'Theophrastus Such' are wraiths. They are intended to be typical human beings, but they are hardly human beings at all. They are like shapes seen in a dream, which seem always on the point of speaking, but which never utter a sound, and which grow more faint and shadowy the more we look at them. We cannot, indeed, call them impossible, as we could Sir Mulberry Hawk, for they are not definite enough to have so definite a judgment pronounced on them. On the contrary, so far as we can judge of them, they are not only not impossible, but they are not improbable. But we have to judge of them not by what they are but by what they suggest to us. As we read the descriptions of them, our impression is that the author must have had some reality in her mind: but if the reader would get at this reality, his imagination has so far to amend what she presents him with, that the result will be to his credit rather than hers; and when the result is attained, and the faint and timid outlines are filled in so as to somewhat approach a portrait, his chief feeling will be wonder that such portraits should have been thought worth taking. There are descriptions in these essays of at least twenty characters, every one of which is meant to be typical of some important element in society, and is expressly used to point some important moral. But it is not too much to say that in not one of those characters is there the least sense conveyed to us of the author's having really *seen* her subjects, or at any rate having been in any degree familiar with them. They are like the productions of one who has thought much about life, but has known practically very little of it; and who has seen the less of it, the more she has come to think about it. Very different is she in this way from

her two illustrious predecessors. The qualities most present in them are precisely those most absent in George Eliot. Theophrastus and La Bruyère both impress us instantly as men with a profound knowledge of life. They may or may not have used this knowledge as the foundation of philosophic theories; but there, at all events, is the hard common-sense knowledge of facts, without which all the theories will be valueless. They do not inform us whether they have had any 'awe-inspiring visions' of man; but they show us, without telling us, that they have had a very keen vision of men. Two thousand years and more have passed since the days of Theophrastus, and yet his characters are as vivid as though they were painted yesterday. As we study them the past seems present; the dead world seems alive again. Generations divide us from La Bruyère, and a part of his salt, it is true, has lost its savour with time. But this is a part that we can well spare. What remains fresh, is fresh and pungent as on the day he wrote it. 'Theophrastus Such' impresses us in a way precisely opposite. Instead of making the past seem near to us, it makes the present seem remote. And it does this in two ways; firstly, in the manner in which the facts are presented to us; secondly, in the facts that are selected for presentation. The manner is timid, dream-like and shadowy, where it should be wide-awake and familiar. The facts, when they should be typical of what is of wide importance, are typical only of what is most trivial or confined in interest; or when not that, they are without any meaning whatever, unless we are to suppose them to be undiscoverable personalities. Let us take the following description, for instance, of a gentleman called Spike, who is given us as a type of what the author calls a 'political molecule:'—

'He was,' she says, 'a political molecule of the most gentlemanlike appearance, not less than six feet high, and showing the utmost nicety in the care of his person and equipment. His umbrella was especially remarkable for its neatness, though perhaps he swung it unduly in walking. His complexion was fresh, his eyes small, bright and twinkling. He was seen to great advantage in a hat and great-coat—garments frequently fatal to the impressiveness of shorter figures; but when he was uncovered in the drawing-room it was impossible not to observe that his head shelved off too rapidly from the eyebrows towards the crown, and that his length of limb seemed to have used up his mind so as to cause an air of abstraction from conversational topics. He appeared, indeed, to be preoccupied with a sense of his exquisite cleanliness, clapped his hands together and rubbed them frequently, straightened his back, and even opened his mouth and closed it again with a slight snap, apparently for no other purpose than the confirmation to himself of his own powers in that line. . . . Sometimes Spike's mind, emerging from its preoccupation, burst forth in a remark delivered with smiling zest; as that he did like to see gravel walks well rolled, or that a lady should always wear the best jewellery, or that a bride was a most interesting object; but finding these ideas received rather coldly, he would relapse into abstraction, draw up his back, wrinkle his brows longitudinally, and seem to regard society, even including gravel walks and brides, as essentially a poor affair.'

Now, for what purpose is this vapid phantom conjured up for us? To illustrate what truth? The truth, that political demands which are made by the individual selfishly are often 'transmuted by the nature of things' into 'a demand for the public benefit.' Now, we should have ourselves thought this a truism so obvious that it required no more illustration than the fact that a man sleeps when he is sleepy, and so ceases to keep others awake who happen to be sleepy also. But even were anything gained by the illustration here offered us—that of a narrow-minded cotton-spinner, who, with a keen insight into no political truths save a few that bear on his own commercial interests, is yet an involuntary helper to his brothers in commerce also, the portrait of this special cotton-spinner adds nothing to our understanding of the lesson. Spike himself is as much a superfluity as in a diagram of a pump would be a picture of a man at the handle; and his place and function might be signified just as well by a single capital letter, as by the vague and long-drawn description of him we have just quoted. Where, we ask, was the need of all those particulars? Would not the picture have been equally useful, or useless, had every feature in it been reversed: had Spike been a dwarf instead of six feet high, had his eyes been languid instead of bright and sparkling, and had he thought that brides look sheepish rather than interesting? Let us contrast this description of George Eliot's with one of La Bruyère's, in which the effect is produced in a precisely similar way—an enumeration of external details as to manner and deportment:—

'Giton a le teint frais, le visage plein, et les joues pendantes, l'œil fixe et assuré, les épaules larges, l'estomac haut, la démarche ferme et délibérée; il parle avec confiance, il fait répéter celui qui l'entretient, et il ne goûte que médiocrement tout ce qu'il lui dit; il dort le jour, il dort la nuit, et profondément; il ronfle en compagnie; il occupe à table et à la promenade plus de place qu'un autre; il tient le milieu en se promenant avec ses égaux; il

s'arrête, et l'on s'arrête; il continue de marcher, et l'on marche; tous se réglent sur lui; il interrompt, il redresse ceux qui ont la parole; on ne l'interrompt pas, on l'écoute aussi longtemps qu'il veut parler, on est de son avis; on croit les nouvelles qu'il débite. S'il s'assied, vous le voyez s'enfoncer dans un fauteuil, croiser les jambes l'un sur l'autre, froncer le sourcil, abaisser son chapeau sur ses yeux pour ne voir personne, ou le relever en suite, et découvrir son front, par fierté ou par audace. Il est enjoué, grand rieur, impatient, présomptueux, colère, libertin, politique, mystérieux sur les affaires du temps; il se croit des talents et de l'esprit:—il est riche!'

What a difference between the two styles of portraiture. In La Bruyère's every detail tells—in George Eliot's none. Everything in the former is typical of a class; all that we can say of the latter is that some things in it may be accidents of some special individual. Let us make another comparison. Let us compare Theophrastus Such with Theophrastus, and see how the impressions of the two differ when they are concerned with the same object. The following is the portrait Theophrastus gives of the Flatterer:—

'The flatterer is a person who will say when he walks with another, "Do you observe how people are looking at you? This happens to no man in Athens but you. A compliment was paid you yesterday in the porch. More than thirty persons were sitting there, and the question was started, Who is our foremost man? Every one mentioned you first, and ended by coming back to your name." With these and the like words he will remove a morsel of wool from his patron's coat; or, if a speck of chaff has been laid on the other's hair by the wind, he will pick it off, adding with a laugh, "Do you see? Because I have not met you for two days, you have had your beard full of white hairs; although no one has darker hair for his years than you." Then he will request the company to be silent while the great man is speaking, and will praise him, too, in his hearing, and mark his approbation in a pause with "True;" or he will laugh at a frigid joke, and stuff his cloak into his mouth as if he could not repress his amusement. . . . If his patron is approaching a friend, he will run forward and say, "He is coming to you;" and then turning back, "I have announced you." . . . He is the first of the guests to praise the wine, and to say, as he reclines next the host, "How delicate is your fare." . . . He will ask his friend if he is cold, and if he would like to put something more on; and before the words are spoken, will wrap him up. Moreover, he will lean towards his ear and whisper with him; or will glance at him as he talks to the rest of the company. He will take the cushions from the slave in the theatre, and spread them on the seat with his own hands.'*

* Mr. R. C. Jebb's translation. 1870.

Let us compare this with George Eliot's portrait of 'A too deferential Man.' We may first remark, however, that in this case what she desires to illustrate is a fact requiring really keen observation to detect, and not at all obvious to the careless eye:—

'People are misled,' she tells us, 'by the common mistake of supposing that men's behaviour, whether habitual or occasional, is chiefly determined by a distinctly conceived motive, a definite object to be gained, or a definite evil to be avoided. The truth is that, the primitive wants of nature once tolerably satisfied, the majority of mankind, even in civilised life full of solicitations, are with difficulty aroused to the distinct conception of an object towards which they will direct their actions with careful adaptation, and it is yet rarer to find one who can persist in the systematic pursuit of such an end. . . . Society is chiefly made up of human beings whose daily acts are all performed either in unreflecting obedience to custom and routine, or from immediate promptings of thought or feeling, to execute an immediate purpose. . . . When they fall into ungraceful compliment, or other reckless efforts of complaisant behaviour, these are but the tricks or habits gradually formed under the successive promptings of a wish to be agreeable, stimulated day by day without any widening resources for gratifying the wish. It does not in the least follow that they are seeking by studied hypocrisy to get something for themselves.'

Now, all this, though it is said in a singularly flat and unincisive way, is yet without doubt quite worth saying. But when we turn to the example by which she desires to illustrate it, we can hardly conceive one feebler and less luminous. She calls her 'Too Deferential Man' Hinze.

'From his name,' she says, 'you might suppose him to be German; in fact, his family is Alsatian, but he has been settled in England for more than one generation. He is the superlatively deferential man. . . . He cultivates the low-toned *tête-à-tête*, keeping his hat carefully in his hand and often striking it, as if to relieve his feelings under the pressure of the remarkable conversation which it is his honour to enjoy at the present moment. I confess to some rage on hearing him yesterday talking to Felicia, who is certainly a clever woman; . . . but you would have imagined that Hinze had been prepared by general report to regard his introduction to her as an opportunity comparable to an audience of the Delphic Sibyl. Felicia . . . evidently embarrassed by this reverent wonder, . . . became somewhat confused, stumbling on her answers, rather than choosing them. He continued to put large questions, bending his head slightly, that his eyes might be a little lifted in awaiting her reply.

'"What, may I ask, is your opinion as to the state of art in England?"

'"Oh," said Felicia, with a slightly depre-

catory laugh, "I think it suffers from two diseases—bad taste in the patrons, and want of inspiration in the artists."

'"That is true, indeed," said Hinze, in an undertone of deep conviction. "You have put your finger with strict accuracy on the causes of decline. To a cultivated taste like yours, this must be particularly painful."'

What we have quoted already, is nearly as long as the whole of the corresponding sketch of Theophrastus; and of George Eliot's we have quoted a fifth part only. For seven or eight more pages are the doings and the disposition of Hinze enlarged upon; and our impression of him in the end is if anything more hazy than at the beginning. It is quite possible that the peculiarities she ascribes to him, may one and all of them belong to some living individual, but they do not make that individual live for us. They are not characteristic of even a single human being, much less are they typical of any important class; nor do they help us in any degree to understand practically the important general truth which they are intended to illustrate.

The same singular infelicity in the selection of facts to dwell upon is exhibited perhaps even more strongly in the essays called 'So Young,' and 'Diseases of Small Authorship.' The former of these is an account of a man named Ganymede, who was precocious in his boyhood and who looked boyish in his early manhood. He was always taken for younger than he was, and so he cherished the pleasing notion that he was still a youth at forty. This is the sum and substance of the entire essay. How any human being could have thought it worth the writing is more than we can say. In 'Diseases of Small Authorship,' we have two companion pictures, between which there seems no essential difference beyond the sex of the subjects. The one is of a man, the other of a woman, who have each of them at some time or other written a single book, and who find in that book thereafter their principal pride and topic. This is the one fact that we are told about them. They are nothing but two names, garnished with a few meaningless rags of detail, to which this meaningless fact is attached.

We have already set a sample of George Eliot's work side by side with that of Theophrastus; and the contrast between the two writers hardly needs to be pointed further. Every detail that the Greek gives us is perennially typical of some special character; every character is typical of some perennial class. We can do nothing in George Eliot's case but flatly reverse the criticism. The important difference, however, between the two writers, is no mere difference in literary skill. It lies far deeper; it points to far more important issues; and the other is but the outward and accidental sign of it. It is the difference in their acquaintance with life; in their insight into the practical working capacities of human nature. In just the same way is George Eliot contrasted with La Bruyère; and as most of the powers of Theophrastus are included in his, with the addition of some others, La Bruyère will perhaps be of most service to us in the comparison we are about to enter on.

It will be recollected that the chief question we have been trying to suggest to the reader, is the question of how far George Eliot's knowledge of human nature fits her to be a prophet about its prospects and its general value—how far her 'vision of the human lot' is accurate and authentic. Now, as we have already said, her knowledge in this matter is in some ways both profound and singular. But its value is destroyed by being incomplete and partial. We have compared her already to an engineer who is a full master of certain mechanical theories, but who is in the most naïve ignorance of the strength of engineering materials —who knows little of the action on them of heat and cold, or of the comparative strengths of iron, oak, and steel. She sees the various temptations that beset men, and the various noble impulses that at times stir them; but she does not see in their due proportions what are men's average powers of resisting the one, or their average likelihood of being lifted upwards by the other. It is just in this kind of insight that La Bruyère is so conspicuous. His vision of the human lot is distorted by no theories as to the effect it ought to produce upon him. He sees it as it is, and he shows it as he sees it. In every word he writes, we see that he is at home with his subject. He has that accurate empirical knowledge which, in all practical matters, is the only foundation on which any sound theory can be built. Let us compare the course of humanity to a horse-race; and La Bruyère, we may say, predicts its issue like a groom or a bookmaker; George Eliot, like an excited poet. It is true that she knows human nature to be weak and wavering; but this is a knowledge which she never seems properly to assimilate. Just as a cynic knows that virtue exists, and yet trusts human nature no more for it, so does George Eliot know that vice and weakness exist and yet trusts human nature none the less for it. In her present volume, the weaknesses of men are the chief topic dwelt on; and her treatment of these shows us more clearly than any-

thing else she has written, the reason why her recognition of them is so unproductive. They are all for her things at a distance, seen through a glass darkly; sounds heard in a dream. She is not familiar with them; they do not appeal to her with human every-day voices. She has the same shyness which tries to seem like ease, as she moves amongst them, that a village curate might have when he dined at the great house of his neighbourhood.

Not only the matter of her book shows this, but her manner also—a manner indeed which is nothing new to her, but which seems latterly to have grown more and more emphasized. She is stiff and pompous. She cannot say a simple thing simply; she has infinite ingenuity in insinuating platitudes; she says oracularly what was too evident to be worth saying at all; and what was perfectly fit to be said outright and bluntly, she continually hints at with a species of elephantine *archness*. Thus instead of plainly saying of a clergyman that his memory had decayed, and with it his once ripe scholarship, she informs us with a suppressed knowingness that 'there is another stage that is beyond ripeness, and less appreciated in the market.' A living Englishman she calls 'a British subject included in the last census.' A servant's spelling is, in her language, 'unvitiated by non-phonetic superfluities;' and the county aristocracy are 'such of humanity as live within park-palings.' Here again is a piece of wisdom, for which the whole essay, of which it is the concluding sentence, has been gradually preparing our incredulous and startled ears: 'Let us be just enough to admit that there may be old-young coxcombs as well as old-young coquettes,' she says; as if the former were not known to us just as well as the latter, and had not figured equally often in life, literature, and conversation.

These things in themselves are only trifles; but they are trifles which in the present case mean a great deal. They illustrate that practical unacquaintance of the authoress, with society as a working machine, which was already evident to us in other ways; and to which, when she is speaking to us as in eloquent prophecy, we should be wise to pay special attention.

We trust that her admirers will not think we do her injustice; that when pointing out her defects we are forgetting her signal merits; that because we see the feet of the image to be clay, we forget that the head is gold. We do nothing of the kind. Rather, the more strongly we are impressed with her ignorance of life in one sense, the more do we feel and wonder at her knowledge of it in another. In the midst, to use an expression of her own, of her 'maze of illusory discoveries' as to the general ways of men, we come across reflections of quite a different order, like granite boulders on a plain of sand. Take this for instance:—

'Men's minds differ in what we may call their climate, or share of solar energy; and a feeling or tendency which is comparable to a panther in one, may have no more imposing aspect than that of a weasel in another.'

It is a pity that the effect of this pregnant sentence is weakened by a number of tame variations on it which come directly after. But what in itself can be more clear and trenchant! Whilst as to the following, there are few men, we imagine, who will not be touched to some degree by its keen and piercing pathos:—

'I have sometimes thought that the facility of men in believing that they are still what they once meant to be,—this undisturbed appropriation of a traditional character, which is often but a melancholy relic of early resolutions, like the worn and soiled testimonial to soberness and honesty carried in the pocket of a tippler whom the need of a dram had driven into peculation—may sometimes diminish the turpitude of what seems a flat and barefaced falsehood.'

Here again we have a really weighty aphorism:—

'It is not true that a man's intellectual power is like the strength of a timber beam, to be measured by its weakest point.'

Instances of this same kind of power might be multiplied almost indefinitely; but, as we have said already, they do nothing to strengthen our belief in that practical knowledge of mankind which would alone give us confidence in the value of her general theories, her piety towards humanity, her faith in its future progress, and her belief in it as a substitute for every extra-human object of devotion.

We have yet a farther point to notice, and a very curious one. Not only does George Eliot not seem aware of how her theories are really at variance with her more profound reflections on life, and how utterly unsupported they are by what she fancies to be her practical knowledge of it; but she actually touches herself on the chief and most hopeless flaws in them, and yet seems to be somehow quite unaware that she has done so, or else in nervous haste, to wilfully close her eyes to the fact. We are alluding especially to two essays in her present volume, 'Shadows of the Coming Race,' and 'Debasing the Moral Currency.' In the former, which, as the name suggests, has much in it that is borrowed from Lord Lyt-

ton, the author gives us a forecast of a state of things in which the conclusions of modern science shall have become the natural heritage of the world at large, and conscionsness shall have been accepted as simply an 'accompaniment' to life, to which 'prejudice' once gave 'a supreme governing rank, when, in truth, it is an idle parasite on the grand sequence of things . . . a futile cargo, screeching irrelevantly, like a fowl tied head downwards to the saddle of a swift horseman.' Now, this is exactly what the scientific school, of which George Eliot herself is an avowed disciple, proclaims consciousness to be: what, she says, has the sound only and not the sense of a misrepresentation. And yet at the end, when she supposes herself asked if the above beliefs, with certain others, are hers, 'Heaven forbid!' she replies.

'They seem to be flying about in the air with other germs, and have found a sort of nidus among my melancholy fancies. Nobody really holds them. They bear the same relation to real belief as walking on the head for a show does to running away from an explosion, or walking fast to catch the train.'

This may be true enough; but it is no answer to the difficulty. The conclusions, which she thinks can be dismissed so easily, she admits are 'logical' and 'well argued' from the scientific premisses. If this be the case there must be some flaw in the premisses themselves; and if it be true, as she says, that 'nobody really holds' the former, there would be more intellectual candour, more justice done both to herself and others, were she to admit that, in her opinion, nobody really held the latter. But that any such alternative is before her she seems to have no notion. 'Debasing the Moral Currency' suggests reflections to us that are yet more surprising. Our author's most sacred faith, we must remember, is a faith in the permanent preciousness of human nature; and the most precious part of human nature is its noblest and most inspiring sentiments. And yet in the essay to which we are now alluding, she informs us in so many words that the most precious part of humanity is also the most perishable.

'These [i.e. our highest moral sentiments] are,' she says, 'the most delicate elements of our too easily perishable civilisation. And here, again, I like to quote a French testimony. Sainte-Beuve, referring to a time of insurrectionary disturbance, says: "Rien de plus prompt à baisser que la civilisation dans les crises comme celle-ci; on perd en trois semaines le résultat de plusieurs siècles. La civilisation, la *vie* est une chose apprise et inventée, qu'on le sache bien: '*Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.*' Les hommes après quelques années de paix oublient trop cette vérité: ils arrivent à croire que la *culture* est chose innée, qu'elle est la même chose que la *nature*. La sauvegarie est toujours là à deux pas, et, dès qu'on lâche pied, elle recommence."'

With all this, we ourselves concur most heartily; but it strike us as coming strangely from one who believes in nothing worthy of devotion outside humanity. We should have thought that with such a believer, 'la culture' was essentially 'la même chose que la nature,' and that humanity, once civilised, was as likely to grow savage as a man once old was likely to grow young again. We should have thought that such fears as those above expressed, argued a somewhat impious mistrust of the one Deity that it is right and rational for us to serve and worship.

This is not the place, however, for a philosophical discussion. We are not writing a critique on the modern cultus of humanity. We have been but endeavouring to point out to the reader what a singular light on that cultus may be thrown by the writings of its most inspired apostle. Against her as a teacher, and a representative teacher, our main charges have been these. Though her general reflections on life are both profound and original, her particular observations of it have been so limited or so hazy, that she possesses no knowledge fit to form a foundation for any scientific theory of it. Her theory, such as it is, is utterly unsupported by the foundation, such as it is. Or, rather, the entire fabric seems to be inverted, and the foundation, turned uppermost, seems to be crushing the superstructure. The new religion, by the light of which she attempts to view life, seems to be the ghost of a Methodistic theism, which has escaped from its old body, and for which she is trying in vain to find a new one. The body she selects is humanity; but she fails to see how unfit that ruinous and polluted temple is for the reception of such an inmate. The reason of this failure on her part is probably due rather to the fineness of her nature, than to any deficiency of her intellect; and though it is to her discredit as a philosopher, it is to her credit as a woman. Plato has observed that a physician, if he would obtain a real insight into the nature of disease, should not himself be a man of entirely robust health. In the same way, would a philosopher understand human nature thoroughly, he should, we much fear, be not of the robustest morals. We do not in the least mean that he should be a vicious man, but that he

should, at least, have not been always a very virtuous one. Men err in their judgments on human nature, both by being very good and by being very bad. But the knave's estimate of the world is little more faulty than the hero's; indeed, sad as it may be to say it, we fear that very often it is less so—less so, that is, as regards the practical course of things; for most of the knavery that the hero is too good to suspect, is knavery that is successful, and bears fruit in accomplished deeds: whilst most of the good that the knave is too degraded to dream of, is good not as practical success, but merely as heroic failure. We admire Leonidas more than Xerxes; but Leonidas falls, and the Persians pass Thermopylæ. We admire the martyr more than the apostate; yet we suspect that the actual history of Christianity would have been predicted more accurately by the apostate than the martyr. There are few of what she considers the weak features in Christianity on which George Eliot is harder than the ecstatic visions of the monks. And yet these monks, as she herself admits, were men of singular self-devotion, and consumed by passionate enthusiasm. We would ask her to apply to herself her own criticisms, and to inquire whether her 'awe-inspiring visions of the common lot' have more solid substance in them than the monk's visions of his Redeemer.

To criticise the faults and the weakness of what is great and noble is always a painful task. Utterly as we disbelieve in the religion of Humanity, as a system in any way self-sufficient; utterly as we believe it to be at variance with all accurate and all dispassionate observation, we yet cannot refuse to admire those who persist in proclaiming as omnipotent and eternal the goodness which they themselves at times acknowledge to be so perishable; nor, supposing for a moment that immorality and theism are so connected as some writers contend they are, shall we apply inaptly to such theorists as George Eliot that memorable line, so full of mournful reverence—

'Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

And yet clearly, where great fallacies exist, it is our duty to do our best to expose them, and to extract them from the shadow of the truths under which they shelter. Fortifying ourself against a reverence that may easily become a superstition, it is our duty to contend against the golden falsehoods, the heroic flatteries with which certain philosophers would now disturb our view of the human race. Nor, as a counterblast to George Eliot's eloquence, can we do better than commend to the reader such unheroic, but such true wisdom as that which breathes in the following sentences of La Bruyère:—

'Ne nous emportons point contre les hommes en voyant leur dureté, leur ingratitude, leur injustice, leur fierté, l'amour d'eux-mêmes, et l'oubli des autres. Ils sont ainsi faits, c'est leur nature, c'est ne pouvoir supporter que la pierre tombe, ou que le feu s'élève. . . . Le stoïcisme est un jeu d'esprit et une idée semblable à la république de Platon.'

We have dwelt at length on the fact that George Eliot's theories of the world are not yet borne out by her examples of it. We have pointed out how, though theoretically she is at least a mitigated optimist, her representations of the common lot are those of the most gloomy pessimist. We think that we cannot quit the subject better than in indicating some clue to this seemingly so strange inconsistency. It may be found, we take it, in the following words of her own:—

'No wonder,' she says, 'the sick-room and the lazaretto have so often been a refuge from the tossings of intellectual doubt—a place of repose for the worn and wounded spirit. Here is a duty about which all creeds and all philosophers are at one; here, at least, the conscience will not be dogged by doubt, the benign impulse will not be checked by adverse theory; here you may begin to act without settling one preliminary question.'

Exactly so: and George Eliot's device for exhibiting a purely human virtue to us is to represent all life as a sick-chamber, in which her heroes and her heroines are the ministrants, and all the rest of the world is dying in ignoble agony. How far such a view of life as this is calculated permanently to stimulate progress and to sustain flagging endeavours, we must leave to be considered by others, and to be discussed in other places.

Art. X.—1. *History of Afghanistan from the earliest Period to the Outbreak of the War in* 1878. By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. 8vo. London: 1878.

2. *La Russie et l'Angleterre dans l'Asie Centrale.* Par M. F. Martens, Professeur de Droit International à l'Université Impériale de St.-Pétersbourg. Gand: 1879.

3. *The Results of the Afghan War.* By Major-General Sir Henry C. Rawlinson. 'Nineteenth Century,' August, 1879.

4. *The Eastern Question.* By the Duke of Argyll. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1879.

We are so little disposed to make great national interests the toys of party or the weapons of personal contention, that we were not unwilling to accept the Treaty of Gandamak, as we had accepted the Treaty of Berlin, as the settlement and termination of a perilous crisis, although we saw much to deplore and to condemn in the policy which had rendered that crisis inevitable. But the applause bestowed upon this treaty by the supporters of Government, and the acquiescence of the Opposition in the results it professed to have secured, were based alike on the assumption that it was a reality; and that, to use the language of one of its chief defenders, 'the curtain had fallen on the second Afghan war almost as suddenly as it rose,' and that 'a short, inexpensive, and not inglorious campaign had been crowned with a peace promising substantial political results.' Unhappily, in politics, the curtain never falls: the action of the piece continues after each successive incident or catastrophe; and the chief business of the statesman is to consider what difficulty he has next to overcome.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the second Afghan war, and the policy which led directly to hostilities against Shere Ali, the reigning Ameer of Cabul, were the subject of the most earnest protests and remonstrances on the part of almost all those who had the greatest knowledge and experience of the subject. The resolution formed by Lord Salisbury on January 22, 1875, to insist on the residence of a British officer in the principal cities of Afghanistan, if not at Cabul itself, as a *sine quâ non* for the maintenance and extension of our friendly relations with the sovereign of that country, was the point of departure from which all the subsequent events have sprung. This resolution was strenuously opposed by Lord Northbrook and the whole of his Council in India, who gave their reasons against it in elaborate despatches, and entreated at least that the measure might be delayed. The Cabinet in London persisted in their determination, which was formed before the Russo-Turkish war, and before the intervention of Russia in Afghanistan had assumed any active and ostensible character. Lord Northbrook resigned the office of Viceroy, and was succeeded by Lord Lytton, who came out with no previous knowledge of the intricate politics of the north-western frontier, but armed cap-a-pie with the latest instructions from Hatfield, and possibly from a still higher authority. Negotiations were opened with an agent of the Ameer, and large concessions were offered him; but as these concessions were accompanied by the preliminary condition of the admission of British residents to the country, which the Ameer was determined not to accept, no result was obtained. The Afghan minister died at Peshawur; the negotiations were not renewed; and indeed it was not surmised that Shere Ali had already at that time entered into engagements with the Russians which were inconsistent with the tenor of his engagements with us. But of this there is no proof; and the greater probability seems to be that Shere Ali was jealous of both the great Powers, which appeared to be pressing on his frontier, and alike anxious to preserve himself and his country from the encroachments of one and of the other. But if he desired to assume this neutral position, his conduct could hardly be reconciled with his obligations to Great Britain, and with his language to the British Vakeel at Cabul. On both sides there was a signal and ominous departure from the fundamental conditions of the treaty signed by Sir John Lawrence and Dost Mohammed Khan on March 30, 1855; by which, on the one hand, the Afghan sovereign engaged 'to be the friend of the friends and the enemy of the enemies of the Honourable East India Company,' and on the other England promised 'to respect those territories of Afghanistan then in his Highness's possession, *and never to interfere therein.*' In the eyes of the Afghans this promise of non-interference meant that no English agents (not being natives) should enter the country; and Lord Mayo repeated the promise to the Ameer at Umballa in 1869, by giving him an assurance 'that no European officers should be placed as residents in his cities.' Whatever else the Ameer may have failed to obtain from the British Viceroy, on this pledge he had a right to rely; and we are utterly unable to discover any sufficient ground for Lord Salisbury's determination to annul this important condition of an existing treaty at that time.

It is worth while to suspend for a moment these remarks on current events, in order to contrast the present policy and language of the Government with that of Lord Canning in 1857. On February 6 of that year, England being at war with Persia, a treaty was concluded with Dost Mohammed for the duration of that war. The Dost agreed to bring 18,000 fighting men into the field. We agreed to pay him a lakh of rupees a month. British officers were to be stationed at Cabul, Candahar, Balkh, or elsewhere, to see that the subsidy was properly used, but for no other purpose; and these were to be withdrawn when the subsidy ceased. On

this occasion Lord Canning left on record his strong opinion that 'our relations with Afghanistan should always remain on this footing, and never be extended to any other aid than that of money, arms, and counsel.' He held that 'it would be an act of the gravest imprudence for a British army to cross the frontier of Afghanistan for the purpose of driving the Persian army from Herat, since the inevitable consequence would be a rupture with the Afghans themselves, and would inflame the jealousy and hatred with which a large portion of the nation—and that the most warlike portion—regard us;' and he added these remarkable and prophetic words: 'The appearance of one or two European officers at Cabul in the Ameer's train was likely to raise in the minds of the people suspicion against himself as having sold them, and desire of vengeance against the Englishmen. Cabul is the focus of Afghan bigotry and antipathy to the English name; but these feelings are not confined to Cabul.' It has been the fixed object and policy of all the Governors of India since Lord Ellenborough to efface the bitter recollections of the first Afghan war, and to dispel the suspicions which have never ceased to haunt the mind of the Afghans. To a great extent this conciliatory policy of Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook had succeeded; when, unhappily, the total change of language and attitude originated by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lytton destroyed the work of thirty years in a moment. Yet the Government denied in the House of Lords that the policy of this country towards Afghanistan had been changed; it has in fact been reversed.

The fact is, however, clearly established that down to the time when Lord Northbrook left India, in April 1876, the Indian Government had not the least reason to suppose or believe that there were any Russian intrigues in Cabul connected with the Kaufmann correspondence or otherwise. Nor did Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby, in their communications to the Russian Government from May to November 1876, allude to the subject. In May 1876 Mr. Disraeli had said in Parliament that he saw no reason Russia should not conquer Tartary as England had conquered India—a declaration which was very well received at St. Petersburg, though Professor Martens now avers that it was solely made to throw dust in the eyes of Russia, and that the British Government were already bent on the conquest of Afghanistan! It is essential to bear in mind these dates, because causes have been assigned for the measures taken by ministers which belong in reality to a subsequent period. It was in 1875 that Lord Salisbury began to demand the admission of Residents, and in the later months of 1876 more decided steps were taken. Quetta was occupied by virtue of a treaty with the Ameer of Beloochistan. Considerable forces and supplies were collected at Rawul Pindee, as if in view of a campaign in Central Asia; a bridge was projected over the Indus at Attock; and rumours of war became prevalent. Whatever may have been the object of these preparations, so inconsistent with the language held by Mr. Disraeli in the spring, and with the demeanour Lord Salisbury assumed towards General Ignatieff at the Conference of Constantinople in December, it is certain that they were regarded with apprehension by Shere Ali, and that he was impressed with the belief that an attack on his own dominions was contemplated by the Viceroy.

It is true that from this time the plot began to thicken on the Bosphorus, and the rebound of our antagonism to Russia in that quarter was at once felt to the furthest limits of Asia. In September 1876 Lord Lytton took alarm and reported that there were two Russian agents in Cabul, in violation of the understanding between the two courts. The British Ambassador at St. Petersburg remonstrated. Prince Gortschakoff, M. de Giers, and General Kaufmann all stoutly denied that any communications had been made to the Ameer beyond those of simple courtesy; but they declined to stop them. It is by no means certain that Shere Ali had responded to the advances made to him by General Kaufmann until after March 1877, even if then, when the negotiations at Peshawur had been broken off. But in the spring of 1878, when the prospect of war became imminent, and our fleet had entered the Dardanelles, preparations were made by the Russians for the advance of 15,000 men in three columns across the Oxus, besides a column of 4,000 men destined to occupy Merv and the Akhal country. These military movements were going on at the time when the Treaty of Berlin was signed. After that occurrence M. de Giers affirmed that they were all immediately stopped, and that the political as well as the military precautions had been stopped also.

The Russian mission to Cabul had started before the Treaty of Berlin was signed, though it reached its destination after that event. But the Russian Government certainly did not recall it; and at that time the Ameer was unquestionably entirely alienated from British interests and under Russian influence. But this was very much the result of the equivocal policy which had been

pursued towards him. It is probable that the Ameer, disappointed in his hopes of obtaining from England a guarantee against his internal enemies, had made up his mind to side with Russia in the event of war; and although the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin averted that catastrophe, the consequences of the position he had rashly assumed fell heavily on Shere Ali, who had made himself the enemy of one Power without securing the support of the other.

An ultimatum was addressed to him by Lord Lytton, and hostilities ensued. It had never been supposed or contended by those who were most strongly opposed to the course taken by the Viceroy and the British Government that the advance of the British columns into Afghanistan would meet with any formidable military resistance. As it turned out, the resistance of the Afghans was even less than had been anticipated. On no one point did they attempt to hold their ground. The difficulties the British army had to overcome were chiefly difficulties of transport; and these were not inconsiderable, for the camels which were necessary for the purpose died by tens of thousands on the way in mountain passes to which they were ill adapted. To this must be added the peril arising from the wild and warlike tribes of hillsmen, who in all ages have held these passes, and who constantly threaten the lines of communication, both for troops and supplies, of armies passing either to the west or to the east through the mountains of Afghanistan. These were the only immediate obstacles to be overcome; but, though they have been overcome, they are not displaced or diminished. On the contrary, we learned by experience the excessive difficulty and great expense of moving large bodies of troops, with their supplies, through these passes; and we also learned that although the hill tribes might be chastised or bought off for a time, they could not be exterminated or subdued, and that, in the event of a reverse, they might at any future time threaten the lines of communication. Nor can this difficulty be underrated by those who know anything of the country. After Captain Ruxton was killed in the Afreedee disturbances of 1867, it was proposed to invade and punish the offenders. General Wilde and Colonel Reynell Taylor were of opinion that 20,000 men would be required for the purpose. The same with the Afreedees of the Kohat Pass. Sir Charles Napier attacked them with scant success. Since then we have blockaded them, we have subsidised them, we have fought with them, we have tried every means to make them abide by their engagements, but with no permanent effect:—

'We may gather from these facts,' said Sir John Lawrence, 'how our difficulties would be increased if we enlarged our border;' and he added, 'I do not think that I exaggerate when I affirm that it would probably take the whole army of this presidency, British and native, to conquer and hold in subjection the hill-tribes along the northwestern frontier of the Punjab; and even if we succeeded at the time we should only obtain many thousands of warlike and disaffected subjects, ready to break out at the first opportunity. If the border is now unsafe and unprotected, it would be a hundredfold more so under such a system.'

Although these may have been regarded as subordinate considerations, the importance of them may be inferred from the fact that, although the possession of the Kurum Valley and the Shutargardan Pass places our advanced outposts within 50 miles of Cabul, and was said to give us immediate command of that city, yet we learn that, when it becomes urgently necessary to cross the passes and to avenge the massacre of the British Envoy, four weeks elapsed before the advanced column approached the city, and meanwhile our convoys have been attacked by these mountaineers. At this period of the year, if the snows fall early, the Shutargardan Pass, which is one of great elevation, will shortly be closed. It is certainly impassable in winter. The most available bases for British columns operating in Afghanistan in all seasons of the year are by the Khyber Pass, or from the south, resting on Ghazni and Candahar; but even there the winter is extremely severe, the tracks and passes are blocked with snow, and the climate is distressing if not fatal to the natives of the plains of India.

The arguments of Lord Lawrence, Lord Northbrook, and the late Lord Sandhurst against the renewal of military operations in Afghanistan were not mainly founded on the immediate difficulty of the enterprise. On the contrary, the campaign of General Pollock and General Nott in the autumn of 1842 proved that a British army might readily advance on the capital and occupy it. Sir Henry Rawlinson affirms that a small well-appointed British force might march triumphantly from one end of the country to the other, and this is probably true. But it was urged by the opponents of the war that the real difficulties of the situation would begin precisely when the military difficulties were past. And this prediction, founded on long experience and an intimate knowledge of the country and the people, has now been most thoroughly and unhap-

pily verified. It is really inconceivable, if we had not the facts before us, that the officers, both civil and military, conducting these affairs, should have allowed themselves to repeat the very same mistakes of misplaced courage and confidence which proved fatal to Sir William Macnaghten and Sir Alexander Burnes nearly forty years ago. Sir Louis Cavagnari was undoubtedly an officer of extraordinary merit. He had acquired a complete knowledge of the native character. His name and influence were known and felt on the whole north-west frontier. In spirit and gallantry he stood in the first rank. He had shown skill and prudence in negotiation, and no greater loss could be sustained by the Crown than the cruel death of so eminent and able a public servant, clothed as he was at the time with the sacred character of a British Envoy. He was accompanied by a young Scotchman, Mr. Jenkyns, as his secretary, who had already given marks of the highest promise in the Indian service; he, too, fell a victim. Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Guides, who perished at the same time, was one of the bravest officers of the army, and had just earned the Victoria Cross for the extraordinary valour displayed by him in the action in which Major Wigram Battye was killed. Is it possible that so accomplished and experienced a person as Cavagnari failed to perceive that the whole structure he had raised was built upon the sand? He treats Yakoob Khan as the undoubted sovereign and master of the country, and concludes a treaty with him as such, although scarcely a month elapses before it appears that this Ameer is not the master of his own troops, of his own capital, of his own palace. In the Bala Hissar itself a military revolt breaks out, which instantly assumes the character of an attack on the British Residency, but seems to stop there. Whatever may have been the conduct of Yakoob Khan, he unquestionably failed in the courage and resolution he ought to have shown in defence of a foreign Envoy actually within the shelter of his own palace. But is it certain that Cavagnari did commit such a blunder as that which cost him his life? We have no evidence that he approved the policy he was instructed to carry into execution; and we have strong reason to believe that he was not insensible to the dangers of his position and the precarious character of the treaty. Indeed it was obvious that the very measure taken to support Yakoob Khan by the presence, support, and control of British officers, would be fatal to his authority in the eyes of the most energetic part of the Afghan nation, and would therefore defeat the very object the British Government had in view. The Ameer was placed in the very same position as Shah Sooja in 1839, whom even the presence of an Anglo-Indian brigade failed to defend. No doubt the outrage on the Residency and the murder of the Envoy and his companions compel the British Government to take summary redress for such a crime. But against whom? It does not appear that the Ameer was a party to it, or even that the fanatical population of Cabul abetted it. If it was solely the act of the Heratee regiments clamorous for pay, and possibly worked upon by other means, in all probability long before the British columns arrive at Cabul the real criminals (whom there is no one to identify) will have fled from the scene.

The first reflection which this lamentable occurrence suggests to the mind is the imprudence, and possibly the fatal consequences, of placing British officers in outlying posts of observation, amongst tribes so barbarous that they have not even learned to respect the traditional character of an Envoy, and at so great a distance from our own frontiers that no force is at hand to protect them. Recent experience demonstrates that the reluctance of Shere Ali to receive British residents in the interior of his dominions, on the ground that he could not ensure the safety of their lives and property, was not unreasonable or insincere. In countries as uncivilised as Afghanistan, which resemble the state of Europe in the twelfth century, every man carries his life in his hand. The princes and nobles of the country fall victims, one after another, to domestic or tribal feuds; and it is preposterous to suppose that the law of nations, which protects the person of an ambassador, is understood or respected by a people of the most treacherous character, and in a land given over to secular anarchy and bloodshed. Sir Henry Rawlinson makes light of this difficulty. 'British officers,' he says, 'in outlying districts will no doubt be regarded occasionally as troublesome interlopers; but they are, as a rule, soon encircled with a halo of personal affection, which, as far as they are individually concerned, is a better safeguard than sabres and bayonets.' We have no doubt that Sir Louis Cavagnari was personally liked by many of the Afghans to whom he was known, and he might be regarded as a friend of the Ameer. But this 'halo of personal affection' had no effect in saving his life from a horde of mutinous soldiers; and he was doubtless murdered, not because he was Cavagnari, but because he was the representative of

Great Britain. It appears to us very doubtful whether it is right or politic to place a British officer, unsupported, in so perilous a position. Personally to himself it is one of great danger, and the services he may be able to render are considerably diminished by the uncertain tenure of his life; but politically the consequences of the outrages to which he may be exposed are still more serious to the nation at large, since they can only be avenged and punished by the advance of an army and by acts of war. Sometimes, as in the case of poor Colonel Stoddart in Bokhara, they remain unpunished altogether from absolute inability to reach the country. Sometimes, as in the case of King Theodore, they compel us to invade such a hopeless country as Abyssinia. In the present instance, the presence of our Envoy in Cabul with a totally inadequate escort has cost the service a most valuable officer, and compels the Indian Government to re-open the campaign. Had there been a British agent in Herat, where disturbances broke out simultaneously, he would probably have shared the same fate. We should then have been told that nothing short of a march to Herat could efface the stain upon British honour; and we suppose that voices would have been raised, as indeed some voices are now raised, with consummate ignorance and presumption, to recommend the conquest and annexation of the whole of Afghanistan. Sir John Lawrence, in his admirable Minute of November 25, 1868, which appears to us to contain the pith and marrow of the whole question, dwelt emphatically on this point, and, after the recent outbreak at Cabul, the following passage will be read with increased interest:—

'As regards the appointment of a British agent in Cabul, I firmly adhere to the views which I expressed last October. I much prefer, whilst circumstances remain as they are, having native agents in such dangerous positions. I believe that native agents can efficiently perform all the duties which we require, and that in some important particulars they are to be preferred to British officers. My belief is that Major Lumsden and the officers with the mission at Candahar in 1857 were in great personal danger, and that so it will usually be with agents similarly situated, especially in times of commotion. Nay, more, I am persuaded that they were utterly helpless, and in a condition of practical imprisonment. They could have done more at Peshawur than they could at Candahar. A native would not be in personal danger in such a case, and he could make friends and acquire influence and information in a manner impossible for a European.'

The conclusion we draw from all this is that the presence of British officers in these outlying posts, which has been so peremptorily urged, is a very doubtful advantage, and is eminently calculated to lead us much further than we intend to go. For as Prince Gortschakoff very justly remarked in his well-known circular of November 21, 1864, the difficulty is in these wild countries and unsettled territories *where to stop.*

For these reasons, strengthened by recent experience, and by the very serious and embarrassing position in which we now find ourselves, we adhere more firmly than ever to the views expressed by the late Lord Sandhurst in these pages, when he reviewed the policy and the plans propounded by Sir Henry Rawlinson, which have since become the *vis motrix* of the Government. We appear to have plunged into a turbulent ocean of anarchy and warfare; and nothing that could happen beyond our own frontiers could be so injurious to the safety and welfare of the Indian Empire as the extension of our military operations into these agitated and sterile regions. We cannot find words to express our astonishment that what the Duke of Argyll calls the lesson on foreign policy impressed on the Anglo-Indian mind by that solitary horseman who on January 13, 1842, staggered half unconscious into the gate of Jellalabad, should have been forgotten. The very scene has been brought again before us this year by the vivid conception and the truthful hand of one of our most accomplished artists. To those who remember those painful events, which the Duke of Wellington declared to have given a shock to our power and influence throughout the East, we should have thought it unnecessary to repeat the precept not to attempt interference in the affairs of Afghanistan. And if foreign intervention was apprehended in that country, we could wish no worse punishment to a mortal enemy than that he should involve himself in the maze of perils and difficulties which we have not had the sense to avoid.

One of the cardinal points which ought never to be lost sight of in dealing with the affairs of Afghanistan, and which was long ago laid down by the most competent authority, is that whatever foreigner enters the country and attempts to control it, will before long have the Afghans against him. If the Russian Envoy had now been at Cabul, and not the British, he would probably have been the victim. If the Russians had ever sent troops into the country, which it would not be easy for them to do, the Afghans would soon have found out who was the enemy and the invader. By making war on Shere Ali, by causing his flight and

death, and above all by exacting cessions of territory in the treaty of peace (against which Yakoob Khan strenuously protested), we have now turned the hostile passions of the nation and its chiefs against ourselves. It follows that no one whom we may put on the throne of Afghanistan under existing circumstances is likely to be accepted by the people, who have a dread of foreign interference; and if we are to carry out the policy of reducing Afghanistan to the condition of a subordinate State, it must be held by a British army. Against such a resolution we protest in the strongest terms; and we cannot conceive that this is a policy approved even by the present ministers of the Crown, or one which they would dare to present to the sanction of Parliament. The reasons against it are, in our opinion, numerous, manifold, and conclusive.

The military occupation of such a territory as Afghanistan would demand a large force, probably of not less than 30,000 men, which must consist of English or of Indian troops, or of both, for at least a third of the force must be European. It is impossible, consistently with the safety of India, to reduce the forces there by anything like this amount. Therefore an addition must be made to the European establishment in Asia and to the Indian army itself, which would be in the highest degree inconvenient. Even then the permanent employment, beyond the natural frontier of India, of troops raised in Hindostan, is open to serious objections. It must always be remembered that the internal security of India itself is the first object, and that no diminution of the military strength by which that vast Empire is held in peaceful subjection can for a moment be contemplated.

And if this is to be done, from what sources are the expenses of such an occupation to be defrayed? Is the British tax-payer to be asked at this time to increase his contributions to the military establishments of the Empire in order to garrison Cabul or Candahar, or to advance upon Herat? Can India, whose finances are already strained to the last excess by wars, famines, and public works, and where the agents of the Treasury are at their wits' end to meet the current expenses—can India be burdened with the cost of a most onerous dependency? As for Afghanistan itself, it is notoriously one of the poorest countries in the world; the revenue of Shere Ali was said not to exceed 400,000*l.*; such a province can never repay the cost of military occupation or government. To engage in such an undertaking would be ruinous alike to the army and to the finances of India; and we should commit the folly of sacrificing and wasting the vital resources of the Empire itself in a wild effort to cover a part of its frontier which is not exposed to any probable attack or palpable danger. Our true strength in India consists in the good government of the country; and there can be no greater mistake than to exhaust the energies and resources of the administration on the costly enterprises of an adventurous policy beyond our frontier.

Colonel Malleson relates in the introductory chapter of the volume before us, which is in truth the most useful part of his book, that the Ameer Dost Mohammed, when he left Calcutta in 1841 to rèsume the throne of Cabul, observed to the Governor-General of India: 'I have seen a great deal of your government since I came to India. Your forts, your arsenals, your ships are all admirable. I have been down to Calcutta and have been astonished with your wealth, your palaces, your marts, and your mint; but to me the most wonderful thing of all is, that so wise and wealthy a nation could ever have entertained the project of occupying such a country as Cabul, where there is nothing but rocks and stones.' Still more strange is it that forty years later there should still be persons who see in this occupation of Cabul the safety of India. Colonel Malleson himself, in spite of his faithful but unattractive picture of the country, speaks of the predominance of British influence in the lands immediately beyond the British frontier as an object of primary importance; and there are not wanting writers in the public press and authors of graver works who are perpetually urging on the Government the virtual annexation of these territories. Some persons appear to imagine that it is possible to reduce Afghanistan to the condition of the protected States of Hindostan, apparently unconscious that the geographical position, the authority of the native courts, the character of the people, and the circumstances of the case, are all totally dissimilar. Others, still bolder, would place British garrisons in Candahar, Ghazni, Cabul, and even Herat, in outlying posts five hundred or even seven hundred miles from their base; and they argue as if the presence of these detachments, separated from each other by deserts and mountains, would hold in subjection three or four millions of the most warlike, turbulent, and independent tribes in Asia.

These schemes appear to us to imply a profound ignorance of what is really meant by Afghanistan. Geographically, it is a vast country, which extends, with its dependencies, from the frontier of Persia to the Indus. Its frontiers are imperfectly defined, for they are fringed with tribes who claim at least a semi-independence. With these

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outlying districts of imperfect allegiance all the rulers of the kingdom have from time to time carried on warfare. The first act of Yakoob Khan was to send troops against the ruler of Badakshan. Even if we were masters of Afghanistan we should succeed to these quarrels, and find ourselves directly at variance with Russia for the possession of conterminous territory. Historically, the Afghan monarchy has alternately swelled into a great power, under the guidance of some powerful chief, who bore his victorious banners to Ispahan or to Delhi; or again it has shrunk into narrower dimensions, torn by the internal wars and crimes which have scarcely ever ceased to divide the branches of the Baruckzye clans and the several provinces into contending factions. Both territorially and socially there is no part of the Asiatic continent or of the globe which it is less desirable to occupy or more difficult to govern; for in one point at least the whole population is agreed, as was said to Mountstuart Elphinstone long ago by an aged Afghan chief—in hatred of the stranger and in religious fanaticism. The same reasons which render the occupation of Afghanistan so undesirable and impracticable to ourselves, would operate with still greater force against the invasion and occupation of the country by any other power, whose base of operations must necessarily be far more remote.

Indeed, the more we reflect on the subject, the more we are convinced that the idea of converting Afghanistan into a safe and solid basis of approach and attack against our Indian possessions is totally visionary; and that if ever it were tried it would end in a calamitous failure. Moreover, this apprehension is totally at variance with the declarations of Lord Beaconsfield himself, who sought to justify the policy of the Government by the assurance that when we had acquired what he termed a 'scientific frontier,' the sense of insecurity on the north-west would vanish. We have obtained the scientific frontier; that is, we are now masters of both ends of the chief passes leading to the Indus. These we can, and shall, hold without much difficulty or expense. But if there be any value in the scientific frontier, it ought to place us, and we believe that it does place us, in a position of absolute security, whatever may happen beyond it. India has now the strongest natural frontier of any country in the world. To go one step beyond that line is to weaken our position. Carry the frontier as far as you will, there is always territory, and possibly hostile territory, beyond it. On military grounds it is contrary to all principle to advance in front of your true base, in order to give your enemy the advantage of meeting you halfway. It can hardly be argued that extended lines of operation, reaching to Candahar and Herat, offer the same impregnable means of resistance which we possess in the passes of our own mountains.

Nothing is more deluding than the use of metaphorical language. Candahar, we are told, is the key of Beloochistan and the Bholan Pass; Herat is the key of Candahar; Merv is the key of Herat; and all these are the keys of India. Such keys are at an amazing distance from the lock. We very much doubt whether the possession of any place whatever, seven hundred or five hundred miles from the extreme frontier it is intended to reach, and separated from it by trackless wastes, often without food or water, can afford any appreciable assistance to the advance of an army. We should much rather encounter such an invading army at the end of its journey than at the first stages of it. But even in the first stages there is the same tendency to underrate the difficulties and to overrate the results of such enterprises.

A very instructive example at this moment occurs to us. The Russians, we are told, were resolved to march against the Turkomans, and in the direction of Merv. An army of 20,000 men was collected at Chilishlar, under General Lazareff, in June. The cost of the campaign was estimated at no less than a million sterling. It was to march 450 miles through an enemy's country to Merv—no slight undertaking, planting a line of posts in the rear of its advance. For supplies this army was mainly dependent on the goodwill of the Shah of Persia, whose territory it was to outflank and encompass. The troops have suffered torments from heat, from insects, from privations, from disease. The commander of the expedition has died miserably. The advanced guard has scarcely moved one hundred miles from its base, and has fought an indecisive action with considerable loss; and in short no result has yet been attained commensurate to these vast preparations.

Should not this teach us that it is as well to wait a little until we see the results of these extravagant and costly enterprises, before we take alarm and anticipate them? Our own opinion is that the deeper the Russians plunge into the deserts and fastnesses and wild tribes of Central Asia, the more they will have reason to repent it; and, far from obtaining any solid political advantage, the more they will waste the financial and military resources of the Empire, which are not at this time superabundant. As for these demonstrations at a distance of a thousand miles from our own frontier being

regarded as acts of aggression directed against India, the notion is so preposterous that we venture to say, with perfect confidence in our own strength and resources within our own frontiers, let who will attempt to attack us. *Nemo me impune lacessit.* Our weakness begins when we step beyond them. We very much prefer to these suggestions of exaggerated caution and nervous timidity the vigorous language of one of the most powerful rulers of India, used by him at a time when Great Britain was actually at war with the Russian Empire.

'That if,' said Lord Dalhousie in 1854 in a letter to one of the ministers of that day, 'Russia should invade India with all the power she can command at present, her army would be exterminated, even if it ever reached the borders of India, is quite certain; that India is capable, and ever will be capable, so long as England shall remain what she is among the Powers of the world, to drive back any invasion that all the power of Russia, Persia, and Central Asia combined could bring against our western frontier, I feel as confident in affirming as I do of my own existence; and I should wish for no better lot than that such an invasion should be led by the Emperor in person, and that I should be the Governor-General when it came.'

However much we may differ from Sir Henry Rawlinson as to the probability of the 'advance of the Russian troops (under General Lazareff) towards the great centre of interest at Herat,' we agree with him as to 'the importance of the Russian factor in our dealings with the Afghan question,' and we have more than once expressed the same opinion that 'this factor was the essential element of the whole transaction.' The Afghans are of very little interest or importance to British India, except in as far as they may become the instruments of Russian aggression or intrigue. M. de Martens, writing at St. Petersburg, says candidly enough that when the British Government had asked for six millions to prepare for war, it was high time for Russia to make similar preparations; and even after the signature of the Treaty of Berlin, Sir Henry Rawlinson observes that 'Russia, although restrained from active hostility against England by the European pacification guaranteed under that treaty, did nevertheless, in disregard of the spirit of it, contemplate a continued adverse pressure upon India, through the establishment of a strong political influence in the countries south of the Oxus—Herat, Cabul, and Badakshan being the positions to which her attention was especially directed as the most favourable standpoints for maintaining and directing an insurrectionary propaganda.' But whatever construction be put on the intentions of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, of which the Russian mission to Cabul was the most ostensible expression, we think they may be regarded from another point of view; and that if the serious danger to India, which is contemplated by Sir Henry Rawlinson, exists, or existed at all, it should be dealt with in a totally different manner. He looks at the question from the Asiatic side, we from the European. In a word, the true 'objective' towards which we conceive all the diplomatic and military movements of Russia to be directed is not Calcutta, but Constantinople. Had it not been for the resolute opposition of England to the Treaty of San Stefano, and for the presence of the British fleet in the Sea of Marmora, it is now acknowledged by the Russians themselves that Constantinople would have been occupied by their troops. But for the timely, though pacific, intervention of England, in which she met with but little support from the other European Powers, it is highly probable that this catastrophe would have occurred. Before the certainty of a war with England, Russia recoiled; and by the same influence she was compelled to submit the preliminaries of San Stefano to the revision and sanction of Europe.

Under these circumstances it was not unnatural that the Court of St. Petersburg should avail itself of any means it might possess to harass the British Government. Two means were employed. The first was a national subscription for the purchase of American vessels to prey upon our maritime trade, which, it was supposed, would alarm our shipping interest; but as no war broke out, this scheme was fruitless. The second was 'the adverse pressure on India,' of which Sir Henry Rawlinson speaks. In other words, it seems to have been the desire of Russia to show us that if we could prevent her from occupying Constantinople, she could cause us some alarm and uneasiness on our north-western frontier.

If the questions arising between Russia and England in Central Asia stood alone, and if both Powers were equally determined to adhere in perfect good faith to such arrangements as might be made between them, we should agree with Professor Martens that the interests they have in common in those regions are far more important than the interests which are at variance and in opposition. We deprecate, as strongly as he can do, a conflict between two civilised empires over a barbarous territory, which can only be an incumbrance to either of them; and we should be glad to think that by mutual agreement the rights of these Powers, now bordering so closely on one

another, could be determined. That is what Lord Clarendon endeavoured to do in his famous interview with Prince Gortschakoff at Heidelberg; and although the British Government of that day showed no excessive sensitiveness or irritability on the advance of the Russians into Khiva, it must be acknowledged that we have but little reason to rely in future on similar promises, even when they proceed from statesmen as eminent as Count Bruunow and Count Schouvaloff, who probably have but little control over the Russian columns in Central Asia. It is well known to all the world that the English people regard their Indian Empire with what the Duke of Argyll calls a passionate pride and a passionate jealousy—to which must be added a passionate alarm, whenever its security is threatened, however remotely. This jealousy and these apprehensions are foolish and unmanly sentiments. The British Empire in India does not stand on such insecure foundations; and the British people are never so ridiculous as when they distrust their own strength. But it is precisely by means of these sentiments that foreign Powers, antagonistic to Great Britain, think they can work upon the British public and counteract our political influence. If Russia is advancing, as Sir Henry Rawlinson believes, by sap and parallels, against the outworks of the Indian Empire, it is because she conceives that to be our vulnerable point, and that she can there effect a diversion from the strong grasp opposed to her in Europe. This theory may be brought to a very simple test. Is it not evident that if England withdrew her opposition to the advance of Russia towards the Bosphorus and Asia Minor—if she consented to the overthrow and partition of the Ottoman Empire—we should hear no more of Russian designs on Central Asia? The pressure Russia seeks to bring to bear on us in India is simply the counterpoise of the pressure we bring to bear on her in Europe; and it is not impossible that she may have adopted this policy in the hope that it will one day induce us to come to terms. If the Asiatic question stood alone, that might not be difficult; but the Asiatic question involves interests of a very different order. Our conclusion on this part of the subject is that, although the entire horizon of Europe is dark and lowering, Russia was never less powerful or less to be feared than at the present moment. With internal disaffection, with exhausted finances, with a disordered army, and without any secure alliance, for that of Germany appears to have failed her,* she is in no condition to attack any of the great Powers of the world; and none of them have, certainly, anything to gain by attacking her. But if the Indian Empire were ever seriously assailed or endangered by any European Power, it is not in Central Asia that it must be defended. It would be an absurdity for England to select a theatre of operations in a part of the globe where her naval strength would be powerless. If India were attacked, it must be defended in Europe, not by outlying garrisons or regiments of sepoys, but by the fleets of Britain.

At present, however, a much easier task lies before us, and we may confine our remarks to Afghanistan. The columns already advancing under General Roberts and General Stewart are quite powerful enough to crush any military resistance; and we may assume that the mutinous Heratee regiments, which have committed so barbarous a crime, will ere long be punished, if indeed they have not already vanished from the scene. Beyond that point our present information scarcely allows us to proceed. But all former experience warns us not to attempt to establish and maintain a government in Cabul under foreign influence, for, as the Dost told Sir John Lawrence in 1841, 'it is the earnest desire of all Afghans that we should not interfere in their quarrels, but should allow them to manage their own concerns and to fight out and settle their own domestic broils in their own way.' Having, therefore, avenged or punished the outrage at Cabul, the best precedent we can follow is that of Lord Ellenborough in 1842, who withdrew the troops as rapidly as he had pushed them forward, and fell back on the Khyber Pass. In Candahar the position is less difficult; the population are less hostile to foreigners; the climate is good; supplies are more abundant; and it might not be undesirable to retain our hold for some short space of time on that part of the country. The presence of an English garrison in Candahar might possibly avert the outbreak of

* This is not the place to discuss the change recently effected in the politics of Europe by the close alliance of the Courts of Berlin and Vienna, to the exclusion of their former confederate. But it would seem to imply, if we may hazard a conjecture, that Prince Bismarck at length recognises the importance of maintaining the influence of united Germany on the whole course of the Danube and in the adjacent provinces; that he may hope to turn the tide of German emigration to those countries; and that, in the event of the continued decay of the Ottoman Empire, Germany would support the House of Austria in establishing its authority over Eastern Europe. Such a policy would be fatal to the designs of Russia; but it would merit the support of the other great Powers, as being perhaps the best solution of a difficult problem.

a sanguinary conflict between the various pretenders to the throne. Candahar was the capital of the Afghan monarchy in its brightest days, and may still play a considerable part in the history of the country. But, in our judgment, nothing should divert the British Government from a fixed resolution to take no permanent part, either military or civil, in the internal affairs of Afghanistan; to seek to exercise no control over its rulers, whoever they may be, as long as they are independent; and to rest secure within our own frontier, whatever storms may agitate the ocean beyond it. All these arguments have been used and put forward with an authority we cannot pretend to equal in the Minutes bearing on the confidential Memorandum of Sir Henry Rawlinson of 1868, which were transmitted to England on January 4, 1869, and are to be found in the Afghan Correspondence, p. 43 *et seq.* Though written ten years ago, those Minutes are the most complete guide to the critical events of the present day, and they cannot be too carefully studied by those who have to steer a course through these difficulties. We shall conclude this article by a short extract from the opinion of that illustrious Viceroy, whose vast experience and sound judgment laid down the lines of policy from which we ought never to have departed. Lord Lawrence spent the last months of his life in earnest but unavailing protests against the interference of the Government in the affairs of Afghanistan; and his recorded writings still address us with the solemnity of a voice from the tomb.

'It appears to me that it will always be found exceedingly difficult for any extended period to maintain a united and strong government in Afghanistan. The genius of the chiefs and people, as evinced in the independent Pathan communities of the border, is evidence to this effect. A chief may now and then arise who may for a time unite the different provinces under one rule, but when he has passed away the tendency will again be separation. With the single exception of the pressure of a common enemy, and even this circumstance will not always avail, there appear to be no ties to bind the Afghans together. The history of the country is a history of anarchy and civil war. The Suddozai brothers were always each other's worst enemies. Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan had the advantage of succeeding to a family which was hated and despised. He was at feud with some of his brothers with whom he waged war, and whom he expelled the country. He had the utmost difficulty in controlling the others. He barely maintained a semblance of order to the end of his life. Long before his death everyone had foreseen, he had himself predicted, commotion, conflict, and war to the death between his own sons. Can there be really a hope that we can bind together such discordant elements? Is there any chief likely to come to the front whom it would be right for us to maintain in full power over the country? . . . But any serious attempt to restrain Russia's advance by active measures on our part in Afghanistan would seem to me certainly to lead to a policy resulting in our eventual occupation of that country, as was the case in 1838. Most people would, I think, deprecate this result, and would affirm that this is the last object they desire. Nevertheless, the real point is, whether an interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, however moderate and limited in character in the first instance, is, or is not, likely to lead to such a result.'

The latest intelligence from the seat of war, which arrives at the moment we close this number, confirms our anticipation of the military success of the British forces; and we rejoice that the battle of Charasiab has dispersed the insurgent Afghan troops, and added fresh lustre to our arms. But the political difficulty of the situation remains unaltered. The country, we are told, is 'seething;' and even the safety of the army is due solely to its superiority in the field. This victory, and the occupation of Cabul itself, do not therefore change in any respect the view we take of these transactions.

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NO. CCCIX.

ART. I.—1. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, July 4, 1879. Debate on Mr. Chaplin's Motion for the Appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the Depressed Condition of the Agricultural Interest.

2. *The Agricultural Situation.* A Speech of the Right Hon. Earl of BEACONSFIELD at Aylesbury, September 18, 1879.

3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Improvement of Land.* 1873.

4. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Land Titles and Transfer.* 1879.

5. *Reports from H. M. Representatives respecting the Tenure of Land in the several Countries of Europe.* 1869–1870.

6. *The Landed Interest and the Supply of Food.* By JAMES CAIRD, C.B., F.R.S. London: 1878.

7. *Free Trade in Land.* By JOSEPH KAY, M.A., Q.C. London: 1879.

8. *The Corn- and Cattle-producing Districts of France.* By GEORGE GIBSON RICHARDSON. 8vo. London: 1877.

9. *Reports on the Manufacture, Commerce, &c., of the United States of America.* By VICTOR A. W. DRUMMOND. Parliamentary Papers, Commercial (Trade Reports). (Nos. 14 and 20.) 1879.

THE agriculture of this country is, at the present time, passing through a crisis of almost unprecedented severity. Owners and occupiers of land are anxiously enquiring whether the causes to which this crisis is due are of a permanent or of a transitory character; whether they are natural causes over which we have no control, or whether they can be met by legislative or other measures. Many different answers have been given to these important questions. Doctors are not wanting to prescribe remedies; but among them there is the proverbial difference of opinion, both as to diagnosis and treatment. Some attribute the disease to the aggregation of large estates, and to inherent vices in our land system, and would apply a more or less drastic treatment to the laws which regulate the possession and occupation of land; some have discovered in the existing relations of landlord and tenant the cause of the evil, and would amend those relations in a manner generally favourable to the tenant; others again have the bugbear of foreign competition constantly before their eyes, and, though they cannot seriously hope for a return to protection, grasp at the shadows of the past, and express futile and unavailing regrets that it was ever abandoned. All, however, admit that a succession of unusually deficient harvests, aggravated by low prices, is the proximate cause of the depression which undoubtedly weighs on the agricultural interest.

The Royal Commission appointed last summer will have to pronounce an authoritative opinion on these and other points. We are not sanguine enough to anticipate any important practical results from their investigations; but a vast amount of information will be accumulated by them, and the report based on this information will doubtless be a document of great interest and value. A considerable period of time must, however, elapse before this report can

see the light of day; and as the subjects with which it will deal are of immediate and pressing interest, we make no apology for endeavouring to form some opinion upon them.

We propose to discuss them in the following order:—

1. The causes of the agricultural depression, and the manner in which they have affected landowners, tenants, and labourers.
2. Foreign competition.
3. The land laws and their results, (1) as to the accumulation or distribution of estates, and (2) as to the permanent improvement of land.
4. The relation of tenants to their landlords, and the effects of these relations on the cultivation of the soil.

Of the three classes whom Lord Beaconsfield represents as making three profits out of the land, the labourers have of late prospered; the landowners, on whom, if matters do not improve, the main loss must ultimately fall, have their incomes curtailed by remissions of rent, and, in some counties, many of their farms tenantless; but as yet the farmers have been the heaviest losers.

Agriculture has, during the present century, passed through more than one severe crisis, and on each of those occasions the labourers' question caused the gravest anxiety; pauperism increased to an alarming extent; the poor rates equalled, and in some cases even exceeded, the rent of the land; and the condition of the labouring classes was to the last degree miserable. This is, happily, no longer the case; poor rates have not risen, and pauperism has increased but little, in the agricultural counties. Mr. Caird is undoubtedly right when he says that 'the general condition of the agricultural labourer probably was never better than it is at present.' About seven years ago various circumstances, which it is unnecessary to specify, caused a rise in the rate of agricultural wages to the extent of at least two shillings a week, and they have not subsequently fallen concurrently with profits. They may have dropped a little in the last few months, but they still maintain a high level. Moreover, the cost of the labourer's living has generally decreased. The rapid development of foreign trade has, in spite of the deficient harvests, kept down the price of corn to the injury of the producer, but to the immense advantage of the consumer. Comparing the rate of wages with the price of bread, it appears that the weekly wages in 1770 were 7*s.* 3*d.*, while bread was 1½*d.* per pound; in 1850, immediately after the repeal of the Corn Laws, wages had risen to 9*s.* 7*d.*, and bread was selling for 1½*d.* per pound; last year wages had risen, on an average, to 14*s.* a week, the price of bread being exactly the same as it was a hundred years ago. So that the labourer can earn as much bread by half a week's work now as he could then by a whole week's work. Almost all the articles which he habitually uses and consumes, with the exception of butcher's meat, have diminished in price; and if he refrains from tobacco and alcoholic liquors he is practically exempt from all taxation except on tea and coffee. It is true that the price of bread and of other articles of food has advanced during the last few months, and some distress may therefore be anticipated for the poorer classes during the winter; but it does not seem probable that the demand for agricultural labour will be seriously diminished, or that there will be a material reduction in the rate of wages.

We cannot but rejoice at this state of things, though the employer of labour may not regard it in the same light; to him it means increased cost of production and consequent decrease of profits, unless the increased efficiency of the labourer compensates for the rise of his wages. Low wages do not imply cheap labour; the northern 'hind' who earns 20*s.* a week is worth a great deal more to his employer than the southern labourer who earns his 13*s.* to 14*s.* But there is a general complaint that farm labour has deteriorated in quality. It is difficult, in some districts almost impossible, to obtain efficient and trustworthy men to fill the more responsible positions on a farm. There are now more careers open to young men than there were some years ago, and they are more apt to take advantage of them. The smartest and most active lads of the village, who would formerly have had no ideas beyond the plough or the team, now emigrate to the United States or to the colonies; or if they remain at home, they find more remunerative employment in the public service or in the towns. The least efficient hands are, as a rule, left to the farmer, and he has to pay them higher wages than at any former period.

Passing from the labourer to his employers, we find them in a far less satisfactory condition. The symptoms of the distress, which prevails with more or less intensity throughout the country, are obvious to the most superficial observer. Rents have been remitted to the extent of ten, twenty, and even fifty per cent.; and, in spite of these remissions, numbers of farms have been vacated, and there are no applicants for them at any price. The agricultural returns for the present year show a decrease of

1,986 in the number of occupiers, and 'this decrease, in some cases, is stated to be caused by the number of farms now in the hands of the owners owing to the depression, and returned by the owner as one holding.'

The farmer's accounts rarely, if ever, stood so low in the county banks; and it is to be feared that not a few unfortunate men have fallen into the hands of usurers, who frequent the country towns and advance loans on bills of sale executed by farmers at an exorbitant rate of interest. Upwards of six hundred bills of sale were executed during three or four months last autumn.

Statisticians have been occupied in estimating the losses of agriculturists. But, without following them through all their elaborate calculations, a brief examination of the agricultural records for the last few years will sufficiently indicate the extent and causes of these losses. The results of the wheat crops for the last nine years are given in the following table, for which we are mainly indebted to a 'Statist's' interesting letter to the 'Times' (July 14, 1879). We have added an estimate of the last crop, which is necessarily of a somewhat speculative character. The last column, which gives the farmer's gross returns in money for an acre of wheat, is arrived at by multiplying the price in column 4 by the yield in column 3. The second column is taken from Mr. Caird's 'Landed Interest:'—

	Area of United Kingdom under Wheat Crops.	Average Production per Acre as compared with standard of 100.	Production of Wheat per Acre.	Average Price per Quarter during 12 months preceding harvest.	Average Gross Produce for Wheat, represented in Money, excluding value of Straw.
	Acres.		Qrs.	s. d.	£ s. d.
1871	3,881,000	90	3.2	56 7	9 1 1
1872	3,840,000	92	3.3	57 3	9 3 2
1873	3,670,000	80	2.8	61 3	8 11 6
1874	3,823,000	106	3.7	44 7	8 4 11
1875	3,514,000	78	2.7	46 9	6 4 2
1876	3,124,000	78	2.7	54 8	7 7 7
1877	3,321,000	74	2.6	50 10	6 12 2
1878	3,382,000	108	3.8	40 5	7 13 7
1879	3,056,000	70?	2.2?	48 9?	6 9 8?

This table shows, in the first place, that the wheat-growing area has in six years been diminished by nearly 800,000 acres, or one-fourth of the whole. It further shows that during the last nine years we have only had two crops at or over the average. The yield of four out of the five last harvests has been more than 20 per cent. below the average; only on four occasions since 1849 has the yield of wheat been so deficient, and those occasions were separated from one another by intervals of abundance. In no year probably since 1816 has there been so bad a crop as the last. This alone is sufficient to account for much distress, but this is not all. In former years the loss which resulted from a deficiency was to a great extent made up to the producer by enhanced prices. After the bad harvests of 1852–3 the price of wheat rose to 72*s.* per quarter; in 1868 it stood at 68*s.* During the six years from 1872 to 1878, in spite of the deficient yield, prices have ruled abnormally low, the average price being 49*s.* 7*d.* per quarter. If we multiply the price of wheat by the yield per acre, the product will represent in money the farmer's gross return per acre, excluding the value of the straw. Taking the six years from 1872 to 1878, his average gross return amounts to 7*l.* 9*s.* per acre, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* less than the average of the five years ending 1870–71, and 1*l.* 18*s.* less than the average of twenty-four years ending 1873. Last year's harvest is excluded from this calculation; if it could have been included, the results would be still more unfortunate. The yield cannot be estimated at more than 18 bushels per acre, and if it makes 48*s.* 9*d.* per quarter, which is the average price of the last five years, it will only realise 5*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* per acre, or 2*l.* less than the wretched yield of the preceding six years. Moreover, last year's wheat is as deficient in quality as in quantity. In a letter to the 'Economist' of November 15, 1879, Mr. J. B. Lawes makes the following significant statement:—

'In 1863, which is the year in which I commenced to give an annual report and estimate of the wheat crop, the mean produce of the three artificially manured plots was 55 bushels per acre, with an average weight per bushel of 62¼ lbs. In 1879 the very same manures have given an average of only 19¼ bushels, at 53¾ lbs. per bushel, equal to only 16¼ bushels at the same weight per bushel as in 1863. We have here a striking illustration of how great is the influence on the result of the farmer's efforts of circumstances entirely beyond his control, after he has employed all the resources at his command to obtain a good crop.'

The barley and oat crops, which together occupy about 7,000,000 acres of the United Kingdom, more than double the area of wheat, have for the last six years been at least one quarter per acre below the average of the preceding twenty-four years, and, though their prices have not fallen to the same extent as that of wheat, the farmer's gross return per acre has been very considerably reduced.

Turning from corn to cattle, we have a very different story to tell. A Parliamentary return, recently issued, shows that the price of butcher's meat has risen very rapidly,

especially during the last six or eight years. Taking the same period as above, we arrive at the following results:—

Average Price of Butcher's Meat per Stone of 8 lbs. (sinking Offal).

	Beasts.	Sheep.	Milk.
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*	Per Gallon.
1849–1866.....	3 10¼	4 4	0 9¼
1866–1872.....	4 9½	5 9	1 0
1872–1878.....	5 4½	6 0	1 3

Therefore, as regards meat, and to a less extent milk, the producer's position has rapidly improved. During this winter, however, he will have considerable difficulties to encounter, for his stock of food for cattle is lamentably deficient. Last year's crop of roots was as bad as that of wheat; the roots themselves were small and badly grown; and the wet season, which impeded their growth, stimulated that of weeds, and at the same time prevented the farmer from taking measures to destroy them. The hay crop, which in the two previous years was remarkably good, was in many places utterly ruined, and everywhere it was saved in bad condition.

To form a true opinion of the tenant farmer's position, we must further observe that not only have his returns decreased, but his expenses have increased. The price of labour, to which we have already referred, the cost of manures and machinery, the amount of his tradesmen's bills, have all gone up; and when leases were renewed during the prosperous period which preceded 1874 they were in most cases readjusted to the advantage of the owners.

The inferences which are to be drawn from these figures are: First, that the unprecedented succession of deficient crops, accompanied as they have been by low prices, is quite sufficient to account for the agricultural depression, without introducing any more abstruse causes; and secondly, that the distress is very unevenly distributed. The corn-growing farmers, especially on heavy clay lands, have suffered most severely; breeders of cattle and grazing farmers, though they have in many cases been injured, are, comparatively speaking, fortunate. An exception must, however, even here be made of the cheese districts, the inferior qualities of cheese having, till quite recently, been greatly depreciated in value by American competition.

As regards the landowners, rents must ultimately be readjusted by competition, and if the profits derived from the cultivation of the soil are permanently diminished, rents must be proportionally reduced. In the present uncertain and anomalous circumstances there is no standard of value to guide us. Landlords would act wisely in making such allowances as each individual case seems to require, or, still better, in supplying their tenants with manures or artificial food to enable them to keep their holdings well stocked during the winter. The wholesale remissions of rent, irrespective of the varying conditions of different estates or farms, appear to us neither just nor reasonable. The landowners may, however, be comforted by the consideration that land is the one kind of property which admits of no increase, and that the accumulation of capital in the country will increase the competition for it.

The question of prices leads us to the second part of our subject—foreign competition, and its effects on the home production. The low price of wheat may be due, to a certain extent, to the reduced demand caused by the stagnation of trade, but to a far greater degree it is owing to the enormous supplies which we have received from America. In 1821 the average production of corn in the United Kingdom was about equal to the consumption. Since that time the population has doubled, but the production of corn has apparently not increased. Our annual consumption now amounts in round numbers to 24,000,000 quarters. Mr. Caird, in his interesting chapter on 'The Home and Foreign Supply of Food,' estimates that one-half of this amount is imported, and this is not an incorrect estimate if we take the average of the last nine or ten years; but since 1874 our home supplies have fallen off considerably, in consequence of the unfavourable seasons and the reduction of the wheat-growing area, while our foreign importations have proportionately increased; till in the present year, if the estimates, which calculate the produce of the last harvest at 6,000,000 quarters, are fairly accurate, we shall have to import no less than three times the amount of our home production, or 3,500,000 quarters more than we have imported in any previous year. By far the largest proportion of our foreign supplies of bread stuffs is derived from the North American continent; in 1878, out of a total importation of 60,000,000 cwt., no less than 36,000,000 cwt. were from the United States and Canada, which is more than double the amount received from those countries nine years ago. The importation of barley and oats, which represents a value of about 11,000,000*l.*, has not materially increased.

It is not, however, only in the production of corn that our farmers are exposed to com-

petition; even in the meat market they are no longer free from rivals. It was clear that, if the difficulties of transport could be surmounted, the high price obtainable in England would render the meat trade a very remunerative business; a pound weight of meat being much more valuable than a pound of corn, it would obviously cover the cost of carriage for a much longer distance. The discovery that meat can be kept fresh during the voyage across the Atlantic, by passing currents of air cooled by ice over it, has created an entirely new trade, which has been developed with extraordinary rapidity. It commenced in the year 1876, when the value of the fresh meat exported from the United States was 349,100 dollars; two years later the exportation amounted to 54,046,771 lbs., and is valued at 5,009,856 dollars, almost the whole of this amount having been shipped to this country. The trade in live animals has been no less flourishing; the whole exportation from the United States increased eightfold between 1868 and 1878; and, in spite of the existing restrictions, the value of the cattle imported into the United Kingdom rose from 2,408,843 dollars in the fiscal year, 1878, to 6,616,114 dollars in 1879. We have annually been in the habit of importing animals from European countries, and from America we have received large quantities of bacon, ham, and salt provisions; but the trade which has recently sprung into existence with that country in fresh meat and live animals has caused something like a panic among the home producers. In the cheese districts also farmers are no less alarmed at the success with which the large factories, recently established in America, have been able to undersell the produce of their dairies. The tables annexed to the Agricultural Returns for 1879 enable us to trace the development of the trade in articles of food for the last twenty years. By comparing the imports of 1868 with those of 1878, the following results are obtained:—

	1868.	1878.
1. Live Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs	£2,698,511	£7,453,309
2. Corn, Grain, and Flour	49,432,624	59,064,875
3. Dead Meat and Provisions	13,277,683	29,478,065
	£55,408,803	£95,996,249
Population	30,617,718	33,799,386
Value per Head of Population	£1 16s. 2d.	£2 16s. 10d.

During this period of ten years, in which the foreign food supplies increased in such a remarkable manner, the agricultural production at home has remained stationary, the area under the different crops has scarcely varied in extent, and the live stock has slightly diminished in number. Mr. Caird, in the chapter to which we have already referred, tells us: 'The country derives from foreign lands not only one-half of its bread, and nearly one-fourth of its meat and dairy produce, but must also depend on the foreigner for almost the entire addition that may be further required by an increase of its population.'

Can the agriculture of this country stand against the annually increasing pressure of foreign competition? It is probable that wheat, and even meat, will be produced abroad and sold here at prices which would leave the home producer no margin for profits? In discussing these questions we may confine our attention to America. Mr. Victor Drummond's report, and two letters which he addressed to the 'Daily News' last autumn, furnish us with the most trustworthy information on this subject. The wheat-producing area of the United States is put at 30,000,000 acres; but large as this area is, it is insignificant compared with the capacity of the North-Western States and the province of Manitoba. On the banks of the Red River of the North, and of the two Saskatchewans, lie more than 200,000,000 acres of wheat-producing prairie. The main impediment to the settlement of this vast district has hitherto been the want of means of transporting the produce; these difficulties are being rapidly surmounted by the extension of railways and by improvements in the water-carriage. If the navigation of the Nelson river, which flows from Lake Winipeg into the Hudson Bay, prove satisfactory, almost continuous water communication will be opened with the 'fertile belt' in the Saskatchewan valleys. The area of fertile prairie may therefore be regarded as limitless, and the rapidity with which it is being developed is truly marvellous. The land sales of the Government increased from 3,338,000 acres in the year ending January 30, 1878, to 7,562,000 acres in the following year; and the sales by the State land agencies and the railway offices have increased in like proportion. It is estimated that no less than 20,000,000 acres were newly settled in 1878, and at least half a million persons have within the same period changed their abodes and occupations. This unparalleled agricultural development is affecting other nations besides ourselves. It threatens the Russian trade; and it has already had a most injurious effect on the older cultivation of the Atlantic States,

where the value of agricultural land has suffered a material depreciation.

A combination of exceptional circumstances has recently given an impetus to this Western exodus. The depression, which for a considerable period weighed heavily on the trade of the United States, induced many of those who were engaged in it, or who were thrown out of employment, to seek their fortunes in the far West. At the same time the Eastern railways, having their mineral traffic diminished, were content to carry grain at the lowest possible rates; and the Western lines, which had been pushed on by speculators in the previous times of inflation, were willing to give the most liberal terms to the farmers, in order to encourage settlers to buy the land which the State had allotted to them. The abundant harvests of 1878–79, and the increased European demand, secured the prosperity of the new settlers, and encouraged others to follow their lead.

The settler has no rent, tithes, or poor-rate to pay, and his taxes bear no comparison with the charges on land in this country. The virgin soil which he cultivates requires no outlay in manures; though it is obvious that without the use of restoratives the power of yielding abundant crops must in a series of years be materially impaired, as has proved to be the case in California, in Illinois, in Ohio, and other States. The average yield per acre does not exceed 13 bushels, though in some of the new lands it attains, during the first few years, to 20 or 25 bushels. The land being limitless in extent, its exhaustion is a matter of small importance; and it pays better to obtain what yield the natural fertility of the soil will give, than to stimulate it to increased productiveness by artificial means.

Emigrants have, under the Homestead Acts of Canada and the United States, the greatest facilities for acquiring farms at a low rate. In the United States the size of farms is limited to 160 acres, for which the settler would have to pay about 4*l.* 5*s.* in fees and other expenses. In Canada he may obtain a free grant of the same amount of land, with certain powers of buying the contiguous blocks or 'quarter sections' at the rate of 1 dollar per acre. In other cases the value of land mainly depends on its proximity to a railway; but we may generally reckon that it fetches from 16*s.* to 30*s.* an acre.

The land having been purchased has to be brought into cultivation, implements and horses have to be bought, and a house and stables to be erected. Several estimates have been given of these preliminary expenses, which vary somewhat in amount, but they cannot be put at less than from 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.* per acre. Supposing, then, a settler to purchase 160 acres of land at the rate of 1*l.* per acre, his outlay of capital would, in the first instance, amount to at least 480*l.* His annual expenses of cultivation, including seed, ploughing, reaping, and threshing, it is stated, amount to 28*s.* per acre, and, adding 6*s.* for interest on a capital of 480*l.* at 10 per cent., we arrive at 1*l.* 14*s.* as the annual cost for an acre, which will yield, on an average, 13 to 15 bushels. If this calculation is correct, to pay the cultivator 8*s.* per acre as profit, in addition to the interest on his capital, the crop must be sold for at least 3*s.* per bushel.

The cost of transport to this country has now to be considered. Mr. Drummond, in his report, states that

> 'during the year 1866 the average rate for the carriage of wheat from Chicago to New York by Lake and Erie Canal was a little over 27 cents per bushel; but during the year 1878, by the same route, the average rate was 7¼ cents, and by all rail 12 cents. During the present year the average cost of transporting wheat from the region of the Red River of the North, in the northern part of the State of Minnesota, to the city of New York, has been only 26 cents per bushel.'

Taking the price for wheat in the Western States approximately as 3*s.* 7*d.*, and adding to this 1*s.* for cost of transport to New York, we obtain 4*s.* 8*d.*, which was the average price of wheat at that port during six months of last year. The freight from New York to Liverpool amounts to 6*d.* per bushel, which brings the price up to 5*s.* 2*d.* per bushel, or 41*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, which was the average price at Liverpool. Mr. Caird calculates that the cost of freight is about equivalent to the rent paid by English farmers, and if our own figures are correct, it would amount to 1*l.* 10*s.* for 20 bushels, which is considerably less than the average yield of an acre in this country.

As regards the future of the wheat trade, it is to be observed that the late harvests in America have been unusually abundant, and, as Mr. Drummond points out, with the revival of trade, freights are not likely to continue at their present low rate. Between New York and Chicago the competition of the lake route with the railways has reduced the cost of transport to the lowest amount possible, and in the more remote districts the lines of railway have a practical monopoly, and the expenses of working and restoring the permanent way must force them to raise their freights.

Further, the now scanty population of

these districts is now rapidly increasing, and the surplus available for exportation will possibly be contracted. There is, it is true, an unbounded extent of land available for settlements, but then the cost of freight will increase in proportion to the distance of these settlements from the port of shipment. It is said to be within the bounds of possibility that American wheat may be sold in Liverpool for 35*s.* per quarter. For the reasons we have given we do not believe that, in existing circumstances, this can be done; but if direct water communication can be established with the Winipeg region it is impossible to predict what the result may be. But the price of wheat further depends on the demand. In the past year, for instance, the yield has been deficient, not only in England, but throughout Europe. In France it has been 22 per cent. below the average, and there is an enormous demand for American wheat, and the price has consequently risen very rapidly since the harvest. Supply, it is true, adjusts itself to demand, but the production of wheat is liable to be affected by a number of causes altogether beyond the control of man; it must therefore be subject to constant fluctuations in price. It is impossible to speak confidently of the future, but it appears to us that though the settlements of the North-Western prairie will prevent the recurrence of the high prices which were realised even two years ago, we shall probably not obtain our wheat at lower prices than we have been lately paying. The increased area brought into cultivation in America every year barely keeps pace with the rapid increase of the population. There are nearly fifty millions of American citizens to be fed. The surplus of their supply of food can alone be exported. As in the case of wheat, the trade in fresh meat and animals depends on the cost of rearing stock in the States, and on the rates of transport. Vast herds of cattle are fed on the natural dried grass on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The business is conducted on a large scale, some herdsmen, Mr. Brassey tells us in his speech on Mr. Chaplin's motion, owning 75,000 head of cattle. These grass-fed animals are not fit for market till they are four years old, and up to that time they cost 6 dollars, or 25*s.*, according to Mr. Brassey, or 4 dollars (16*s.* 8*d.*) according to Mr. Drummond. They are transported at a cost of 8 dollars from Colorado to Chicago, and there fetch from 35 to 45 dollars apiece. The numbers of the American herds are rapidly increasing, and great improvements are being made both in the quality and weight of the animals, especially the Texan cattle. It is probable that the railways will raise their rates, and if the Government lay a charge, however small, for pasturage on the public lands, which Mr. Brassey seems to think probable, it will seriously affect the profits of the herdsmen.

At present the wholesale price of prime beef at New York ranges from 4½*d.* to 5*d.* per lb. Dead American meat is sold in London for 6½*d.* per lb., and as long as shippers obtain 7*d.* or 7½*d.* per lb. for their prime beef (and they have obtained 9*d.*) the trade will continue to be remunerative. The prime bullocks at New York weigh about 1,400 lbs. They appear to deteriorate but little in condition during the voyage, and landed at Liverpool they fetch prices varying from 20*l.* to 24*l.* apiece. Mr. Caird remarks on this subject: 'Under any circumstances the English producer has the advantage of at least a penny a pound in the cost and risk of transport against his Trans-atlantic competitor. It is an advantage equal to 4*l.* on an average ox. Of this natural advantage nothing can deprive him, and with this he may rest content.' Unluckily, since Mr. Caird wrote, a part of this natural advantage has been lost. Freights, which in the early part of the year were 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* 5*s.*, are now reduced to 2*l.* 10*s.* to 3*l.* Notwithstanding the restrictions now placed on the trade, one firm alone shipped 2,800 head of cattle to England in the last week of July; and when these restrictions are removed, there is no doubt that the trade will be pushed to the utmost. Without the more complete information which the delegates of the Royal Commission will, we trust, obtain for us, it is almost impossible to form an opinion upon its probable effects on the home market. The population of this country is increasing at the rate of about a thousand a day. That of America is progressing still more rapidly, and the revival of trade in both countries will still further increase the demand for animal food, and will in all probability raise the cost of transport—which must always, to a certain extent, act as a protection to the home producer.

The vast extension of the American food trade which we have just described, occurring at a time when our farmers are suffering from the accumulated effects of a succession of bad seasons, has caused an alarm among agriculturists which is not wholly unreasonable. We may at once dismiss, as impracticable, the idea of reverting to a policy of protection—Reciprocity, as it is now called—which is the essence of Mr. Chaplin's speech. It is quite unnecessary in the

pages of this Journal to restate the well-worn arguments against these exploded fallacies. We can only meet our foreign rivals by reducing the cost of production at home; and the best method of accomplishing this end would be, if possible, to increase the productiveness of the soil. The question then arises, whether the laws, under which the land of this country is held, tend to encourage or impede the development of its resources; and to this question we shall now address ourselves, dealing in the first place with the case of the owners, and then with the occupiers, of the land.

In this country three distinct classes of persons are interested in the cultivation of the soil, each contributing its share of capital or labour, and receiving its share of the produce. The landowner supplies the land and buildings, which constitute about four-fifths of the whole capital employed; and he receives a fixed rent, which, after deducting expenses, rarely exceeds 2½ per cent. of the value of his property. The farmer supplies the remaining fifth of the capital, which is employed in conducting the business of the farm; he takes upon himself all risks and responsibilities, and receives the profits, which depend upon the seasons and other circumstances. The amount of his capital may be taken, on an average, at 7*l.* or 8*l.* per acre, but it varies with the conditions of his holding, and, according to Mr. Caird, he should make 8 or 10 per cent. on this capital, including wages of superintendence. Thirdly, the labourer tills the land, which he does not own, and is paid his weekly wages.

The area of Great Britain comprises 56,815,353 acres, of which 31,975,784 acres are cultivated by about 560,000 occupiers; their farms vary in extent from a thousand acres and more downwards, but they do not, on an average, exceed 57 acres, and only 18 per cent. of them are more than 100 acres in extent. The agricultural labourers in England and Wales, according to the last census, numbered 764,574. The landowners are a much smaller class; in England and Wales 269,547 persons own more than one acre, but a large number of these possess only a small quantity of land, and are to be regarded as householders rather than agriculturists. Many elaborate calculations have been made to prove the undoubted fact that a large proportion of the land of this country is concentrated in the hands of a comparatively small number of owners. Mr. Kay states that two-thirds of Great Britain is owned by 10,537 persons; but moderate-sized estates, from 100 to 500 acres, are not wanting; they occupy one-fifth of the area of England and Wales. 'In short,' in Mr. Caird's words, 'our system is that of large capitalists owning the land; of smaller capitalists, each cultivating five times more of it than they would have means to do if they owned their farms; and of labourers, free to carry their labour to any market which they consider most remunerative.'

It is against this system that the party which has adopted the undefined and indefinable expression 'Free land' as their motto, direct their attacks. This party is too often actuated more by political motives than by a mere desire to improve the agricultural condition of the country; wishing, rightly or wrongly, to see large democratic reforms introduced into our social and political constitution, they not unnaturally regard the landed aristocracy with feelings of undisguised hostility. With this aspect of the land question we are not at present concerned; as far as possible we shall endeavour to discuss it from a purely agricultural point of view.

At present the land theory most in vogue is, that it is desirable to substitute for landlords, tenants, and labourers, a large number of small or even peasant proprietors. There is, no doubt, something very attractive in the picture which the advocates of this scheme draw of each peasant living in a state of Arcadian simplicity under his own vine and under his own fig-tree. Unfortunately this picture is not always true to the life. Writers on the subject are inclined to exaggerate both the happiness and misery of small proprietors to support their arguments for or against the *petite culture*. Where subdivision is not carried to extreme lengths, and the circumstances of soil, climate, and associations are favourable to the system, as is the case in the Channel Islands, in many departments of France, and other parts of Europe, especially where the cultivation of the vine, of vegetables, or fruit, requires and repays minute and constant attention, or where the little industries created by the *culture industrielle* flourish, we find an amount of comfort and moderate wealth diffused throughout the community which we search for in vain on this side of the Channel. On the other hand, though, as long as they are not overburdened with debt, the peasants who own small plots of ground are represented as contented with their position, their lot is not in all respects an enviable one. They lead a life of unremitting toil, devoured with petty solicitudes, stinting themselves in their miserable diet, generally less well housed and clothed than ordinary labourers. They exaggerate to a

fault the habits of thrift and economy which excite our admiration, and in which the wage-earning classes of this country are lamentably deficient. Mr. Richardson thus describes them in his account of the 'Corn- and Cattle-producing Districts of France:'—

'The peasant owners, examples of industry and thrift carried to excess, slave to get as much out of the land as it can be made to yield, starving themselves and their families to add something to their hoard; their wives becoming prematurely old from field labour and bent from carrying heavy loads of fodder to the cow at home, content if at the year's end the tale of silver pieces be increased; doing their share towards making France the richest country in the world, but at a sacrifice of all that makes life worth living for.'

Too often the peasant is involved in debt, and this is especially the case where the *morcellement* has been carried to excess. The small properties in France and Germany are frequently subdivided into still smaller plots of not more than a few perches in extent, intersected by other holdings, and often separated by considerable distances. Litigation is in such cases easy and frequent; titles are complicated; boundaries are uncertain; good cultivation is impossible. Mr. Baring Gould gives us, as an instance of excessive *morcellement* in Würtemberg, a nut-tree to which thirty persons had claims; when the nuts were gathered they were parted into thirty lots. He says: 'An English labourer lives in luxury compared to these small farmers, who drag on in squalor and misery, bowed under debt to the Jew, who lies in wait to sell them up.' This remark applies only to the encumbered proprietors. We do not wish to carry this argument too far, or to deny that, under favourable circumstances, the system of small proprietors has been found to answer well in many countries in which it exists. But, apart from the question whether its adoption is practicable or, from an agricultural point of view, desirable in this country, we have endeavoured to show that, as regards the condition of the people, its advantages are not so unmixed as its advocates would have us believe.

For our present purpose, however, the most important argument in favour of the substitution of small for large properties is that the change would materially increase the productiveness of the soil. It is very difficult to institute a fair comparison between the two systems. To enable us to do so we should require two areas of land differing from one another only in the fact that the one was divided into large, the other into small estates; but the great variety of causes which influence the agriculture of a country renders it impossible to comply with this condition. All we can do is to compare the agricultural results of those countries in which the two systems generally prevail. The Agricultural Returns for 1876 furnish us with materials for this comparison. The average yield of wheat per acre is stated in this return to be:—

	Bushels		Bushels
In Holland . .	28¼	In France . .	13½
In Belgium . .	20⅞	In Austria . .	12⅓
In Würtemberg .	18	In Hungary . .	8⅛
In Bavaria . .	16⅓	In Russia . .	5⅔

The average yield in England Mr. Caird puts at 28 bushels per acre, but it is generally calculated to exceed that estimate by 1½ bushel. Holland is our nearest rival; Belgium follows at a long interval; and in France the yield, which is now reckoned at 16 bushels, is not much more than half the yield of this country. In the production of meat our farmers are no less successful than in that of wheat. The cultivated area of the United Kingdom is not much more than half that of France, yet it supports 10,000,000 head of cattle and 32,000,000 sheep, against the 11,700,000 cattle and 26,000,000 sheep owned by our neighbours. The English cattle and sheep, moreover, individually produce far more meat, and come to maturity at an earlier age, than the French. Our whole meat production is therefore actually greater, but in proportion to area, if M. de Lavergne's calculations may be accepted as fairly accurate, it is nearly four times greater, than that of France. In Holland a hundred acres support nine more cattle than they do with us, but fifty fewer sheep. In Belgium the proportion is still more favourable to us. But it is unnecessary to pursue these comparisons further. Enough has been said to prove that under our system the land has been rendered far more productive than in any other part of the world. In the case of France it has been stated that the comparison is unfair on the small cultivators, because the general average of the country is reduced by the indifferent farming on the large estates. There is probably some truth in this statement, but not enough to account for the difference between us. Properties are in France divided into three classes:—

(1) Averaging 600 acres, numbering about 50,000.

(2) Averaging 60 acres, numbering 2,500,000.

(3) Averaging 6 acres, numbering about 5,000,000.

Some of these seven and a half million small properties are admirably cultivated,

and their yield may equal, or even exceed, the average of England; but it is impossible to believe that the inferior management of the comparatively small area occupied by estates of the first class, which are gradually diminishing in number, could have as important an effect as has been suggested on the general average of the country.

Our superiority is not due to any physical causes; on the contrary, Arthur Young, a hundred years ago, and M. de Lavergne in the present generation, admit that both in soil, climate, and in the variety of the crops which can be grown, our neighbours have enormous advantages over us. The proportion of poor land is very much smaller, and, as Arthur Young says, 'their tenacious clays do not take the character of clays which in most parts of England are so stubborn and harsh that the expense of cultivation is almost equal to a moderate produce.' The climate is less damp and much hotter, less favourable to pasture, but far more suitable for the cultivation of corn and other cereals, as well as of fruit and vegetables. But in spite of these natural advantages one acre in England produces as much, or nearly as much, as two acres in France.

This is not our whole case. Not only is the produce in England more abundant than elsewhere, but it is produced by the labour of a much smaller proportion of the population. If we produced 28 bushels an acre by employing double the amount of labourers which are required to produce 16 bushels in France, we should not be able to boast of any great superiority; for in that case the proportion of food to be divided among its producers would be the same, and there would be little, if any, more surplus for the non-agricultural consumers. According to a table drawn up by M. Block for the Prussian Government, which is published in Mr. Harris Gastrell's report on land tenure in Prussia, in France and Belgium 51 per cent. of the population are engaged in agricultural pursuits. In Prussia the proportion is 45, in Holland 16, and in England only 12 per cent.

There is one other test which we can apply to the two systems, viz., the amount of capital which is invested in cultivation. M. de Lavergne rightly attributes the superiority of British agriculture not so much to the prevalence of large farms as to the fact that more capital is used in their cultivation. He estimates that the *capital d'exploitation* of an English tenant is four times greater than that of a French farmer. In the French system the peasant proprietor finds the fixed capital, which only yields a return of 2 to 3 per cent., as well as the working capital. In England, on the other hand, the owner finds the larger but less profitable capital, which leaves the tenant's resources free to be applied entirely to cultivation.

It is said with truth that the peasant, under the magical influence of proprietorship, will labour with unremitting industry, and will raise from a poor soil a greater amount of produce than if it were farmed on a larger scale; but this is the gross produce, that is, the total produce without making any deduction for expenses. When this deduction is made, it will be found that, as the cost of management is proportionately greater on a small than on a large farm, the net produce of the latter is much the greater of the two.

The tendency of the present day in all other industries is in the direction of concentration. Domestic manufactures have been replaced by vast mills; the hand-loom and the spinning-jenny have been superseded by the power-loom and the mule, simply with a view of economising labour. The same principle is applicable to agriculture. A large farm can, as a rule, be more economically managed than a small property; labour is more easily systematised, and labour-saving machines can be employed, which a small proprietor has not capital enough to purchase, or land enough to render remunerative; and both live and dead stock can be managed on more scientific principles and with a greater saving of labour.

Tested, therefore, either by results, or by economy of management, or by the amount of capital attracted to the soil, the English system compares most favourably with that of other nations. It is therefore a complete fallacy to suppose that the existing depression can be relieved by any change which would substitute for large and moderate-sized tenancies a number of small properties—a change which would be a distinctly retrograde step in the agricultural history of this country.

If, however, such a step were desirable, is it practicable? The gradual extinction of the race of yeomen is much to be regretted; and we should be as glad as Mr. Kay and his disciples to see labourers and farmers purchasing small estates. But all the land of England is not locked up, as they would have us believe; a very large number of acres annually change hands. Why, then, do not small purchasers buy land? and why are the yeomen disappearing? In the first place, the desire to possess land does not prevail in this country to the same degree as in France and other countries of Europe; and it is difficult, if not impossible, artificially to cre-

ate this desire. Then, again, the labourers have no capital, and farmers have no wish to purchase freeholds, for the obvious reason that it does not pay. Take, for instance, a farmer with a capital of 3,000*l.*; he might rent a farm worth 300*l.* or 350*l.* per annum, and have an ample working capital; this capital would, in ordinary seasons, make a return of from 8 to 10 per cent., which would give him an income of 240*l.* or 300*l.*, and in addition to this he would have his house and buildings found and kept in repair for him. If, on the other hand, he purchased a freehold, what would be his position? He would purchase a farm worth 100*l.* a year; he would lay out 2,000*l.* of his capital in the purchase, and would perhaps raise 1,000*l.* on mortgage, for which he would have to pay 40*l.* a year. He has remaining 1,000*l.* with which to stock and work his land. On this capital he would make 80*l.* to 100*l.* His whole income would therefore amount to 180*l.* to 200*l.* per annum, from which must be deducted 40*l.* for interest on mortgage, and something further for the repair of his buildings and the permanent improvement of his land. It is impossible to doubt which of the two positions is preferable.

Or again, take the case of the Cumberland statesmen, who are unfortunately disappearing. These statesmen hold from fifty to eighty acres, and have certain rights of pasturages on the adjoining mountains. They used to cultivate their properties with the aid of their families, and lived, as they farmed, in a rough but respectable manner; but the development of the iron trade, and the consequent extension of railways in that county, has entirely changed the aspect of affairs. The value of land has risen to 150*l.* and even 250*l.* an acre, and besides this the statesman's most vigorous and intelligent sons, finding that they can earn more money in the manufacturing towns, refuse to stay at home and cultivate the paternal acres; he is therefore forced to employ hired labour, and, as wages range from 18*s.* to 20*s.* a week, he cannot afford to do this; and he sells his patrimony at a high price to the neighbouring landowner.

If, then, we are unable to preserve the small freeholders who have been established on their estates for centuries, are we likely to preserve those whom it is proposed to create by some magic of legislation, except by making their holdings inalienable—a proceeding which is unjust in itself, and which would tie up the land far more strictly than any entails or settlements?

Two methods of creating small properties have been suggested by the more ardent reformers. The first method is the adoption of the principle of the Code Napoléon, compulsory subdivision of property. Mr. Kay repudiates this method except as a last resource. The ten acres, which may suffice for a single family, are more and more subdivided to satisfy the claims of succeeding generations, or else they are encumbered with ever-increasing charges which have been incurred in buying up the portions of the younger children, or from other causes. It is admitted on all hands that the advantages of small properties are conditional on their not being too minutely divided. This limit has been, as we have already shown, passed in some parts of France and Germany. The *morcellement* has been in a great measure checked in France by the smallness of families among the agricultural population. The compulsory subdivision of land is partly neutralised by the custom of unigeniture. The excess of births over deaths in a population of 36,000,000 is little more than 100,000 a year; and if we only accounted for the agriculturists, there would be found to be rather a decrease in numbers. In this country the increase is, with a smaller population, more than 400,000. This state of things is causing a considerable amount of disquietude among French agriculturists, though Mr. Kay, curiously enough, does not appear to have alluded to it, and no sane man would wish to introduce it into this country, where the surplus population finds a vent either in emigration or in industrial employments.

The second method is referred to by Lord Beaconsfield in his Aylesbury speech; it consists of a system of loans to be granted by the State, to enable labourers, who are without capital, to purchase small freeholds. Under this system the small proprietor would be placed in a very disadvantageous position. He would start with nothing but borrowed capital; his small estate would be charged, for at least thirty years, with annual payment for interest and instalments of this capital far exceeding the rent which his neighbours were paying for their holdings. And the State, if it accepts these responsibilities, must be relentless in exacting full and punctual payments; it can listen to no appeals *ad misericordiam*, if the poor man's pig dies, or if his cow has misfortunes, or if his crops fail. The farm labourers must be endowed with more forethought and self-denial than we give them credit for, if they consent to accept these conditions with a view of securing a small freehold for themselves, or more probably for their children, at the end of thirty years. Moreover, it is, in our opinion, a most objectionable practice, except in very exceptional circum-

stances, for the State to perform the functions of a great money-lender. Either it lends money on sufficient security and at the current rate of interest, in which case its action is unnecessary, for the money can be obtained in the usual way; or it lends on bad security and at a low rate of interest, to the advantage of the borrower, in which case the whole body of taxpayers must incur risk, and suffer loss, for the sake of a comparatively small class of the community. We see no way of escape from the horns of this dilemma. If the advocates of peasant proprietors are confident of success, it would be easy for them, either by private agency or some such machinery as the Land Improvement Companies, to advance the necessary amount of capital. At the present time there can be no difficulty in obtaining suitable land at a cheap rate, and we should be very glad to see the experiment tried and succeed. But there is, we maintain, no case for the intervention of the State.

The majority of writers on agricultural reform reject these and similar projects, and content themselves with denouncing the land laws, which they allege counteract the effects of natural laws, impede the distribution of land, and, at the same time, prevent its possessors from developing its resources. At a time like the present it was neither to be expected nor desired that these laws should escape criticism. Unfortunately these discussions are rarely conducted in a sober and rational manner; both parties are apt to indulge in statements of an equally exaggerated character—the one holding it to be a crime little short of sacrilege to hint that the law of entail is capable of amendment; the other bitterly denouncing the same law as the root of all agricultural and political grievances. We shall endeavour to steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis; and to enable us to do so, it is well to have, at starting, a perfectly clear idea of what these laws are.

The law of England allows a testator the most absolute freedom to dispose of his property as he thinks fit. It only interferes to limit his right of tying it up for a longer period than twenty-one years after the expiration of a life or lives in existence, when the deed of settlement or will begins to operate. This is the law of entail, which, it is to be observed, is a restraining, not an enabling law. In case of intestacy it is provided that, while the personal property is equally divided among the dead man's heirs, his land goes to his eldest son to the exclusion of his other children. This is the law of primogeniture. The points in dispute are whether, in the last case, the land should be subject to the same law as other property, and in the first case whether it is desirable still further to restrict the power to bind property after death; they involve social and political questions of great importance, but these do not fall within the scope of the present article.

The law of primogeniture is undoubtedly a relic of the feudal system which survives only in this country. Its operation is in no way compulsory; it allows the owner full power to leave his estates to any one of his children, or to distribute them as he thinks fit. Its repeal would leave him in the same position; the only difference would be that, in the case of intestacy, land would be divided as personal property is now. The presumption of law would be changed; but the practical effect would, we believe, be far less important than the advocates of the change imagine. The feeling of the owners is in favour of primogeniture, and the custom would in all probability be maintained, unless, of course, the subdivision of property were made compulsory, which, for reasons already given, would, in our opinion, be a great disaster, and may be regarded as outside the range of practical politics. The questions of entail and settlement involve issues of much greater interest. Mr. Pusey's famous committee estimated that two-thirds of the United Kingdom were under settlement. There is no trustworthy information on the subject, but this estimate is not far from correct. Settlements are effected either by will or by family arrangements, as in the case of marriage settlements; and though their operation is limited by law in the manner described above, they are in practice perpetuated by periodical resettlements, which are frequently made, when the heir-in-tail comes of age or when he marries; he then voluntarily forfeits his prospect of succeeding to his estate as absolute owner, and in return usually receives an increased allowance from the estate. In this manner the owners of many properties have for generations never had more than a life interest in them. There is some difference between a settlement made under a will and one made on marriage. In the latter case the owner voluntarily and with full knowledge of the facts accepts the position of a life tenant, and the settlement may, with his son's consent, be broken on his coming of age. In the former case the owner is by his own sole act able to tie up his estate for a much longer period. The object of these arrangements is to preserve the estates of a family in their integrity, and to prevent their alienation.

The position of the tenant for life is much more favourable than it was ten years

ago, but he is still seriously and often most injuriously hampered in the management of his property. Though he is presumably capable of managing his own affairs, he is bound down by all sorts of trusts, conditions, and covenants, solely with the object that the property of which he is possessor should descend to his son in exactly the same condition as he received it from his father. The father is able absolutely to fetter the discretion of his son, and perhaps of his grandson after him, for the sake of a generation which may not be born for fifty years after his death. The limited owner has power, under recent Acts of Parliament, to grant leases for twenty-one years, and in the case of building or mines for ninety-nine and forty years. But the most important disability under which he is placed relates to his powers of sale. He cannot sell an acre of land, however desirable it may be to do so, until his son, the tenant-in-tail, attains the age of twenty-one and gives his consent. It is true that powers of sale are inserted in almost all modern settlements; but the application of the moneys which may arise from such sales is invariably limited, either to the purchase of other land, or less frequently to the payment of encumbrances. Again, under the Settled Estates Act (1877) the Court of Chancery may authorise the sale of part of an estate, but for certain defined purposes only, viz., the purchase or redemption of the tithe rent charge, or of a crown or quit rent; the discharge of encumbrances on the settled property and the purchase of other land to be settled in the same manner. It is obvious, therefore, that for purposes of improving his property the limited owner is unable to sell an acre; and in all cases his powers are restricted and hampered. We shall return to his power of borrowing presently.

The mere size of an estate has, as Lord Derby very justly observed, no effect on the cultivation of the soil. If in any district there are a number of farms averaging 100 acres each, other things being equal, it makes no difference, as far as agriculture is concerned, whether they are owned by one, ten, or twenty individuals. What is of importance is that the landlord should have sufficient capital to keep his farm in good order. It is the same case with the landlord and his estate as with the farmer and his holding; if he is weighed down with a load of mortgages incurred by himself or his fathers, and he has no capital or credit, whether he owns a large or small property, it must inevitably deteriorate in productiveness and in value, and his tenants must suffer in proportion. In such a case as this the estate might be relieved by selling some outlying farms or even a portion of the main property. It would obviously be to the advantage of the owner and the public to do so; but it may be impossible because some owner, who may have been dead for years, has willed it otherwise. Worse cases than this are unfortunately not unknown, in which the revenues of an estate have been assigned to the creditors of an insolvent life tenant; their interest is obviously to get as much out of it and to spend as little upon it as they can. The question then arises whether it is better that an ancient but impecunious family should retain possession of all its estates, or that they should pass into the hands of a solvent proprietor.

It is further to be observed that in an entailed estate the heir of the life tenant has very large powers of raising money on his reversionary interest for the purpose of gratifying his extravagant or vicious tastes; his powers are limited only by his chances of surviving the life tenant. He may refuse to resettle the estate, and actually sell it to money-lenders over his father's head. It is, in the interest of great estates, very doubtful whether this is a satisfactory state of things.

On the other hand it may be argued that a life owner has less power of encumbering his estate with mortgages than an absolute owner; and that entailed and unentailed estates are equally subject to family charges; and further that those who are desirous of securing the existence of small properties are guilty of some inconsistency in advocating the abolition of settlements, which in many instances prevent these small estates from being absorbed by their larger and more wealthy neighbours.

That there are evils in the state of things which we have described can hardly be denied. Various remedies have been suggested for them. The extreme reformers would abolish altogether the power of creating life estates; others, again, would limit settlements to lives actually in being. We are not disposed to prescribe so drastic a treatment. The adoption of the former proposal would be unjustly restrictive, and would cause no small amount of inconvenience and possibly hardship; and if the latter course were deemed worthy of adoption, an exception would have to be made of marriage settlements. It is but right and prudent that the husband should make due provision for his widow and for his unborn children, though, for reasons already adduced, we think that in many cases he might with advantage retain greater powers, than are now usual, of dealing with his property.

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The way of meeting these difficulties, to which the fewest objections could be urged, would be to simplify and enlarge the limited owner's power of selling portions of his property, either with a view of relieving it of encumbrances or of improving its condition, some guarantee being required that the purchase-money should be laid out in permanently improving the estate, or invested in some form more advantageous to the *cestui que trusts*. An application in every case to the Court of Chancery would be expensive and harassing; but if the purposes to which it was applicable were confined to paying off charges and mortgages, or to improvements which add to the 'letting value' of the farms (following the provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act, which allows limited owners to charge their estates with compensation to farmers for permanent improvements), the matter could, we think, be left in the hands of the life tenant and his trustees without any serious danger of abuse. Rare cases may occur of estates so heavily encumbered that the owner can only be relieved of his embarrassments by selling the whole of them, in which case the surplus of the purchase-money would be, of course, settled in the same manner as the estate had been.

We have no sympathy with many of the arguments which are brought forward in support of these and larger reforms. We set a high value on the social and also on the agricultural influence of the great hereditary families, and should regret extremely to see that influence impaired. We believe, moreover, that, as a rule, the large estates are managed on more liberal and enlightened principles than the smaller properties, which are more often heavily encumbered. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and the position of a landowner, who is too poor to keep up an estate which he is prohibited from selling, is a very unfortunate one for himself, and may be a public calamity. In such hopeless cases as this, if there were a power of sale, a part or the whole of the estate would change hands. But even if settlements were abolished, much less if the moderate reform suggested above were adopted, the effect on the amount of land in the market would probably be very slight; for, whether under settlement or not, landowners cling to their family properties to the last, and, except under the pressure of overwhelming difficulties, will rarely if ever part with them. But even if a great deal more land were annually sold, there is, for reasons which we have already given, little probability that farmers or labourers would come forward as purchasers: they could not compete with the large capitalists, who, anxious to obtain the social position and other advantages which are attached to the ownership of land, are content with a low rate of interest on their investment; and therefore, though some few properties might change hands, the distribution of land would not be promoted to any appreciable extent.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we must briefly refer to one other allegation which is constantly made against our land system, namely, the difficulties and expense which attend the transfer of land. There can be no difference of opinion as to the truth of this allegation, or as to the desirability of some reform which would so simplify titles 'as to render it as easy to sell land as to sell a ship or any other property.' The first preliminary condition indispensable to such a reform is the establishment of a complete register of all estates. In Scotland all deeds are registered, solicitors use short statutory forms in conveyancing, and their charges are calculated on an *ad valorem* scale. In Ireland there is also a registering office under the Landed Estates Court, which has been only moderately successful. In Yorkshire and in Middlesex there are offices for registering deeds, which, in the latter case at any rate, do not appear to have simplified legal difficulties. In all foreign countries landowners have their titles registered, and the admirable land transfer system, of which Sir Robert Torrens is the author, has worked with the greatest success in the Australian colonies. It is generally admitted that the registration of titles, not the registration of deeds, should be aimed at; but the difficulties which beset legal reformers in this country are best proved by the failure which has attended the efforts of successive Chancellors. In 1862 Lord Westbury passed his Land Transfer Act. Six years later it was shown by a Royal Commission to be almost inoperative. Lord Cairns' Act of 1875, which was based on the recommendation of that Commission, has not proved to be more effective, though it enabled proprietors to register not only an 'absolute' title, but also a 'qualified' title, depending simply on possession and maturing by lapse of time into an absolute title; only forty-eight titles have been registered in four years. The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which was issued last session, is the last addition to the literature on this subject. It is there stated that Lord Cairns' Act has failed because 'the public or their professional advisers have deliberately made up their minds that the advantages offered by the new system of

registration are too speculative and remote to compensate for the immediate and certain outlay and trouble which are inseparable from it;' and, further, that the complication of English titles, resulting partly from settlements and entails, partly from our absurd system of raising money on mortgage, which they rightly condemn, constitutes an impediment to registration which did not exist in Australia; where "the title starts with an unimpeachable grant from the Crown, following upon an official survey, the effect of which is to give every landowner two things which are the stumbling-blocks of English conveyancers—a perfect root of title to his property, and a trustworthy key to its identity.' The conclusion at which they arrive cannot be deemed satisfactory. On the authority of Mr. Follett and Mr. Holt, they admit "that no system of registration can be devised which will be voluntarily adopted; and, on the other hand, they are told by the Lord Chancellor that he has not yet seen any way in which the registration of titles can be made compulsory.' We should be glad if it could be made compulsory for future purchasers of land to register their purchases, but the subject is surrounded with difficulties, and we are unwilling to plunge more deeply into the mazes of this intricate question. The difficulties and cost of transferring land are, we had almost said, a scandal, and they proportionately increase as the quantity of land to be dealt with increases in amount. Any heaven-sent legislator who can devise an effectual remedy for this state of things would be entitled to the gratitude of existing and future generations. Whether such a reform would tend to the diffusion or the concentration of estates is a matter for speculation; very confident opinions have been expressed on both sides. We are inclined to think that it would not have any very marked effect in either direction. Land, it is true, would be more easily sold in small lots, and the legal expenses of transferring those lots, which now often amount to a considerable percentage on the purchase-money, would be reduced; but, on the other hand, we do not now find that, even in favourable circumstances, small proprietors bid for plots of ground, and there is no reason to believe that they would be induced to do so by a reduction in the cost of conveyancing.

We now come to the important question of the improvement of land. Permanent improvements, speaking generally, are of three kinds: renewing or improving farm buildings, erecting labourers' cottages, and draining. Statements of a somewhat exaggerated and misleading character are not unfrequently made on this subject. For instance, Mr. Bailey Denton informed a Select Committee of the House of Lords, six years ago (Question 723), that there are 20,000,000 acres of wet land which require draining in England and Wales, of which only 3,000,000 acres have been drained. We should be glad to know where these 20,000,000 acres are to be found; the whole cultivated area of England and Wales not exceeding 27,000,000 acres. On being pressed for an explanation of this extraordinary statement, the witness (Question 804) admitted that the 17,000,000 acres to which he referred could not be drained profitably—that is, so as to pay 5 per cent. on the outlay—but that 'some years hence land which we now consider would not pay for draining, would possibly pay then.' But if he exaggerates the quantity of land which requires draining, we cannot but think that he errs quite as much in the other direction in his estimate of the quantity of land which has already been drained. This estimate is purely speculative, and probably inaccurate. We have referred especially to these figures, because they have been frequently quoted of late, and may mislead the unwary unless they are read by the light of the witness's subsequent answer.

Then, again, we are constantly told that the agricultural produce of the country could be doubled. No doubt it might be doubled, or quadrupled if you will; but would the increased yield be obtained at a greater or less cost of production than the present yield? If at a greater cost, which we believe to be the more probable opinion, we should *pro tanto* be in a worse position than we are at present. Taking the increase of production apart from the cost at which it is gained is both unfair and misleading. But, allowing for exaggerations, the land without doubt is capable of vast improvements, which would repay landlords a fair return, and confer a benefit on the country.

During the last thirty years large sums have been laid out on the soil; 12,000,000*l.* have been advanced for this purpose by the Government and by land companies, and these loans continue to be raised at the rate of 500,000*l.* a year. Mr. Caird estimates the expenditure out of private capital at three times this amount; we should have thought this estimate too low. Some of this money may have been wasted in works injudiciously planned or inefficiently executed. Farm buildings have in too many cases been erected on too large and expensive a scale for the farms to which they are attached, and have become a burden, rather than a

benefit, both to the owner and occupier. Draining, again, which has in the first instance been badly carried out, or which has been subsequently neglected, has become useless after the lapse of very few years. In improving an estate judgment is almost as necessary as capital. But, on the whole, the expenditure is shown by the evidence given to the Lords Committee to have been fairly remunerative. Mr. Caird states that the gross annual value of land assessed to the income tax has risen in England from 41,177,000*l.* in 1857 to 50,125,000*l.* in 1875, an increase of 21 per cent. in eighteen years. In Scotland the increase has been 26 per cent. It is impossible to estimate how much of this increase is due to the improvement of the land, and how much is due to the rise in the price of meat and dairy produce, to the increased wealth of the country, and to the activity of assessment committees and revenue officers. The last cause, though unnoticed by Mr. Caird, has had an important effect on Schedule A of the income tax. Though much has been done in the way of improving land, a great deal more remains undone; and we may fairly ask why the progress has not been more rapid. In the first place, in some of the less enlightened districts tenant farmers, unlike their Scotch brethren, rather discourage improvements, from their disinclination to pay the 5 or 6 per cent. which the owner not unreasonably demands on his outlay.

Then, again, as the House of Lords Committee point out, 'the investment is not sufficiently lucrative to offer much attraction to capital,' and this difficulty has latterly been increased by the rise in the price of labour and materials. Decent cottages cannot be built for less than 150*l.* to 200*l.* each, and, as they are let to labourers for 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a week, they can only pay by adding to the general value of the farms on which they are situated. As to farm buildings, which, if new, cost at least from four to six years' purchase of the holding, and increase in cost in inverse ratio to the size of the farms, it is impossible to calculate what return they make. They are as indispensable to a tenant as the land itself: without buildings, or with buildings in bad condition, a farm cannot be let. Moreover, to quote the words of the Report, 'the erection of buildings frequently represents the discharge of accumulated arrears of maintenances, rather than an improvement properly so called.' Drainage, no doubt, pays better; tenants are generally ready to pay 5, and in Scotland sometimes 7, per cent. on the outlay. But the cost of draining has greatly increased, and cannot now be executed for less than 7*l.* to 10*l.* an acre; and the fact that in certain conditions the pipes are liable to be choked, and the doubt as to the length of time for which they will continue efficient, introduce a speculative element even into this investment. In spite of these drawbacks, we believe that money judiciously spent in improving his estate will bring the landlord a very fair annual return, adding at the same time to the value of his capital—the land. But he is generally actuated by other than purely commercial considerations—by 'solicitude for his descendants,' by the feelings of pride and pleasure in seeing his estate in high order and his tenants prosperous and contented, and by a sense of the responsibilities which are inseparable from his position. There are bad landlords, as there are bad manufacturers and bad merchants, who care only for the amount of sport and amusement which they can get from their estates. Such men fully deserve Mr. Kay's sarcasms, but they do not represent, as he would have us suppose, the almost invariable picture of the 'country gentleman.'

The difficulty, however, which generally stands in the way of an improving landlord, is want of capital. If he is owner in fee and his property is unencumbered, he can easily raise money at 4 per cent., or sell a portion of his property. But all landlords are not in this fortunate position. Either they may be limited owners, in which case they are unable to sell, and can only borrow disadvantageously on the security of their life estate; or, again, their estates, whether settled or not, may be heavily charged with family portions or mortgages. In such cases Parliament has given them the means of obtaining advances from land improvement companies, their loans taking priority over all previous charges. The companies usually lend at the rate of 4½ per cent., in addition to an annual instalment of the principal, which is in most cases repaid in twenty-five years. There are, moreover, the preliminary charges of the companies for the use of their Act and legal expenses, and of the Enclosure Commissioners for inspection, which, on an average, amount to 7 per cent. on the whole loan, and which are added to the principal, so that the borrower has to charge his estate to the extent of 6½ or 7 per cent. on his outlay for twenty-five years. This is a heavy charge, and is rarely, if ever, met by a corresponding rise of rent. Besides this, the owner's discretion in executing his works is controlled by the paternal despotism of the Enclosure Commissioners or their inspector, which, though often unpopular, does not appear to be injudiciously exercised, and is thought necessary for the protection of re-

mainder-men or of mortgagees, and is justified by the exceptional advantages which are allowed to the borrower.

These Acts were primarily intended for the relief of limited owners, but they have been found largely used by owners in fee, for the family charges may be, and often are, quite as heavy in the one case as in the other, and the mortgages are likely to be more onerous on a fee simple than on a settled estate. The limited owner is under the disabilities in borrowing and in selling to which we have referred above. If he has any personal property, he would wish to devote it to his younger children instead of using it to increase the value of his eldest son's inheritance, and the heavy charges incurred in borrowing from the companies would seriously impair his annual income, which is probably not too large for the maintenance of his property and his personal expenses. The House of Lords Committee recommend that limited owners should be permitted to spend trust money upon the improvement of their estates on redeemable mortgage, and also to charge their estates for improvements for a period of ten years longer than the owner's expectation of life, on receiving a certificate from the Court of Chancery or the Enclosure Commissioners to the effect that the improvement is beneficial to the estate; but this certificate may be dispensed with if the limited owner acts with the consent of the tenant-in-tail, being of full age. Since this Report was published, powers have been given to limited owners by the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1875, to charge their estates with the sums paid to their tenants as compensation for unexhausted improvements of the first class, which include draining and erecting buildings, provided that these improvements add to the 'letting value' of the holding; but the recommendations of the committee have not been carried into effect. They appear to be of considerable value and importance, but, unless the limited owner has his power of sale extended in some manner as we have already suggested, he cannot but labour under disadvantages in executing improvements. It is not, however, to be supposed that entailed estates are, as a rule, less well managed than those which are held in fee. Experienced witnesses stated in their evidence to the committee already referred to, that in this respect they could, as a general rule, detect but little difference between the two kinds of estates; and this, we believe, will be the experience of every impartial observer.

To increase or even to maintain the productiveness of the soil, good cultivation is at least as necessary as permanent improvements; without it, indeed, these improvements are too often rendered ineffective. This at once leads us to consider the position of the cultivators or occupiers.

They hold their farms under a variety of tenures. In Scotland leases for nineteen years have for many years been the almost invariable custom. South of the Tweed leases prevail in some districts, and written yearly agreements in others; but one-half of the kingdom, according to Mr. C. S. Read, is occupied by tenants-at-will, who can be turned out of their holdings after receiving a six months' notice, and are entitled to no compensation, except in some districts, such as Lincolnshire, where a tenant-right custom prevails. The Agricultural Holdings Act, 1875, has improved matters in the farms which are not excluded from its operation, by extending the period of the notice to quit from six to twelve months, and by granting the tenant compensation for unexhausted improvements. The Act is not compulsory, and it is impossible to estimate the proportion of the tenancies which are subject to its provisions.

Now it is argued by the farmer and his friends that, in all but exceptional cases, he is discouraged from investing capital in the farm by the insecurity of his tenure, by ill-advised restrictions on his method of cultivation, or from the want of a sufficient guarantee that he will enjoy the full benefit of his outlay on agricultural improvements. The remedy usually suggested is the enactment of some compulsory measure. Limitation of the freedom of contract can only be justified on the grounds that one party to the contract is, from some mental, physical, or other incapacity, powerless to protect his own interests. On these grounds there is no more justification for interfering in agricultural than commercial or any other arrangements between individuals. The tenant is a free agent; he is not obliged to take a farm on terms of which he does not approve; he is presumably of full age; and if his mental capacity is sufficient to enable him to manage a farm, he will probably be able thoroughly to understand the terms to which he gives his assent. But it is said that the competition for farms is so intense that the applicants will agree to any terms. It is possible that the intensity of this competition has somewhat diminished of late, but even if it has not, we cannot see that it affords any argument for legislative interference.

As to insecurity of tenure, it can scarcely be denied that a tenancy-at-will is theoretically as insecure a tenure as could well be

imagined. Agricultural processes take time to mature. Improvements of the most limited kind can only yield a return after the lapse of some months or even years; and yet the tenant is exposed to the risk of having to quit his farm at the end of six months. But the practical effect of this tenure on agriculture is much less serious. Tenants-at-will are rarely disturbed; they may be found occupying the same farm from generation to generation, without any more fear of having to leave it than if they were the actual proprietors. It is, in fact, generally admitted that farms held in this manner are let at lower rents and change hands less frequently than farms let on long leases. In the latter case the term is fixed, and its expiration gives an opportunity for a new arrangement to be made. It is a transaction based on commercial principles; while the tenant-at-will, as the name implies, depends absolutely on the nod of his landlord. Instances of the abuse of this power are few and far between. It appears to us, however, desirable in agricultural contracts, as in all other transactions, that the terms should be in writing, whether they take the form of a lease or of an agreement. There is much to be said for both these forms of tenancy. The landlord and tenant may be equally disinclined to bind themselves by an arrangement which is to last for a definite number of years; the landlord may wish to know something more of the qualifications of his tenant, and the tenant may desire to test the capabilities of his farm. But every energetic farmer should, we think, ultimately aim at acquiring a lease for a sufficient term to enable him thoroughly to develope the resources of his land without any chance of disturbance. The covenants of a lease are of no less importance. It was customary a few years ago to bind down the tenant to a prescribed mode of cultivation. He was prohibited from selling hay or straw off his farm; he was forbidden to take two white crops in succession; the rotation of his crops was laid down for him; and all sorts of covenants were inserted, many of which were at variance with the rules of modern husbandry, and almost all of them were either futile or injurious. However, the harm done by some of these restrictions cannot have been very serious. At present prices few tenants would think of breaking up old pasture or taking successive corn crops; and though it may answer near a town to sell hay and straw, and purchase town manure, this is not a system which could be generally adopted; if it were, the hay and straw would decrease, and manure would increase in value, to the great benefit of the towns, but not of the producers. But if the old leases erred in their excessive restrictions, the farmer's demand for absolute freedom of cultivation errs in the other direction. If the tenant is entitled to protect himself against a capricious or unfair landlord, the landlord is equally entitled to protect himself against an ignorant or an unprincipled tenant. The landlord's fixed capital in land and buildings may generally be taken as worth four times as much as the tenant's working capital, and it is, moreover, liable to deterioration from bad treatment. For instance, a tenant enters upon a farm in high condition, and then he proceeds to 'farm it out,' that is, he takes as much out of the land and puts as little into it as he can; and at the end of his term he leaves it in a foul and exhausted condition. He may have made large profits by these means, but the landlord's property is so much depreciated in value that if he can let the farm at all it is only at a reduced rent; and the community at large is injuriously affected in so far as the productiveness of the soil is impaired. Such cases are neither imaginary nor very rare, and every prudent landowner must guard himself against them. In the case of tenancies-at-will or of yearly agreements, he has always the power of ridding himself of an unsatisfactory tenant before any great amount of injury is done. In leases the problem is how to prevent a bad tenant from doing mischief, and at the same time to allow the improving tenant to use his own discretion as to the best mode of conducting his business. Lord Leicester appears to have solved this problem in a satisfactory manner. His ordinary lease is for a term of twenty years; it contains no restrictive covenants as to methods of cultivation or disposal of produce; power is reserved to interpose if this freedom is misused; and at the expiration of sixteen years a new arrangement is made; either the lease is renewed for another term of twenty years, or, if it is not, the tenant is bound during the last four years of his term to bring his farm into the ordinary four-course system, with proper conditions for payment for unexhausted manures. The succeeding tenant then enters upon a farm which he can at once proceed to work profitably without any break in the course of its cultivation.

The third of these farmer's questions relates to 'unexhausted improvements.' The use of the word 'improvement' is somewhat misleading. Improvements which add to the permanent value of the freehold, and which are enumerated under the head of improvements of the first class in the Agricultural Holdings Act, are invariably exe-

cuted by the landlord. If the tenant undertakes them without the consent of the landlord, he is by that act precluded from claiming compensation. In any case it would be the height of imprudence for him to make any considerable outlay without some previous agreement for compensation. The so-called improvements of the second and third class, such as liming, chalking, or marling land, or the use of manures or food for cattle, are agricultural operations in the usual course of husbandry, and are more or less transitory in their effects. They are necessarily the tenant's affair; and if he quits his farm before he has reaped the full benefit of his outlay, he is in justice entitled to compensation in proportion to his expenditure, the landlord on his side being protected against unreasonable and extortionate claims. This protection is no less required in the interest of the incoming tenant, who has, in the usual course of business, to pay the compensation to his predecessor; a heavy bill for an unnecessary or unprofitable outlay would seriously hamper him at the very time when a command of capital is most important. It is no less to the advantage of the landlord that the tenant should be thus compensated, whether he holds under lease or agreement. He will not then hesitate to keep his farm in good condition up to the end of his term, and he certainly will not do this if his successor is to have all the advantage of his outlay. The change of the presumption of law, introduced by the Agricultural Holdings Act, is one of the most useful and beneficial provisions of that measure; and though its adoption is not compulsory, it has, even where it has not been adopted, caused landlords to insert compensating clauses in their own leases and agreements.

We have briefly stated the farmer's case, and we have pointed out in what particulars he has just cause for complaint. At the same time we are very doubtful whether the circumstances to which we have referred have to any considerable extent impeded the investment of capital in the soil. In spite of insecurity of tenure and restrictive covenants, the working capital of the British farmers in proportion to area far exceeds that of any other nation. Mr. Caird estimates it for the United Kingdom at 400,000,000*l.*; allowance must be made for Ireland, which is included in this estimate. This capital is in its entirety available for purposes of cultivation. Large as the amount is, we are constantly told that a great deal more is required. There are doubtless many tenants whose capital is insufficient to enable them to do justice to the farms which they hold; this is especially the case on poor soils, where economy in buildings has induced landlords, in some instances unwisely, to substitute large for small holdings. But farms of this description would not, under the most favourable circumstances, attract capitalists. If the land would yield a fair return to a much larger amount of capital than is now employed in its cultivation, capital would have found its way to it in spite of all the alleged impediments. It is, we believe, a fallacy to suppose that by doubling the agricultural capital the produce of the soil may also be doubled. There is a limit to high farming, as there is to everything else; beyond a certain point, which varies with different soils and other conditions, the outlay of capital is not rewarded with a proportionately increased yield. Mr. Reed quoted, in the House of Commons, Mr. Lawes' opinion, that 'the increase of crops is not in proportion to the increase of manure.' There is indeed some doubt whether the wholesale use of artificial manures, which stimulate the soil to yield extraordinary crops, has not in the end an exhausting effect on the land. It is further to be remarked that in the present depression the largest and best farmers have, as a rule, been the greatest sufferers. In ordinary years their profits are realised by the abundant produce which results from a large outlay of capital; but latterly the unfavourable seasons have beaten them as well as their smaller brethren, and their losses have been in proportion to their outlay. Instances without end could be adduced to prove this assertion. The inference to be drawn from them is, not that good farming is unremunerative, but that the depression is due to exceptional causes which have neutralised its natural effects, and is not due to the deficiency of capital invested in cultivation.

Without attempting to cover the whole ground of this vast subject, we have reviewed, as fully as our space admits, the main questions which affect the agriculture of this country. We have endeavoured to prove that the depression from which we are suffering cannot be attributed to any inherent defects in our agricultural system, which, tested by its results, compares favourably with that of any other country in the world; it cannot therefore be remedied by the organic changes which some 'land reformers' would desire to introduce. Like all other human institutions, this system is not perfect; it is capable of reform both in regard to ownership and tenancy. Some of these reforms may require the intervention of the Legislature, the larger part of them may best be left to

the action of natural and economic laws; but any attempts artificially to regulate the size of estates or of holdings must inevitably result in failure, or in confusion and mischief.

It is difficult to forecast the future of agriculture. We may reasonably anticipate a break in the persistent monotony of unfavourable seasons, which we hold to be by far the most important cause of the existing distress. Foreign competition, on the other hand, must be regarded as a permanent element in our calculations. Though its increasing intensity may be modified by the causes already described, it cannot but exercise a powerful influence on the character of our crops and methods of cultivation.

Farmers will have to consider what kinds of produce will yield them the best returns. They at present have a practical monopoly in the supply of milk and of hay and straw for the use of the towns—articles which, from their perishable nature or from their bulk, cannot be transported from distant localities. One-half of our consumption of butter and cheese is now derived from abroad, and it would seem that, by better management, some portion at any rate of the 15,000,000*l.*, which we annually pay for these supplies, might be intercepted by the home producer. It has been often suggested that more attention should be paid to the production of poultry and eggs, of vegetables and fruits of all kinds. Fruit-growing has proved very profitable in parts of Cornwall, of Perthshire and of Kent, where it has been cultivated on a large scale. The consumption and importation of these articles are rapidly increasing, and their production might be advantageously extended on farms, where the circumstances of soil, climate, and facilities of communication are favourable to it. But the consumption, though increasing, is limited, and the cost of production is large; it is not impossible to overstock the market; and even if we produced at home all that we now receive from abroad, we should, according to Mr. Caird's calculations, only add two per cent. to our total agricultural produce. Market gardening, moreover, requires great skill, assiduity, and a large capital. The capital required to work a French vegetable garden of two acres is said to exceed 500*l.*

There remains the production of bread and meat, on which the prosperity of our farmers must mainly depend. That wheat will, in fairly favourable circumstances, continue to pay the cultivator, we have no doubt, but the area of its production, which has been reduced of late years, will probably be still further contracted, unless the inferior qualities can be profitably used as cattle food; barley and oats, which from their lower price can less easily bear the cost of transport, may to a certain extent take its place; but it is likely that a considerable extent of the heavy clay lands will cease to be tilled. This is a result which cannot be contemplated without regret, for poor soils form bad and sometimes almost valueless pastures; and in any case, after their conversion into pasture, they will support a much smaller number of animals than they do at present, and the agricultural wealth of the country will suffer a decided loss.

As to meat, it is impossible to speak with confidence, but it appears to us that our position is more secure. Freights must always act as a natural protection. The railways, for which we are now supplying materials, will, it is true, open out new pastures in the far West; but having regard to the cost of the land transport, and to the increasing consumption on both sides of the Atlantic, the English farmers, though they cannot hope for a continued rise, need not anticipate a serious decline in price; and it is to be remembered that meat has, during the last ten years, increased in price more rapidly than its cost of production.

These questions can only be solved by practical experience; they must be left to work themselves out in accordance with circumstances. The prospects do not justify despair. In former times of distress, prophecies, even more gloomy than those to which we have lately listened, were made only to be refuted by events. It will require patience on the part of the farmers to bear, and more than one favourable season to repair, the losses which they have suffered. In the meantime both owners and occupiers of land will have to contract their personal expenses, and hopefully, but resolutely, to combine their efforts to meet the difficulties of their present position.

Art. II.—*The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: 1879.

In Mr. Hamerton's 'Life of Turner' we have at length a book which may be welcomed by the admirers of the great painter who will not allow their enthusiasm to make them unreasonable, as well as by all who are chiefly anxious that the achievements of a long and memorable career should be impartially judged and rightly estimated. Some perhaps may regard as spurious an enthusi-

asm which is ready to be convinced that the object of its worship is not flawless, and may treat all adverse criticism as evidence of a deliberate design to mar a great reputation. But among those to whom Turner's works have afforded the deepest and most unfailing enjoyment there are probably not a few who can look on this vehement and almost fanatical feeling as a transitional state through which they themselves have passed, and can treat it, therefore, with patient forbearance; and perhaps these are likely to be the best judges of a man who has certainly taken his place among the foremost painters of all ages and countries. The opinion of such men is the growth of years. It is the result not of the reading of books, of controversy, or of prejudice, but of living in the painter's works, following the guidance of his thoughts, and yielding to the spell of his genius with a spirit ready to sacrifice everything except the paramount duty of honest thought and the honest expression of thought. Mr. Ruskin is not the only man to whom the work of Turner has come almost as the revelation of a new world. Many must still remember the feelings of wonder and delight with which they fed upon his pictures as on the wisdom of a teacher whose like they had not come across before—a teacher who could transform all things into images of tenderness, beauty, and glory, and who seemed to interpret to them their own thoughts and give shape and reality to their dim and faint conceptions. The remembrance of these wonderful impressions, which seemed as though they could never be weakened, may go back to a time long before the publication of the first volume of 'Modern Painters;' and it was only because others were impressed almost or quite as deeply as himself that the 'Oxford Graduate' found an audience. Like that chivalrous champion, they had given themselves to the witchery of Turner's pencil, and wandered with him in enchanted land. In the mere outlines thrown off by him in a few minutes, not less, perhaps even more, than in his most elaborate works, they found a wealth of thought, of power, and of expression, such as they failed, or fancied that they failed, to meet with elsewhere; and they resigned themselves to the enjoyment thus lavishly provided without caring to analyse their feelings except in directions where the analysis could only make their enthusiasm more intense. There were many such directions. The workings of the master mind might be traced from drawings which scarcely went beyond contrasts of light and shade, through others which exhibited little more than a monotone of hue with a bright spot or patch of colour here and there, to others in which the traditional methods were seen to be weakened, and at last were flung aside altogether. These stages in the development of his genius they were ready to follow, as they thought, with a discrimination which might deserve to be called judicial; but, while they could admit that here and there a fault or defect might mar the perfection of the work, they yet felt assured that the teachings of the new prophet became in each stage not only more striking and impressive, but more truthful. The conviction that Turner was charged with a special mission, and that he was conscious of it, gained strength as the years went by; and this mission, it was thought, impelled him to give a transcript of Nature in all her various aspects with a completeness such as none had aimed at or even conceived before him. His works exhibited, indeed, a range so vast, a perception so exquisitely delicate, a force of treatment so marvellously sustained, as even to justify the idolatry of his admirers, and it was to the feeling thus excited that Mr. Ruskin appealed against the perversity or blindness of those who refused to acknowledge their perfection, laying down at the same time canons of criticism which could not fail to lower the work of all other painters as much as they exalted that of Turner. There was one department of art in which Turner had no rival, and in which even the most extravagant praises would scarcely seem exaggerated. It was easy to take a series of his water-colour drawings, and from twenty or thirty of them to show the power with which he could exhibit, with some approach to their full glory, the most dazzling, the most majestic, and the most solemn aspects of nature at all hours of the day and in all seasons of the year. It was easy to analyse picture by picture, and to show that every hill, crag, and scar was full of the truth of mountain form, and that each displayed the same faithful study and representation of clouds and water. The only question which might awaken some misgivings in the mind even of enthusiasts would relate not to Turner's mastery of mountain forms or effects of sky and water generally, but to the degree in which the features of any given sketch were faithful to those of the place depicted—in other words, whether and how far his sketches were truthful representations of actual places, and could honestly be called by their names. If once this question forced itself on their minds, the result might not weaken their power of discerning and valuing all that is beautiful in the works of Turner; but it would most assuredly deal a death-blow

to some unreasoning sentiment and dispel the glamour of some over-ardent worship.

This question, which goes to the root of art criticism, and compels us to determine, if it be possible, the nature and objects of art in itself, has led Mr. Hamerton to a patient examination of the life and career of Turner, in comparison with which Mr. Thornbury's biography of the great painter is little more than a collection of facts and incidents put together without any deep insight into the man or his work. He writes with the simplicity and transparent clearness of one who has thoroughly thought out the matters with which he deals, and who has reached some very positive conclusions and convictions which yet he has not the least wish to force on others, unless in their turn they are convinced of their reasonableness and their truth. The result, in reference to Mr. Ruskin's criticism, is a certain amount of iconoclasm; but, if Mr. Hamerton brushes aside some fancies which have no solid ground to rest on, it may be said that he leaves Turner's true fame on a surer foundation and in a clearer light than ever. It must always be worth while to try and see every man as he is; it can never be worth while to insist on seeing him as he is not, and we may safely say that Mr. Hamerton has made it impossible for any who are not prepared to distort or to suppress facts to see Turner as in all respects the wonderful being which he appears to be in Mr. Ruskin's overwrought eulogies.

These eulogies have been reiterated with so much persistency and so much success that an unprejudiced examination of them becomes a matter of duty; and the thanks of all who prefer the truth of facts where this truth is indispensably necessary are due to Mr. Hamerton for the straightforward honesty with which he has allowed facts to speak for themselves. Mr. Ruskin seems to be hurried away by the vehement zeal of a crusader. In taking up Turner's cause he demands sympathy for him on the score of imaginary wrongs, and challenges the admiration of everyone for acts of generosity for which, to say the least, it would be difficult to adduce any satisfactory evidence. Turner, it seems, had lent some money to the widow of a drawing-master, from whom, when she tendered it, he refused to receive repayment, bidding her keep the money and to send her children to school and to church. 'He said this in bitterness,' remarks Mr. Ruskin, who tells the tale; 'he had himself been sent to neither.' But, in fact, Turner had been at schools in Brentford, in London, and in Margate. The time which he spent in these schools was not less than three years, and when he left the Margate school he was fully thirteen years of age. It is in a high degree unlikely that the masters of these schools would fail to take their pupils to some place of worship, however poor may have been the results of their discipline and instruction in the case of a boy so singularly gifted in some directions and so strangely dull in others as was Turner. He was seemingly incapable of learning any language except his own, and even English he could scarcely either write or speak. But having thus visited the sins or failings of the pupil on his teachers, Mr. Ruskin pleads for him as a victim of general unkindness, injustice, and even cruelty, in words so remarkable that, with Mr. Hamerton, we feel bound to quote them.

'Imagine,' says Mr. Ruskin to his hearers at Edinburgh, 'what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy until he felt himself sinking into his grave. From the time he knew his true greatness all the world was turned against him; he held his own, but it would not be without roughness of bearing and hardening of the temper, if not of the heart. No one understood him, no one trusted him, and everyone cried out against him. Imagine, any of you, the effect on your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you was raised year after year through all your lives only in condemnation of your efforts and denial of your success.'

This outburst of purely rhetorical indignation is, in effect, the assertion that Turner experienced nothing but neglect and obloquy until, towards the end of his life, Mr. Ruskin came forward as his champion. It is, however, in the very teeth of the facts. Many years before Turner's death, Mr. Hamerton remarks, Sir Robert Peel and others subscribed a sum of 5,000*l.* for the purpose of buying two of his pictures for the National Gallery, but the painter refused to part with the pictures selected. Some years before this great compliment was paid to him Lockhart had spoken of him as the first of all living landscape painters, and Walter Scott himself, not entirely agreeing with the popular taste, had described him as being all the fashion. But in truth his whole career had been marked by a singularly steady and sustained success. His reputation since his death is certainly greater than that to which he attained in his lifetime; but this may be said of almost all great men in any art or any calling. At an age when most boys are at school his drawings were admitted into the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; nay, if Mr. Hamerton be right in saying that his

first pictnre was exhibited in 1787, when he was twelve years old, Turner must still have been a schoolboy himself when the way to fame and prosperity as a painter was thus opened before him. Twelve years later, when he was only twenty-four, he was elected an Associate of the Academy, and he was a full Academician at twenty-seven. These distinctions were not bestowed for any brilliant displays of precocious genins. The development of Turner's powers within his own province was slow, and beyond it he can scarcely be said to have had any powers at all; bnt he was indefatigably indnstrious, his tonch was astonishingly exact and firm, bis rapidity of execution marvellous, his sense of light and shade as strong as it was delicate, and all these qualities had recommended his work as especially suited for reproduction in engravings, thus laying snrely the foundations of the great pecuniary success, which he might, had he chosen, have made vastly greater. Far from languishing in hopeless neglect or obscurity, Turner might, indeed, with more truth, be regarded as a special favourite of fortnne, happy in the time and the place of his birth, happy in the circumstances which gradnally nnfolded his powers by gradually enlarging the area for their exercise, happy in the wonderful vigonr of his bodily constitution and in the sober and steady habits which reduced even real hardships to matters of thorongh insignificance, and not less happy in his specinl calling from the very depth of incapacity which he betrayed for attaining the least snccess in any other. In his own province there was nothing which he shrank from taking in hand, and on whatever he undertook he invariably put out his full power. He could pass from the delineation of the grandest monntain forms to that of a dwelling-house or of a farmyard with its pigs and its poultry, and this nniformly careful and conscientious work obtained for bim the confidence of all who entrusted him with commissions. His progress may not have been astonishingly rapid, hut it was never interrupted. He had scarcely passed the threshold of manhood before he made himself so far independent as to he ahle to carry out his own theories without heeding the criticisms of a pnblic whom he regarded as incapahle of judging them, and long before he reached middle life he had amassed a fortnne which, for a man with an almost savage simplicity of habits, was vast wealth. To a great extent, therefore, he could educate the pnblic whose criticism he despised, and live the singularly enviable life of a painter who has nothing to binder him from cultivating with perfect freedom a genius within its own circuit transcendent.

But when Mr Rnskin, on the strength of this undoubted genius, speaks of Turner as the noblest intellect of his time, he opens a question to which it is of real importance that we should have the proper and true answer. Tnrner's pictures might display an exquisitely delicate perception of the subtlest gradations in form and colour. They might furnisb images of absolute repose such as no painter bad perbaps ever conceived, or of savage grandeur snch as the Poussins could never have surpassed; they might exbibit the working of thonghts involving certain reflexions on the order and conditions of society or on the general government of the world. But are we to infer from this that he was a poet, a philosopher, or a theologian, and as illustrions in these capacities as for his power of handling the brush and tbe pencil? In other words, is genius, or at all events genius snch as Turner's, the exaggeration of one particular faculty, or an extraordinary development of the mental faculties generally? There seems to be no donbt, in this instance, as to the answer. He spoke little and wrote little even in English; in any other language he neither wrote nor spoke at all. He visited the most lovely and the most magnificent scenes in Europe; but his sketches are the only records of his thonghts. He kept no journal, he sent no letters to bis friends, or none which contained anything more than references to passing incidents. He could not spell, and his strange ignorance of common things might justify the conclnsion that schooling had been entirely thrown away upon him, nntil we see that it had given him that insight into the history of his own land and of other countries, and that sense of geography, without which he might have lacked all stimnlns of curiosity, and have stagnated in contented obscurity all his days. Bnt Turner thought that he could write both in prose and verse; and the resnlts in both were snfficiently astonishing. He could disconrse on art and ethics after the following wonderful fashon:—

'They wrong virtue, enduring difficulties er worth in the bare imitation of nature, all offers received in the same brain; but where these attempts rise above mediocrity it would surely not be a little sacrifice to those who perceive the value of the success to foster it by terms as cordial that cannot look so easy a way as those spoken of convey doubts to the expecting individual. For as the line that unites the beautiful to grace, and these offerings forming a new style, not that soul can guess as ethics. Teach them of both; but many serve the body and the soul, and but presume

more as the beacon to the headland, which would be a warning to the danger of mannerism and to the disgustful.'

It is, of course, impossible to attach the faintest meaning to this bundle of sentences, or to any part of them; but even when we can follow the general drift of his ideas, the construction, or rather the disorder and confusion, of his sentences, is amazing. Of such half-intelligible utterances Mr. Hamerton gives the following specimen. Turner is speaking of reflexions in water, and he says:—

'Reflexions not only appear darker, but larger than the object which occasions them, and if the ripple or hollow of the wave is long enough to make an angle with the eye, it is on these undulating lines that the object reflects, and transmits all perpendicular objects lower towards the spectator; but in receding lines as well as objects, rules seem to lose their power, and those guides that enable us to find some cause for near objects lose their power or become enfeebled by contraction in remote ones. It has been asserted that all appear equal from the base line of the water; but these axioms I dissent from. It is true that by placing the eye equal to the water, it comes up to the rules laid down; but when the water is ruffled on which all things are to be reflected, it is no longer in right angles, but, according to the elevation of the spectator, becomes more or less an angle of incidence. If the undulating surface of the liquid did not, by current or motion, congregate forms, there would be no difficulty in simplifying the rules.'

It may be safely said that a man who is unable to express his meaning in plain words is a man of untrained mind. In writing down the first sentence of this passage, Turner probably did not intend to make a statement which, put as a universal, is manifestly not true. Reflexions are not always either larger or darker than the objects from which they are thrown; and no one knew this better than Turner himself. But in spite of this he speaks of contingent facts as if they depended on rules admitting of no exceptions, and then converts into a conditional proposition a statement which ought to be unqualified. All ripples are long enough to make an angle with the eye, and so to lengthen the reflexions of upright objects: hence, after an awkward fashion, it is true to say that this effect follows on the occurrence of ripples of sufficient length, because all ripples are of sufficient length. But having written a few lines in which some meaning may be seen, Turner passes on into the regions of nonsense. He expresses his dissent from 'axioms' which assert 'that all appear equal from the base line of the water.' What the things are which so seem equal, and whether by the base line of the water he means the exact water level, he does not tell us; but Turner was aware that, if he did mean this, and if his 'all' meant 'all reflexions,' they were certainly equal, because to the eye which rests exactly on the water level there can be no reflexions at all. When he adds that 'by placing the eye equal to the water it comes up to the rules laid down,' he verges on absurdity. The fact seems to be that Turner, full of confidence in his genius as a painter, was quite unconscious of his ignorance of most things lying beyond his sphere. It was this ignorance which led him to form a false estimate of the functions of art, and made him indignant with the public generally because they failed to perceive that the painter of the 'Liber Studiorum' wished his drawings to be regarded as sermons or prophecies, and never to be inspected except as a consecutive series. A notion so preposterous would never have entered into the head of a man who had even a faint sense of proportion. With such discernment he must have felt that the conveying of direct moral reproof or warning is not, and cannot be, the object of art, and, as Mr. Hamerton puts it, that the lessons which he intended to convey by his pictures 'might be much better expressed in a few words of written English than by any quantity of landscape design.'

It is unfortunate that Mr. Ruskin should have been led away by Turner's conceits into a parading of the deep moral lessons to be derived from sketches of almost unrivalled beauty and strength, and into something like a justification of the contemptuous anger with which the painter is said to have treated the efforts of those who wished to get copies of some particular subject as more beautiful than the rest. The remark of Turner, that there could be no use in them but together, merely betrayed his lack of education: in Mr. Ruskin this misconception of the purpose of art is not so easily excused. But Turner's ambition, never subjected to any checks or restraints, tempted him into flights of poetry, remarkable for the huge incapacity for improvement of which they furnish the most ample and melancholy evidence. Singing the praises of the men employed in the preventive service, Turner could string together such pitiable doggerel as the following:—

'To guard the coast their duty, not delude
By promises as little heeded as they're good;
When strictly followed, give a conscious peace—
And ask at the eve of life a just release.
But idleness, the bane of every country's weal,
Equally enervates the soldier and his steel.'

The task of laying bare the weaknesses of a great genius is not an agreeable one, but it must often be undertaken in the interests of truth, and the duty of so doing becomes paramount when the false impressions left by unguarded and excessive eulogies are likely to be especially mischievous. Illusions are seldom beneficial; here they can only lead us to false conceptions of the painter's character and of the life which made him what he was. Mr. Hamerton gives some other specimens from the abundant quarry of Turner's verse; but although the painter may here and there blunder into a line which would not disgrace a stupid schoolboy, they all point to the conclusion that his powers were singularly weak, except on his own special ground. Here, it is true, they raised him into a new world, into which many are as unable to follow him as he was to express himself intelligibly in words. But the same may be said of great musicians, and the witchery over which they have supreme command. There is in their strains, as Cardinal Newman told his hearers years ago at Oxford, something which we can neither compass nor utter, although mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise gifted above his fellows, has the power of eliciting them. So, beyond doubt, it is with Turner. His works, as we look on them, can scarcely fail to excite those strange yearnings for distant ideals which the old Hebrew prophet embodied in the promise, 'Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty, and behold the land that is very far off;' nor can we venture to deny that such yearnings gave birth to visions of loveliness or grandeur which he seemed to breathe out, mysteriously and without effort, upon his paper or his canvas. But without his brush or pencil the great painter was as weak as Samson with his locks shorn; and if his career proves anything, it proves, in Mr. Hamerton's words, that artistic genius is a special faculty only.

The story of this strange career is soon told, and Mr. Hamerton has wisely given it with great simplicity. In some of its aspects it is by no means inviting. If in his earlier years he might have been modelled after the common type of men, and trained into the ways and habits of ordinary life, the chance seemed to be irretrievably lost almost before he had passed the threshold of manhood. Disappointment in love, we are told, made him abandon definitely all thoughts of marriage, and thenceforth he lived two lives which had apparently little in common. The one was the life of his art, a life of exquisite refinement, of the widest range, of the most perfect sensibility, and the keenest powers of insight and imagination; and it was a life which he passed in the most absolute solitude. The other was the coarse and boorish life in which he found such enjoyments as commend themselves to the lower appetites of humanity. In the one he was a poet, worthy, in Mr. Hamerton's judgment, to be compared closely with Dante and Shelley; in the other he exhibited, as Mr. Hamerton tersely and trenchantly puts it, 'a nature which was something between those of a common sailor and a costermonger,' and in which external rudeness was combined with a desire for low pleasure and a passion for small gains. So astonishing is the contrast, and so completely distinct are the two currents of his existence, that the picture of such a character might in fiction be well pronounced incredible. But the fact of the contrast is indisputable; and with it we might take into account the towering ambition which made the mind of Turner so fertile in bold and even daring schemes for creating and establishing his fame. From the first he had been an unwearied and ready workman. No task seemed above him from its difficulty, none beneath him from its meanness. He went through the land on foot, doing the work with which he was charged, and laying up a vast mass of notes on which his imagination fed itself after his return to his town abode. While he was still scarcely more than a youth, he had visited and sketched many of our most important cities and buildings; he had filled his mind with a wealth of impressions derived from all the various kinds of scenery to be found in England and Wales, from our hills and streams, our heaths and moors, our coasts and harbours. From the first his works furnished occupation for the engravers, and Turner soon discovered the power of the instrument of which he thus acquired command. A few more years passed away, leaving him more and more independent in means, and more bent on measuring himself against painters with whom the mere thought of rivalry might seem unpardonable presumption. At the age of thirty-three he resolved to enter the lists with Claude, whose 'Liber Veritatis' was to be outdone by his own 'Liber Studiorum.' The conditions of the contest were perhaps not altogether fair. On the one side was a living painter, capable of choosing the subjects in which he was to show himself superior to Claude; on the other, in Mr. Hamerton's words, was 'a dead man, who had no idea that there was ever to be a contest at all, and had done his work for his private satisfaction.' The six divisions under which Turner arranged the plates in his book of study prove how thoroughly he was aware of the wide range of

his powers, while the separate heads, 'Pastoral' and 'Elegant Pastoral,' betrayed his inability to grasp the principles of true classification. Turner, as we have already remarked, insisted that the plates formed a complete and coherent whole, and was deeply offended with all who treated them as separate compositions, and yet the divisions of his work prove little more than the presence of this intention, for the titles do not always correspond to their contents. Purely mythical subjects, such as the 'Jason' and the 'Procris and Cephalus,' are included under the head of History, while the castles of Norham and Raglan appear respectively in the classes Pastoral and Elegant Pastoral. But, whatever may have been the faults or the pretentiousness of his classifications, the drawings themselves were never under-valued, although they may not have led all who admitted and took delight in their power, beauty, and variety, to Mr. Ruskin's conclusion that Turner was the only man who had ever given 'an entire transcript of the whole system of nature,' and was therefore 'the only perfect landscape-painter whom the world has ever seen.' It was not, however, in the power of Turner more than in that of anyone else to perform impossibilities; and the complete transcript of the infinite phenomena of nature is, as Mr. Hamerton has well remarked, a task altogether beyond the highest genius of finite man. But even such praise as this failed to satisfy the painter; and it failed to do so probably because he was conscious of its exaggeration. He despised the opinion of critics who were not technically artists; but no one was ever more keenly anxious to adopt every device which might keep his name before them. Among these devices, that of rivalry with Claude seems to have taken a peculiar hold on his mind. In the number of the pictures which he had resolved on bequeathing to the nation were the 'Building of Carthage' and the 'Sun rising in Mist.' The former was one of those artificial compositions with classical architecture in which even Mr. Ruskin confesses himself unable to see any special merit. It has suffered already from the experiments which Turner was constantly making in the use of his pigments, and the sky in particular is growing more heavy and opaque; but the picture is still striking and impressive, and the great tree which reposes against the burning heaven, with its vast shadow thrown across the underwood and the buildings beneath it, is magnificent. The 'Sun rising in Mist' is a picture far more worthy of Turner's genius. It is what it professes to be. The sun, still veiled in the vapours of the lower air, is flushing the clouds which tower above it, and lighting with reflected splendour the tranquil sea on which float mighty war ships and the busy and bustling fishing smacks, while the beach is enlivened by groups of fishermen engaged in sorting the fish, which furnish points of wonderful colour for the foreground. By the directions of his will these two pictures are hung between the two paintings of Claude known as 'The Seaport' and 'The Mill.' Probably neither of these pictures displays the vast power and the wide range of conception exhibited by his more modern antagonist; but the former is as light, sparkling, and transparent, as the 'Building of Carthage' is heavy, hot, and oppressive; and between the latter and the picture which stands beside it no comparison is even possible. The one is in mist, the other in clear daylight. The one is a sea piece, the other an extensive Italian landscape with groups of trees. 'There is not a tree in the Turner,' adds Mr. Hamerton, 'there is not a sail in the Claude. Turner has painted fog, Claude a clear atmosphere. The sun is in Turner's picture, and it is out of Claude's. So we have to compare sails with trees, and the sea with an inland landscape, and the sun with a summer cloud, and a mill with a man-of-war. May the critics of future generations get much benefit by these comparisons!'

It would be more important, if it were only possible, to determine the place which should be assigned to Turner among the painters of England and Europe, and to ascertain the means by which his reputation has been achieved. On neither point has Mr. Ruskin any hesitation in expressing his judgment. Within the whole circle of art Turner is absolutely without a peer. 'We have had,' he says, 'living with us, and painting for us, the greatest painter of all time, a man with whose supremacy of power no intellect of past ages can be put in comparison for a moment.' Turner may not, indeed, have done everything, but all that he has done is the best that has ever been done. 'In all that he says we believe; in all that he does we trust. It is therefore that we pray him to utter nothing lightly, to do nothing regardlessly. He stands upon an eminence, from which he looks back over the universe of God and forward over the generations of men.' If this pre-eminence was won as Mr. Ruskin says that it was won, no one could venture to say that it was undeserved. According to him it was assured not by the beauty, the grace, the tenderness, or the force of his work, but notably by its truthfulness. There was, it is true, nothing feeble, or random, or haphazard, in his touch or his treatment;

bnt this decision, we are told, came chiefly of his truthfulness. 'It was because he meant always to be true that he was able always to be bold; and yon will find that you may gain his conrage if you will maintain his fidelity.' As to the meaning of these words Mr. Ruskin leaves us in no doubt. Tnrner was truthful in the sense in which the painters of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite school are truthful; nay, he was the truo founder of the school as well as its head. The great principle of this school was, in the words of Mr. Ruskin himself, absolute truth 'obtained by working everything, down to the most miuute detail, from nature, and from naturc only.' It follows, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, that 'accurate portraiture of objects was a leading Pre-Raphaelite principle.' It is, thorefore, of the first importance to ascertain whether this accurate portraiture of objects was recognized as a duty either by the theory or in the practice of Turner.

A large part of Mr. Hamerton's biography is occupied, directly or indirectly, with the discussion of this qnestion, and the mode in which he has treated it constitutes perhaps the greatest merit of his volnme. If the Pre-Raphaelite canon be true, and if it was a canon laid down by Turner himself, he must stand or fall by his own words, and the only means of testing him is by a comparison of some of his works with the scenes which they profess to represent. It is, of conrse, possible that the titles of some of his sketches and drawings may have heen affixed to them by others without his knowledge or his sanction; but there remains still a vast multitnde of pictures for which no such plea can be urged. The well-known drawing of Heidelberg, the foreground of which is filled with holiday-making students in fancy garb, is meant to be a drawing of Heidelberg; but the point to be determined is whether those who have never seen Heidelberg could obtain a right impression of it from the picture. It is simply impossible that they shonld do so. The effects of clond and mist are probably such as, with the very moderate height of the hills, would be seen once or twice only in a generation; and although enfolding vapours may exaggerate the size of the hills round which they wrap themselves, the exaggeration could never go to the lengths here depicted. Bnt the whole effect of the drawing depends on the lnminous effnlgence of the bridge, an effulgence which could be reflected only from unrippled and absolutely tranquil waters. Tnrner accordingly resorts to every device for imparting to the Neckar this character of profonnd repose. A groom has ridden on one horse and led another almost into the mid-stream; women are washing linen, some at a distance of many feet or many yards from the shore; and the mighty castle is reflected in water which scarcely betrays the fact that it is moving at all. It is enough to say that all these devices are plain violations of fact. Of the fantastio attire of the students we need take no notice, although such a display wonld probably be not less astonishing on the banks of the Neckar than on those of the Thames; bnt the painting of the river in this drawing must be always and wholly false. The groom could never reach the spot where his horses are quietly standing; the washerwomen wonld he heyond their depth, or rather would be swept away hy the current before they conld get out of thoir depth; and the hurrying water could nover delight the eye with the reflexions which give to the drawing its crowning charm. The place, as a whole, is not Heidelberg. Those who have not seen it will learn little about it from Turner's marvellously beautiful but wondrously nntruthful sketch, and those who go thither in the hope that they too may come in for a like feast of beauty mnst be woefully disappointed, and be tempted to vent their wrath in plain-spoken comments on the nntrustworthiness of their guide.

The 'Heidelberg' is a late drawing, but Mr. Hamerton devotes a chapter of his biography to the careful examination of a study of Kilchurn Castle made in 1801. His criticism is searching and exhaustive, and it should win for him the gratitude of all for whom truth is more precious than any form of hero worship. He has rightly chosen this suhject, because his intimate local knowledge enables him to speak decisively with regard to all the features of the real place, and to compare them with the sketch of the painter.

'There is no scene in Europe more familiar to me than the head of Loch Awe, where Kilchurn Castle is situated. I have lived there for years, and know the topography of the place quite thoroughly, with that minuteness which is possible only to a resident who takes the keenest interest in the neighbourhood where he lives, and makes landscape-painting his main occupation, and walking and boating his amusements. This close intimacy with the place permits me to appreciate the exact degree in which Turner's topography is a deviation from the topography of the actual world; and the reader will perhaps think it not too great a demand upon his patience if I make the difference as clear as I can in this instance, for it is of the very utmost importance to our understanding of Turner's nature work, occurring as it does

quite early in his manhood, and fixing the date of his emancipation from reality.'

This arraignment is certainly severe and serious, and virtually it falls little short of a charge which should speak of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Dr. Johnson as hearing a closer resemblance to Warren Hastings, if it resembled anyone at all. Nor must it be forgotten that this charge is not directed against that nameless grace and dignity which the true painter may discern in objects before him, although they may be hidden from common eyes. Reynolds's portrait of Johnson must impress all who look on it, and although they may feel that the genius of a great artist has been at work upon it, the picture is yet in complete harmony with all that we know of the man, and even with the rougher likenesses drawn by other hands. The 'Parish Clerk' of Gainsborough may perhaps be idealized; and most assuredly it would not be given to every one to see all that Gainsborough saw in a man who might be regarded by his neighbours as commonplace enough. But in all likelihood these neighbours would have recognized the likeness at once, although they might have failed to see much more in the picture than they saw in the living man. In either case the value of the painting, if set forth as a likeness of Dr. Johnson or of a parish clerk, would in great measure depend on its fidelity to the objects portrayed, and a feeling of resentment might be excused if we were told or if we discovered that the so-called portrait of Johnson was not a portrait of Johnson at all. It might perhaps be hard to determine at what point precisely deviation from the truth of features would deprive it of its title to be called a likeness of the man in question. The painter would be fully justified in seizing and fixing upon his canvas the highest expression of which his subject was capable; but he would not be justified in changing all its outlines and tampering with its general character. Mr. Hamerton follows up this subject by an elaborate criticism of Turner's 'Kilchurn Castle,' which is certainly *not* the castle we all know on the banks of Loch Awe, but in these details it is needless to follow him.

It is quite possible that the scene in his picture may be altogether more impressive and magnificent than any which can strike the spectator's eye on the shores of Loch Awe or the banks of the Orchay; but it is beyond dispute that, as the supposed portraiture of a real place, it can have no value whatever for those who care for that place. If it be said that the painter cannot be expected to work for such persons, we enter on a question on which the future history of art may in great measure or even wholly depend; but, without going into it for the present, we cannot resist Mr. Hamerton's conclusion that 'the feelings of attachment to locality, which are often so inextricably mingled with our admiration for natural beauty, are hurt and wounded by Turner's indifference to everything that we know and love.' Nor is it less true that the charge thus brought against Turner does not apply to works of other painters, which are yet full of beauty, although they may not perhaps be put into comparison with the handiwork of Turner. We think, however, that Mr. Hamerton has somewhat exaggerated this charge. Turner was inaccurate when his object was to make a picture with a peculiar effect; but he could be accurate enough when he chose. Few of his large oil pictures were painted on the spot they represent; but to take one which undoubtedly was so painted, the 'Rome from Mount Aventine,' lately in the Novar collection, nothing can be more precise and topographical. It is possible to trace in that canvas almost any street and building of note in Rome. It was wholly executed on the spot, and Turner sought to make it faithful.

When he departed from local truthfulness Turner generally had a purpose sufficiently justifying his audacious license, and this purpose we must presently consider. But undoubtedly from a very early stage in his career he regarded local fidelity as a thing worth nothing in comparison with certain other things at which he strenuously aimed. Nor can it be urged as an extenuating plea that he set aside topographical exactness for scientific accuracy of another sort. With incisive impartiality Mr. Hamerton asserts that Turner 'never hesitated to become utterly unscientific when his artistic instincts suggested that kind of unfaithfulness.' He dispensed at will with geological truth and with the rules of perspective. The lines of his buildings are seldom accurate, and sometimes, as in the drawing of St. Julian's at Tours, impossible. His light and shade, though almost always beautiful, are generally arbitrary. His shadows are frequently untrue, and in many instances are out of all agreement with the position of the sun in his picture. He is as free—in other words, as inexact—in dealing with his foreground forms as with those in his distances. He will interpose between himself and near objects effects of atmospheric distance which perhaps no other eye than his ever beheld, but of which, in spite of all misgivings as to their truth, it is impossible not to acknowledge the charm.

In the same year in which Turner produced his 'Building of Carthage' he also painted a picture which some have ranked among his greatest works. 'Crossing the Brook' is, for many reasons, remarkable, but it is so chiefly as marking the point at which Turner entered into a new world with the consciousness that he possessed powers capable of winning in it a series of splendid victories. This picture exhibits both the excellences and the defects of his genius. It is literally bathed in light, but in comparison with later works it is almost in monotone of colour. So wonderful indeed is its transparency, so touching the beauty of its sky and its distance, that the spectator may perhaps be at a loss to know why the feelings which it awakens in him are not those of unmixed satisfaction. There is abundant evidence of decision from one end of the work to the other; but in one part of it this decision has involved a sacrifice of truth which must mar the enjoyment of many who would far rather dwell on its beauties than on its flaws. There is vast strength in the drawing of the trees on the left-hand side; but the forms of the two which rise above the rest with their trunks close to each other, are ungraceful, awkward, we feel tempted to say impossible. If they are redeemed from positive ugliness, it is by the adoption of an artifice suggested by the practice of Claude, an artifice which exaggerates the distance between near objects, as between the nearer and further branches of a tree. This device may be seen in a vast number of his pictures. It is pushed to its furthest extent in the great stone pine which towers up on the right-hand side in the 'Golden Bough;' it is seen in its most attractive form in the splendid group which throws out the glories of his evening sky in the Bay of Baiæ. But in 'Crossing the Brook' it fails to conquer the feeling of repulsion caused by the stiffness, or, to speak plainly, the untruthfulness, of the tree forms. We are not surprised when Mr. Hamerton tells us that these trees were painted from a slight pencil sketch, nor can we doubt that in point of accuracy the pencil sketch might be compared to his drawing of Kilchurn. Twelve years before this picture was painted Turner could scarcely be called a colourist. There were patches of colour in his drawings, and that was all. In 'Crossing the Brook' the colouring is still subdued, but there is colour in every part of it, and more particularly there is that astonishing depth of atmosphere which makes the eye reel as if we were looking down from a mountain summit over a vast and varied distance. From the higher ground on which the painter stands there stretches an almost boundless landscape, until at length the hills slope down to Plymouth Sound and the grey sea far off. It is perhaps strictly true that such distance had never been painted before; and Turner was fully aware of the fact.

On this picture Mr. Hamerton lays stress, as marking the transition from his earlier style to that of his maturity. It may be instructive to compare it with a later work, of which Mr. Hamerton's estimate is perhaps too partial. The 'Phryne going to the Baths as Venus' is a picture of amazing elaborateness and delicacy, sparkling with the dazzling light of the pure Hellenic atmosphere, which transforms even the uncouth groups huddled together on the road into the graceful shapes which move in stately procession in the drama of Euripides—

> ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου
> βαίνοντες ἁβρῶς αἰθέρος.

This painting is, in Mr. Hamerton's judgment, a magnificent instance of Turner's treatment of trees when his art was fully developed.

'I well remember,' he says, 'how the combined grace and energy of the branch drawing in this picture seemed to me, before I knew the forest of Fontainebleau, an idealisation of sylvan beauty beyond the possibilities of nature; and how, when I came almost directly from Fontainebleau to the National Gallery, I found in the picture the power, the freedom, the elegance which astonish us in the noblest Fontainebleau trees, and give the visitor to that wonderful place an entirely new conception of what sylvan magnificence may be. It is useless to expatiate further upon the subject, for no conception of the trees in the "Phryne" can be given without illustration, and even that, on a reduced scale, would be inadequate, as the picture itself is more than six feet high, and drawn with such delicate modulation in all its curves that every inch of it is a study. Again, the most subtle etching or engraving would fail to render adequately the play of light in the foliage and among the branches, not to speak of the elaborate distances, which are as full of material as they can be. The "Phryne" is certainly one of the very greatest pictures of Turner's full maturity. It was first exhibited in 1838, and shows signs of over-ripeness in the figures more than in anything else.'

This eulogy is surely exaggerated, unless, indeed, Mr. Hamerton, when he speaks of the magnificent treatment of the trees in this painting, is thinking chiefly of those which are clustered in the gardens beneath the more prominent groups in front. There are exquisite grace and lightness in the palm trees, across whose branches falls the

line of luminous shadow which makes the foliage above it quiver with splendour. The blending of the more distant vegetation with the glistening marbles of the baths on the left hand, and the more sombre mass of buildings in the middle and on the right hand of the picture, is beyond all praise. Nor could the beauty of the white light, dazzling yet not oppressive, which is shed over hill and dale and the wide expanse of the lustrous lake which sleeps beneath, be well exceeded by the workmanship of any mortal hand. But we can scarcely suppose that Mr. Hamerton means his words to apply to the pines which tower into the heaven on the left hand, or to the more confused group of trees on the extreme right. The shapes assumed by the former are as strange as any which Turner ever put upon canvas or paper; those of the latter, although bathed in the most exquisite tints, are flat, thin, and poor. The curves of many of the branches of the largest tree are impossible; and from head to foot the tree conveys only the impression of disease. These pines are, in fact, a reproduction, with all their faults intensified, of the pines in the 'Crossing the Brook.' For some time the two pictures were hung near each other; and the correspondence between them came out very forcibly. The conclusion is forced upon us that the earlier painting which marked the transition from his opaque to his luminous colouring was present to his mind in every part of his 'Phryne.' The plan of both the drawings is the same. In each there are the lonely pines to the left, and the closer thickets to the right, while the hills and valleys below, rich with a lavish wealth of vegetation, slope down towards an expanse of tranquil water in the distance. The likeness may be traced out in points of minute detail; but probably of those who have taken the trouble to make careful copies of both pictures none will hesitate to admit that the 'Phryne' is a transcript of 'Crossing the Brook' in the richest language of his later years.

The exhibition of the 'Phryne' in 1838 was followed in the next year by that of the 'Old Téméraire.' The artist's deliberate defiance or rejection of the truth of facts is shown here by the impossible light thrown on the ships, the sun and moon being where they are; but his purpose was to shed an unearthly lustre on the doomed vessel which is being tugged to its last berth, and in this his disregard of accuracy has enabled him to achieve a complete success. The subject is a melancholy one, and Turner felt it to be so. Whether he had any forebodings of the great revolution which has made the stately fabrics of our old war ships of Nelson's age things of a past already receding into distance, we cannot say; but we owe a debt of gratitude to the illustrious painter who has preserved for us in all their beauty forms which in material reality will to coming generations be unknown. The picture is indeed a splendid poem, in which the glory of the old ship blends indescribably with the glory of a sun setting in the most gorgeous and yet sombre pomp. 'It sets,' Mr. Hamerton remarks, 'in red, and the red, by the artist's craft, is made at the same time both decided in hue and luminous—always a great technical difficulty.' The task was rendered easier, perhaps, by the device of making the sun itself white, although the sight of a lustreless orb kindling the upper heaven into such conflagration as this would be, to say the least, most rare. This great work marks, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, the close of 'the period of Turner's central power,' as ten years earlier the 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus' had marked its beginning. During this time his imagination, working on the wealth of memoranda which he had brought together, had luxuriated in its exuberant and inexhaustible fertility; and the sum total of his merits was seen to be vast indeed in comparison with his defects, even though these might be set down without extenuation. Of the worthlessness of his drawings as accurate representations of actual scenes, enough has been said already. Turner, after emancipating himself from the topographical swathing bands of his earlier years, ceased to be exact in anything; and least of all was his method in harmony with that of the Pre-Raphaelite school, of which Mr. Ruskin would make him the founder. 'The Pre-Raphaelite landscape,' in Mr. Hamerton's words, 'is full of truthful object portraiture: hundreds of different objects are portrayed side by side as accurately as the artist could achieve it by the closest observation on the spot; in the Turnerian landscapes you cannot find a single accurate portrait of any hill, or tree, or building under heaven.' It is well to open our eyes at once to the fact that the duty of furnishing such portraiture formed no part of Turner's mission as it was conceived by himself; and yet he had a mission to discharge as important and lofty as any with which the painters of any age or country had ever been entrusted. His interpretation of distance left that of all other masters far behind. Nor was it in this alone that he achieved an unquestioned pre-eminence. No one ever has treated all natural forms so tenderly without losing force and breadth; no one has possessed a

sense of gradation so exquisitely subtle and truthful. His paintings may not be scientifically accurate, but that they have the power of conveying the most profound impressions is proved beyond doubt by the following incidents recorded by Mr. Hamerton:—

'Some years ago several eminent French etchers came over to London for the purpose of executing plates from pictures in the National Gallery. They were all men of considerable experience in art, perfectly familiar with the old masters, and with as much modern art as may be seen in Paris; some of them were painters as well as etchers, and therefore practically acquainted with the use of oil colour. Thus prepared, and eager to make acquaintance with our national collection, they went to Trafalgar Square. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect which the Turner pictures produced on their minds. It was not mere critical approbation, not merely the respectful attention usually given to a great master: it was the passionate enthusiasm with which highly educated and very sensitive persons acknowledge a new, strange, irresistible influence in the fine arts. . . . All these Frenchmen, whatever had been their previous specialty in art—whether they had been etchers of the figure, or of architecture, or of landscape—asked to be employed in the interpretation of Turner; and the pictures which they most desired to etch were not those of what has been considered his sober and sane and orthodox time, but such things as those later Venices and those daring experiments in light and colour which have so often been spoken of as little better than the freaks of a gifted madman. Here then is evidence, if all other evidence were wanting, that these pictures have the one great power of all genuine works of art, as distinguished from simple imitations of nature—the power which excites and arouses the artistic susceptibilities.'

The experiments here spoken of had been carried on with more or less audacity from the time when he first broke the bonds of the traditional methods in which he had been trained. His experiments, unlike those of Rembrandt, with which we have recently dealt,* were extended beyond arrangements of light and shade to the pigments by which his effects were produced. In the choice and employment of his colours he was absolutely fearless. Whenever he thought 'that a streak of vermilion or a blot of cobalt would help the brilliance of his drawing, then he set it there,' Mr. Hamerton remarks, 'as a jeweller sets a red stone on a blue one.' Of his experiments with materials no technical account can be given. No one ever saw him at work, nor was any one ever willingly admitted into his studio; but his pictures furnish sufficient proof that there was no new-fangled chemical which Turner would hesitate to employ, while the rapid decay of many of his most important works proves how little he cared to ascertain whether they could or could not be used with safety. He would mingle oil and water colour together in the same work, and the delicate rigging of a ship might disappear by the touch of a moist finger on the canvas. But it is clear that Turner could never have attained either his reputation or his great wealth, had not his works exhibited merits which vastly counterbalanced their defects. No one could have pointed out more dispassionately than Mr. Hamerton the failure of Turner, however it might be caused, in producing faithful portraitures of actual scenes; no one could acknowledge more cordially that the drawings, so unveracious and so untrustworthy from that point of view, were full of profound truth from another. It was so with the sketch of Kilchurn which he has minutely and severely criticised. The artist's real purpose, Mr. Hamerton frankly admits, was not Kilchurn, but the play of clouds round a mountain crest.

'The mountain is any mountain you please; it resembles Ben Lomond nearly as much as Ben Cruachan. The castle is any castle you please; it resembles Ardhonnel more closely than Kilchurn, though Turner probably never saw Ardhonnel. The clouds play about the granite peak, a shower falling here from their trailing fringes, a sunbeam flashing there on the toppling silvery billows which are their ever-changing summits, a level wreath of white vapour clinging in the shelter of the peak itself, great volumes rolling and surging in the abyss of the deep corrie; and on the steep stony sides of the mountain the purple shadows fall, vast and swift, veiling each of them its hundred acres of desolation. What has all this to do with the presence or the absence of tower or turret in the dismantled ruin below? Who thinks of man's work when he witnesses the majesty of the storms on the everlasting mountains? The clouds played so for unnumbered centuries before the little feudal fortress was built, and they will play just as merrily when every vestige of it shall have utterly disappeared.'

For the realisation of this kind of truth, a truth independent of all local forms and features, and of all modifications of these forms by human handiwork, Turner deliberately and systematically sacrificed everything. It was not that he had any absorbing desire to make the desert his dwelling-place and to shut out the thought of man, his doings, and his toils, for it is abundantly clear that the chief value of landscape in his eyes lay in its human interests, and that he never loses sight

* July 1879, Art. VI.

of these interests when it is possible to retain them. He may furnish a series of drawings which profess to illustrate the rivers of France; but they are found to relate only to two rivers, and they are very far from illustrating their course or even the types of scenery to be met with along their banks. His drawings are chiefly of towns and buildings; but even these are not given as they would be by one who was familiar with them from the rivers out of which they seem to grow, and apart from which their peculiar charm can never be felt. They are not even drawn as they might be drawn by one who could rely on a vigorous and faithful memory. That Turner's misrepresentations of buildings are as glaring as his departures from local natural features, must be plain to any who will examine his sketches of Rouen, Paris, Blois, or Amboise. These deviations are so constant that we can scarcely ascribe them to a defect of memory; and although his wonderfully elaborate drawing of the west front of Rouen Cathedral is not altogether accurate, and leaves an impression which few would obtain from the sight of the real structure, it yet proves that he was able to give with sufficient fidelity a mass of details which, if not put down at once upon paper, must soon have been confused or forgotten. Mr. Hamerton, we do not doubt, is right in his belief that Turner was too imaginative to have an accurate memory, and that accuracy is compatible with the imagination only when the feelings are not concerned. From the works of Turner feeling was never absent, and therefore he was always under the temptation to represent things rather as he wished them to be than as they were. We must not, however, forget that the forms which he wished or made them to assume were in strict harmony with the general truth of nature. They were the result of the patient, careful, and affectionate observation of a lifetime. They were drawn from the treasure-house of a man whose soul was so thoroughly in his work that it left him in all other things a barbarian. They never failed to convey to the spectator the impression of profound truth, even when he felt most irritated at the painter's lack of fidelity to local features and colouring; and they gave evidence of the unbounded range of his perceptive powers and of his complete command of the materials brought together by this means. The result was a vast addition to our knowledge of natural phenomena, and of the conditions under which they are produced; but it fell far short of a complete transcript of nature in all its aspects. Turner discovered many truths about water which the Dutch painters never apprehended, and he made the expression of the long-drawn confused reflexions on rippled surfaces peculiarly his own. But even in water effects he still left much to be discovered and expressed by others. 'Some of the common appearances of water,' Mr. Hamerton remarks, 'have not been illustrated by him in any work known to me, either in the original or in an engraving; and from some of the more complex and remarkable phenomena of water surfaces he may have abstained from prudence, knowing that it was impossible the general public should understand them.' Nor is this the only field in the regions of landscape art which Turner left unexhausted. His grouping and massing of timber and foliage are often magnificent; but he has nowhere illustrated the actual life of the forest and many aspects of rural beauty in which other painters have taken infinite delight. He has shrunk, it would seem, from dealing with colours and effects which determine the character of English landscape generally. 'Turner, as far as I am aware,' says Sir Robert Collier in his presidential address to the Devonshire Association—

> 'never painted a bit of positive green, such as the green of grass and meadow and some kinds of foliage, at no great distance from the eye—a beautiful colour in nature, beautiful in a picture if used with discretion, and at the present time effectively employed by the best landscape painters. Turner, with all his originality, seems never to have succeeded in completely emancipating himself from the traditions of the brown school. Nothing indicates more the indiscriminating character of Mr. Ruskin's admiration than his failing to notice this.'

On the other hand he was able to follow Nature as far as she chose to lead him. He could throw her atmosphere over every object in his drawings, and he could give, as she gives them, the masses of mountains which retain their solidity under half-tints of mist and vapour. He could reproduce the faint outlines, which in their very faintness indicate the forms over which she has thrown a veil. He could take up and let go these outlines, just as they are dropped and resumed in the endless distances of real landscapes, and thus guide all who looked upon the picture from point to point until they were impressed with the infinity not of the painter's power, but of the phenomena which he had striven to express on paper or canvas. In other words, he succeeded in reproducing in his pictures the mystery of nature. Before him no one had even dared to attempt the task; and it is not too much to say that in this wonderful achievement

lies Turner's greatest strength, and that by it he has won himself a fame which future generations will not allow to die. In asserting for him this pre-eminence, Mr. Hamerton's language is as cordial and as strong as Mr. Ruskin himself could wish it to be; but his sense of truth compels him to add that it is the one and the only point in which Turner 'really did excel the artists of all time.'

Lastly, if Turner's career as a painter was marked by a course of experiments as daring as those of Rembrandt and immeasurably more varied and more fruitful, and if these experiments have already wrought much mischief in the decay of some of his finest pictures, and, it is to be feared, are destined to produce much more, it must be remembered that there is one department of Turner's work in which even to this day he is absolutely without a rival. As a painter in oils, he may be described as confused in his theories and reckless in his practice, often knowing that his pigments were not sound, and yet undeterred by the thought that pictures painted with them could never stand. The texture of his drawings in oil is generally indifferent; and if it be compared with the rich surfaces of Titian, the difference, in Mr. Hamerton's words, is 'like that between tapestry and cotton print.' But in water colour his genius revelled with unbounded power. In some special points he may have been surpassed by more recent or still living painters; but not one has reached his great and varied excellence in the whole range of water-colour painting. His superiority, Mr. Hamerton contends, goes so far that the art itself becomes in his hands a fresh discovery of his own.

'The colour in his most delicate work hardly seems to be laid on the paper by any means known to us, but suggests the idea of a vaporous deposit; and besides the indescribable excellence of those parts of Turner's water colours which do not look as if they were painted at all, there is excellence of another kind in those parts which exhibit dexterities of execution. Nor is the strange perfection of his painting in water colour limited to landscape; his studies of still life—birds and their plumage, bits of interiors at Petworth, &c.—are evidence enough that, had he chosen to paint objects rather than effects, he might have been as wonderful an object painter as William Hunt was, though in a different and more elevated manner.'

But the mere delineation of objects could never be more than a pastime for Turner. His decision had long since been made, and it had been made in accordance with the inner spirit which is manifested more or less in all his works, but which seemed to be so entirely absent from his outward life. This spirit was that of the poet; and it was kindled by a power of imagination such as has been vouchsafed to few poets of any age or any country. The thoughts which he could not express in words were breathed forth in colour; and the vast store of observations which he had amassed with enormous and unwearied industry, and with a keenness of perception beyond that of almost all other men, became for him a treasure-house which furnished him with materials for an infinite series of dreams. The time spent among moors and mountains, on lakes and rivers and seacoast, added to this wealth of notes, and to his readiness in applying them; but it did not make him more locally exact or more scientifically truthful. His sketches were memoranda rather than drawings; and, as Mr. Hamerton well puts it, he received during his travels 'a succession of landscape impressions which immediately transformed themselves in his brain till they became dreams, and these dreams either bore some resemblance to the places, or did not, just as it happened.' Into this world of visions he could draw all who had minds to apprehend and hearts to follow him; but from it, seemingly, he could never escape himself. To quote Mr. Hamerton's words yet again: 'Even the hardest realities of the external world, granite and glacier, could not awaken him; but he would sit down before them and sketch another dream, there in the very presence of the reality itself. Notwithstanding all the knowledge and all the observation which they prove, the interest of Turner's twenty thousand sketches is neither topographic nor scientific, but entirely psychological. It is the soul of Turner that fascinates the student, and not the material earth.'

So the great dreamer, who had begun his course as a common-place and prosaic topographer, withdrew into his visionary world, and living in it put forth the idealised forms which the sights of the outer world awakened in his mind. If his career has any lesson at all to teach, it must be to convince us that the relation of art to nature is not that which the disciples of the Pre-Raphaelite school have taken it to be, or even that which it is supposed to be by sticklers for local exactness who stop far short of pre-Raphaelite preciseness. So far as Mr. Ruskin is concerned, the controversy seems to be settled. Although he claims for Turner the headship of this school, he yet seems to think that local fidelity may be by some means or other maintained without the preservation of any local features. Speaking of the drawing

which Turner calls a sketch of San Benedetto in Venice, Mr. Ruskin tells us that its title is wrong, as the church so named is not included in the view, and then adds: 'The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses; and yet, without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likest thing to what it is meant for—the looking out of the Gindecca landwards at sunset—of all that I have ever seen.' If this is to be taken as a general statement that a drawing may be like a place to which it has no resemblance, the great advocate of Pre-Raphaelite exactness goes perhaps too far; and most critics would probably allow that much imaginative power may be shown in pictures which exhibit sufficient fidelity of local portraiture. The question is only as to the limits beyond which this fidelity cannot be preserved; and perhaps it is impossible to define these limits precisely. So far as the painter fails to imitate the objects before him, he does so because he holds that the exact representation would impair the beauty and the value of his drawing, and the power which enables him so to deviate from the truth of facts is the power of imagination—in other words, the artistic faculty. But for the really artistic element in a work of art there is, Mr. Hamerton asserts positively, no possible criterion. We can but say how it affects ourselves, and to do this is 'the last and best result of art criticism.' It would seem, then, that the theory which would make art to be the imitation of nature is tacitly or explicitly abandoned by all except the few who may still cling to the Pre-Raphaelite hypothesis. If it be so, it follows that art and nature, although related, are two distinct things, and that an interpretation of nature is not and cannot be artistic until and unless it displays something which is not in nature, this something being the mind or imagination of the painter. It must be the result of his thought working on the general assemblage of objects before him; and only in extremely rare instances will he be able to express his thought without some modifications, however slight, of local features and local colouring. The extent to which this license may be carried is a matter which must be left to the decision of the painter, and ultimately to the public whose verdict will appreciate the value of his work. In Sir R. Collier's opinion, 'to remove an inconvenient tree or rock, to bring others into the picture which lie beyond it, to shift the foreground, which may be done by a slight change of position, is dealing with the accidents rather than with the essentials of the scene, and is no violation of truth to nature. But he insists, and we think insists rightly, that much caution should be used in dealing with mountain forms, which are 'usually far finer than anything the artist can conceive.' This is a severe condemnation of Turner, who seems never to have cared to draw a mountain exactly after he began in 1802 to paint his dreams at Kilchurn; and it must, we think, be admitted that the condemnation is fairly called for and justified. Turner is so great that the most candid admission of his faults cannot impair the splendour of his fame. It becomes, therefore, the more imperatively his biographer's duty to pass an unprejudiced and impartial judgment on his work; and Mr. Hamerton is entitled to our gratitude for the conscientiousness with which he has performed his task. Turner will now take his true place in the great company of illustrious painters. Those who admire him most will have to admit that if he was in one sense most truthful, he was in another most untruthful in the delineation of nature. But while they allow that for all who seek in his drawings for anything like strict local fidelity the result must be bitter disappointment, they may justly claim for him the pre-eminence due to a man whose power of impressing others was inexhaustible, and who used it throughout a long life for the purpose of teaching, cheering, and delighting them.

It will be seen from what precedes, in which we have followed the course of thought suggested by Mr. Hamerton, that this volume deals much more fully with the works of Turner than with the man himself, and we infer from this circumstance that Mr. Hamerton had no personal acquaintance with him at all. This is much to be regretted, for if his works afford abundant matter for criticism, the character and peculiarities of Turner himself are a not less interesting study. In many respects Mr. Hamerton has not done him justice. His extreme secretiveness, his want of command of language, and the contracted circle in which he lived, rendered it difficult to know Turner well; but Mr. Hamerton has entirely failed to give us a correct likeness of him. Beneath that unpromising exterior there lay a spring of great acuteness and drollery, which now and then broke out in pungent remarks. Though fond of money and parsimonious in his habits, he could be disinterested and even generous to his friends. Nor was he by any means the solitary savage he is here represented. Chantry, Jones, and Munro of Novar were his intimate friends. At Rome, Eastlake, a much younger man than himself, worked in the same studio. He gave that

rising artist excellent advice, both by word of mouth and in letters which are still in existence; and continued through life to show him the strongest marks of regard. With Landseer, Constable, Stanfield, and Leslie his relations were always friendly—indeed, no man suffered less from jealousy of his brother artists. Mr. Hamerton seems to suppose that it would have been preposterous for Turner to paint a dog. We remember to have heard Sir Edwin Landseer express the utmost admiration of the great deerhounds in the picture of the 'Return of Adonis from the Chase' (painted in 1807) —a work not, we think, mentioned in this volume. Turner was assiduous in his attendance at the Royal Academy, and he was no stranger at the Athenæum Club. His conversation was absolutely confined to matters connected with his own art and his own interests. That was to be expected of a man who had never lived in general society. But within the range of his own subjects it was piquant and original. The generation in which he lived has already passed away. The number of those who have any personal recollection of this great artist is small; and the time will come when people will wonder that so little is known of so remarkable a man. His biography melts away into criticism of his works, and the real person by whom they were created is barely discernible amidst the haze and splendour of his performances. That, however, has been the fate of many of the greatest poets and artists whom the world has seen.

Art. III.—1. *England and Russia in Central Asia.* By Demetrius C. Boulger. With a fac-simile of the Russian Military Map of Central Asia. Two volumes. London: 1879.

2. *Relations between the British Government and that of Afghanistan.* Parliamentary Paper. 1878.

3. *The Strategical Conditions of our Indian North-West Frontier.* By Major-General E. B. Hamley, C.B., R.A. London: 1878.

Indefinite projects of great military invasions appear to have a peculiar though somewhat transient fascination for the people of this country; and panics, like epidemics, arise from time to time, and then die away, leaving behind them, as a rule, enhanced estimates and what Mr. Disraeli once called 'bloated armaments.' But if at home we are not free from epochs of periodical depression, the disease is far more prevalent in the distant stations of our Indian Empire. It may lie latent for a time, but every now and then it breaks out with sudden and dangerous violence. As the late Lord Strangford remarked, writing years ago, about the advance of Russia in Central Asia: 'We are constantly oscillating between utter neglect and raving panic;' and since the beginning of the century our fears have led us into rather silly treaties and into deplorable frontier wars, entailing millions of reckless expenditure. In 1801 we had an acute attack of nervousness, the supposed danger then being a joint invasion of India by the Persian, French and Afghan armies, but we were more than equal to the occasion; and in the treaty made in Teheran by Sir John Malcolm it was expressly stipulated that 'should an army of the French nation, actuated by design and deceit, attempt to settle with a view of establishing themselves on any of the islands or shores of Persia, a conjoint force shall be appointed by the two high contracting parties to destroy and put an end to the foundation of their treason.' The very grandeur of the language was in itself a triumph—the French never arrived, and the danger passed away.

The next paper invasion of India was planned at Tilsit, and its origin is thus described by Kaye:*—

'Whilst the followers of Alexander and Napoleon were abandoning themselves to convivial pleasures, those monarchs were spending quiet evenings together, discussing their future plans, and projecting joint schemes of conquest. It was then that they meditated the invasion of Hindostan by a confederate army uniting on the plains of Persia. Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of the newly styled Emperor, was destined for the Teheran mission; and no secret was made of the intention of the two great European potentates to commence, in the following spring, a hostile demonstration "contre les possessions de la Compagnie des Indes."'

This new peril was, however, defeated by a second treaty at Teheran in March, 1809, in which the Shah of Persia covenanted 'not to permit any European force whatever to pass through Persia, either towards India or towards the ports of that country.' The history of this treaty is related in another part of this number, and we may perhaps now smile at the very remote dangers against which it was intended to provide; but it marks the course of bygone

* History of the War in Afghanistan.

fears, fears that have often perplexed us since, and which are asserting themselves with renewed vigour at the present time.

Subsequently to 1809 a comparative lull supervened. It is true that we heard occasionally of the vast conceptions contained in the apocryphal will of Peter the Great, and we have never been permitted entirely to forget the dangers to our Indian Empire which are centralised in that terse sentence, 'The astute policy of the Czar;' but in 1837 the threatened invasion again came uppermost, and on this occasion a great fear arose of a combined attack by the Persians, Russians, and Afghans, of which Kaye gives the following account:—

'It was believed,' he says, 'that the danger was great and imminent. There was a Persian army, under the command of the "King of Kings" himself, investing Herat, and threatening to march upon Candahar and Cabul. There were Russian diplomatists and Russian engineers in his camp directing the counsels of the Shah and the operations of the siege. The Barukzye Sirdars of Afghanistan were intriguing with the Persian Court; and far out in the distance, beyond the mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, there was the shadow of a great northern army, tremendous in its indistinctness, sweeping across the wilds and deserts of Central Asia towards the frontier of Hindostan.'

That so-called great northern army, as we now know, but as we did not know then, was the column of Perofski, consisting of a few thousand men, which had left Orenburg with a view to chastise the Khan of Khiva, but which perished from famine and pestilence in the snowy wastes of the Barsuk desert north of the Aral.

When our troops were in Afghanistan in 1839–40, the force under Perofski, magnified by rumour as to numbers, and its fate unknown, became a source of much anxiety to our authorities. Sir Alexander Burnes alludes to it a good deal in his correspondence at that time, and, curiously enough, concludes one of his letters from Cabul with the following remarkable observation:—'I hold, however,' he says, 'that the man who recommends the cantonment of a British or an Indian soldier west of the Indus is an enemy to his country!' He evidently repudiated the modern notion of a 'scientific frontier.' Had Sir Alexander been alive and in Cabul, what would he have said now?

But let us pass on. In the years gone by, when the kingdoms of Central Asia, their resources and power, were almost unknown, the very mystery in which they had been shrouded for centuries naturally increased our apprehensions; and it was difficult to form decided opinions as to dangers which might be lurking beyond our frontiers, especially as our own position in India was at that time not thoroughly assured. In the present day, however, we cannot at all events complain of dearth of information; we are almost surfeited by it. European travellers may not have traversed the country in all its parts, and there may be deserts whose centres are yet unexplored; but the general characteristics of the three ancient kingdoms of Bokhara, Khiva, and Kokan, and the course of recent Russian conquests are now presented to us almost in full detail, and a short consideration of them will be interesting.

Previous to 1847 the old boundary line of Russia, south of Orenburg, abutted on the great Kirghis Steppe, a zone,* as Sir Henry Rawlinson tells us, 'of almost uninhabited desert, stretching 2,000 miles from west to east, and nearly 1,000 from north to south,' and which had hitherto acted as a buffer between Russia and the Mohammedan principalities below the Aral. Captain Burnaby, in relating his famous ride not long since, gave us thrilling accounts of his frost-bitten limbs in the journey across this almost pathless waste, and of the frozen meat he had to carry in iron buckets on camels, as means of subsistence on his road to Khiva.

There is no doubt that the passage across this desolate region, and the final domination of the Kirghis, about 1847, marks an important epoch in the advance of Russia, and by bringing her into contact, as it were, with the feeble and distracted kingdoms of Kokan, Bokhara, and Khiva, has led to their partial subjugation; but Sir Henry, in his famous minute of July, 1868,† exaggerates the results of these recent conquests in several ways. He seems to be of opinion that every step taken by Russia southwards has not only been marked with prudence and caution, and has given her, as it were, a firm footing, but that, combined with her conquests in Circassia, she must of necessity obtain a secure base for future aggressive designs against India. He, however, ignores the fact that the very interposition of 1,000 miles of desert steppe between the Jaxartes and Orenburg, the nearest large post of the Russian Empire, is in itself a source of great weakness, and still remains so; and taking into consideration that great portions of the principalities themselves are equally destitute regions, devoid not only of roads,—

* Parliamentary Papers, Afghanistan, 1878.
† Ibid.

but deficient in transport, food, forage, fuel, and even of water, it is evident that the further Russia advances, the weaker and more difficult the line of communication becomes, especially as the inhabitants are Mohammedans and bitterly hostile.

Sir Henry's chief argument, however, is, that the southern advance of Russia from Orenburg is only part of one grand scheme of invasion; that it is a combined movement with that in Asia Minor; and on this latter point his assertions are still more open to question. Speaking of the conquest of the Caucasus, he says that 'it was the turning-point of Russian empire in the East. So long as the mountaineers resisted, they formed an effective barrier to the tide of onward conquest; when they were once swept away, there was no military or physical obstacle to the continuous march of Russia, from the Araxes to the Indus'! He describes all this as 'the unerring certainty of a law of nature'! Here, again, he ignores distances, and blots out with a mere stroke of his pen the mountains, deserts, and arid plains of Persia and Afghanistan, which intervene between these two rivers; and he makes no account of the warlike and hostile races who will bar the path. This is hardly sober history, and it requires a very large map to embrace all the details of this wide-spread strategy. But Sir Henry Rawlinson is not content with mere bold figures of speech; he does what is far more rash, he indulges in prophecy; and in 1868, alluding to the Russian conquests as they then stood in Central Asia, said that

'the position which, on the *soberest* calculation, Russia may be expected to occupy at the close of ten years from the present time, and supposing that during this period we abstain from all active interference against her, will be something as follows:—

'The Caspian and the Aral will be connected either by a railway or by military roads, protected by forts, and amply furnished with water and supplies. Turkestan will thus be brought into easy and direct communication not only with the Caucasus, but with the Russian cities on the Volga, and even with St. Petersburg. The independent Uzbeg Governments will have ceased to exist, and in their places will have been established Russian provincial governors, the seat of central authority being probably Bokhara. The country will be administered under the joint control of Russian and native officials, according to the system which has long been successfully practised in the Trans-Caucasian provinces. Mohammedanism will be respected, though the extravagant bigotry and fanaticism of the Bokhara priesthood will, no doubt, have been retrenched. Trade will prosper; man-stealing, the present bane of the country, will be suppressed; cultivation will be increased; and the condition of the people generally will be improved. The mouths of the Oxus and Jaxartes will have been dredged and deepened, and flotillas of steamboats will have been established on both rivers.'*

This is a charming picture, and, had it been in the power of Russia to accomplish such a programme, it would indeed have been a blessing to the people and a credit to herself. Railways, roads, ample supplies of water in the desert, good government, increased trade, improved agriculture, and flotillas of steamers on the rivers, these are the projects which Sir Henry sketches out as likely to be accomplished in a decade—to be accomplished, moreover, in countries which have been devastated and misgoverned for centuries. Instead of viewing such progress with alarm, we should be lost in admiration at Russian enterprise. But, alas! we have very recent and detailed information of the present condition not only of Russian progress in Central Asia, but of the principalities generally; and if the accounts are trustworthy, it would appear that in all essential points the above prophecies are as unfulfilled now as they were in 1868, and are likely to remain so.

Amongst the many works which have lately been published on the subject, none is more complete, and apparently more to be relied on for its facts, than that of Mr. Boulger. It is not that it contains anything specially new, and its conclusions are often tinged with the prevailing Russophobia; nevertheless, to those who are interested in the question it appears to be a careful summary of the most recent history, and entirely corroborates all previous accounts. Mr. Boulger enters into copious details regarding the population, revenue, agriculture, commerce, and administration, and of the military arrangements of the Russian possessions in Central Asia, and in every sense they give indications of poverty, disappointment, and insecurity. He says that 'the population of this vast region is, at the highest computation, under three millions, scattered over a region which exceeds Western Europe in size.' Speaking of finance, he tells us that, 'judging the Russian rule in Central Asia exclusively by the light of its official budget, we find that its revenue is not only small, but that it is also stationary, and that its outlay is large and steadily increasing.' The principalities he describes as being poor in agriculture, commerce, and minerals, and possessing no public works. We knew nearly all these facts

* Parliamentary Papers, Afghanistan, 1878.

before, for Mr. Schuyler* in his careful work, and others, had told us much the same story; but repeated in 1879 they are tolerably convincing of the general barrenness of the newly acquired provinces of Russia in Turkestan. When Mr. Boulger proceeds to speak of the administration and of the military arrangements, his picture is still more gloomy, and his language more outspoken. He says 'that whilst the Russians have disregarded things civil and peaceful, in order that matters warlike may receive every attention,' 'the military administration in Central Asia is rotten to the core.' After stating that Kaufmann's entire army is about forty thousand strong, he points out that 'it has to garrison an enormous tract of country and keep in order the Kokandians, one of the most turbulent races of Central Asia. In war time those duties would become more arduous. Let Russia take never so many precautions against sedition, the advance of a large army across the Oxus must be the signal for local disturbances that would require to be promptly repressed.' Again: 'It would certainly be extremely hazardous to take more than half that force away from its duties; and last summer barely a third was sent forward to Djam.'†

Mr. Boulger states that 'the fighting army of Russia in Central Asia, which can be mobilised and directed by General Kaufmann, numbers scarcely more than 20,000 men. This,' he says, 'is Russia's offensive power at the present moment.' Therefore he naturally concludes that 'the army of Turkestan, even when reinforced from Orenburg, is utterly incapable of undertaking those extended operations which are necessary to carry Russian arms to the banks of the Indus.' Mr. Boulger also informs us that there is no native army in Central Asia, Russia not venturing to raise one. As to routes, he points out that from Orenburg to Tashkend is more than 1,130 miles, across a grassless waste, and that to make a railway would be ruinously expensive.

Sir James Stephen, writing not long since on Central Asia,* compared the position of General Kaufmann, the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan, with that of Lord Wellesley in India in the early part of the century; and he anticipated that, by raising armies and forming alliances, Russia might gradually develope into a great power in Central Asia, and thus become a danger to ourselves in India. The general conditions of the country, as just described, do not, however, hold out much promise of success. Vast deserts, ruined cities, wandering Turcoman tribes, and almost universal poverty, are unpromising foundations for a great Eastern Empire. Looking at all the circumstances from a military point of view, the danger of an invasion of Hindostan from the north seems rather a visionary affair. Even were the Russian forces numerous and powerful, close to their resources, and living in a land of abundant supplies, instead of the reverse, the fact that the mountains of Afghanistan and the snowy ranges of the Hindoo-Koosh interpose between them and our dominions should of itself almost suffice to dispel our fears. A correspondent in the 'Geographical Magazine' of October, 1878, writes:—

'The most important mountain range of Afghanistan is the Hindu-Kush, a name applied to the whole line of alpine watershed stretching south-west from the southern end of Pamir, and representing the Caucasus of Alexander's historians. The spurs of this mountain chain run out on both sides into the basins of the Oxus and Kabul rivers. Its peaks, though as yet undetermined by the Indian trigonometrical surveyors, in all probability rise throughout to the region of perpetual snow, and the loftiest attain some 20,000 or 21,000 feet in height. This mighty range has formed in all times the chief barrier between the plains of Hindostan and their invaders from the north-west.'

Nature has indeed done much for us, and the very experience we have recently gained as to the difficulty and cost of moving a small force to Cabul, within comparative proximity to our own border, should tend to reassure us. If, powerful as we are in India, it cost us three millions sterling and the lives of 60,000 camels to establish in 1878 a 'scientific frontier' in the Afghan mountainous labyrinth a few miles in advance of our former one, we can form a fairly accurate conception of the price of the invasion of an empire.

But a new danger has arisen. The shadow of a Cossack is stated to have passed over the Great Pamir, the so-called 'Roof of the World,' and a fresh terror has been added to the many already existing. A new path

* Schuyler's 'Turkestan,' 1876.

† Djam is a station on the extreme frontier of Russian Turkestan, a few miles to the southward of Samarcand, and in the summer of 1878, when there seemed a probability of war between this country and Russia, a force of a few thousand men was assembled there, not for the purpose, as is sometimes oddly enough assumed, of invading the Indian Empire, but from a reasonable and well grounded apprehension on the part of General Kaufmann that we were about to undertake operations which would be likely to have a very serious effect on the position of Russia in Central Asia.

* Times, October 16, 1878.

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for the invader, it is said, has been found. We do not as yet possess full information of the condition and capabilities of this somewhat mysterious region, portions of it being still unexplored; but, comparing the most recent accounts of Russian and English travellers, we find that the Pamir, instead of being a vast plateau as at one time supposed, consists of a mass of bare mountains, attaining elevations of 25,000 or 26,000 feet, snow-capped, and stretching in various directions, intersected by more or less wide valleys and gorges as denuded of vegetation as the mountains themselves. As a rule it is extremely sterile, and has a rigorous climate, small patches of grass only being found on the banks of the streams. To those who have travelled in the high and solitary regions of the Himalayas, the above account will tell its own story. In these great altitudes, life can scarcely be supported, food for man and beast is always scarce, the summer very short, and the population necessarily extremely scanty; and although the Russians might, if unopposed, trickle as it were in feeble driblets over the Pamir, it would only be to lose themselves in the gorges of the Himalayas about Gilgit and Chitral, where the most ordinary precautions on our part would suffice to stop their progress.*

The general position of Russia in Central Asia is that of a great power which has lately conquered a vast space of territory composed chiefly of arid wastes and almost uninhabited steppes, interspersed with occasional tracts of fertility, and dotted here and there with Eastern cities and centres of population. It has been shown that supplies are scanty, the roads mere camel tracks, the revenue small, and the people hostile. Civil government is barely established: financially the country does not pay; and although there is no power in that part of Central Asia which can withstand Russia in the field, her troops are far from the main resources of the Empire, and are necessarily frittered away in solitary detachments over a vast area, and are incapable of concentration. It is possible that in time Russia may to some extent consolidate her conquests and ameliorate her position, but the normal conditions of the country are against her. It does not therefore appear that we need be apprehensive of her power to injure us, nor are we justified in entertaining constant suspicions as to her motives in conquering the wretched marauding tribes whose government is so detestable, and who for so long a period have infested these regions. Russia may not have the wish to injure us, but, in a military point of view, she does not appear to possess the power or to be likely to attain it in Central Asia, which is a far more important consideration.

It is time, however, to turn to other scenes, and to military movements somewhat similar in their nature, which it is supposed are likely to be enacted on another part of the stage. If that great northern army, which Kaye described 'as tremendous in its indistinctness' forty years ago, has lost some of its terrors, now that its weakness has become apparent, another army coming from the west has taken its place, the seat of whose power is supposed to lie in the far Caucasus, whilst its outposts already extend along the hot sands on the eastern shores of the Caspian. The people of England, who as a rule have neither time nor inclination to study closely the progress of a crafty strategy which takes many decades to mature, and requires whole continents for its development, are in some respects much to be pitied. Anxious for peace, they find themselves constantly perplexed by vague rumours of danger to India, from north and west, gravely put before them by statesmen, soldiers, and others, by men who are presumed to speak with experience and authority; and it will be interesting to quote a few of the more recent instances. The Marquis of Salisbury, writing as Secretary of State for India in February 1876, in a despatch the policy of which has already produced such dire results, says:—

'The maintenance in Afghanistan of a strong and friendly power has at all times been the object of British policy. The attainment of this object is now to be considered with due reference to the situation created by the recent and rapid advance of the Russian arms in Central Asia towards the northern frontiers of British India. Her Majesty's Government cannot view with complete indifference the probable influence of that situation upon the uncertain character of an Oriental chief whose ill-defined dominions are thus brought, within a steadily narrowing circle, between the conflicting pressures of two great military empires, one of which expostulates and remains passive, whilst the other apologises and continues to move forward.'

Sir Henry Rawlinson's views have already been quoted. According to his judgment, some unerring law of nature has exerted its influence, so that no military or physical

* The lowest pass over the Hindoo-Koosh into the Chitral valley is 12,000 feet above the sea, and is closed by snow for more than half the year. The other passes are very difficult, being between 16,000 and 17,000 feet above the sea, and some of them are covered with perpetual snow.

obstacles now exist to the advance of Russia from the Araxes to the Indus!

Sir Bartle Frere, writing in 1874, conjectured that Russian vagabonds might drill the Afghans and cast their cannon, and that Russia might impel hordes of Asiatic barbarians upon India, such as followed Nadir Shah almost within living memory. Sir James Stephen holds somewhat similar views, and considers that Russia may gradually obtain ascendency over the whole of Central Asia, 'including Persia and Afghanistan,' and thus be enabled to form great armies and invade India. General Sir Henry Green sketches out rather a different and a very strange combination. Writing in January 1878 about Indian dangers,* he points out the probability

'of the formation of a powerful and well-trained *Turko*-Russian army of the Caucasus, eager for war, and having the resources of the Russian and Turkish Empires at its back, and transferred to Tiflis *viâ* Batoum, in addition to other routes now existing. Under such circumstances,' he says, 'and with the fate of Turkey before her eyes, does anyone believe that Persia would offer much resistance to a Russian advance? . . . With the resources of Persia at her command—and these resources, in the shape of baggage animals, &c., would be very great—what are the difficulties likely to prevent a Russian army from advancing *viâ* Teheran as well as by the valley of the Attrek to Herat, and from thence on by Candahar, or towards any point on our Indian frontier that circumstances might suggest? What (he says) are the mountain ranges and deserts to be found on a large or a little map intervening on that route?'

This is indeed a strange jumble.

Mr. Boulger follows in a similar path, and writes that

'Russia's military strength in Central Asia is limited and in an undeveloped stage. But there can be no doubt that it exists, and that for the accomplishment of any ordinary enterprise it would suffice. In the direction of the Caspian, where the army of the Caucasus—behind which stands the European army—can be called into play, it is formidable; and if ever India is to be wrested from England by external force, it will be from this direction that the attack will be made.'

Colonel Baker,† who in 1875 stood on the crest of the mountains of Khorassan, looking towards the north over the sandy wastes which lead to Merv, was very unhappy at the apathy of his countrymen, and told us that 'the dangers threatening India are looming nearer and nearer, and nothing as yet has been done to meet or arrest them,' and that 'we are content to leave the safety of the greatest empire the world has ever seen to the hazards of chance or the mercies of our enemies.'

All this is somewhat dreary reading, and, were it necessary to give a detailed and serious reply, ample provisions are at hand in the recorded opinions of such men as the late Lords Lawrence and Sandhurst and of Sir Henry Lawrence; of the Earl of Northbrook, Sir Henry Norman, Sir Vincent Eyre, and others of equal weight and authority. The recent debates in Parliament and the correspondence in newspapers on the Afghan war, however, prove that the public generally are not likely to commit the folly of allowing visions of remote and almost impalpable dangers to run away with their judgment in measuring the power of Russia in that part of the world.

The experience of the war of 1877 between Russia and Turkey, in the Armenian highlands, would appear to prove that the army of the Caucasus has duties and responsibilities of its own sufficiently onerous to prevent its seeking fresh adventures in a far-distant country. The 150,000 men of whom it is said to be composed did not find it an easy task, after years of preparation, to penetrate a few miles into Asia Minor, when only opposed by a comparatively feeble quota of the least efficient portion of the Turkish army; indeed, in the earlier months of the campaign, the Russian forces found themselves defeated and thrown back over their own border. Tiflis, the headquarters of the army of the Caucasus, is, in round numbers, 2,250 miles from the Indus (about the same distance apparently that it is from the Thames), and what we are to try to believe is that, absolved in some way from its ordinary functions, this army is to undertake a march through Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, and, defying all natural obstacles and the possible antagonism of martial races and fanatical Mohammedans, it is, with unexhausted power, to deploy on the plains of Hindostan, and to reap its reward in the conquest of an empire. This is a fancy sketch indeed.

Sir Henry Rawlinson is the great authority in these matters, and he tells us* that in the spring of 1878 discussions took place at St. Petersburg, their object being the overthrow of the English rule in India; and that the project most in favour was that of General Miliutin, the Minister of War,

* Pall Mall Gazette, January 30, 1878.

† Clouds in the East, 1876.

* 'The Afghan Crisis,' Nineteenth Century, December 1878. By Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B.

who suggested the transfer of the army of the Caucasus, under General Loris Melikoff, across the Caspian, from thence to advance on India. The limited amount of the local resources in the many districts through which the Russians would have to pass in their wonderful march of 2,250 miles; the varying nature of the countries, composed in great measure of mountains, rocky steppes, and arid plains, with occasional tracts of cultivation; the want of good roads, the comparative deficiency of transport, and the extremes of climate—all these taken together would seem to be fatal obstacles to the accomplishment of General Miliutin's purpose.* The Caucasus army might start strong in numbers and in heart; but the necessity of maintaining its communications, the dwindling away of its ranks by sickness and death, would leave but a sorry number with which to emerge on the plains of India. Then, again, the necessity of being accompanied by siege trains and vast supplies of munitions cannot be left out of account. Modern armies on the march do not gather strength and bulk like a snowball; nor is there any instance in modern days in which a general has accomplished a feat at all approaching to that so lightly proposed for the army of the Caucasus.

Sir Henry Rawlinson admits that the co-operation of the Afghans and Persians would be necessary to the success of the scheme; but, looking at the feeble authority of their rulers, to the frequent revolutions, and to the treacherous character of these fanatical races, the contingency of their hostility would have to be provided against by adequate precautions along the line of march. An expedition of the kind must necessarily extend over a long period of time, so that we should have ample leisure to concentrate such force as we might deem sufficient to meet the enfeebled legions of Russia as they emerged from the passes after their long and dangerous march. Possibly, also, before they had got halfway they might hear that the people of the Caucasus behind them were in an uproar, and their return urgently demanded. No army can perform two duties far distant from each other at the same time, without danger of collapse at one end or the other.

Even Sir Henry Rawlinson hardly seems to have faith in his own forebodings; for in December 1878 * he tells us that

'it is probable, however, that the great expedition was found on examination to be altogether beyond Russian resources. The expense of moving the army of the Caucasus and replacing it with local levies would have been enormous. The means of transport on the Caspian, even if the Volga steamers had been called in, would have been quite insufficient to move 70,000 men. The co-operation of Persia could not be relied on, and without it neither carriage nor provisions could be obtained for the march through Khorassan. Altogether it may be questioned if the grand scheme was ever developed beyond its embryo.'

On the whole it is difficult to regard such propositions as other than idle dreams. As a foundation for them, it seems to be assumed that Russian armies can march for thousands of miles, over mountains, across deserts, through foreign countries, ignoring every difficulty, and defying all strategical considerations; whilst the British army, it is equally assumed, is commanded by imbeciles, and is incapable of striking a blow or marching a yard. Barren steppes and scanty population may be said to be prevailing characteristics in Russian Turkestan, and indeed meet us in every corner of Central Asia. Allusion has already been made to that great Kirghis waste, 2,000 miles long and 1,000 broad, between Orenburg and the Aral, which served so long to check the onward march of Russia southwards, and which still intervenes as a barrier between the Empire and her distant outposts—so much so that General Romanoffski declared, 'it took nearly two years to move troops and stores from the Volga across the Kirghis steppes to the advanced posts beyond the Bokhara frontier.' The Russians probably hoped that, once across this region, they would be brought into contact with less savage races, and gain possession of more fertile lands; and to some slight extent it may be so. But Mr. Schuyler, writing in 1876, tells us that

'Central Asia was thought to be a rich country, and was regarded almost as a promised land. It was believed that not only would it support the troops stationed there, but that it would also afford large and increasing revenues to the Government. What I have said in a previous chapter about the commerce, agriculture, and mineral resources of the country will

* Colonel Baker in his 'Clouds in the East,' speaking of Persia, tells us 'that it has a grossly corrupt system of government, a bankrupt treasury, no fleet, and an army which for any practical purpose is useless. The whole eastern centre of Persia,' he says, 'is a vast salt plain, uncultivated and uninhabited, and which, from its want of water, can only be passed by small caravans of camels on a few roads, where brackish wells exist, and even then with great difficulty.'

Mr. Arthur Arnold, in his book 'Through Persia by Caravan,' and Mr. M'Gregor's 'Khorassan,' convey the same general impression of barrenness, poverty, misgovernment, and decay.

* 'The Afghan Crisis,' Nineteenth Century, December 1878.

show how far this was in reality from being the case. . . . The primary objects which led to the occupation of Central Asia were military rather than financial; and as long as the province is considered valuable from a military and political point of view, the financial burden must be borne. It seems, however, difficult to expect great ultimate profit from the country from any point of view.'

Far, however, as the Russians have advanced, they only find themselves more deeply involved in scenes of desolation. In the very heart of their present possessions, and occupying a very large portion of it, lies the great Black Desert, of which some idea will be gained from the following description:—

'Far and wide, although no longer so far or so wide as formerly, over the waste expanse of Kara-Kum there roam tribes who are independent of all earthly authority, whose hand is against every man, and who are known as Turkmen or Turcomans. The great desert of Kum-Kum, extending from the Caspian to the Oxus, and from Khiva to Persia, has been their home for centuries; and they are still to be found there in the same wild state of independence as their fathers were seven centuries ago. Their irregular confederacy has stood the test of time far better than some more regular modes of government, and, so far as matters have yet progressed, they appear to be better able to defend their rights than the other states and nationalities of Central Asia. The practical importance of the Turcomans in the present phase of the Central Asian question cannot be over-estimated. They are evidently the next opponent with which Russia will come into contact, and to some degree the contest may be said to have already begun.'*

With a view of obtaining some slight authority over the Turcomans, and in the hope of promoting trade, the Russians within the last ten years have established a few stations on the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea, the more important of which are Krasnavodsk, opposite Baku, and Chikisliar, a few miles north of the Attrek, the northern boundary of Persia. These isolated posts, being on the very verge of the desert, and having no resources of their own, even water being scarce, have to depend for supplies of every kind either on Baku or other Russian stations on the Caspian, and, being moreover unable to communicate with General Kaufmann at Tashkend, have, since 1874, been placed under the control of the authorities at Tiflis. These are the outposts from which several expeditions have recently been despatched against the Turcomans, but as yet with very doubtful success.

* Boulger's 'England and Russia in Central Asia.'

Colonel Veniukoff,* alluding to Krasnavodsk, says:—

'With regard to trade in the Trans-Caspian districts, the development of which was the official motive for founding Krasnavodsk, we have nothing further to say, as it does not exist, and never will, as the Turcomans buy nothing; while for the trade with Khiva, Bokhara, and the sources of the Oxus, there are many other routes more convenient than the uninhabited and waterless wastes of sand-hills which extend for a distance of 400, 600, and 1,000 miles from Krasnavodsk.'

This is not a cheerful account, and it is quite corroborated by the letters of the correspondent of the 'Daily News' who, during last summer, accompanied the Russian columns which have lately endeavoured to penetrate the country of the Turcomans from Krasnavodsk and Chikisliar by the Kizil-Arvat route, and which suffered so considerable a defeat in September last at Denghil-Tepe, on the road to Merv.

So little is known at first hand from English sources of these new Russian positions on the eastern shores of the Caspian, that a few extracts from the letters of the 'Daily News' correspondent will be of interest:—

'Krasnavodsk is situated in a sandy desert surrounded by scorched hills of reddish-brown sandstone. Not a blade of grass, not a shrub, breaks the dreary waste. Ten years ago not even a Turcoman could inhabit the spot, and now it is only due to the energy of General Lomachine that anybody else can. So thoroughly artificial an existence as that of Krasnavodsk it would be difficult to imagine. There are absolutely no local resources, if I except a limited supply of undrinkable water, which during the hotter months entirely disappears. Even now in the month of April the heat is so great, about 80 degrees, that everything is burned up, and people go to sleep at midday, anything like exertion being out of the question. Firewood is brought at a great cost from Lincoran, on the opposite Persian shore. Flour and other necessaries come from Baku. In order that the population may have water, the Government has established a distillery, which, working night and day, manages to provide a scanty supply of the necessary fluid at a very considerable cost. This example alone speaks eloquently of the savage desolation prevailing.'

Again:—

'Krasnavodsk, having no *raison d'être* of its own, was founded specially as a maritime emporium of trade with Khiva and Central Asia generally, in connexion with the proposed railway from Baku to Tiflis and that already existing from the latter town to Poti, whence Persian and other merchandise is conveyed by

* 'Progress of Russia in Central Asia,' by Colonel M. S. Veniukoff, 1877.

steamer to Odessa and other Black Sea ports. Khivan and other merchants have already crossed the Kara Koom (Black Desert) with their caravans to Krasnavodsk; but so often have they fallen a prey to forays of the independent Turcoman hordes of the intermediate districts, that commerce by this route has long since entirely ceased, and goods coming to Russia from Khokand, Tashkend, and districts bordering on China, are sent by the longer but more secure route of Fort Alexandrow and the Sea of Aral. The Turcomans who interrupt trade and carry on a systematic brigandage on every side, seizing indifferently Russian and Persian subjects, as well as their neighbours to the eastward, and retaining them as slaves or holding them till ransomed, inhabit the district known as the Tekke. . . . These Tekke Turcomans are a most untameable predatory race, and have existed from time immemorial in the same state of independence and aggressiveness. Their country is a savage wilderness, in which they shift to and fro according as the pasturage, such as it is, fails, or the wells become dried up.'

Of Chikisliar, the same correspondent, writing in April last, said:—

'Chikisliar* is of still more recent origin than Krasnavodsk, and even still more purely a military settlement. It is, in fact, simply an entrenched camp of some five or six battalions, the civil element consisting of a few Russian traders and a scattering of Turcoman fishermen. Like all these eastern Caspian settlements of late construction, Chikisliar has absolutely no local resources save the sea and river fisheries. All around is a hopeless desert. The sand dunes of the Bretagne coast would look smiling and verdant beside the ghastly desolation of this hideous locality. Actual contact with the place and personal experience are necessary to form an adequate idea of what is meant by the Kara Koom—the Black Desert.'

Speaking of the recent Russian expedition, he says that one of their most advanced military stations is at Chat, a post in the desert about 140 miles north-east of Chikisliar, and situated at the junction of the Attrek and Sambre, two small streams about fifteen or twenty feet wide, their waters being almost unfit for drinking purposes owing to sediment. 'It has rarely been my lot,' he says, 'to see anything so utterly desolate as the surroundings of Chat.' † The usual route from Chikisliar to Chat leads along the northern bank of the Attrek, both sides being desert, very unhealthy, and infested with Turcomans, and it appears that from November to February in each year this wretched road is absolutely closed by inundations and the consequent softening of the ground.

As it has often been stated that the River Attrek is navigable, and will therefore be of great service to the Russians in their march into the desert, it will be well to give a further extract from the letter of the correspondent of the 'Daily News' dated October last.

'What I have seen of the Attrek at different seasons leads me to believe that, even as far as Chat, it is entirely useless as a means of water transit. At present it is shrunk to a miserable muddy ditch, at places not over 8 feet wide, and almost everywhere fordable to horses. That it occasionally assumes more respectable dimensions is evident from the various water-level marks on its banks. It must occasionally have a depth of over 20 feet, and an average width of 30, without overflowing its regular channel, which is cut as regularly as that of any canal, winding in the centre of a vast ravine with vertical sides. Sometimes this ravine has a breadth of three-quarters of a mile. On neither the north nor south shores is the Attrek available for irrigation purposes, the great depth to which it has cut its bed precluding such a possibility. Hence the entire barrenness of the desert on either side, reaching from the commencement of its delta to over a hundred miles above Chat. The extreme percentage of sediment makes its water unfit for human consumption without filtering or deposition; and for the supply of camels and horses it has to be fetched with great labour, by zigzag steep paths cut in the huge earth cliffs of the ravine, from the central channel to the plains above.'

The correspondent, not having been permitted to proceed with the advanced portion of the expedition, is unable to give us his personal experience of its fate; but from the official accounts and other sources it appears that the Russian forces, about 8,000 strong, advanced along the foot of the northern slopes of the Khorassan mountains, through the narrow Tekke oasis towards Merv, and were defeated by the Turcomans, with great loss, at Denghil Tepe, about 150 miles north-east of Chat—the most recent accounts stating that the greater part of their troops have fallen back on Chikisliar, the road being strewn with the dead bodies of horses and camels—and that the campaign for the time is at an end. This is the Russian base on the Caspian to which Lord Salisbury alluded, as affecting our frontier position in India, in his speech at Manchester on October 17 last.

The country in which the Russians have recently suffered so considerable a defeat is

* The Caspian is so shallow at Chikisliar that ships of small burden have to anchor three miles from the shore.

† A Russian writer says that Chat is the most repulsive place along the whole Attrek, and the Sambre a dirty stream. Speaking of the heat, dust, &c., in August, he adds, 'Life, however, is still possible even at Chat.'

very little known, and, as it is likely to be the scene of further conflicts, the following description of it by Sir Henry Rawlinson will be of interest:—

'The country * of the Tekke Turcomans commences at Kizgil Arvat, and continues in a more or less connected line the whole way to Merv, the distance by the nearest line being about 400 miles; but it is hardly possible that any disciplined army could follow this direct route. The only convenient line for the march of a Russian force would be along the foot of the hills the whole way round to Serakhs, and then across the desert at its narrowest point by the high road from Persia to Bokhara, a detour which would increase the distance from 400 to 450 miles.'

As regards the narrow strip of country at the foot of the mountains of Khorassan, in which are the chief settlements of the Tekkes, Sir Henry tells us that—

'to the north it is protected by an almost waterless desert, the shortest line across which is twelve days' march for a caravan, and is practicable only for small numbers. South of it extends a mass of lofty mountains with few passes practicable even for mule carriage. West, 130 miles of barren desert intervene between it and the (Caspian) sea.'

Again he writes:—

'The distance from the Caspian to Merv by the Akhal country and Serakhs is about 700 miles, and to keep up communications by a line of posts along this interval would be a very serious operation indeed. From the western end of the Deregez Atock, moreover, to Serakhs, a distance of 200 miles, the line would pass through Persian or quasi-Persian territory, and Russia, therefore, could not of course undertake such a movement without an understanding with the government of the Shah. In the matter of supplies, also, food could not be possibly obtained in the districts traversed by the Russian columns. Either provision caravans must follow the troops from the Caspian, which along a line of 700 miles would entail enormous expense and risk, or grain must be supplied from Khorassan.'

A consideration of the above descriptions of Krasnavodsk and Chikisliar, of the deserts surrounding them, together with the results of the recent Russian expedition against the Turcomans, will enable us to form some idea of the difficulties that Russia must meet and overcome, should she attempt to gain possession of Merv; and, her arrival there having been so often foretold, and being considered by many as involving so much danger to our dominions in the East, a few moments may be devoted to a place which may almost be termed the Capital of the Alarmists.

* 'The Road to Merv,' by Major General Sir H. Rawlinson, K.C.B. Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, March 1879.

There is, so far as is known, only one Englishman alive who has visited Merv—General James Abbott, of the Artillery. This distinguished old officer travelled from Herat to Khiva about forty years ago, and in the interesting account of his journey, after describing the valley of the Murghab and its comparative, though much neglected fertility, he speaks of Merv as a wretched plain, the town itself consisting of about a hundred mud huts, and the country around a wilderness. The late Lord Strangford, speaking of it, said that 'it must always have been surrounded by deserts, however much greater must have been the proportion of fertile land in ancient times irrigated by means of the Murghab.' *

The real fact is that Merv, so far as we know of it, is a small Turcoman town on the edge of a vast wilderness. Standing on the Murghab, and being at the junction, as it were, of the attenuated lines of communication which lead from Khiva, Bokhara, and the shores of the Caspian, it is so far important that such commerce as still exists in these desolate regions finds its way, on camels' backs, between Merv and Herat. The Murghab, ere it becomes absorbed in the thirsty sands to the north, gives a certain limited amount of fertility to the district, and therefore, as an oasis amidst such a great area of barrenness, it is comparatively well peopled at certain periods of the year. But, as a strategical base of operations, or even as a halting-place for an army of invasion against India, it is in almost every respect as over-estimated as it is unfitted. The very expedition of which mention has just been made will suffice to prove the great difficulty of approach, and, even should these difficulties ultimately be overcome, it does not follow that possession of Merv will give it strategical importance, or render it available as a station for further advance.

A general officer at Merv, ordered to move southwards on Herat, and so on to Candahar and the Indus, might well feel in a condition of almost hopeless despair. In the first place it would be absolutely incumbent on him to

* Captain Marsh, who was at Herat in 1872, made enquiries about Merv, and says that, 'since it was destroyed by Nadir Shah, and after that by the Ameer of Bokhara in 1787, it had never been rebuilt, and to this day, though called the chief town of the Turkomans, does not contain a single house. At certain seasons of the year, after harvest, the tribes assemble here with the produce of farm or flock, and pitch their black goats-hair or felt tents amidst the ruins of the ancient Shah Jehan. . . . In the great heats the town is again deserted, the river Murghab being then nearly, and often quite, dry.' ('A Ride through Islam,' 1877.)

collect a very considerable force, duly provided with heavy artillery and munitions of all kinds, the mere concentration of which over such routes as have been described would occupy a long time and entail enormous cost. Looking back, he would be aware of the vast distances between himself and the nearest resources of the empire—distances not merely to be measured by the actual number of miles, although they are very great, but aggravated by the accumulated obstacles of unhealthy foodless deserts and unsafe communications. Neither from the north nor from the west could he hope at any time to receive reinforcements, except by small detachments and at rare intervals, so that his very position, without moving at all, would be precarious and depressing. But it may be said that a general, whilst not neglecting his communications, should refrain from dwelling too much on dangers left behind, and should rather keep his eyes and his thoughts constantly directed to the front. The outlook from Merv, however, and the prospects of a successful advance, are perhaps even less promising than a retreat across the desert. From Merv to the Indus is, in round numbers, about 1,000 miles; and although, in the vicinity of Herat and Candahar, a certain limited amount of supplies could be found, we know, from the accounts of Ferrier, Marsh, and others, that the only route lies through districts where rocky mountains and sandy wastes vie with each other for the mastery, and that the country, as a matter of course, is infested with marauding tribes. Our own experience is amply sufficient to enable us to realise the difficulties and dangers of a march of 1,000 miles through Afghanistan.

The city of Herat, standing in a comparatively fertile valley at the western extremity of Afghanistan, holds a position of undoubted importance, both in a strategical and commercial point of view. What its fate may be under the present unhappy circumstances of Afghanistan, and now that the chief authority at Cabul has been subverted, it is somewhat hard to say; but, as it is well understood that England would not permit it to fall into the hands of Russia, it is satisfactory to know that there is no reasonable expectation of her being able to get there, so that our minds need not be harassed by imaginary contingencies. It may be quite true, as Mr. Boulger tells us, that 'there are roads from Herat that, if followed up to their termination, will take one not only to Moscow or Calcutta, but to Pekin and the shores of the China Sea.' He might have added to the North Pole and the Equator. The same might be said of a great many other places, but the fact is not in itself in any way alarming.

Whilst Russia has been engaged for many years past in the painful and almost fruitless effort of establishing her power amidst the remains of ancient but decayed principalities, and of endeavouring to introduce civilisation and order into regions where almost every element of prosperity is deficient, it is time now to allude to the great empire which England has established in the East; and here we are at once met by conditions in many respects of an entirely opposite character to those with which we have hitherto been called upon to deal. Dr. W. Hunter, the Director-General of Indian Statistics, not long since gave two very interesting lectures at Edinburgh, his theme being 'What England has done for India;' and although in an article like the present, devoted chiefly to military considerations, it would not be convenient to describe minutely the improvements effected in the civil administration of our dominions in the East, still the armed strength of a great power depends so much upon the contentment of the people, and upon the due development of the resources of the country, that it will be useful to allude shortly to the very encouraging account given by Dr. Hunter of our progress in India. He tells us that 'the test of British rule in India was not what it had done for ourselves, but what it had done for the Indian people,' and he goes on to point out 'that British rule in India meant order in place of anarchy, protection in place of oppression, government by the law in place of government by the sword, and a vast free people dwelling in safety where of old each man was beaten down beneath whosoever was stronger than himself.' Dr. Hunter relates how, in former days, the country had been subject to successive hordes of invaders, even down to the middle of the last century; to hosts of men who overran the country, paying for nothing, eating up its resources, and devastating whole provinces by fire and sword; that, as a consequence, the border lands lay silent and waste, and were almost swept bare of inhabitants. Not only that, but the people suffered almost equally from their own rulers. 'The dying throes,' he says, 'of the Mogul Empire had let loose its disbanded and revolted armies upon the people, and the troops lived by open pillage.' These dire agencies having been destroyed by the vigour of our rule, and security having been obtained, the peasants at once spread over the fertile but hitherto depopulated provinces. Improved agriculture has of late years vastly increased the value of the land;

trade has been developed, and great commercial cities have arisen, so that in 1878 India was able to export 63,000,000*l.* sterling of produce. In addition to these great benefits an efficient police and just tribunals have been established, crime has consequently diminished, and education and municipal institutions developed. After enumerating all these encouraging signs of prosperity and progress, Dr. Hunter concluded his lectures by truly saying that 'our history in India has been chequered by occasional mistakes, but, on the whole, it forms a splendid narrative of empire fairly won and honestly governed in the interests of the people.'

It is, however, in its military rather than in its purely civil aspect that it will be interesting now to regard our government of India, and here again we have ample evidences of efficiency and of concentrated power. We are able to raise large and highly efficient armies, recruited from the many martial races of the country, which so loyally support and supplement our English battalions. The improved means of communication by railways, roads, and rivers enable us to move our troops and necessary appliances with ease and rapidity from one end of the country to the other. The postal and telegraphic facilities are also important in their way. The arsenals are established at strategical centres, and our armaments and munitions can be augmented at will, either from England or by local manufacture.

It may perhaps be considered unnecessary to dwell upon facts and features so well known, and a consideration of which proves the enormous military strength we possess in Hindostan. Judging, however, by the alarmist tone so often adopted in comparing the position of Russia and England in the East, it would seem that the great increase of our power, especially of late years, is not sufficiently borne in mind. The strong position we hold in India is due not only to the fact that we have made great progress in giving security to life and property, in developing the fertility and general resources of the country, and in improving its communications, but that, whilst we have been thus beneficially engaged, the countries all round us have, in all these essential points, either stood still or to some extent perhaps even retrograded. This is a most important consideration. India may not in every respect be well governed, and may not have fully recovered from centuries of previous misrule and invasion, but as a whole it is enjoying peace and prosperity, whilst all the countries beyond it to the north-west remain in their normal state of decay. Afghanistan, Persia, the Principalities of Central Asia, and Turkey in Asia—all these countries present pictures of desolation. In them life and property are insecure, agriculture is neglected, commerce is drooping, the revenues are small, and, partly owing to the destruction of the forests, the very climate has changed, and from want of water whole regions have become rocky plateaux or sandy deserts. The roads are mere camel tracks, railways are unknown, and means of transport very deficient. The various Mohammedan races may retain their ancient courage, but the armies of these countries are miserably equipped with obsolete weapons, and arsenals, in the modern conception of the term, are unknown. The very condition of these impoverished lands offers perhaps the best security against the advance of a great power like Russia.

In discussing, however, the possibilities of an invasion of India, it is often assumed that, because in past times successful incursions have constantly been made from the north-west, there is nothing to prevent Russia from repeating the process in our own time. It is supposed that because Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, Nadir Shah, and many others, were able in former days to penetrate with hordes of barbarians into India, therefore Russia may now achieve a similar result by somewhat similar means. But the conditions are essentially altered; and it will be interesting to consider the strategical aspect of such a question, the broad features of which are so well brought out by Colonel Hamley in his 'Operations of War.'

Speaking of campaigns in ancient days, he tells us that the military arrangements demanded no great amount of previous preparations; that the invading forces consisted chiefly of armed retainers of feudal chiefs, hastily collected, and who, carrying but few supplies, and unencumbered with trains of artillery, munitions, food and stores, descended on the enemy's territory like a flight of locusts, pillaging and devastating as they went, until the scene of their operations gradually became frightful deserts. Magazines, wheeled transport, and lines of communication were hardly thought of in those days, and operations could be successfully carried out in this reckless fashion because the enemy to be attacked was equally deficient in organisation and in the knowledge and appliances of modern warfare.

'In earlier times,' he says, 'the population was sparse, the infertile tracts of land frequent, the roads few and bad, while the artillery and trains would have been cumbrous, even had

the ways been good. Thus many conditions were still wanting to the development of the science of strategy.'

But Colonel Hamley goes on to show that modern armies require very different conditions and preparations.

'As the power of an army on a distant enterprise,' he says, 'depends on its united and concerted action, it is necessary to its full efficiency that it should be able to assemble at any time. It must therefore be accompanied by everything requisite for its maintenance. Food, ammunition, clothing, medicine, and recruits must find free access to it; and the stream of these supplies must be unceasing. The first preparation for war is the establishment of great depôts and magazines, and these were collected in places that were secured from the enemy's attacks either by natural defences or artificial fortifications.' . . .

'In mountainous districts, where the roads are so rugged and steep as to be unfit for wheeled vehicles, the necessary supplies must be carried on pack-horses or mules. But the quantity which an animal can draw is so much greater than that which it can carry, that the number of animals and the extent of road they occupy must be immensely increased. It is therefore very difficult, almost impossible, to supply a very large army under such circumstances for a long campaign; and roads practicable for carriages are indispensable to all operations, except those which aim at attaining their results in a brief and definite time. And not only must the roads be good in the ordinary sense, but they must be great main arteries of the region, solidly constructed.'

To the student of the art of war the above quotations will contain nothing new; but their application to a supposed invasion of India by a Russian army from the north-west will show at once that, whilst we derive all the advantages in India of modern armed strength, Russia has to contend with the augmented difficulties of having to transport her forces through countries in a condition which fatally bars advance. In short, we now possess in India an efficient, highly disciplined, well-equipped army, which can be increased at will, with powerful artillery, and ample supplies at hand; arsenals well stocked, and every appliance of war in its most recent development. Russia, on the other hand, if she is ever to invade us with any chance of success, must necessarily move her troops encumbered with all the impedimenta of modern warfare; she must establish magazines and depôts as she goes, and all this far away from the resources of her own territories. Her soldiers will have to march across deserts and over mountains containing but scanty supplies of either food, fuel, transport, or even water. In fact, she has to accomplish the almost impossible task of moving a modern army over countries which have been devastated and ruined for centuries past. Were the theatre of war in Europe, where roads are numerous and supplies plentiful, a march of invasion extending over 1,000 miles of country would be a sufficiently daring undertaking, but under the conditions above noted it is simply impossible. Thus we see that the impoverished condition of all the countries beyond our frontiers to the north-west in reality is a great safeguard, and presents an almost impassable barrier against Russian aggression. We have, in short, been able during a century of possession to consolidate a powerful military empire in India, whilst our external surroundings remain, for all practical purposes, in the hopeless condition created by centuries of devastation and neglect. If these strategical conditions are soundly conceived, the idea that Russia can imitate the deeds of the former conquerors of India becomes an illusion, the conditions being hopelessly against her.

The object of the foregoing remarks has been to discuss, in a general and comprehensive manner, the comparative power of England and Russia in what is termed Central Asia; and it would, therefore, hardly fall within the limits of the present paper to dwell at any length on the policy recently pursued in the attainment of a so-called scientific frontier in the north-west of India. Indeed, if the conclusion is sound that we are strong in India, whereas Russia is weak and distant, the frontier question becomes one of comparatively minor importance. But although the position of Russia in Central Asia carries with it no sense of real or proximate danger to our empire in the East, still the presence of a great power beyond Afghanistan, occupying a position hitherto held by weak and disordered principalities, no doubt so far affects the question, that we naturally and properly have for many years past carefully considered its probable effect on the ruler and people of the intervening country of Afghanistan. That poor and mountainous region, thinly inhabited by a brave but fanatical people, undoubtedly occupies an important position, and it would be contrary to our interests that Russia should obtain any predominating influence within its borders. Our frontier policy for many years past, and until 1876, was definite and on the whole consistent, and was carried out in our dealings with the Beloochees as well as with the Afghans. It may be described as one of conciliation, mediation, and subsidies. Whilst avoiding interference

in their internal feuds, and carefully abstaining from any appearance of annexation, we have been desirous of maintaining strong and friendly powers beyond our borders. In dealing with such half-savage suspicious neighbours, much tact and forbearance were necessary; but on the whole, until lately, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves on the success of our efforts. The reports of the Punjab Government, dated October 1876,* show that the Afghan frontier generally was becoming quiet, the population Trans-Indus increasing, and agriculture more general. Frontier raids were less frequent, and were gradually being treated rather as matters of police than as requiring military punitive expeditions.

With respect to the Government at Cabul, the Earl of Northbrook, Viceroy of India, and his Council, writing in January 1876, alluding to the policy heretofore pursued, said:—

'We already see the fruits of the conciliatory policy which has been pursued since 1869, in the consolidation of the Ameer's power and the establishment of a strong government on our frontier. The Ameer's not unnatural dread of our interference in his internal affairs, and the difficulties of his position as described in our despatch of the 7th June last, combined, perhaps, with the conviction that, if ever a struggle for the independence of Afghanistan should come, we must in our interest help him, may have induced him to assume a colder attitude towards us than we should desire. But we have no reason to believe that he has any desire to prefer the friendship of other Powers. We are convinced that a patient adherence to the policy adopted towards Afghanistan by Lord Canning, Lord Lawrence, and Lord Mayo, which it has been our earnest endeavour to maintain, presents the greatest promise of the eventual establishment of our relations with the Ameer on a satisfactory footing.'

A reference to the Parliamentary Papers on the subject of Beloochistan also shows that during Lord Northbrook's administration, after most protracted and patient negotiations with the Khan of Khelat we had not only reconciled his differences with ourselves, but had successfully mediated between him and his turbulent chiefs. Up to the spring of 1876 it is therefore evident that, in a political sense, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the general bearing of our border neighbours; and, in a military point of view, the frontier was safe and comparatively peaceful—in fact, remarkably so, considering its great extent and the lawless habits of those with whom we had to deal.

It is not proposed to enter now into a consideration of the sudden change of policy in 1876, resulting in the war of 1878. These are political topics, and it is rather to the military aspect of the changes effected by the Treaty of Gundamuk that a few words may be usefully devoted. The rectification of our frontier in the north-west appears to have been based on the general idea that, having a chain of mountains in our front, averaging between 8,000 and 10,000 feet in height, and extending for hundreds of miles down the border, it was incumbent upon us to hold possession of the chief passes by advancing to the other end of the defiles; and it was conceived that, by doing so, we should be able effectually to close the main entrances to Hindostan. These were the views constantly put forward at the time, and apparently accepted by the Government. The Marquis of Salisbury, speaking at Manchester in October last, said:—

'How stands Afghanistan with regard to India? Some people talk of our splendid mountain frontier, as presented by the Suliman mountains. A mountain frontier is a splendid thing, I quite admit, but on one condition, and that is, that the mountain belongs to you, or, at least, that the crest of the mountain belongs to you. But if the mountain from the top to the bottom, where it melts into the valley, belongs to some one else, and that some one else happens to be the person against whom you wish to protect yourself, I say, even in the presence of the distinguished military authorities you see assembled here this evening, that mountain position in that sense is the worst frontier you can possibly have. That was the state of things with respect to Afghanistan. As long as Afghanistan was in the possession of endless fighting tribes, with no particular connexion with any power outside their borders, no doubt such a frontier was quite sufficient; but as time went on, a great European Power advanced to Khiva and to the base of the Caspian Sea, and that to a very great extent modified the problem.'

Were the north-west frontier of India bounded by a single line of mountains, and were the country beyond them open and accessible, the proposal to hold the main passes of the range would be in conformity with the ordinary principles of strategy. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances are entirely different. The Suliman range, which runs down our Afghan border, is not an isolated chain, but merely the outer scarp, as it were, of a great labyrinth of mountains, extending behind it for hundreds of miles, and which, combined with narrow valleys and high stony plateaux, make up the whole country of Afghanistan. It is but the outer edge of great ranges which ramify in every

* Parliamentary Papers, Beloochistan, No. 3, 1878.

direction, intersected by gorges, defiles, and valleys, defying all strategical intermediate lines, and running away until they culminate in the distant snowy ridges of the Hindoo-Koosh.

These circumstances entirely alter the aspect of the case; and no advanced posts, a short distance within the Afghan territory, will therefore serve the intended purpose. A short consideration of the new positions conceded to us by the Treaty of Gundamuk in May last will make it clear that they do not constitute a frontier at all in the ordinary meaning of the term. They have no lateral communications with each other, and can only be reinforced from the rear; they are merely points of anxiety beyond our border. Our advanced posts in the Khyber and the Koorum are (as the crow flies) not far apart from each other; but between them, and entirely separating them, is the lofty ridge of the Safed Koh, its peaks being between 12,000 and 15,000 feet high, and in parts covered with eternal snow. The new station in the Khyber has in its rear unhealthy dangerous defiles, flanked on both sides by high mountains inhabited by unconquered hostile tribes. It really commands nothing, and its maintenance must at all times be difficult and costly. General Hamley, in his lecture at the United Service Institution on the 'Strategical Conditions of our Indian North-West Frontier,' expressed himself as quite opposed to our taking up such a position. He said: 'If a point in advance of the Khyber were the knot where a number of roads united, which led from thence into the Indus valley, the policy of occupying it would be obvious. But it covers nothing, and commands nothing but the pass itself. . . . I think, therefore, there is much to be said against, nothing for, the occupation of a post beyond the Khyber, and that it would be a source not of strength, but of weakness.'

The Koorum is a long narrow valley of limited supplies, enclosed, north, south, and west, by high mountains, inhabited by the various sections of the great Afreedee and Wuzeeree tribes, who cordially detest our presence in their country. It was supposed to afford an easy access to Cabul, but as the only path leads over the Shuturgarden Pass, upwards of 12,000 feet high, it is not in any respect a prudent line of communication; and although Sir Frederic Roberts in his recent advance overcame the difficulties for the moment, he had no sooner reached Cabul than he found himself compelled to sever his connexion with the Koorum, the Shuturgarden becoming blocked with snow in winter. For the moment he was *en l'air*, and he had to trust entirely to the opening of a new line, through the defiles of the Khyber, in order to restore his communications with India. It is evident, therefore, that the strategic value of the Koorum valley has been miscalculated, and that our position in it, in a military sense, is false.

General Hamley's remarks are so much to the point, that a further quotation will help to elucidate the subject.

'Apart,' he says, 'from the question of a more formidable foe, it appears to be believed that these posts pushed up the passes would lessen the chances of future contests with the unruly hill-tribes. That they are unruly would appear an excellent reason for keeping them in our front rather than in our rear. Posts separated by such distances and such inaccessible country can exercise no influence on the inhabitants between; on the contrary we should thus be offering them new and potent means of molesting us. I fear that slenderly escorted convoys would offer irresistible temptations to the half-starved hill-tribes. Such a measure then, in the time of war most mischievous, as multiplying chances of disaster, would be in time of peace costly and burdensome, for it would not in the least obviate the necessity of keeping up our present line of frontier guards.'

While the rectification of our frontier in the north-west has thus led us into considerable complications in pursuit of a shadow when the substance was already in our grasp, the events which have marked our advance since 1876 from Scinde through the Bolan are still more important. Whilst in the north-west we have knocked our heads as it were against stone walls, and by entering the mountains have at great cost provided a battle-ground for our frontier forces which will apparently afford them occupation for years to come, in the south our movements have been still more rapid and daring, and, both in their military and political results, seem likely to lead to annexation on a large scale, and to a general advance of our line into the very heart of Central Asia. By the new treaty of 1876 with the Khan of Khelat we permanently occupied Quetta, a post on the confines of Afghanistan, about 200 miles from the Indus, and separated from it by an unhealthy desert and by the defiles of the Bolan. A movement of this kind must from its nature greatly alter our position as regards Beloochistan; and the Khan of Khelat, with the main route through his country in our hands, has lost any real independence he may have heretofore possessed. Events have followed so quickly on our occupation of Quetta in 1877, that the importance of the change has hardly been realised. The war of 1878 at once carried our troops to

Candahar, 200 miles still further on the same road; and although, by the Treaty of Gundamuk, we were bound to withdraw to the valley of Pisheen, such stipulations have already almost become waste paper, and decided views are now held that we should on no account relinquish our occupation of Candahar. Even before the assassination of our Envoy at Cabul in September last, Sir Henry Rawlinson, who appears to exercise so great an influence in these questions, expressed a strong opinion not only on this point, but on the general policy to be pursued in Afghanistan. He goes so far as to suggest that we should assist the Turcomans —who, be it observed, are upwards of 1,000 miles off, and with whom we are in no way connected—that we should assist these savage marauders with arms and money to enable them to resist the Russian advance from the Caspian. Regarding Candahar, he says:—

'It would be almost fatuity at such a moment to withdraw our garrison from Candahar. Yakoob Khan must be made to see that it is as much for his interest as our own to hold an efficient body of troops in such a position that, on the approach of danger, and without any semblance or suspicion of interference with Afghan rights, they might with military alacrity occupy Herat as an auxiliary garrison.'*

It is certainly remarkable that Sir Henry Rawlinson, who is so sensitive in regard to Russian encroachments in Central Asia, should see no inconsistency in our forcibly seizing one position after another in a country to which we have no claim. It is also apparent that the march of our forces for 400 miles through the territories of two other powers, and the permanent occupation of Quetta and Candahar, must lead to military and political results of the highest consequence. To hold a long line of communication across deserts, through defiles, and over mountains inhabited by hostile tribes, must, in a military sense alone, entail great precautions and considerable expenditure, and all pretence to a frontier be for the time abandoned. The political consequences, however, will be still wider and more far-reaching. The very fact that our flag is flying above the ramparts of Candahar will at once lead to an extension of our influence in an ever widening circle, the limits of which it will be very difficult to control or define. Candahar, if retained, must inevitably become a centre of conquest and annexation.

* 'Results of the Afghan War,' by Major-General Sir H. Rawlinson, Nineteenth Century, August, 1879.

The time, however, has arrived when these remarks must be brought to a close. Whilst they are being written another war is raging in Afghanistan, and about forty-five thousand of our troops, with 160 field-guns, are now engaged in all the hardships of a winter campaign in one of the most difficult countries in the world. Sher Ali is dead, his son Yakoob a prisoner in our hands, the Treaty of Gundamuk is already mere waste paper, and the new frontier an arrangement of the past.

These events, in their broad features, were neither unexpected nor unforeseen. Lord Lytton himself, in his despatch of the 7th of July last,* said:—

'When forced to declare hostilities against the Ameer Sher Ali, we were warned by several high authorities that a short or a small Afghan war would prove to be impossible; that we should be opposed in overwhelming numbers by the independent tribes; . . . that we should be confronted by a united Afghan nation; that, having once crossed the frontier, we could not safely arrest our progress till we had completed the entire conquest of Afghanistan; that such a conquest could not be abandoned without the risk of renewing, and perhaps aggravating, our political dangers, nor yet maintained without heavily augmenting our financial and administrative burdens; and that in either case our utmost military success would bequeath to the Afghan people, whether as neighbours or subjects, memories and sentiments of inextinguishable animosity; leaving to ourselves no practical alternative between the helpless contemplation of the confusion and anarchy created by our own action and the wholesale annexation of a barren country and a turbulent people.'

Lord Lytton unfortunately did not place faith in these warnings, but said that he and the Government of India 'were satisfied, by their knowledge of the actual condition of Afghanistan at the time hostilities were declared, that no such dangers need be incurred if adequate precautions were taken to avoid them'!

It is impossible to foresee as yet the outcome of the new campaign in which our troops are now engaged, or to say how far its ever-changing phases may carry us onwards. It is evident that an exaggerated fear of the power of Russia in Central Asia, combined with the vain pursuit of a phantom frontier, has already led us into vast expenditure and deplorable complications.

It forms no part of our design in this article to continue the discussion of the political results likely to follow from our interference in Afghanistan, on which we fully

* Parliamentary Paper, Afghanistan, No. 7, 1879.

expressed our opinion in the last number of this Journal. We hold that in endeavouring to escape from an imaginary danger the Government has fallen into a real and serious one, notwithstanding General Roberts's brilliant victory.

The position of our forces in Afghanistan at the present moment is one of considerable difficulty, and indeed of anxiety; and although no doubt, in a military point of view, success will ultimately be achieved, the political consequences of our advance are more serious than ever; and every day's experience adds fresh proofs of the imprudence of the policy lately pursued by the Government on the north-west frontier of our Indian Empire.

ART. IV.—*New Ireland.* By A. M. SULLIVAN. Sixth Edition. London and Dublin: 1878.

THE book which stands at the head of this article has reached its sixth edition, and there is much in it that accounts for its popularity. In a series of vivid sketches, it presents us with an animated retrospect of Irish history during a period of singularly varied interest and picturesque detail. This tale of forty years is one of a very mixed texture, one that is read with many a sigh and many a smile; but, in spite of the frequent blunders as well as successes which it records, it is, in the main, a tale of progress. We shall have to refer to Mr. Sullivan's book more than once in the remarks which we propose to make on the present condition of Ireland, and on the chief means through which her progress is likely to be maintained, and made one with the progress of the Empire.

Ireland has been for some time in a state of excitement which, though far less profound than active on the surface, though to a large extent artificially got up, and though little alarming when compared with that of days gone by, when a population of nearly nine millions sent its swarms to the monster meetings of 1843, is, notwithstanding, a remarkable phenomenon, and one well worthy, not of declamation, but of grave reflection. It is therefore without surprise or alarm, though certainly not without indignation, that we have read accounts of not a few among the meetings held in Ireland during the autumn—meetings at which a string of hysterical declamations has led up to resolutions too absurd to affect legislation, but not too ridiculous to excite angry passions, to tear open old wounds, to fill empty heads with foolish hopes, to depress Ireland's most long-tried friends—many of them men bent upon helping their poorer neighbours through a season of distress by judicious employment, but resolved not to yield to intimidation—and to irritate into inactivity legislators whose task, as regards the regeneration of Ireland, though far advanced upon its way, has by no means reached its completion. At some of those meetings speeches have been made calling on the tenantry of Ireland at once to cast off the authority of the law, and to trample under foot their deliberate engagements. They are exhorted to pay no rent whatsoever, whether able to pay it or not, unless their landlord has previously bound himself to abandon whatever proportion of it he is summoned to relinquish at the dictation of an interested party, the self-created judge in his own cause.* Amid these incendiary speeches there have been heard (unless all the reports are fallacious), besides insults to the Queen and the Legislature, cries of 'Shoot the landlords.' In other words, a wholesale scheme of robbery has been enlivened by occasional threats of murder. Such scandals have taken place at meetings at which Mr. Parnell held the most conspicuous place, or at which other members of Parliament attached to the 'obstructive' sect were present. We do not read that those outcries suffered frequent or effectual rebuke, though we know that they incurred it occasionally, and though we can hardly suppose that they were generally approved, considering that those present, when not shocked by them as criminal, must have regarded them as inopportune. The 'tenant right' of an earlier day sometimes meant the right of the tenant to the property of his landlord. As interpreted by such outcries, the 'right' now

* Numberless resolutions have been passed, binding all who voted for them to this course, pledging them to take no land from which a tenant is evicted for the non-payment of the present rents, and pronouncing that any shop-keeper or tenant-farmer who takes such land is 'the enemy of the people.' In a letter in which he says that his frankness of speech will probably cost him his Parliamentary seat, Sir George Bowyer comments thus on such proceedings: 'These people are Catholics.... I say advisedly that no one, priest or layman, can produce any theological authority, from St. Thomas Aquinas to the penny Catechism, to gainsay the proposition that a tenant who refuses to pay as much rent as he is able to pay, and deliberately "sticks to the homestead and the land" which belongs to the landlord, is guilty of mortal sin within the meaning of the Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal."'

advocated would seem to include his right to the landlord's life, at least in the estimate of enthusiastic spirits. That such meetings represent a small but noisy minority of the people of Ireland we can well believe, even irrespectively of the following extract from an excellent letter in which these excesses are condemned by Dr. MacEvilly, Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway:—

'May I again impress on all concerned, that any violent, unconstitutional, and defiant language, far from doing good, would do positive mischief, and estrange all who might be disposed to come to our rescue? And in speaking thus I feel *I am only giving expression to, and faithfully interpreting, the feelings and wishes of what might emphatically be termed the people of Galway.*' Only men who, for aught I know, may be enjoying, or at least expecting, the wages of iniquity for betraying our people, could sanction or promote such conduct.'

The more modest of the demands made at these meetings were those known of old under the names of 'rents by arbitration,' and 'fixity of tenure.' To these is now added one of a more sublime order. The State is to constitute the present occupiers proprietors of their farms. This scheme is to be executed in one of two ways; according to the more genial one, the landlords are to be compensated, the Government borrowing for that end a sum amounting perhaps to nearly half the national debt (though some think that the 'Church surplus' might suffice); while the other is vague and leaves them to the uncovenanted mercies of the State.

Let us apply ourselves first to the milder of the proposed remedies—'rents by arbitration.' Is it necessary to remark that wherever rent exists there already exists a contract between the proprietor of the farm and its occupier; a contract voluntarily entered into after consideration, bargaining, and public competition; a contract secured by the law, which protects alike the proprietor of the land and the tenant, and corroborated, for the benefit of each, by the same moral sanctions? Saving certain reservations necessary for the general needs of the community, the right of the proprietor to his land has been recognised and guarded by law no less than the rights of the tenant, and by no means in the interests only of the existing proprietor class. It has been guarded by new laws as well as by old, including laws the especial object of which was to facilitate the acquisition of landed property by a class previously unconnected with it, but willing to entrust to the land, as the securest of banks, the hoarded gains of a lifelong industry. The merchant returned from abroad, the retired manufacturer with his thousands, and the shopkeeper with his hundreds, have bought land because it was a thing of which the rights were secured, and the value therefore known. Nor is this all. The mortgagee was no less guaranteed against loss by that law which protected property. Create a new system of 'rents by arbitration,' and the old contract is at an end, and all that rests upon it must share its fall. To diminish the landlord's profit from his estate, and increase that of the tenants, against the will of one of the contracting parties, would be a confiscation as much as the reduction of the mortgagee's covenanted rate of interest. To reduce the rental of an estate by one-half is the same thing as to alienate a moiety of that estate. If popular urgency prevailed once, why should it not prevail a second time and a third? If a bad season had in 1880 reduced rents to one-half, why should not a similar plea ten years later reduce them to a quarter, till by degrees rent had melted away like King Lear's train of attendants? If landed property was thus dealt with, why should personal property be spared? Why should the contract made with the fundholder be more sacred than that between landlord and tenant? Why should the farmer who had cheated a kindly landlord be bound to a usurious money-lender? Why should not the labourer cheat both?

Have those who talk about 'rents by arbitration' ever determined who the arbitrators are to be? If they were the nominees of the landlords, the tenants could hardly accept them; if of the tenants, the landlords would demur; if of an officer appointed by the Government, the landlord and the tenant would alike have a right to say that their new master was in the interest of their rival. Obviously the proposed change would not be the substitution of a better for a worse form of contract; it would be the abolition of all contract whatsoever, for freedom is of the very essence of contract. If the landlord be obliged by law to let his farm for what he deems half its value, he is no more a free man than a tenant would be who was compelled by the same law to pay a rent which he deemed to be twice its value. Such a law would practically be the substitution of arbitrary sway for freedom in all transactions connected with land tenure. Arbitration could only be consistent with freedom of contract when the landlord and tenant had conjointly elected the arbiter, an act which needs no change of law, and would produce no notable change of any sort. Why stop

at *rents* by arbitration? The rate of wages might no less be determined by law-abiding arbitrators; that is, the freedom of contract might in this matter also yield to a new form of serfdom legally compelling the labourer to work for inadequate hire, or the employer to pay wages which left him no profit; but the consequence would be that employment would cease, and that between the two classes of society there would be a race to ruin in which the weaker would win. The price of food might in turn be regulated by law; but the consequence would be that farmers would think twice before they produced it, and merchants before they imported it. High prices are nature's warning that food must be economised, and thus there ensues distress only where otherwise there would have been famine. Wages may be rendered low by many circumstances—for instance, by an abnormal competition of labourer with labourer—and rents may be made high by an abnormal competition of farmer with farmer. But these are also nature's warnings, and they point to real remedies, not to quack medicines found in the violation of nature's laws. Burke, whose writings did so much for the religious liberties of Ireland on the one hand, and for the exposure, on the other, of Jacobinism masked in the disguise of liberty and patriotism, has left behind him many lessons not unworthy of attention among his fellow-countrymen. Certain benevolent country gentlemen in England 'bad dined' he remarks, before they issued a manifesto affirming that the best cure for a scarcity then prevalent was to be found in a rule fixing the rate of wages. He reminds the sentimentalists who declaim against political economy that true economical laws are 'laws of nature, and that the laws of nature are the laws of God.'

Let us not be misunderstood. We by no means assert that a man's estate is his property simply in the same sense in which his horse is, and that he would be justified in discarding his tenants as he dismisses his grooms. Far otherwise. There are very sacred relations connected with land—relations witnessed to by the moral sense of the individual, by the public opinion of society, and by many provisions of law, such as those clauses in the recent Land Act which throw obstacles in the way of *capricious* evictions, but of these alone. We simply affirm that, with other relations, some of a strictly commercial character are inseparably mixed wherever property exists, and that for the right adjustment of these, whether connected with land, with trade, or with manufactures, freedom of contract is an essential condition.

'Fixity of tenure' would but aggravate the evils produced through 'rent by arbitration,' and give them longer time to work. With changed conditions the arbitration battle would be renewed again and again, those conditions presenting themselves in an opposite light to the contending parties. One party would plead the depreciated value of that produce which made the rent, the other the depreciated value of the coin in which it was paid; one the value of the improvements, the other the fourfold value of those resources, latent in the soil, out of which they had been cheaply made. If the tenant had prospered, he would urge that his family had acquired new notions about comforts; if he had failed, that he had large debts. In either case a further reduction would be demanded. The rent, depressed in a bad season, would not be raised again in a good one. Yet the ruin of the tenant would, in numberless cases, be at least as certain as that of the landlord. During the intervals between arbitration and arbitration he would have his times of difficulty if his rent even approached to a fair rent; but he would not find those aids which an ordinarily good landlord now gives at such times, both from kindly feeling and out of a wise self-interest. He would neither be a real proprietor nor a real tenant. He would very frequently become idle, and hope that the next reduction would set all right. No one acquainted with Ireland is ignorant that the tenants, even where the rents are high, are often not in misery so squalid as may be found on farms confessedly underlet; or that, in past times, 'middlemen,' who had their farms almost for nothing, after extorting a rack-rent of their own from under-tenants, often lived and died in penury. When the small farmer had fallen into arrear and also into debt, he would be bought out by a neighbour, or by an artisan from a neighbouring village, and the depopulation process would go on more rapidly than it has done for many a year.

The injury would not be confined to the classes connected with land. The main effect of a change which, by annulling freedom of contract, deprived property of all security, would be to discourage, in all classes alike, that energy and enterprise of which property is the reward. Gambling and hoarding are the modes in which men seek wealth, if they seek it at all, when secure property is not allowed to reward prudent exertion; but it is other habits than

these which produce national prosperity. For the improvement of Ireland nothing is more needed than the growth of a prosperous middle class; her past circumstances opposed hindrances to the existence of such a class, and circumstances of a different kind render its progress still timid and tentative. These circumstances may be described by the general term insecurity. In place of that peace and respect for law which favours the investment of capital and its reproductive employment, Ireland has too often had strikes, social strifes, political agitations, illegal societies, threatening notices. We shall hardly mitigate these evils by adding to them a social revolution, at war with the first principles on which society rests, and enkindling a new war between classes, just after the last cause for mutual alienation—an unjust sectarian ascendency—has been removed. The growth of a middle class thus indefinitely checked, what would be the character of the higher class? Of whom would it consist? Of proprietors in name, incapable of exercising a function or discharging a duty belonging to proprietors—a body of landed annuitants, as impotent as reduced and pensioned Indian princes—men condemned to perpetual idleness, and regarded as drones by those whom they in turn regarded as robbers.

Absenteeism is one of the few evils equally admitted to be such by all those who have discussed Irish interests, some writers enlarging on the injury done by it to the moral relations of society, while others have inveighed against it yet more loudly as a drain upon Irish capital. 'Resident landlords ought to be,' it is said, "captains of industry." But absentees consume the produce of the land, and give what remains to strangers.' Those only who are acquainted with Ireland know how often and under what discouraging circumstances her resident landlords have been the only 'captains of industry,' how often they have been the hardest worked men on their estates, and how long they have persevered in such toils, in spite both of disappointment and misrepresentation. Many of them toiled early and late on relief committees in the famine time,* and not a few heartily supported Mr. Gladstone's Land Act. The effect of that act is thus described by Lord Emly:* 'The value of the interest in their holdings conferred on the tenants of Ireland by the Land Act of 1870 is, in the opinion of the best statistician in Ireland, between seventy-five and seventy-seven millions;' the return bestowed on those Irish proprietors without whose aid that Act could hardly have become law—their return, not on the part of their tenantry, nor of the people of Ireland, but of agitators and their dupes, has been the cry, 'Down with landlordism!' Is it certain that those resident landlords, about two-thirds of the Irish proprietor class, when deprived alike of duties and of respect, would continue to reside on the lands their own but in name? But if they withdrew, whatever remained to them of their rents would be withdrawn from Irish industry just at the time when capital was most needed for the inauguration of the new agricultural experiment; and the numberless dependants hitherto employed in their houses, their gardens, and their parks, would add a new contingent to the ranks of labourers without work, and have to leave their native land.

Let us now proceed from schemes which are already regarded as tame by many of those who once advanced them with misgivings, and consider the more advanced platform of the revolutionary party. The engine runs all the faster along the rails when it carries no train with it, and possibly the speed with which these new engineers have been careering over the land of fancy may owe something to a lurking suspicion that to their triumphal car no burden in the way of practical consequences will be found attached. For the moment, however, the cry in the ascendant is that of a 'Peasant Proprietary.' Out of scores of meetings we will refer to one held at Enniscorthy, at which 15,000 persons, including three Members of Parliament, were said to have been present. The second resolution, moved by Mr. Parnell, ends thus:—'Resolved, that we regard the rejection of our abnormal system and the establishment, instead, of a peasant proprietary to be the only effectual remedy for the agricultural and trade depression which are fast sinking this oppressed land

* Mr. A. M. Sullivan pays a generous tribute to the conduct of the Irish landlords generally during the great Famine. 'The bulk of the resident Irish landlords manfully did their best in that dread hour.' He adds in a note: 'No adequate tribute has ever been paid to the memory of those Irish landlords—and they were men of every party and creed—who perished martyrs to duty in that awful time; who did not fly the plague-reeking workhouse, or fever-tainted court. Their names would make a goodly roll of honour. . . . Cases might be named by the score in which such men scorned to avert by pressure on their suffering tenantry the fate they saw impending over themselves. They "went down with the ship."' (*New Ireland*, pp. 63–4.)

* Inaugural Address at the 28th Session of the Statistical Society (Dublin), by Lord Emly.

into cureless ruin.' Another meeting at Killala made the same demand: 'As the land laws of this country are the offspring of an alien hostility to the social and political well-being of its people, and are responsible for the misery and destitution into which they are periodically thrown, we demand their abolition as an essential requisite to the contentment and prosperity of Ireland, which condition requires the substitution for the present system of one that will establish the cultivator of the soil as its *sole proprietor*.'

Such is the plan: it is no scheme for admitting a class of peasant proprietors into the social system; it is, as here plainly stated, the extermination of the existing proprietors. As to the mode of carrying the scheme into execution the inventors of it differ. Some cut their way through those difficulties *sans phrase;* they would simply transfer the land to the present occupiers, at no cost to the country, and without consulting the present proprietors, who should consider themselves as well off if allowed a small portion of their actual rent for twenty or thirty years. It is needless to discuss such a scheme. Apart from all considerations of conscience or honour, expediency prescribes an exterior compliance with certain decencies, and governments which may at any time have to borrow cannot forfeit all credit till the time has come for the declaration of a national bankruptcy. No doubt, when society is in a state of dissolution, it shakes off its mortal burden, finds itself delivered from that downward gravitation which some philosophers regard as humiliating, and may suddenly go rushing all abroad on the wings of a billion of *assignats;* but till that supreme hour arrives it must keep its feet in the known ways of business-like honesty. This first plan, therefore, can but be regarded as ideal, and put aside as impracticable. Let us proceed to the next, but not without first tendering our thanks to those who would not, as they intimate, deprive the landlords of their estates without at the same time preserving to them their game-rights over the whole of them!

A second scheme has been proposed, milder to landlords, but tolerably stringent as regards the community at large. The State is to borrow a sum equal to the rental of Ireland capitalised, to purchase the whole landed property, and to transfer it to the occupiers. According to some the occupiers are to receive this boon gratis; according to others, they are to purchase their farms from the State, paying for it, principal and interest, by instalments extending over thirty-five years, after which time the land is to be theirs rent free and for ever. This transaction, it is urged, presents no difficulty, as the Government can raise money at a low rate of interest.

On the second of these suppositions the State is to raise a sum amounting to several hundreds of millions, at the cost of all persons in the United Kingdom, no matter how poor, who pay taxes directly or indirectly, and to bestow that sum upon the farmers of Ireland. As for the occupiers, supposing them to be suddenly relieved from all obligations, they would be tested as severely as children suddenly made their own masters. Those who have not qualified themselves for a new position seldom turn its resources to good account, or resist its temptations. A farmer who, by exceptional industry and skill, has laid up a portion of the money necessary to purchase his farm, is likely to prosper as a small proprietor; everyone must desire that all legal and needless obstacles to his attaining that position should be removed; and the landed proprietor must rejoice more than others, since a new class of competitors for landed property would increase its value, and an increased number of proprietors its security, the pyramid becoming consolidated in proportion as its base became extended. But to place the whole body of the occupying class in the position of small proprietors by external legislation would to them be the most fatal of boons. It would prevent them from ever acquiring those characteristics without which they could not retain their new position. All things work according to character. To the disciplined and the resolute the 'magic of property' is the strongest inducement to improve; to those of a soft temperament, unaccustomed to enterprise, even when not deficient in industry, and with but slight knowledge of agriculture, it would be the strongest inducement to sloth. Help there would be none from the co-operation of a good landlord, and the warning of immediate danger there would be none from non-payment of rent. Dean Swift's two rules for his fellow-countrymen—'Do nothing for yourself which you can get another to do for you; and do nothing to-day which you can possibly do to-morrow'—would carry with them a stronger allurement than ever. The money-lender would be at hand, the shopkeeper would give accommodation, and debts would accumulate. How much more fatal than it now is would not the money-lenders' snare prove to petty proprietors suddenly invested with the power to mortgage their little properties! Other evils, and all tending in the same direction, would follow. Those properties would be divided

and subdivided among the children of the peasant proprietor; while in many cases a new set of minor tenants would crop up upon the old farm, and the new proprietor would be forced by his necessities to exact more than the old. Even in the case of tenancies watched by the eye of landlord and agent, it has been found no easy task to put into execution the laws intended to prevent sub-letting. The upshot of the experiment would not improbably be that the original proprietors would eventually employ the huge sum awarded to them by the State in buying back again the greater part of their alienated property at a greatly reduced price, and proportionately diminished in value.

A result not very dissimilar would probably be reached if the State, in place of making a present of their holdings to the occupiers, required them to refund the purchase-money by a series of half-yearly payments. The experiment would have a better chance; and in some cases the peasant purchasers, their energies braced by the necessity of meeting a large annual demand, would doubtless work through a long and difficult period of probation. But the trial would be hard indeed. The fallacy that the Government could raise some three or four hundred millions at a cheap rate would vanish when the vastness of the operation had largely raised the value of money. To indemnify itself within any moderate time, the Government would have to require an annual payment far exceeding the previous rent. The sole landlord would be the State—not only an absent, but an invisible landlord, and immeasurably the hardest of all possible landlords. The strong hand of this terrible landlord would be felt everywhere. It would be no question of a good season or a bad season, a good crop or a bad crop, good prices or reduced prices. Come what might, the Government would have to pay the interest of the purchase-money, and the peasant proprietor would have to pay his instalment. He might, indeed, cry aloud in his wrath, like old John of Gaunt—

'Landlord of England art thou now, not king;'

but his own ill-advisers, not the State, would have created the preposterous condition.*

That the State should accept the position of national landlord is of course impossible: but as the new philosophy rests on this hypothesis, let us assume it to be realised. What would follow? First, it would have rendered permanent (at least in theory) that system of very minute holdings, in a large measure the result of bad legislation in past times, which every one knows to be inconsistent with Ireland's well-being or safety. There were in Ireland in 1871 about 74,000 holdings under five acres each, and about 170,000 between five and fifteen acres. There are also in Ireland immense industrial resources, the development of which needs but the sense of security. If, in place of scaring away Irish capital, the so-called friends of Ireland invited English capital to a land where these natural advantages, and a rate of wages comparatively low (supposing the labour given to be honest labour), would ensure for it a large return, many of those who still crowd the poorest districts in Ireland would be found to have voluntarily migrated, not to remote regions, but to new centres of commercial industry in their native land. Is the State to hinder the natural effects of time and peace by proclaiming that the present holdings are perpetual? If it is to do all this, how is it to collect its annual instalments? Is it in times of scarcity to evict a whole province of Ireland, to secure the interest on the Irish land-fund? Would this have been a kindly mode of treating the famine some thirty years ago? Would it be a sagacious mode of meeting a general election by ballot at some critical period in the future? There are those to whom everything in politics is either a game or a jest. To such persons the Legislature itself is but a jester playing cards. They remember Belinda, and as

'"Let Spades be trumps," she said, and trumps they were.'

they do not see why the State should not go

* We have before us at this moment two examples of what peasant proprietorship in Ireland really means. The first case is an appeal from the poor inhabitants of the parish of Templecrone in the county of Donegal, who represent themselves to be in a state of starvation. These persons are peasant proprietors. They bought small patches of mountain land from the Commission of Church Temporalities. The price was low, and the payment was to be made in instalments payable over thirty-five years for three-quarters of the amount; the fourth quarter was borrowed at 10 per cent. The crops having failed, these proprietors are utterly unable to pay either purchase-money or interest, or to find means of subsistence. 'They are largely in debt, and have nothing to fall back upon.' Again, in the diocese of Armagh, a rich part of the country, similar purchases have been made by peasant proprietors from the Church Commissioners on the same terms. But since the recent agitation against rent, these purchasers utterly refuse to pay their instalments to the Commission, and the process-servers have been so savagely threatened that they refuse to act. This is evidently what would happen if public money were advanced by the State to enable tenants to buy up their holdings.

into a grave business 'with a light heart,' cry 'Let tenants be landlords,' and leave the table before the result is declared.

The excitement having first been raised by promises as vague as they were large, a more moderate tone has lately been taken by some. They say that the State should go through its work gradually, raising the necessary fund by degrees, and buying out the landlords first in one part of the country, and then in another. In that case, as the proposed metamorphosis of occupier into proprietor is to take place for the benefit of the poor, it would naturally begin, not where the farmers are richest, as among the rich pastures of Meath, but rather in those tracts of the west where there is most of poverty and insecurity, possibly in Connaught. Some of the results would be singular. The change would have been made largely in the supposed interest of the ancient Irish race, but the occupier changed into a proprietor would occasionally be an immigrant from England or Scotland settled upon lands left desolate by the late famine (in the north of course but a small minority of the new peasant proprietors would be of the Irish stock); while the proprietor reduced would often belong to the Ireland of old times, and might be the descendant of one of those northern proprietors dispossessed and driven into Connaught, to make room for the 'Ulster Plantation' of King James I.

But the main result would probably be something more than a surprise to those who are now loudest in favour of change.

Suppose the experiment to have been tried. In the event of its failure—that is, of a general bankruptcy—what would be the only part left to the sole surviving landlord, the State? Interest, necessity, and duty, would all point in the same direction. It would have but the alternative of leaving its helpless clients to starve or of helping them to emigrate. Here again the difficulty would have been smoothed away; for those who now cry out against assisted emigration would then ardently desire it, as multitudes did in the famine years. It is easier now than it was then to help the destitute across the ocean, and to find remunerative work for them in remote lands. The new order of things would then have set in; new proprietors (for the State would be but too glad to relinquish its involuntary honours as sole landlord), and new tenants; but the old relation between landlord and tenant would remain, and the old principle upon which it was founded—the freedom of contract. In other words, the endeavour to impart arbitrarily a nominal perpetuity to a system in itself accidental and full of anomalies would but have proved its *reductio ad absurdum*, and effected its extinction.

It seems hardly worth while to indicate the lesser incoherencies in a project which is all incoherency. The Irish National Land League has declared in one of its manifestoes, that their great social revolution can only be effected by the concentrated efforts of *all* the industrial classes in Ireland, not those only who are connected with land. But how can merchants and manufacturers, brokers, shopkeepers, and money-lenders, whose interests depend entirely on freedom of contract, join a league to destroy it? If the landlords have no right to their property, does it follow from this that the land belongs exclusively to the occupiers? Certainly not on the ground that in ancient Irish times it belonged to any such class. In those times it belonged, with the exception of a small portion set apart for the support of the chief, to the clan collectively, a precedent which would admit the labourers not less than the occupiers to an equal share of the soil. Or is the occupier's exclusive claim derived from an abstract theory? But here again the 'Rights of Man' would claim an equal share for all living on the soil; they would not transfer fifty acres of it to one man, and to another five, or perhaps none, merely because he chanced to stand lower on the roll of agricultural heraldry, or had been less favoured by a dispossessed usurper.

Let it not be thought that we have made too much of the recent agitation. We have spoken of it in its practical bearings and as it has been understood by the misguided multitudes summoned to its meetings. No doubt some of the speakers guarded themselves to a certain extent by the use of equivocal language; but those who flocked to those meetings with banners, and those who accompanied the speakers with the cry, 'We want no monarchy,' or 'An ounce of lead for the landlords,' understood that, whether or not the proprietors were to be compensated, the landed property of Ireland was to be transferred to the occupiers, and that with no long delay. The plan of operations was distinctly marked out for them by the leaders. No rents were to be paid until the landlord had made the reduction demanded of him; and, if consequently a tenant was evicted, no one was to be allowed to take the vacant farm.

All that the daring and the noisy could do they did, till, to those who did not know that there commonly remains among the mass of the people a saving common sense not counted on by those who would lead them astray, it might have seemed that their voice was the voice of all Ireland. Mr.

Canning described such modes of procedure more than sixty years ago, explaining how, 'when, by a species of political ventriloquism, the 'same voice' is made to resound back from every part of the country, the ignorant imagine that the confusion of echoes which reverberates around them is the unanimous voice of a people. Where proof could not be found from the past or the present, the future was appealed to by the over-sanguine prophet. It was certain, he affirmed, that, as the summer had been all rain, the autumn would be all tempest. Harvest there would be none, and to speak of hope was to be a public enemy. But the harvest was not inferior on the whole, as many of the farmers have admitted, to the average harvest. The managers ought to have prayed for foul weather.

Those meetings, it is true, were not all of the same character; many of them limited their demands to subjects fairly open to debate; and at others, particular individuals had the courage to use plain expressions, which separated them from the responsibility that others incurred, whether by their language or by their silence. Mr. Shaw at Cork, and several speakers elsewhere, bore witness to the high character of the Irish proprietors as a body, and allowed that much exaggeration was used respecting the amount of distress. At the great meeting of the Dublin Corporation, Mr. Gray admitted that, though serious depression prevailed throughout Ireland, destitution was likely to be local, not general, and that a 'peasant proprietary' must be regarded as belonging only to a far future, though in three different modes it might be rehearsed, in the meantime, on a smaller scale. But, unhappily, in too many cases language of the most inflammatory character was used and applauded, as at Gurteen, where Mr. Michael Davitt, a released Fenian, proclaimed that 'fixity of tenure was simply fixity of landlordism—fixity of poverty and degradation. Abolition of landlordism was the only certain remedy.' 'Landlordism' he stigmatized as 'conspiracy,' an expression borrowed apparently from the celebrated dictum of the Communists, 'Property is theft.'

At a meeting held in Galway, Mr. Parnell is reported to have said 'he had been charged with trying to drive the landlords out of their properties, and put the land in the hands of the tenantry, without compensation; but there were worse men than him, men whose numbers were increasing every day, who thought that the tenants of Ireland had purchased the land of Ireland from the landlords four or five times over in rent during the last 300 years. . . . If the tenants stuck to their holdings, and refused to pay an unjust rent, their case was gained.' At a meeting of the Irish National Land League, Mr. Parnell put forward his plan for creating a peasant proprietary in detail. A member of that body, Mr. Sweetman, opposed that plan as confiscation, and, being defeated on a division, wrote thus to the secretaries:—

> I must request you to remove my name from the Committee of the Irish National Land League. I do so as I cannot agree with Mr. Parnell, its founder and president, in his new demand that landlords, in consideration of having two-thirds of their fair rents purchased from them, should be deprived of the remaining one-third at the end of thirty-five years. From my knowledge of Irish tenants and labourers, I feel sure that the vast majority of them have no wish that Catholic Ireland should make such demands.'*

It cannot be pleaded, except rhetorically, that the language held at those meetings was not understood by the mass of those who heard it to mean confiscation, merely because the resolutions did not specify in terms that the ousted proprietors were to receive no compensation and to be asked for no consent. Were details respecting such particulars needed to make the excited multitudes understand the meaning of a resolution passed at Athenry, one expressing an aspiration that 'the toiling tillers of the Irish soil . . . should be rescued at last from the cruel capriciousness and grudging tyranny of the *felonious feudalism* which has for centuries brought such unnumbered and unspeakable woes upon the tenantry of this down-trodden and impoverished country'! In dealing with felons it is not necessary to discuss the question of compensation. Were

* If we are to rely on several reports of Mr. Parnell's speeches, it is not one-third part of each Irish estate that is to be confiscated after the lapse of thirty or thirty-five years, according to his plan, but the whole of it. According to a report in the 'Standard' of his speech at Manchester (November 10) he is stated to have distinctly explained that compensation is no part of his plan, though he has no objection to it. In another speech, after admitting that the Legislature would be slow, except under strong pressure, to 'expropriate' the Irish landlords 'by force,' Mr. Parnell is reported in the same journal to have thus continued: 'I have pointed out that we had besides the estates of the London Companies, and the estates of the absentee owners, which we might fairly call upon the Government forcibly to expropriate. I have stopped short up to the present time at resident owners who live in the country, who are not rackrenters, and do their duty, but I cannot say the line will continue to be drawn even with them in the future, and that if these times and this pressure are to proceed the whole institution of landlordism will not come down together.'

such details necessary to render intelligible Mr. Parnell's statement as to the *ulterior* ends of the present land agitation: 'so long as there was a class in Ireland—a class of landlords and aristocrats—invested with privileges and rights such as they now saw, so long would English misgovernment be upheld in the country. . . . Let us see, as in 1782, one hundred thousand swords, both Catholic and Protestant, leaping from their scabbards; and believe me, my fellow countrymen, it will not be a question of chicanery, or of Acts of Parliament, or of anything that can possibly interfere between the right of our people to make their own laws on the soil of Ireland.'* It is no wonder if, shortly after some of these meetings were held, we read of the attempted assassination of Lord Sligo's agent, and of the letters ordering Lord Headfort and his agent to prepare for death. Soon after it was reported:—'Threatening notices were posted yesterday on the Mahon estate near Clare, in the King's County They threatened any tenant with death who paid rent on the estate pending an arrangement between the landlord and the tenantry. . . . The tenants on an adjoining property have been similarly threatened.' Next appeared a notice at Tallagh, warning any persons who proposed for land from which a tenant had been evicted, or caused the rent to be raised in any part of the country, that they had better leave their length and breadth with the undertaker.' It was probably in connexion with such incidents that Mr. Brennan, as reported, made the following appeal at the meeting of the Mayo National League, November 22:—'I appeal to one class in the community especially—I appeal to the men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and I ask them are they content to remain or to become the destroyers of their people; of their own kith and kin?'

It is a relief, after the perusal of such proceedings, to read the following denunciation of them in the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin's Pastoral of November 17, which must have been felt as a severe rebuke by many of those who had taken part in the proceedings so censured:—

'Very rev. fathers, whilst standing forward to support our flocks in this dark hour of distress, we must not fear to raise our voices to warn them against the results of their faults or mistakes. Our principle must be to give to Cæsar what Cæsar justly [claims, else we cannot give to God what God commands. If just debts, fairly demanded, be not [honestly discharged, a principle fatal to the prosperity of our country will be established, and sooner or later it will recoil on the heads of those who to-day may seem to be gainers by its adoption.

'But let us pray, rev. fathers, that the day may be yet far distant when Irishmen, who in olden times were renowned for their love of impartial justice, should set to the world an example of faith disregarded.'

The appeal to Irishmen in the last paragraph can hardly have been made in vain. They at least have ever maintained that, in those stormy centuries happily gone by, the struggles of Ireland were directed not only to the defence of Liberty, but of Justice, of Faith, and of ancient authorities, by her regarded as legitimate, and the objects of her passionate loyalty. Jacobinism of course knows nothing of such virtues; and its triumph would do what nothing else has ever been able to effect:—it would fix a gulf of endless separation between that past Ireland dear to true Irish hearts, and the Ireland of the present and the future.

The 'Irish National Land League,' in its address to the farmers of Ireland, uses language significant to those who can 'read between the lines.' The *agitation* for reduction of excessive rents must be sustained, so that *the operation of natural causes* may be assisted in bringing the land to a *fair valuation*,* in order to enable its cultivators to become the owners of their own farms upon terms *within the means of every occupier*.' Many of the devices by which an artificial excitement has been kept up during the last few months are explained by those words. Abolish the 'felonious feudalism' of the existing land-tenure if possible; but, in any case, lower the rents! With this view everything has been done to misrepresent the present system of land-tenure. 'Compare,' it is said, 'the agricultural prices of the present year with those of 1875, and then ask whether the tenant can be expected to pay his rent.' But the reply is obvious: the fair comparison is between the prices of the present year and the prices when the rent was determined. Many of the existing rents were agreed upon soon after the

* Mr. Parnell's speech at Liverpool as reported in the 'Freeman's Journal.'

* The meaning of a 'fair valuation' is suggested by the following extract from a printed document circulated through Westmeath when the Land Agitation was at its height: 'Land must come down to its proper value, about 2*s*. 6*d*. or 5*s*. per acre. The farmers of Great Britain and Ireland must have land that will enable them to compete with the freeholders of America. Away with landed monopoly! If you want tenant-right, if you want leave to live on the land of your birth, send no landlords to Parliament. As well send wolves to guard sheep.'

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great famine; and others, though at a later time, yet at one when prices were lower than they are now.

It is often alleged that the tenant is practically obliged to undertake the payment of whatever rent may be demanded, because 'tenancies-at-will' prevail so largely that he may at any moment lose his holding. Tenancies-at-will, so far from being generally regarded as necessarily insecure, have not seldom been preferred by the tenant to a lease. No doubt they are liable to abuse, and to guard against capricious evictions, or the threat of such, clauses of the most stringent kind were introduced into the recent 'Land Act,' which give to the outgoing tenant in such cases not only the value of his unexhausted improvements, but also compensation for the loss of his holding, amounting in some instances to seven years' rent. Moreover, the pretence that fair competition is now forbidden receives a conclusive confutation from the fact that an outgoing tenant has been often able to sell the 'goodwill' of his farm at a sum sufficient to purchase its fee-simple, and that even in the present year it retains a high value. A tenant who can get a dozen years' rent for his interest in a farm can hardly be said to have had a hard rent forced upon him. The value of the tenant's interest as a marketable commodity varies with the times like the rent itself, a proof that his contract has been a free one. In making these remarks we do not conceal our preference for the system of leases over that of tenancies-at-will in Ireland. The more completely the tenant *feels* his independence the better;—but the landlord has a right to be free no less.

The last consideration reminds us of another sophism frequently reiterated. Those who admit that the great majority of landlords act with justice and humanity, and that important changes in the law have been made to meet the exceptional instances, often assert that so long as a *possibility* of hardship exists the system of land-tenure must be a wrong. This is declamation. On such a principle all the relations of society should be dissolved, because we cannot ensure their working perfectly. No laws could prevent the *possibility* of the tenant's cheating his landlord which did not deprive the tenant of all freedom of action; and for a similar reason there will remain, under the best laws, a possibility of the landlord as well as of the professional man, the master, or the servant, acting unjustly in some particular case. Law should make these cases as exceptional as possible, and when they occur should punish them; and behind the action of law there remains that of public opinion. It is the imagination, not the understanding, that expands in the region of the possible. True statesmanlike prudence deals with the probable and the practical. To go beyond this is not to protect individual rights, but to paralyse all the social energies.

Unquestionably it is a time of depression in Ireland. In those parts of the country where the population is at all times poorest, and still remains most dependent on the potato, a crop which in many places is sadly deficient, there is but too much reason to fear that a serious scarcity of food will occur, aggravated by a great deficiency of turf—a deficiency which will affect the labourer far more than the farmer, as he can less afford to buy coal, but one which is no part of the 'land question.' This painful truth has been attested, not only by many private individuals belonging to all parties, but by four authoritative documents, viz., by the statement of the 'Assistant Commissioners of the Royal Agricultural Commission;' by the Report of the Lord Lieutenant from the 'Local Government Board;' by the 'Declaration of seventy Irish Members of Parliament;' and by the 'Declaration of the Catholic Bishops and Archbishops.' The last is expressed with great moderation of language, asserting the inadequacy of the Poor Law alone to meet distress such as they anticipate; asking for public employment as calculated at once 'to relieve the present pressing wants of the people, and be productive of permanent benefit; 'bearing testimony to the generous conduct of many landlords;' and exhorting their flocks 'to act under their trials with Christian patience and charity; to help each other to the utmost of their ability; to respect the rights of others; to pay their just debts to the fullest extent of their means.' The Irish members of Parliament express their belief 'that the distress will be severe and widespread during the coming winter and spring,' and 'ask for assistance to works of a permanent and useful character.' The Report of the 'Local Government Board' states that 'there will not be more than half an average crop' of potatoes; that in many parts of Ireland during the winter 'considerable distress and destitution, as well as increased demands for relief, may be expected, owing to the failure of the turf supply and to scarcity of employment;' that poor-rate charges are already rising; and that, especially in Connaught, the depression is chiefly caused by 'reduction in prices obtained for cattle and pigs, and by the farmers being deeply in debt to money-lenders and shop-keepers.' No doubt the depressed condition has proceeded chiefly

from a fall of prices consequent on foreign competition. But it results also from another cause which has found little place in the recent declamations. During the last few years the farmers, trusting to the permanence of those prices, have gone seriously into debt in too many instances; and that which presses most heavily upon them is not the rent, but the claim of the bank or of the money-lender, a person much harder to deal with than the landlord. The interest charged by the banks, which have of late largely multiplied their branch establishments, varies, on these occasions, from five to eight per cent.; from fifteen to twenty per cent. (per ann.) is a rate not uncommonly received by the money-lenders.

The following striking statement on this subject was made by Judge Barron in his address to the grand jury of the County of Monaghan:—

'There could be no doubt that the forbearance of the landlords was desirable and necessary in these times; and he was struck by reading a number of resolutions entered into a few days ago by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese of Kilmore. These resolutions breathed nothing but a gentle and judicious spirit. They asked the creditors of the tenants to show Christian forbearance so far as their means would permit, and not unnecessarily to harass those whom they had allowed to run accounts on their books to a wonderful extent. He (Mr. Barron) was one of those who had thought that the Land Act would do the farmer a great deal of good, and he thought it had done so in some respects. But he was bound to say it had one bad result—it allowed farmers to contract debts which are perfectly fabulous. . . . They (the merchants) had said to themselves, "Here is a man who has five or ten or fifteen acres of land which is value for 30*l.* an acre: that is ample security for anything I can give him." . . . An intelligent farmer had told him a day or two ago that an abatement of 20 per cent. to farmers would be only to them like a drop in the ocean, and that, even if the landlords did not ask their tenants for a farthing of their rents for the next five years, they would not be out of their difficulties.'

To the same effect were the remarks addressed to the grand jury by Mr. Thomas Lefroy, Q.C., County Court Judge for the counties of Louth and Armagh.

'A yearly tenant of five or six acres, from the extravagant value set upon tenant-right, where it exists, or the extravagant claims for disturbance-improvements, where it does not exist, will get credit to an amount, I am sorry to say, he knows he can never meet. In this way, knowing that he has a real or an imaginary claim, he mortgages his property three or four times over. When he has thus mortgaged this five or six acres—such is the greed for land—if three or four acres come into the market he goes and buys the tenant-right at ten times its value. Not having money to meet this, he goes to a money-lender, which, I must say, is the last and a bad resource. I have had cases before me in which tenants have paid 40 per cent. to money-lenders, 8*d.* in the pound for twenty-one days.'

It is well known that, encouraged by the high prices of recent years, the Irish farmers have been living in a more expensive way than in past times. This, in itself, is of course no subject of complaint, if only the progress were real progress, and had not rested on debt. Among the more educated classes improved circumstances lead every day to the same lack of prudence. But in the higher and the lower grades of society the same errors have to be expiated in the same way. If the bad times foreboded by some should indeed be before Ireland, the imprudent landlord must suffer as well as the imprudent tenant; nay, the prudent must also partake the common loss. In the meantime let the tenant shun, as the most fatal of snares, the voice of the seducer who says to him, 'On your landlord alone should fall the blow! Whether you exercised foresight or built upon borrowed and fictitious resources, you must live as if good times were perpetual; and if for this a revolution is necessary, a revolution there must be. If you have shown yourself incompetent as an occupier, the only remedy is that one should become a proprietor.' The effect of acting on such persuasions would be this:—The Legislature would cease from legislative reforms which only aggravated discontent; and landlords deprived of their rents would decline to give employment on the lands of which, as they were informed, they were so soon to be dispossessed.

In the interests of Ireland not less than those of the Empire, we are obliged strenuously to resist these destructive measures, for such we deem them without doubting that they have found advocates among men of sincere though mistaken patriotism. We refer to such measures as 'Home Rule' or 'Repeal of the Union.' The question is not as to the means by which the legislative union was effected. The price paid for that measure was indeed of a far different sort from that which ought to have been paid, and was promised, viz., Catholic Emancipation. Emancipation was deferred until twenty-nine years had been spent in agitation. On the other hand, the swiftest, not the justest, mode of action was unfortunately employed to carry that necessary measure, the parliamentary fusion of

two countries, which neither the wars of many centuries, nor dynastic changes, nor diversity of religion, nor the intervention of foreign States, had ever been able to separate. If Pitt's intentions had been carried into effect, the Union would speedily have been associated with Catholic Emancipation and the other remedial measures with which he proposed to accompany that settlement. The Repeal of the Union, after stopping all that has been going on of improvement, and surrendering Ireland for an indefinite period to internecine faction fights, would end either in the dismemberment of the Empire, in civil war, or more probably in the renewal of the Union at the request of Ireland herself.

Protesting, then, against all visionary and revolutionary proposals, we protest equally against all measures which practically lead in the same direction—that is, such measures as, under the plea of removing abuses, would place the whole government of Ireland in the hands of those who have as yet had least of political education. It is in no such direction that the weal of Ireland is to be sought. Her progress is to be expected from a policy that advances by degrees, but advances upon known roads, and allows time for the quiet working of the great reforms already made. Since the passing of Catholic Emancipation Ireland has had corporation reform, an enlarged franchise, a vast system of primary education, religious equality, the removal of sectarian ascendency, the reform of the land-tenure, a good measure for intermediate education, and a measure for university education likely, after some easy but most necessary modifications, to be accepted by all classes. Notwithstanding the depression of the present time, her children have also made an amount of material progress in some respects not surpassed by that made in any other European country. Compare the present state of things with that which filled the heart of Bishop Doyle well-nigh with despair. Turn to those lists of reform measures the enactment of which Mr. O'Connell more than once declared would render needless the demand for Repeal—measures nearly all of which would have substantially become law—and then ask are we to abandon all this solid good for schemes some of which those eminent men would have scouted as the device of an enemy? Are we to leave our half-ripe harvests to rot while we go in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp? In protesting against political remedies which are worse than the disease, we raise no cry of 'finality.' It is not practical ameliorations that we deprecate, but needless organic changes leading to revolution. No doubt several of the great measures already passed admit of such ameliorations; that is, of ameliorations suggested by experience and necessary in order to carry out their principles more effectually in detail. But our decided protest against the wholesale creation by law of a 'peasant proprietary' as the gravest injustice to the proprietor, and the most fatal of boons to the occupier, in no degree stands in the way of such modification of the celebrated 'Bright clauses' as would remove obstacles to their working. In 1877 Mr. Shaw Lefevre's motion for a committee to enquire into the working of the Bright clauses of the Land Act met with the unanimous support of Irish members of all parties. The Report is the more valuable, from the high character of the witnesses examined; and its recommendations are very important, especially the following:—

'Some provision must be made to meet what the evidence shows to be the fundamental difficulty of the present system; that is to say, the difficulty, if not impossibility (save in rare instances), of forming the lands into lots to suit the tenant purchasers, and at the same time paying due regard to the interests of those whose property is being sold through the Court. So long as these practically inconsistent duties continue to be imposed on one and the same functionary, your committee believe that no substantial result can reasonably be expected from the clauses of the Irish Land Act to which their enquiry has been directed. They therefore think that whilst leaving to one body the function of selling to the best advantage such estates as may be offered for sale, another distinct and equally independent body may be constituted, specially charged with the duty of superintending and facilitating the purchase of their several farms by the occupying tenants. . . . Your committee are of the opinion that the body thus constituted should put themselves into communication with the tenants of properties offered for sale in the Landed Estates Court; should explain to them the facilities offered by the Act; should represent their interests before the Court in lotting of interests of properties or otherwise; and should only purchase and resell properties in lots as aforesaid when satisfied that such a proportion of tenants are prepared to buy as will prevent any loss to the funds at their disposal. . . . Evidence has been laid before your committee in reference to the lessening of the costs of the transfer of land generally in Ireland; and they consider that a change in this direction is desirable, as favouring the purchase of land by occupying tenants.'

It has been, as is generally supposed, from such defects in the 'Bright clauses' of the Land Act, that not more than 710 occupiers have bought their own farms at sales under

that Act, while above 5,000 have done so under the Church Act.

The cause of this diversity was thus accounted for by Mr. Gray, M.P., in his speech at the meeting of the Dublin Corporation on the 30th of October last: 'That has been owing, not to any want of desire on the part of the tenants to purchase, but to difficulties in the working of that Act, and principally owing to the fact that all the tenants must buy or none can buy.' It should be remembered, however, that the landlord must remain free to accept for his estate the highest price it will fetch, whether in a single large bid or in many small bids; and no less that if competent and incompetent farmers were induced to join in a common purchase, it could be to the first class only that benefit would accrue. Companies and private individuals have before now assisted industrious farmers to change their holdings into small properties. Whatever can be done through wise and just laws to promote that end will at once reward merit, and multiply the defenders of property against destructive schemes. It will also dispel too sanguine expectations. Where some succeed others will fail; but in the meantime the 'survival of the fittest' will doubtless preserve and enlarge the class of peasant proprietors *thus* produced in a degree exactly proportioned to its merits. All depends on the man himself, and Acts of Parliament cannot create character, though time and experience may discipline it.

Emigration aided by the Government is another of the plans recommended as a help to Ireland. We can see no reason for thinking such assistance necessary, and nothing is more enervating than unnecessary assistance. The wildest exaggerations have been used to utilise a period of general depression and local distress by representing it as the forerunner of a famine like that under which Ireland laboured thirty years ago. The sufferings of that terrible time might indeed have been much mitigated by a well-considered measure of emigration, aided by other measures for helping the newly landed emigrants to the fields of colonial employment, and for stimulating those public works so useful in young countries. But since that time the population of Ireland has diminished by one-third, and it has ceased to depend exclusively on the potato. The recurrence, therefore, of any such famine is utterly improbable. In these days of submarine telegraphs and ocean steamers, food can be procured in a sixth part of the time then necessary, and with the help of railways it can be distributed in Ireland with a proportionate celerity. Before we speak of assisted emigration, let us see how far Ireland is able to assist herself in this matter. During several of the famine years her emigrants were probably not less than 200,000 in number, though, for lack of needful aids, the class of emigrants was not always the right class, while their sufferings were far greater than they need have been and included a terrible mortality from fever, both on their passage and on their landing. As the condition of Ireland improved, that vast exodus diminished by degrees to one-half, a third, a fourth, and a fifth of what it had been. During the famine years the Irish in America sent a million sterling annually, and at one time a million and a half, to their friends in Ireland, to assist them in emigrating. Considering that the American Irish are now a far more numerous and a wealthier body than they were then, it is probable that they would forward larger sums if any necessity for such aid were to recur. Without Government aid the Irish emigration between May, 1851, and December, 1869, amounted to nearly 2,000,000. Between 1873 and 1877 it decreased as follows:—In 1873 to 90,149; in 1874 to 73,184; in 1875 to 51,462; in 1876 to 37,587; while in 1877 it rose to above 38,000. It is likely that the renewed prosperity of America will of itself attract a larger number to the labour markets of that country than have recently proceeded thither.

If however in some parts of Ireland there still exists a local congestion of population, there can be few modes in which the local aid of the poor rate could be more fitly employed than in help to the emigrant. It is not improbable, indeed, that certain schemes for an enlarged Poor Law area rating might, if restricted to assisting emigration at periods of distress, confer benefits unattended by peril. But large measures of emigration at the cost of the State should be reserved for times of famine far spread and unquestioned. Such aid, when not required, might easily aggravate the evil it was intended to mitigate, and interfere with those natural processes through which society adjusts itself to circumstances, and heals its own wounds. During a period of depression, as labour is less remunerative than usual, a large number of labourers are of course thrown out of employment. In ordinary cases better times come, and with them renewed employment. If in the meantime some huge system of State emigration had greatly diminished a population in ordinary times not out of fair proportion to the resources of the country and to its capital, such a reduction in the numbers of the labouring classes would probably, when improved times returned, raise the rate of wages so high as to prevent em-

ployment from being given on a large scale. That class would thus have been permanently injured by an interference intended to remove a temporary trial; and industrial progress would have been indefinitely checked. Such would be the consequences, whether the State emigration had been meant to relieve the agricultural labourers of Mayo or the manufacturing labourers of Lancashire. Local agencies have a finer sensitiveness and a stronger elasticity than governmental; they can better appreciate the amount of the difficulty, proportion their interference to the occasion, and diminish it as the need passes. There was a time when a population extraordinarily excessive, not when compared with the vast resources, but with the capital, of Ireland, condemned her to a chronic pauperism. A terrible crisis bequeathed to her a far less suffering, but by no means a perfect, state. If security were not denied to her by false political ideas and reckless agitation, capital would rapidly flow into her, providing for her sons other industries besides those connected with the soil, and thus enabling her to fight the battle of civilisation with two hands, not with one only. Like other excellent things, emigration may be carried too far; nor does the snapping of that tie which binds the emigrant to hearth and home always contribute as much to his happiness or to his moral well-being as to his material prosperity. Prudence can sometimes become as exaggerated as imagination itself; and there are some who seem to think that, because Ireland had once too large a population, and gave herself too much to second-class agriculture, she can never be too sparsely inhabited, and ought to return to an earlier stage of civilisation, not exactly the hunter stage, but that of the life exclusively pastoral. This is not Imperial policy; the vast resources of both Ireland and England were given for other ends. As a nation may be over-populated, so it may be under-populated, till it is neither able to contend with other nations in the arts of peace, nor to defend its limits in times of war.

We come next to the important question of 'Relief works,' an expression used in different senses, and too often connected with demands not likely to redound either to the advantage of Ireland or to her self-respect. Some extravagant petitions, occasionally for State gifts, but more often for loans nearly certain to be never repaid, have assumed a more grotesque character because made by those who, almost in the same breath, hurled defiance against the State which was to bestow the gift, and the proprietors who were to guarantee the loan. This odd mixture of menace and supplication must not, however, blind us to the fact that persons of unquestionable judgment have also made suggestions, though of a very different character, respecting works to be undertaken by local proprietors, but aided by the State. The two classes of propositions have to be separately considered.

As regards the first, there is nothing whatever in the depressed condition generally prevalent in Ireland to justify any demand for an Imperial gift. Such gifts are doubtless necessary in cases of famine, vast and terrible like those which so frequently desolate huge tracts of India; and if, during the cotton famine, all England had resembled Lancashire, doubtless they would have been largely bestowed on her, as they were on Ireland in her great famine. Where the necessity does not exist, to invoke such aid is to substitute an ignoble dependence on others for manly self-reliance and for those virtues of endurance and exertion which the occasion requires.

If such a famine were again to visit Ireland, the experience of that terrible time shows that 'Relief works' would be the worst remedy for it. 1st. Relief works, if reproductive, must commonly lie in districts far apart; but in such a famine the need for aid is everywhere; consequently, while in a few districts men earn more than they need, in the greater number they are left without relief. 2ndly. Even in the more fortunate districts the relief is absorbed by the able-bodied and their families, while thousands incapable of labour, and with none to help them, are left to starve. 3rdly. An immense accumulation of labourers is thus drawn from the districts unrelieved to the scattered relief works, the necessary consequence being lawlessness and confusion. During the great Irish famine it was found necessary that the Relief works, so unfortunately undertaken, should be near each other. The consequence was, that those works were for the most part only nominally productive—generally roads where none were needed, and often left unfinished. The people soon discovered the 'pious fraud.' Labour has its moral as well as its commercial relations:—it is the sense that his labour does good that sweetens the labourer's toil, and ennobles it. Deprive labour of those relations—make it a *mere* test of destitution—and you convert it into a mockery. The works being discovered to be sham works, the labourers in too many cases resolved to spend only sham labour upon them; combination became easy, and the better disposed were often overruled by the lawless. Those works were abandoned, though not till millions had been thrown away: in place of them the cheapest food

was distributed from numerous depôts to those who needed it most; and four times as much good was done at a fourth part of the cost. In short, neither productive nor unproductive 'Relief works' can do more than partial good when called upon to meet a general famine; and, unless managed with great skill, they are apt to increase the distress and to prolong it. Another evil is also thus engendered. The people are taught to believe that a Government is bound to provide employment and wages for all who cannot otherwise procure them. This of course is Communism, in philosophy, and in practice it means that the individual is not bound to provide for himself by prudence or by forethought; nay, that he may decline all assistance that does not suit his taste or favour his ulterior aims; and that, notwithstanding, the State is compelled by a primary political duty to secure for him those two things, work and wages, over which it has no more permanent control than over the winds and tides. Employment thus guaranteed under all circumstances would be more dangerous than the *panes et circenses* of the Roman Empire.

The objection against 'Relief works' undertaken at the cost of the State applies alike whether the aid be called a gift or a loan, unless there is a moral certainty that the loan can be and will be repaid. This consideration brings us to suggestions respecting employment aided by the State, but exclusively on strict conditions of repayment, which have been put forward by many private individuals certain to speak on the subject with knowledge and disinterestedness, like Colonel King Harman, Mr. Bagwell, and the Knight of Kerry, as well as by the Corporations of Dublin and other cities, and many Poor Law Boards. Their suggestions refer to works to which the name of 'Relief works' cannot properly belong, since they are described as being such reproductive works as the Legislature has frequently assisted in Ireland and elsewhere, when no relief was asked for, and no special distress existed, simply on the ground that their prosecution must give a large impulse to collateral industries. Respecting one of these works, arterial drainage, Mr. J. G. McCarthy, M.P., writes thus:—

'The commencement of practical legislation on the subject was made by Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1842, amended by the Summary Proceedings Act of 1846. These measures were marked by the largeness of view and boldness of treatment which characterised that statesman. They enabled the Board of Works, as a department of the State, to undertake the great national work of arterial drainage, charging the cost on the land improved. Vigorous efforts were made to take advantage of this legislation; landlords and tenants worked together; every county, almost every barony, made its proposals; 452 districts were surveyed, and 122 districts, comprising 270,000 acres, were reclaimed. Of the remaining districts, 300 were under consideration; and it was estimated that ten years would complete them. But in the midst of the work came the famine. Under the pressure of that terrible calamity financial considerations were overlooked. Money was spent with both hands; and when it came to be repaid poor rates had risen to 16*s.* in the pound, and fee-simple lands, with Parliamentary title, were selling at five years' purchase. Large remissions had to be made; and the undertaking of new works was prohibited by Treasury minute.'

It would thus appear that the 'Relief works' were introduced and 'Reproductive works' discarded at the same period—a thing to excite no surprise, since they were based upon opposite principles. Mr. McCarthy proceeds:—

'To remedy this state of things I brought in the Waste Lands (Ireland) Bill of 1875. It was substantially an embodiment of Lord John Russell's proposal of 1844. . . . The then Chief Secretary, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, admitted that "the attention of the House could hardly be occupied with any question of greater importance."'

In times of depression there will always, however, be a tendency to confound genuine Reproductive works with very doubtful 'Relief works.' To avoid this danger the State, as we conceive, should aid no works not morally certain to prove remunerative, even though she be herself secured, from other sources, against loss. Mr. McCarthy regards the reclamation of mountain wastes as likely to be remunerative, and adds, 'But if any deficit should arise, a portion of the church surplus could not be better employed than in reimbursement.' We wholly dissent from that suggestion, both on the ground we have already stated and on others also. A million acres of mountain waste he acknowledges to be irreclaimable; but he cites high authorities which affirm that very large tracts would pay for being brought into cultivation. This may be or may not be; but experience has proved that far larger and more secure profits are made by changing good land into better, than worthless into tolerably good. As civilisation and science advance, the improved land will be ever gaining 'advantage o'er the kingdom' of the bad; and it seems as well that the process should be a gradual one, as that every acre

should be brought at once into full cultivation, and no further margin left for growing numbers. But it appears to us to be a vicious and mischievous principle that the community at large should be taxed, and the revenue burdened, in order to assist speculative improvements which are much better left to private enterprise.

From questions relating chiefly to the material interests of Ireland, we pass to two of a moral character, which have at least as close a connexion with her eventual well-being. It may be observed that many of the remedial proposals lately advocated in Ireland include the suggestion that the 'Surplus Fund' of the Disestablished Church should be used in order to carry them into execution. There is the more reason to regard this suggestion with anxiety, since, coming from Ireland, it may blind many persons to the permanent injury which it would inflict upon that country in the hope of mitigating a transient distress. The subject is one of such importance, and of an importance so likely to be overlooked amid the press and tumult of matters more immediately urgent, that we cannot pass it by unnoticed, though to do it justice would be impossible within the space at our command. The Church surplus is the small remaining portion of that national reserve fund which, in all the nobler European nations, when the mass of the land became divided into innumerable proprietorships, still remained unappropriated, the possession of the nation itself. It was never intended for the promotion of material interests; it made provision for interests both higher and more liable to be forgotten. Amid the chances and changes of material things, it provided for those moral, intellectual, and spiritual needs which undergo no change. The circumstances of Ireland rendered a reform necessary with regard to her Church property, which had been, three centuries before, unjustly transferred from the people at large to the use of a small minority; and about two-thirds of it having been spent in providing for the vested interests of existing incumbents, there remained a third for the permanent benefit of Ireland. That portion of the original national reserve was no longer to pay tithes to the clergy of any Church. It was placed apart; and a later Parliament, in the exercise of the same legislative powers which belonged to its predecessor, has since, on two occasions, appropriated a portion of it on a sound and far-sighted principle. It had soon been discovered that to spend that surplus in subsidising mere material interests would practically have been to exonerate the land, and therefore, in the long run, the landlords, from burdens which must otherwise have fallen upon the rates, or upon property generally. The reserve fund, thus spent nominally for the benefit of the poor, would thus in reality have been alienated from them, and bestowed indirectly on the wealthier classes of society. A wiser course has been adopted. The primary religious purpose of the Church property having been set aside, the surplus has twice been devoted to what in legal phrase is called *cy près* purposes. Nearest to the directly religious needs of a people, and most akin to them, are its moral and intellectual needs. The session before last the Surplus was applied to Intermediate Education, through 'payment by results;' and last session to Primary Education, through increased grants to schoolmasters.

But more is needed. Something has been done towards the solution of another part of the education problem, viz., University education; but until more solid ground has been taken as to the principle on which that education is to rest—and here, again, the question of the Surplus Fund comes in—we can hardly say whether even a beginning has been really made. This question is one especially important in the discussion of Irish discontent. As regards its principle, we agree with the leading members of the Liberal party, who insisted that the Intermediate Education Act of 1878 had predetermined what that principle must be. There are concessions from which it is impossible to recede; and after the passing of that Act, with the hearty consent of both the great English parties, and the concurrence of Ireland, she had a right to conclude that the long education battle was over (the next session will probably show whether that conclusion is or is not to be confirmed), and a final settlement arrived at, not through the triumph of either of the extreme opinions for which men had fought so long, but through an honourable compromise which did justice to both. On the one side had stood the advocates of 'mixed education,' who, with a generous desire to put an end to narrow estrangements, maintained that those who were to work together as citizens in one State ought first to sit side by side in the same schools, and there to form youthful friendships. On the other side were those who replied that, valuable as social harmony unquestionably is, religion is yet more so; and that, unless education is interpenetrated by religion, from which it is unhappily impossible to separate contested doctrines, men will grow up irreligious, indifferent, and lax in morals. For thirty years the war raged,

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vast sections of society being apparently separated more and more by the effort to draw individuals closer together, till one was reminded of Jeremy Taylor's remark about ships which, if fastened together in a storm, dash each other to pieces, whereas if they had had sea-room they would have been safe. Each side contended that the opinion it maintained should be exclusively endowed. A secular ascendency, meantime, was created, and from it followed consequences which touched men in their consciences and in their pockets alike. Those who held by religious education—and in Ireland, as well as England and Scotland, they were the majority—were obliged as taxpayers to support a system which they disapproved, while they were also obliged to educate their sons at their own expense, and in a manner so inferior, as regards secular knowledge, to that enjoyed by their more fortunate rivals, that in the race of life there was no fair competition between the two classes. It became at last certain that those who believed in religious education, Ireland's devotion to which had been proved by her raising during the last thirty years about 200,000*l.* for the support of the Catholic University, were certain not to change their conviction. A Church Establishment three centuries old had been abolished for the sake of peace; and day by day it seemed less reasonable to miss that peace. It had been wisely affirmed by a Liberal Premier that Irish consciences and sympathies might be as much respected by an Imperial Parliament as Scotch principles and sympathies are; and that a Legislature seated at Westminster might consult for Ireland as impartially as if it sat in Dublin; but there still remained the Home Ruler's rejoinder—'On the contrary; on a grave matter of conscience Irish sentiments are not respected, and persistent inducements are held out to make Irish parents educate their children in a manner they believe to be morally wrong.'

From this unfortunate complication a deliverance was found, and one recommended by unimpeachable precedents. The same difficulty had presented itself when the Irish National system of education was first instituted. That system was assailed as irreligious; and, at the instance chiefly of Protestants, but for the benefit of all, a second class of schools, the 'non-vested,' were added to it. In them it was permitted to teach religion with a large freedom, but also under a conscience clause to protect a minority. The more religious and the less religious schools have for many a year flourished side by side, the former class constituting three-fourths of the whole, while both classes are endowed by the State. More recently a double system had also been adopted in England, schools almost wholly secular being supported by rates, while denominational schools are liberally assisted out of general taxation. Such was, substantially, the principle adopted when the Irish Intermediate Education Act was passed. Schools and colleges, whether Catholic, Protestant, or secular, received aid from the public funds, in proportion to the number of scholars whose secular proficiency had been tested through an examination recognised by the State. No question was to be asked as to whether or not they imparted religious instruction also at their own cost.

Unhappily the Government, in place of frankly basing their University Act of last session on the same principle, the principle of educational equality, propped it by an artificial contrivance which they could hardly have regarded as more than temporary, but which had in it one of the worst of faults—that of being equivocal. 'Payment by results' was again introduced, but in a different fashion. Payments are to be made to successful students; but it remains with the Senate of the new University to decide whether they are to be the rewards of 'comparative' or of 'absolute' merit. On the latter supposition all the students who pass the examinations will receive a certain sum of money, irrespective of lesser prizes; and, supposing that they transfer that sum to the Colleges which have prepared them for examination, the Colleges of the new University will then no doubt receive aid as the 'Intermediate' Colleges now receive it, though in a roundabout manner. But this benefit rests altogether upon three formidable peradventures. It presupposes that the Senate should elect to reward 'absolute' as well as 'comparative' merit; that the Government of the day, which retains the power both of appointing and of removing the great majority of the Senate, should approve of that course; and that students should hand over their earnings, or a large part of them, to their respective Colleges. There is nothing that excites so little of gratitude, and so much of suspicion, as concessions that may at any moment be retracted. These payments, even if made for a time, might be withdrawn, with or without a pretext, on a change of Government or of popular feeling; and in the meantime Colleges dependent upon the caprice of Ministries for their support might at any political crisis be assailed by aspersions on their independence, aspersions proceeding from some extreme party in Irish politics. It is obvious that this part of the recent

University Act will have to be placed upon a more reliable foundation ere long; and it is no less certain that when that task is undertaken a serious difficulty may arise, if the fund out of which the new University Colleges are aided is to come from the general taxation of the country. On the other hand, few will be found to deny them what has been conceded to the Intermediate Colleges, if the aid be accompanied by the same conditions and derived from the same source. That source, the Church Surplus, must therefore be regarded as sacred, and inviolably preserved. The conduct of the Opposition leaders, and especially of Mr. Forster, on this subject, and on the O'Conor Don's University Bill, presents a contrast to the vacillating course taken by the Government, which can hardly be soon forgotten in Ireland. The Ministry threw over, at the last moment, that plan for University education, founded on the principle acted on the preceding year, which the Irish Government had suggested to the representatives of the Irish Catholics, and which had met their approval.

It must be remembered that University education is by no means a thing in which the wealthy classes alone are concerned. Scotland, with a population far less than that of Ireland, has four Universities, to which 5,500 students belong. Of these, 25 per cent. are the sons of labourers and artisans, and have begun their education at the primary schools. Many of the schoolmasters have taken University degrees, and prepare their pupils both for the Intermediate schools and for the Universities, the transit from the lower to the higher grades of education being largely assisted by bursaries and scholarships. The University system of Ireland can never be considered as complete until the poorer classes have thus a share in its benefits. It was they who subscribed for the larger part of the sums collected for the Catholic University.

Besides the great educational question, one of the three, on the settlement of which Mr. Gladstone declared that the happy relations of England and Ireland depend, there remains another like it of a moral, not material, interest, the importance of which will be felt probably more and more as the problem of Ireland is more and more understood in its largeness. The wise settlement of that question, whenever it next becomes prominent, would be seriously impeded if what remains of the 'Church Surplus' were wasted. Without a brief allusion to it our remarks on the condition of Ireland, and on the measures needed for her amelioration, might justly be accused of bearing a one-sided character. We now pass to a second example of this. Our readers will hardly need to be reminded that when the great settlement of the Church question was made—a settlement which will doubtless be looked back on in future times as the great *sine quâ non* of Ireland's peace, and the security of the Empire—although the principle on which it was founded, viz. religious equality, was carried out in the main, there was yet one notable exception, acknowledged by the most zealous supporters of the measure, and an attempt to correct which proved unsuccessful owing to the party complications of that agitated crisis. Tithes being abolished, the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy were placed on the same footing thus far; but, as regards realised property, the difference between the two was no less than this: that the Roman Catholic clergy received nothing, whereas the Protestant clergy were allowed to retain, for a sum estimated by Mr. Bright as between 100,000*l.* and 150,000*l.*, a property in churches and parochial residences which Mr. Gladstone had originally estimated as worth at least 2,500,000*l.*, and of which, at a later time, he said, 'Speaking of them as representing value, it would be impossible to attach to them a value of less than 3,000,000*l.*, even after allowing for the very large payments 'to be made on the glebe-houses.' Most wisely, as we think, he left those churches and residences in the hands of their possessors; for, independently of the difficulties which, as he remarked, would have attended their sale, a grave injury must otherwise have been inflicted without necessity on the members of the 'Disestablished Church.' No ungenerous objection was brought against this course either by Roman Catholic Members or by those who represented the 'voluntary system.' Of that body Mr. Bright was the most conspicuous representative; yet, opposed as he was to the principle of 'concurrent endowment,' he did not think a one-sided endowment preferable. He had himself made a proposal that out of the Church property 3,000,000*l.* should be set apart to provide residences *for all denominations*. The same opinion had been expressed at the preceding election by the Secretary of State for the Home Department. When interrogated, he answered that there must be residences either for the Protestant and Catholic clergy alike, or for neither.

In furtherance of that principle the Duke of Cleveland, as will be remembered, made his proposal that out of the Church Surplus 1,000,000*l.* should be used in order to provide residences for the Roman Catholic

clergy; and a deeply interesting debate followed. We do not refer to it for the purpose of recommending that the question should be reopened at present. Should such a proposal revive sectarian heats, happily on the decline, it might retard, not accelerate, a legislative course at once beneficent and just. Our object is to show the utter impolicy of throwing obstacles in the way of that course at some future time. Should all reasonable men come to an agreement as regards the principle, the unreasonable will still entrench themselves behind financial difficulties. Such difficulties would speedily vanish if there remained a portion of an exclusively Irish fund which had already provided residences for the Protestant clergy. That such a solution should have been rendered impossible at the instance of men who had dissipated that fund, while professing to speak in Ireland's name, would be no small paradox. The time of calmer judgments will come, and a rigid account may be demanded for national funds recklessly squandered. The Duke of Cleveland's proposal was supported by, amongst others, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce), Gloucester and Bristol, St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall), and Peterborough; the Dukes of Cambridge, Leinster, Northumberland, Devonshire, and Somerset; the Marquis of Salisbury; Earls of Russell, Carnarvon, Devon, Grey, and Stanhope; Lords Eversley, Halifax, and Athlumney. Lord Russell supported the proposal with especial energy, declaring that the Government which carried it 'would receive that reward which would be justly due to Ministers who had healed the wounds of many centuries.' The late Earl of Dunraven also supported the measure strongly. Unfortunately this statesmanlike motion was thrown out by a majority of 146 to 113. On July 12, 1869, the proposal was again brought forward by Earl Stanhope, and carried by 121 to 114; but it was lost in the Commons.

Readers who turn to those debates will find that the proposal was urged, not upon abstract, and still less on polemical grounds, but as a matter of urgent and practical need, both social and political. They will find allusions to the extreme difficulty which an Irish priest often meets in procuring even the humblest residence near his church; of the difficulty which a curate has in pursuing his studies, or even in long retaining his books, in some hired room, dinned perhaps by the clamour of a drinking party under the same roof. They will read of worse troubles proceeding from the fewness of the churches, and the overgrown size of the parishes in many parts of Ireland; of the miles of mountain and moor to be crossed in the middle of the night to attend a 'sick call,' and the chance of the sick man having died before the priest has arrived. These things still remain, and with them the popular sentiment which such things leave behind them. A measure for facilitating the building of Roman Catholic presbyteries by loan has proved of little use, as might have been expected. It could least have been turned to account where aid is most required—that is, in the poorest districts. The whole status of the Irish Catholic clergy is in a large measure determined by the lack of fit residences. The difficulties and degradations connected with this matter, more than any other discomforts proceeding from the 'voluntary system,' make parents reluctant to educate their sons for the ecclesiastical career, which is thus practically interdicted to many who, from their social position as well as their natural dispositions, would add a valuable element to the Irish priesthood. The Church settlement has of course put an end for ever to those ideas of pensions for the Roman Catholic clergy not seldom entertained by Liberal statesmen from the days of Pitt to those of Peel. For many years the scheme had been discountenanced alike by that clergy and by their flocks; yet it is remarkable that those who exclaimed most strongly 'the Irish would never trust a pensioned clergy,' commonly ended, 'of course glebe-houses would be another matter; by them no jealousy could be excited.' In other words, parochial residences were understood to mean, not dependence, but independence. Such residences, decorous and fit for a clergyman to live in—placed close to the church, and making the pastor feel that he belongs to it—unencumbered by a farm, but with a few trees, a field, and a garden—carry with them a moral influence over and above that share of material independence which they confer. Their occupant has something in common with very various grades of society: he can sympathise with all, while he is bound over to the class-prejudices of none. He is himself a proprietor, though it is among the poor that his duty and his affections lie; and though he has no ambition to acquire wealth or to bequeath it, he

> 'Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
> Nor covets lineal rights in lands or towers.'*

We have now discussed the chief questions relating to Ireland which have lately been occupying attention, or which are certain to occupy it before long, and can but glance at a few others. One of these is the

* Wordsworth, 'Sonnet on a Scotch Manse.'

Grand Jury system. There can be no doubt that the existing system requires reform, because it involves taxation without adequate representation, since at the Presentment Sessions, the initiatory taxing body, the associated cess-payers, are not chosen by election. As little can we doubt that the reform needed is not to be sought in the rough and ready process of destroying the existing Grand Jury system. We concur in the principles enunciated by one who has had much experience in this matter. We quote from him:*—

'The Grand Jury has kept its position by attending to its business, by the publicity of its proceedings, and by ceasing to job. We have now a body of men thoroughly trained to their work, and knowing how to do it; men who shrink from the imputation of dishonour; a tribunal holding in fiscal matters the power of veto, but not of initiation; a House of Lords, as it were. In this no change should be made; you must have men . . . above all superior to corruption, whether it be the coarse corruption of a bribe or the half-unconscious corruption under which men unduly favour or unduly disfavour others from motives arising from social or political relations—or the corruption of fear, that worst and most insidious of all corruptions.'†

Certain limitations in the powers now exercised by Grand Juries are, however, necessary:—

'If such alterations are made as will entirely deprive Grand Juries of all power of initiating or enlarging taxation to the smallest amount, the restraining, controlling, moderating power will best be exercised by a body selected as the Grand Juries now are.'

But while the local 'House of Lords' should be retained, the local 'House of Commons' should be thoroughly reformed.

'The constitution of the Presentment Sessions, the initiatory taxing body, cannot be defended. The nomination of associated cess-payers by the Grand Jury is false in principle, and ridiculous in practice. It is really a nomination by a single irresponsible individual. . . . They should be elected as the Poor Law Guardians are, and should hold office for one, or perhaps for two, years; the qualification should be moderate; their number should be proportioned to the valuation of the barony; the number of *ex-officio* members should not exceed that of the elected members; no magistrates should sit but those having property in the barony, or are liable to the proposed taxation.'

The two local powers might be made more mutually supplemental:—

'Each item of expenditure is discussed at Baronial Sessions upon a somewhat narrow basis! the interests of a limited area are too exclusively considered. . . . It is well to have a high controlling body able and willing to take a broad, general view of the public interests of the whole county. . . . I would give to the Grand Jury a power to appoint committees for certain defined objects, such as to collect, and report upon evidence to the next Grand Jury, upon some particular, and carefully defined, question, the principle of which had not yet been adopted. . . . I stand by the Grand Jury system (with the modifications I have indicated), not only because it *works well*, but because it is founded on a true principle, and one analogous to the Constitution; and because, attached as I have been during a long life, and am, to Liberal principles, I believe in my heart, *intus et in corde*, that an upper and educated class, possessing not only a strong moral influence, but a legislative restraining power, is essential for the protection of public liberty, and especially that of the lower classes. The one thing most fatal to liberty is an uncontrolled democracy.'*

This writer asserts also that the Grand Juries should retain not only their fiscal functions, but their criminal functions also, which he designates as 'a bulwark to liberty;' while he no less insists that additional powers, and a thoroughly representative constitution, should be conferred upon the great Presentment Sessions for the county at large.

Another question now much discussed relates to the formation of an Irish Board or Boards, to facilitate the undertaking of railways and other works of a useful character, at present impeded and rendered more costly owing to the necessity of Parliamentary proceedings in such cases. Some persons have suggested the formation of joint

* 'Thoughts on the Grand Jury System,' by Stephen Edward de Vere.

† In the case of *Petty* Juries some of the consequences resulting from too low a standard in the selection of jurors have been occasionally oddly illustrated. Not long since in a western county (but under legal provisions which have since been improved) a petty juror was heard to exclaim on going out of the box, 'Thank Heaven, I won't have to borrow a pair of shoes for the next three years!' About the same time a man was tried for an 'agrarian outrage:' the pistol he had fired burst in his hand, three of his fingers had been blown off, and were produced on the trial, the prisoner standing in the dock with his arm in a sling. The evidence was conclusive, the guilt unquestionable; but popular feeling was running high, and the verdict brought in was 'not guilty.' The astonished and indignant judge had to pronounce accordingly. After a long silence a policeman held up the three severed fingers and demanded, 'Pray, my lord, what am I to do with these?' With much solemnity the judge replied, pointing to the dock, 'Give them back to the gentleman to whom they belong!'

* 'Thoughts on the Grand Jury System,' by S. E. de Vere.

Boards, representing the Grand Juries of each county affected by the projected improvement. We can only say that, considering the difficulty which Parliament finds in dealing with the immense mass of business thrown upon it, the creation of such local centres for the transaction of local affairs appears most desirable, whether in Ireland, England, or Scotland. Of course care should be taken that in the organisation of such in Ireland no disproportioned prominence should be given to that element in society which has shown itself so liable to be led away by extravagant proposals. So far from such a concession producing 'a diversion' as regards the Home Rule cry, it would unquestionably have the opposite effect, planting the Home Rule flag over all Ireland's locally representative bodies, and thus tempting them to outstep their proper limits, and to claim an authority not theirs.

We shall not here discuss the question of the Lord-Lieutenancy and its abolition. The office is not one likely to last long; but whether the present would be an opportune time for its removal is another matter. There are those who regard it as a badge of provincialism; those again who see in it the emblem of a bygone Irish nationality; and those who regard it only in its relations with the social gaieties and commercial prosperity of Dublin. In one mode of settling the question those three parties would gladly concur. If, in quieter times than these, a Royal palace were built in the Irish metropolis, and if some member of the Royal family were to hold a court there in the Queen's name annually or at frequent intervals, all sections of society would rejoice alike—except one, that of the agitators. They know that, excitable as the Irish character is at the surface, it preserves in its depths and is ever ready to develope those instincts of loyalty which belong to an ancient and clannish race, and which have so often been exhibited, not in Ireland alone, but no less among the Celts of the Scotch Highlands and La Vendée.

In the beginning of this paper we stated our belief that in the recent vehement but very partial Irish agitation there is little cause for surprise and none for alarm. Danger could only result from it if, by creating despondency or irritation, it impeded the course of remedial legislation of which we have suggested what seems to us the wisest as well as the justest direction. It throws doubtless some difficulties in the way of such legislation: but to a statesmanship sagacious and self-possessed difficulties are often golden opportunities. The scandals which have so largely characterised the movement of the last few months are the febrile spasms of weakness, not the evidence of strength; and the acclamations of excited crowds have been bought at a heavy price, viz., the marked alienation of that support from the middle, and a portion of the higher, class which gave dignity to Mr. O'Connell's leadership. The meetings over which he presided were not disgraced by incentives to violate the law. His reply to such would have been his well-known aphorism, 'the man who commits a crime is the enemy of his country.' He held rule over the insurgent spirits for five-and-thirty years; in less than a tenth part of that time Mr. Butt, in spite of his admitted talents and wide popularity, lost all control over them. A new policy arose on the ruins of his, respecting which Sir George Bowyer, in an admirable letter, remarked, 'Obstruction has certainly done one thing; it has made impossible any sort of Home Rule.' He proceeds:—

> 'The most unwise, the most inexperienced, and the most ignorant members of the Irish representation are the leaders of the so-called party of action, and they are deluding the people, and misleading them into a course which must end in rebellion and ruin. These words are strong, but they are sanctioned by his Eminence Cardinal Cullen. That eminent and venerated prelate said to me, in the most solemn manner, that the leaders of the Irish party were deceiving and deluding the people, and that the course which they were taking led to treason and rebellion. His Eminence added, "If they go on, I will denounce them!"'

The success of an agitation reduced to such appeals is transient. When early, at an Irish election, a candidate seemed discouraged by a sudden spurt of energy on the part of a weak opponent, his conducting agent consoled him by a whisper; 'The poor man is polling his *good baronies*, and I did not think he would come to them so soon!' In Ireland the noisy party is not the serious party; and many a thing supposed to indicate a deep design has in reality been in a large degree but a practical joke, as when O'Donovan Rossa, then a Fenian in gaol, was returned to Parliament for Tipperary. The Ballot will, no doubt, give many such opportunities to 'light-hearted' politicians; and indeed, if a course of political education is to be regarded as needful before men are qualified to exercise the privilege of secret voting with safety to themselves and others, in spite of Shakespeare's doctrine,

> 'Our neighbours are our outward consciences,'

it seems hard to understand why the same period should have been deemed fit for con-

ferring that irresponsible power, even for a trial time of eight years, alike upon the English, who have had the training of two centuries of freedom, and on the Irish, who are still in their noviciate as regards constitutional government, and who *did not demand the boon.* In the franchise and the educational system the two countries have not been thus closely identified.*

In the meantime the violence of Mr. Parnell and his friends has done one excellent thing: it has separated and is daily separating the steadier heads in Ireland from the emptier and more giddy, the main strength of the movement party hitherto having consisted in the fact that to distinguish between these was often most difficult, since they frequently worked together, though not with the same ends. It is for wise legislation to complete that happy severance. A legislation beneficent at once and vigorous (and it is only the friendly hand that in these times can be permanently a strong hand)—a legislation that does not value material advantages alone, that respects rooted convictions and even imaginative sympathies, but which tolerates neither outrage nor the threat of outrage—has but to persist in its way undeterred by provocations. A less dignified course would but play the game of the agitators, and save them from that 'manifest destiny' to which such policy as theirs hastens. Should there be any who mistake the ill-tempered course for the spirited one, or who would 'give up Ireland as a bad job,' because the seed-time there is not also the harvest-time, let them remember that we cannot afford to act on such a philosophy. It is precluded by the Legislative Union. If Ireland, when that great measure was passed, could justly have been regarded as irreconcilable (an opinion which we deem unfounded), in that case to keep her at arm's length, whatever the dangers of that course, would, from the Imperial point of view, have been less dangerous, in the long run, than a legislative incorporation which only allowed her to send her representatives to a common Parliament, that, profiting by the play of antagonistic parties, and ultimately siding with the most dangerous, they might strike at the heart of the Constitution. If a country is disaffected, one of the best cures for that condition is to win its affections; and till that has been accomplished perseverance in wise legislation is imperatively required by patriotism, good sense, and duty. The Legislative Union will not fail to be completed by an entire moral union, as it has been in Scotland; and when that consummation has been reached, it will be found that Ireland has no more been 'provincialised' than Scotland has been. Ireland will discover that, in becoming a great and equal part of an Empire the vastest and most free in the world, she has found for her sons a sphere worthy of their talents and energies. England will also learn that those recollections of the past on which the Irish imagination broods, though too often appealed to for a bad purpose, are no more dangerous when the present retains no inequality, than the kindred recollections of Wallace and of Bruce; and that, if in the two national characters there are striking diversities, their contrasted qualities are often mutually supplemental. For ourselves, we do not believe that happy time need be a distant time, or that Ireland is a disaffected country because her disaffected class is noisy just now. Our recent legislation has advanced in the right direction. It is when the ship approaches the shore that the breakers sound loud. We have only to guard against running it on a rock at the harbour's mouth, and especially against a hidden rock. It is for that reason that we have alluded, though briefly, to dangers not less real, less obvious, than those which relate to the land question.

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* Mr. A. M. Sullivan, himself a Home Ruler, witnesses thus to the effect of the Ballot in Ireland: 'For the first time, under the shield of the Ballot, a national representation freely elected by the people had been returned; and for the first time since the overthrow of the Irish Parliament in 1800 a clear and strong majority of the national representation were arrayed in solemn league and covenant to restore it. *None were more astonished than the Home Rule leaders* at the extent of their success.' (*New Ireland*, p. 385.) 'Five years ago, however, came a measure which, as if by the flash of a magician's wand, has changed the whole aspect of Irish politics. The Ballot has brought, for the first time, the influence, and the will, of the Irish people directly to bear on the assembly at Westminster.' (Ibid. p. 393.)

Art. V.—1. *The Miracle Play of Hasan and Husain*, collected from Oral Tradition by Colonel Sir Lewis Pelly, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., formerly serving in Persia as Secretary of Legation and Political Resident in the Persian Gulf. Revised, with Explanatory Notes, by Arthur N. Wollaston, H.M. Indian (Home) Service, Translator of the Anwar-i-Suhaili. In Two Volumes. (London: 1879.)

2. *Théâtre Persan.* Par Alexandre Chodzko. Paris: Bibliothèque Orientale Elzévirienne. 1878.

3. *Les Religions et les Philosophies en Asie.* Par Joseph, Comte de Gobineau. Paris: 1865.

'It is the beginning of the Mohammadan year, the "sacred" month Moharram, when feasts and rejoicings and solemn services are held throughout the countries of Islam. In Cairo they are lighting up the streets where the few story-tellers that remain are reciting the old histories of Arab prowess and Bedawí love, and the Ghawázi girls are distracting pious folk with their dances; and people are eating their 'Ashúrá cakes and giving alms for the sake of "our Lord Hoseyn;" and the crowd is heaving and struggling in the great mosque of the Hasaneyn, watching the dervishes and making the circuit of the sacred tomb where lies the trunkless head of the martyred Hoseyn. But we are in Persia, where they hold a different legend of this head, and have nothing to say to the pretensions of their Cairene rivals. Still, the Persians keep their Moharram after their own picturesque fashion. Long processions of banner-bearers and minstrels have been threading the streets between lines of weeping people, who groan and cast dust on their heads. There is a sound of lamentation ringing through the town, and every man is dressed in a sombre garb of mourning. There are no joyous revels, no feasts of delight; but the night is filled with the voices of praying men and the chant of funeral rites. As we push our way onward—at some risk of a mischief from the bands of savage fellows who parade the streets, bare-headed, stained with their own blood, brandishing clubs, and shouting, "O Hoseyn! O king of martyrs,"—we come to the great open court of a palace, whence issue dolorous cries, as though some horrid deed were a-doing within. We enter a square inclosure, tented over, and see a plain raised platform, whereon a few men and children stand gesticulating and reciting. Around are all the people of the place, crowded together, in dense lines from wall to platform, from the nobles in the shut-off boxes at the wall, to the street urchins crushed against the platform. Women are there, apart, seated each on a little bench. The men are all squatted cross-legged on the ground. A vast amphitheatre of faces, all bent eagerly on the group in the centre, and all showing the marks of grief and intense sympathy with what is doing there. Every now and then some one in the crowd lifts up his voice and groans aloud; then the rest take up the sound, and the whole place rings with cries of "Ya Hasan! Ya Hoseyn! Ay Hoseyn sháh!" till the groaning and the shouts fall away into silence as suddenly as they arose. At last there comes a pause; the group in the midst have relaxed their efforts, the people's paroxysms of grief are hushed; young men go round with water-skins to moisten the dried throats; and we can turn and ask what this strange thing may mean.'

The answer to this question is very easy to discover. All the East knows it, and is ready to fight over it. This performance is the play of 'Hasan and Hoseyn;' it is the dramatic representation of the tragedy which has divided the whole Muslim world from the beginning till now into the two great parties of Sunnis and Shí'a, ever hostile and filled with bitter hate for each other; the tragedy of the suffering House of Ali, whence and in whose cause have come forward countless claimants to the Khalif's throne, rebels against the Khalif's law; whose power has seated dynasties in Egypt and in Spain; in favour of whose descendant even the 'Abbásí Khalif essayed to alter the succession-line of the vicegerents of God. The sympathy which this oppressed House has evoked from subject races, and its pliant yielding to foreign ideas, made it the parent of the strangest and the most outrageous of the doctrines which have grown fungus-like upon the mighty trunk of Islam; the mysterious doctrines of the Ismá'ilians, the apostolic succession of the Imáms, the blind devotion of the credulous Berber, the horrors of the Karmathian, the detestable Vehmgericht of the 'Assassins,' the reign of terror of the mad khalif of Egypt, and the wild apotheosis of the monster among the Druse dwellers of the Lebanon; all owe their origin to the schism of the House of 'Ali. The Shi'a have had a hand in most of the troubles of the East. Wherever they were found in subjection, there infidelity and sansculottism had a refuge. The hatred of the followers of 'Alí towards the upholders of his enemies has never slackened, neither is their love and reverence for the holy family one jot abated; and both find fuel in the moving scenes of the Passion Play of 'Hasan and Hoseyn.' They witness that play with an enthusiasm which strikes a Western beholder with amazement. The highest triumphs of the modern stage, when the actor's genius has thrown its whole power into the grandest productions of the old drama, and the artist, the historian, and the mechanician have combined to heighten the illusion by every contrivance of stage effect and minute accuracy of detail, awaken no fury of sympathy such as this simple ill-formed play produces with 'properties' and accessories so rude that they would have been scoffed at even in that plain little Globe Theatre on the

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Surrey side, whose bareness Shakspere covered with his art as with a king's mantle. Only in the Passion Play which Ober-Ammergau has made famous can a parallel be found to this Oriental witchery; and even there, with far greater skill and preparation, and a more artistic setting, the audience seems cold and indifferent to the Saviour's griefs by contrast with the tear-stained faces of those heart-broken Easterns, who bewail with dust-defiled head, and heaving breast, smitten with passionate hands, the martyrdom of *their* redeemer. Where else in the whole world shall we see such passion of grief, such grandeur of selfless sympathy, as here, where the people forget the passing of time and the change of place, and taking the rude platform for the real scene of the martyrdom, and the actors for those they represent, furiously stone the soldiers of Yezid and drive them from the stage; and the murderer-actor so loses himself in his part, that he thinks he sees the real Hoseyn in the man before him, and actually beheads him before all eyes! Such things have been known in the playing of this wonderful drama; and so commonly, that it has become difficult to find actors who will take the unpopular parts, for fear of death or at least a serious bodily mischief; and Russian prisoners, Morier tells us, have been impressed to act the murderers, who, as soon as the bloody deed was done, the martyrdom accomplished, fled from the theatre in mortal terror. Even the murderers cannot go through their parts without tears in their eyes—so deeply do the sufferings of their actor-victims touch their compunctious hearts!

The story of these ancient wrongs, this tragedy of the early days of Islam, which is so real to millions in India and Persia, seems very far away and meaningless to us, who scarcely know the names of the martyrs, and can with difficulty separate the history of the Arabs from our recollections of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' But this tragedy is no fiction, though it has furnished the basis for a thousand wild fancies of Mohammadan devotees for many centuries. Those of us who still read our Gibbon may remember the fine passages in which the greatest of England's historians relates the wrongs of the House of Alí. It is an affecting story, which moves us more in its simple outline than in the mythical dress with which adoring ages have wrapped it round, and whence modern writers have drawn their imaginary ideals of the martyrs' conduct and character. Little as Eastern history has entered into the ordinary circle of reading, we have most of us heard of the lion-hearted 'Alí, the Bayard of Islam, nephew of Mohammad and adopted by him as his own son, the second convert to the new faith, and from first to last the staunchest friend and valiantest warrior that ever stood at the Prophet's right hand. It was the common report that 'Alí would succeed Mohammad as the leader of Islam, and when the Prophet died it was a surprise to the Muslims that he had not named 'Alí as the first Khalif. Without such express appointment the post was sure to be contested; and the jealousy of certain families and political parties, the seniority of other chief men, and the hatred of 'Áisha, Mohammad's favourite wife, whom 'Alí with some reason had suspected of an intrigue, combined to exclude him from the supreme power, which had not been specially intrusted to him by the Prophet, and for which his near kinship with Mohammad constituted no claim. It is a mistake into which many writers, following Shi'i legends, have fallen, to compassionate 'Alí as the lawful Khalif deprived of his rights by usurpers. There were no rights in the case. However much a sentiment of reverence for the family of their prophet may have inclined the early Muslims to prefer them to other claimants, there was no doctrine of heredity established at the time of 'Alí. The election to the office of Khalif, or chief of the religion and the state, was vested in the whole body of the Faithful, and with certain restrictions was open to any candidate who might offer himself. The prime qualification was not near kinship to the Prophet, but the capacity to rule—the strong will, the wakeful energy, the prudence, the diplomatic skill, which could alone maintain order in the mixed and rebellious empire which Mohammad had united by his supreme influence, but which was now threatening to break up into its original divisions. The bold resolute 'Omar was undoubtedly the fitter man for this difficult position than the more shrinking and scrupulous 'Alí, and Mohammad's old friend Abú-Bekr had also, by his age and the respect in which he was held of all men, as well as by his wise, conciliating spirit, a valid title to the supreme voice. The people did well to prefer these men to 'Alí, who assuredly was not made of the stuff whereof conquering kings are fashioned. But when these were gone, and the feeble 'Othmán, the tool of the enemies of 'Alí, had met his death, there was no one so highly esteemed among the oldest supporters of Mohammad as his adopted son, and we may be sure that the fact of his being the husband of the Prophet's daughter Fátima, and the father of Hasan and Hoseyn, once the favourites of their dying grandfather, and now his sole male representatives,

did not tell against 'Alí: and in 655 he became the fourth Khalif of Islam.

'Alí's reign was brief and troubled. He could not enforce his authority on the distant provinces of the momently increasing empire; and Mo'áwiya, the governor of Syria, and representative of a family which had always been at feud with that of Mohammad and 'Alí, openly refused to submit to his rule, and proclaimed himself Khalif in his room. Whilst still waging an unequal contest with this pretender, 'Alí was assassinated in the mosque at Kúfa, not by his enemy's orders, but by the hand of the agent of a puritan sect, who deplored the divisions of Islam and thought to heal them by the removal of 'Alí and his opponents, Mo'áwiya and 'Amr, at the same time. Unfortunately they only succeeded in murdering 'Alí, and Mo'áwiya, who had made the Khalif's five years of reign a burden to him, survived to persecute 'Alí's sons and to establish his dynasty, which we call that of the 'Ommiade' or Umawí Khalifs, firmly at Damascus.

The followers of 'Alí proclaimed his elder son, Hasan, Khalif; but this poor-spirited youth was content to sell his pretensions to the throne to his father's enemy for a handsome pension, upon which he lived at Medina in the midst of his well-stocked harim in luxurious retirement. On his death, his brother Hoseyn became the lawful Khalif in the eyes of the partisans of the House of 'Alí, who ignored the general admission of the authority of the 'Ommiades,' and sought to establish a principle of hereditary succession in the line of the Prophet's daughter Fátima, 'Alí's wife. For a time Hoseyn remained quietly at Medína, leading a life of devotion, and declining to push his claims. But at length an opportunity for striking a blow at the rival House presented itself, and Hoseyn did not hesitate to avail himself of it. He was invited to join an insurrection which had broken out at Kúfa, the most mutinous and fickle of all the cities of the empire; and he set out with his family and friends, to the number of one hundred souls, and an escort of five hundred horsemen, to join the insurgents. As he drew nigh to Kúfa, he discovered that the rising had been suppressed by the 'Ommiade' governor of the city, and that the country round him was hostile instead of loyal to him. And now there came out from Kúfa an army of 4,000 horse, who surrounded the little body of travellers, and cut them off alike from the city and the river. Hoseyn vainly besought his enemies to give him leave to return to the retirement he had always preferred at Medna. His entreaties were disregarded, and, seeing death lay inevitably before him, he begged his little band of followers to secure their own safety in flight: but they were men of the true Arab mettle, and, staunch to the death, stood up to the overwhelming forces arrayed against their leader. A series of single combats, in which Hoseyn and his followers displayed heroic courage, ended in the death of the Imám and the men who were with him, and the enslaving of the women and children. How desperate was the fortitude, how terrible the anguish, of the 'Family of the Tent' on this fatal field of Kerbelá, will be seen in analysing the drama which represents this tragical history.

Such is the bare outline of the misfortunes of the House of 'Alí, so far as they are touched upon in the 'Miracle Play of Hasan and Hoseyn.' The later descendants of the afflicted line endured many injuries from the orthodox Khalifs of both the 'Ommiade' and 'Abbási dynasties, and at times showed themselves worthy of their ancestry; but their story does not come within the scope of the play, which confines itself to the original history, with which nothing in the after history of the 'Imáms,' as 'Alí's successors were called, can compare. The bare events of this first and greatest epoch in the history of Shi'í misfortune, set plainly forth without the embellishments of religious fervour or political partisanship, do not seem to warrant the immense enthusiasm of the Persians. One may indeed fairly admire the many fine qualities of 'Alí, and deplore the butchering of his family; but to go further, and insist on the marvellous virtues of the whole household, and the indefeasible divine right of 'Alí and his descendants to the throne of Islam, is simple folly. The divine right resolves itself, as we have seen, into a popular vote; and even the virtues of the family do not bear very close inspection. The gentle 'Alí, of whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has invented a fine ideal, was certainly gentler than most of his contemporaries, but it was he who conducted the bloody capture of Khaybar; and his domestic qualities are placed in a singular light by the historians who mention his twenty-eight wives or their equivalents. His devotion to the Prophet, his uncompromising rectitude, his valour, and his indecision are the prominent characteristics of 'Alí. The rest is in the fond imagination of his biographers. As to Hasan, his son, the latest historian of Islam describes him as a voluptuary whom luxury reconciled to the loss of a crown, and in whose eyes women and wealth outweighed the ignominy of a purchased abdication. The story of his being

poisoned by command of the Khalif Yezid, son of the hated Mo'awiya, appears to be a fable. Hasan died, like any common Muslim, in his bed, and was no martyr after all. The same authority brands Hoseyn as an adventurer who had laid himself open to the charge of perjury and high treason. It is possible to exaggerate as much on one side as the other, and Professor Dozy is perhaps as unfair to the House of 'Ali as Mr. Arnold is unduly partial. The truth seems to lie between—in the view which accords to 'Ali and his family all the merits of a worthy but persecuted line of pretenders to a throne they were ill qualified to fill, but which cannot grant them the aureoles of saints and martyrs.

Round this simple story of rival families, impotent claims, and cruel suppression has grown up a wonderful crop of fables, by which the family of 'Ali, and especially Hoseyn, have been credited with qualities almost divine. Unable to believe that their Imám was conquered and killed against his will, the Shí'a have made the whole tragedy a predestined case of vicarious sacrifice. Hoseyn is foretold as a victim in the cause of Islam. He shall die for the sake of my people, says Mohammad of his grandson, according to these legends, and the 'Passion Play' is full of allusions to Hoseyn's redemptive work and voluntary sacrifice of his body for the sins of the Muslim world. Hoseyn himself knows, when only a child, the destiny that lies before him. 'All the rational creatures,' he says, 'men and Jinn, who inhabit the present and the future worlds, are sunk in sin, and have but one Hoseyn to save them;' and when 'Ali speaks mournfully of the woes that shall happen to his family, Hoseyn answers, 'Father, there is no occasion to call these things trials, since all refer to the salvation of our sinful followers. Thou, Hasan, and I, together with my mother the virgin, will accept sufferings according to the best of our ability.' Standing by the grave of Mohammad, before departing on the fatal journey to Kerbelá, Hoseyn says, 'How can I forget thy people, since I am going to offer myself voluntarily for their sakes?' and Mohammad tells him he has taken off from his heart the burden of grief he had for the future state of mankind; and Hoseyn departs with this speech, which savours of Súfism: 'I have found behind this veil what my heart has sought after for years. Now I am made free. I have washed my hands of life. I have girded myself to do the will of God.' And so throughout the journey and on the field of battle he and all those about him are continually referring to this voluntary expiation of the sins of his people; and he dies with this thought, and in meek compliance with the will of God, and will awake at the Resurrection with the intercessory power he has purchased with his blood.

Without the introduction of this important element of self-sacrifice to idealise the character of Hoseyn, the unvarnished tale might not call forth the intense sympathy with which it is received among the Shí'a. When Hoseyn has been represented as a self-renouncing redeemer of men, and his sufferings voluntarily undergone out of love for mankind, the tragedy wears a new interest and gains a wider influence. The Persian sects have always shown a leaning towards asceticism and the renouncing of self—or what they fancied such—and this sacrifice of Hoseyn immediately appealed to their predisposition. But more than this; the story of a life surrendered for others' sake, the sad devotedness of Hoseyn, stir a feeling that exists in every heart—a certain admiration for self-denial which the most selfish men feel—a sort of worship for high ideals of conduct which has a corner in the most unromantic heart. It is the sorrowful resignedness, the willing yet tortured self-dedication of the martyr, that touches. One may see in it a Christian side to Islam. In the hard severity of the Arabian faith there is too little of the self-giving love which renounces all, even life itself, for the sake of others; there is more of the stiff-necked pharisaical pride which holds up its righteous head on its assured way to the pleasures of Paradise. The death of Hoseyn, as idealised by after ages, fills up this want in Islam; it is the womanly as against the masculine, the Christian as opposed to the Jewish, element that this story supplies to the religion of Mohammad.

But this idealisation of the story of the 'Family of the Tent' is not the cause but the effect of the wide-spread admiration of the Shí'a for the House of 'Ali. Men must have believed in the greatness and goodness of 'Alí and his sons, and their just title to the throne, before they came to idealise all the virtues they possessed or did not possess. There were many influences that made for the Shí'i cause, especially in Persia; and once firmly planted there, it soon found the means of widening its boundaries and spreading over a great part of the Mohammadan empire. The Persians, as a down-trodden race, instinctively sympathised with the family that had suffered at the hands of the same oppressors as themselves. How quickly this sympathy was kindled, and how widely it was felt, may be judged from the fact that the famous Khalif El-Mamún, the

son of Harún er-Rashíd, and the descendant of Khalifs of unimpeachable orthodoxy, himself recognised the title of the Imáms to reign on his throne, and went so far as to appoint (though the death of the Imám annulled the appointment) the then-living representative of the family of 'Alí, the Imám Er-Rizá, to whose tomb the pious Persian still retires to die, as his successor on the throne of the Khalifs of Baghdad, and to inscribe the heretical name upon his coinage: and why?—because El-Mamún was the representative of the Persians, by whose aid he had triumphed over his brother El-Emín, and he was bound to favour the sympathies of his supporters. And once the Persians had adopted the Shí'í cause, it forthwith gained in attractiveness by their development of its mystical side. There were many mysterious properties assigned to the members of the holy family, and the Persians, with their love of the supernatural, turned them to the utmost account, and elaborated a hundred quaint fancies and curious dogmas, which considerably aided the propagation of the Shí'í heresy, and especially met with an enthusiastic reception from the credulous Berbers, from whose fostering succour most of the great sectarian dynasties of Africa, Egypt, and Spain derived their first strength. The splendid organisation of the schismatics had no parallel in any of the other parties of Islam, and the Dá'ís, or missionaries, of the Shí'a spread the faith abroad in a propaganda which would not have discredited the Society of Jesus. Finally, the weakness of the orthodox 'Abbási rule and the unmanageable extent of the Khalif's dominions offered a favourable field for rebellion, and as it needed a religious excuse to rouse Muslims against their spiritual chief, the schism of 'Alí's House furnished a plausible colour to all treasonable agitators, and became an invaluable peg on which to hang an insurrection. The founders of all the great dynasties that pretended to a rival spiritual power claimed a descent, real or pretended, from 'Alí and the daughter of the Prophet.

From these and like causes Shí'ism found favour in a large part of the kingdoms of Islam; and though in Africa it has lost most of its hold, Persia and a part of India remain devoted to the House of 'Alí. Instead of journeying to Mekka, the Persian pilgrims to the Meshed 'Alí, the supposed tomb of 'Alí, in the desert near Kúfa, and to the Meshed Hoseyn, 'the holy, blissful martyr for to seke' in his tomb amid the beautiful gold-roofed mosques and minarets and the green gardens of Kerbelá. 'In the fourth century a tomb, a temple, a city arose near the ruins of Kúfa. Many thousands of the Shí'a repose in holy ground at the foot of the vicar of God; and the desert is vivified by the numerous and annual visits of the Persians, who esteem their devotion not less meritorious than the pilgrimage to Mekka.' The rich pay vast sums for the privilege of being buried there, and the earth of the vicinity is sold to pilgrims at a great price, by reason of the virtue it is said to possess. No person, past or present, receives such honour and reverence in Persia as the family of 'Alí. It is possible to curse freely anything in that country or in the world outside without annoyance or hindrance—save the holy Imáms and the wife of the man you are addressing.

Every year, as the month of Moharram comes round, this devotion displays itself in a grand festival, lasting ten days, in which the history and sufferings of the holy family are commemorated, concluding with the agonising climax of the martyrdom of Hoseyn. The whole town—every town throughout the country—goes into mourning during these days, and the streets are filled with grief-stricken faces. No one seems to sleep, and the night is noisy with funeral wakes, and the solemn voices of the Seyyids Rúza-kháns, and services are going on perpetually at the theatres, where also twice a day the melancholy drama is performed which shows the vast multitudes who resort thither the tragical history of the martyrs of Kerbelá. The theatre (*tekya*) is a plain inclosure, built or boarded off in the court of a mosque or palace, or any other open space, or permanently attached to a rich man's house. It is sheltered from the sun and the rain by an enormous awning, stretched on masts, hung with panther and tiger skins, shields and swords, and countless lamps. In the centre is a brick platform, surrounded with a scaffolding of black poles, from which hang coloured lamps to light up the evening performances. At the back of the platform is placed the *tábút*, or model of the martyrs' tombs, which forms a very important part of the 'properties,' and in the houses of the rich, instead of the common lath and plaster and tinsel, is made of gold and silver, or ivory and ebony, elaborately inlaid.

These *tábúts* are not only found in the theatres, but are placed all over the city; rich and poor erect them; bonfires are kept constantly blazing before them, and groups of frantic men and women dance round them and leap through the flames, to the music of castanets, and the yells of wild Berbers, who beat themselves with chains

and prick their flesh with needles, in remorse for the sin of one of their race, who is reported by tradition to have mocked at the sufferings of the holy martyrs. Even the poorest keep some sort of illumination alight during this great festival, if it be only a nightlight in a jar sunk in the earth.

In front of the *tábút*, in the theatre, are placed the 'properties' of the play—Hoseyn's banner, sword and spear, and the like, and the tank which is to represent the river Euphrates; and in front is a movable pulpit. Simple as are these preparations, the theatre is often a spectacle of Oriental magnificence of the most splendid and profuse order. The performances and the decorations are generally the gift of some noble or rich man, who has a mind for popularity in this world and the next, and has no dislike to making an opportunity for the display of his jewellery and treasures, which are sometimes exhibited to the value of millions of pounds. All religious people are aware that to give a *ta'ziya*, or performance of the miracle-play, is to collect bricks for one's eternal mansion in the skies: and the costlier the bricks, the better for the soul. A specially gorgeous chamber in the wall is often prepared to assist in the representation of scenes which are meant to depict splendour, such as that where the Khalif's court at Damascus is introduced; and in this chamber royal jewels of untold value sparkle, and the richest stuffs and embroideries of the country are used to decorate it. Round the walls of the theatre are beautifully ornamented boxes (or the windows of the over-looking houses may serve) which are quickly filled by their wealthy decorators,—else anyone might enter them, for the play is open free to all the world, except Sunnís. The whole theatre is bathed in a dazzling light, from the thousand wax candles that surround the *tábút*, and the lamps and lustres and chandeliers of coloured glass that hang in all directions from the awning and light up the beautiful porcelain vases and the paintings and the hundred treasures of art and antiquity that are spread recklessly around. We might believe that the golden prime of the good Harún er-Rashíd was come back to the world that had long mourned its departure, and that we were again walking in the magic world of Afríts and bottled Jinn, and lamps, and rings, and one-eyed Calenders, which Ja'far and his master, with black Mesrúr, invaded in their nocturnal rambles.

These theatres with their decorations are costly gifts to the people. Their preparation and embellishment, together with the pay * and entertainment of the actors, who are always royally entreated, and the constant distribution of largesses, sometimes reach no trifling total, and seven millions of francs have been expended on a single theatre during the ten days. Hardly anything can be used twice—the decorations are given to the poor at the end of the performance, except those portions which are solemnly buried on the last day. Yet so little is the cost taken into account, that a large town, like Teheran, will erect a number of *tekyas*, on every available open space; and theatres have been built so large as to gather within them twenty thousand persons.

The audience—except the blazing mass of jewellery and gorgeous apparel in the side boxes occupied by the rich and noble—are seated cross-legged on the floor, squeezing close up to the platform, so that the actors mount to it over them. And before that eager multitude, heated with the crowding and the excitement of the time—in the midst of that glare of light and flash of jewels and mingled glory of Eastern colour—on that plain platform, with no scenery, no accessories, a heap of straw for the plain of Kerbelá, and a copper basin for 'the great river, the river Euphrates'—without backgrounds or footlights, without a trace of mystery or illusion—a body of earnest men, and children filled with a solemn child's awe of unknown mysteries, aided by a prompter and chorus, will act, in the soft chanting manner of the East, the story of the martyrs, the Passion Play of 'Hasan and Hoseyn,' till the whole multitude, actors and audience, will forget where they are and who they are, and will sway and groan and weep and shout as though the things they saw were no acting, but the real sufferings of their martyred saints.

This Drama, played in this rude fashion, yet with the skill which comes of real enthusiasm added to careful training, is a potent means of keeping alive the zeal of the Shí'a. It touches the people in their tenderest sympathies. It reminds the Persians of their own oppression under a foreign yoke, in recalling the persecution, by the

* The pay of a *jeune premier* with a good voice has been known to reach 300 tomans, or nearly 150*l.*, for the ten days of the performance: but it must be remembered that the actors generally perform half a dozen *ta'ziyehs* in one day in large towns, the same troop going from one *tekya* to another from five o'clock in the morning to late in the evening. The men of Ispahan are preferred for the leading parts on account of their graceful dialect and their exceptional elocutionary powers.

same oppressors, of the martyr whose cause they identified with their own. Hoseyn was their kinsman, not only by the bond of suffering, but by the tie of marriage; for he had wedded the daughter of the last Sassanian King Yezdegird, whom Sa'd and his Arabs vanquished on the field of Kádisía. It reminds them of tragedies in their own history, before Shí'ism became the ruling faith, when the hateful Sunnís were trampling them under bloody feet. It brings to their mind cruelties which were but the legitimate continuation of the murderous work at Kerbelá. It fires them with fierce indignation against their oppressors. The softening influence of the self-sacrifice of Hoseyn, as depicted in the play, whilst it draws tears from their eyes, calls forth no answering gentleness and long-suffering in their own lives. They see not the example, but the victim to be avenged; and so real and earnest is their hate, that it fares ill with any Sunní whom they may meet in this period of excitement. The festival of Moharram is an anxious time for the Government of India.

Travellers in Persia and Indian residents have often written of this play. At the beginning of this century Morier published accounts of his two journeys through Persia, and described, though briefly and without specimens, this drama; and a native of the Deccan, Jaffur Shurreef, in his 'Qanoon-e-Islam, or the Customs of the Moosulmans of India,' translated in 1832 by Dr. Herklots—a work which seems to have escaped the observation of later writers—devotes considerable space to a minute description of the play and the rites of Moharram. The Comte de Gobineau, in his 'Trois Ans en Asie,' and more fully in his 'Religions et Philosophies en Asie,' has accorded it very detailed and interesting notices, which Mr. Matthew Arnold has popularised for English readers in an essay which appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine' and was afterwards incorporated in the new edition of 'Essays in Criticism.' Professor Dozy, in his 'Essai sur l'Histoire de l'Islamisme,' has devoted much space to a graphic description of the Moharram festival and the play. The best account, however, is to be found in Chodźko's beautiful little volume, the 'Théâtre Persan,' in which not only is the performance and the setting of the play described, but five scenes are translated at length. But no complete version or translation of this remarkable drama had appeared in any language until Sir Lewis Pelly brought out his handsome volumes. It would perhaps be more accurate to speak of the plays rather than play; for on no two occasions is the performance precisely the same; the treatment of the subject, the number of scenes, and the choice of them, vary in every instance, and the words are subject to the extemporaneous modifications of the actor as well as the changes which the anonymous playwrights, following the progress of the art of developing legends, are compelled from time to time to introduce. The scenes extracted from Count Gobineau by Mr. Arnold do not tally with the corresponding scenes in Sir Lewis Pelly's edition; and the former mentions scenes which are absolutely wanting in the latter. Chodzko, again, differs from Sir Lewis Pelly, and his manuscript of thirty-two scenes contains incidents altogether missing here. But practically the scenes are very much the same in all accounts; the difference is chiefly of words, and the absence of certain portions may be accounted for by Sir Lewis Pelly's admission that out of fifty-two scenes he omitted fifteen, with the design, as he says, of 'drawing the line somewhere even in harrowing up the feelings:' a more obvious reason is surely the shortening of an apparently endless book. The differences between the several versions are so immaterial, and the general aim and character of the play are so constant in all, that those who read Sir Lewis Pelly's 'Miracle Play of Hasan and Hosain' may be sure they have a fair example of the drama that exercises so powerful an influence on innumerable audiences in Persia and among our Indian fellow-countrymen.

In speaking of the manner in which the work has been done, we have to do with several editors: First, Sir Lewis Pelly, who had the wisdom to turn his political residence at the Persian Gulf from 1862 to 1873 to literary account by having the play taken down from the lips of a Persian theatrical teacher and prompter of actors, put into English, annotated, and published. Secondly, his assistants, Messrs. Edwards and Lucas, who translated it. Thirdly, Mr. Wollaston, who edited it and added notes. Fourthly, Dr. Birdwood, who contributed a preface. The thanks of all Orientalists—nay, of all who take an interest in the varied phases of religious sentiment—are due to Sir Lewis Pelly for his enterprising zeal in collecting the play from an authoritative oral source and having it put into an English dress. His share in the production does not extend further, but it is the chief share after all. It would be well if her Majesty's diplomatic servants more often directed their energies to the preservation of the curiosities of the people among whom they live, for which their position offers peculiar ad-

vantages. The Queen's representatives in Persia have certainly always set a good example, and the labours of Ambassadors such as Sir John Malcolm and Sir Gore Ouseley may well spur others to the same endeavours. This work of a Resident in the Persian Gulf may rank with the more learned researches of former great Englishmen in Persia, inasmuch as it perpetuates the fame of one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the great Mohammadan religion.

It is to be regretted, however, that Sir Lewis Pelly was not more fortunate in his choice of translators for the play. That there are few tasks more difficult than translation is universally admitted, and the difficulty is perhaps unusually great in translating from Oriental works. It is essential to preserve the character of the original, to keep the Eastern colouring, and at the same time to bring the work within the comprehension of persons unacquainted with Eastern ways of thought and speech: and to maintain this even balance, to produce a translation which is at once true to the character and tone of the original, and is conformable to the mental and literary demands of the West, is one of the most delicate tasks in the world. Lane's 'Thousand and One Nights' is perhaps the most perfect example of this kind of work in English, though even in his case there are critics who assert that he has allowed the balance to lean unduly to the Oriental side, and so asks too much of the reader's knowledge and patience. Professor Palmer's beautiful rendering of the Egyptian poet Beha-ed-dín Zoheyr, on the other hand, inclines to the Western side and loses something of the tone of the original. All French translations fail in this direction, because the French tongue is apparently incapable of representing any national colouring but its own.

If there were one case above all others, when the due maintenance of Eastern tone and idiom were absolutely essential to the merit of a translation, that case would be the 'Miracle Play of Hasan and Hoseyn.' The nature of the play—its bare simplicity, its imperfect cohesion, its rambling dialogue—demands vivid Eastern colour to render it at all effective to European readers. And, on the other hand, the careful preservation of a high dramatic level, a studied simplicity of style, the avoidance of all vulgarisms, and the utmost purity of diction, alone could redeem this play from tediousness and even absurdity. These two conditions, truthfulness to the original tone, and perfection of English workmanship, would seem too obvious to anyone acquainted with the literature of translations to need stating, were it not that Messrs. Edwards and Lucas appear to be wholly ignorant of any such principles. By a complete indifference to the preservation of the Oriental colour, and by employing a species of English slang, where style and poetic level can find no place, these gentlemen have succeeded in producing perhaps the worst translation we have ever seen. There is enough of the absurd in the original details of the play to make it extremely difficult at times to remember the really powerful and affecting character of the whole; and since we cannot but feel that it is a disgrace for anyone, who respects the things that deeply stir the hearts of men, to be moved to laughter at a work which contains so many of the elements of true sacredness, we are not grateful to the translators for having exerted themselves to express a religious drama in the language of a third-rate farce. Messrs. Edwards and Lucas would doubtless be competent to write the English of a German conversation-book, as the English goes in such publications, but they are eminently unfitted for any work that requires an appreciation of the delicacies of style, or a knowledge of the bare essentials of a good translation from a poetical or dramatic original. When colloquialisms like, 'With my best compliments to my father,' 'Many happy returns,' 'Be kind enough to,' are constantly occurring; when every request, even for leave to rush upon certain death, is accompanied by the word 'please,' like a demand for potatoes at a *table d'hôte*; when Hoseyn offers to give the angel 'a slight inkling into facts,' and the two 'go for a stroll,' with the object of realising this friendly proposal; when the same Imám, chiding his sister for her excessive grief at his approaching death, bids her not weep 'nor be so very much upset,' and another sister observes at this trying moment that the martyr 'struts about gaily,' and a brother, overcome with emotion, remarks that 'heaven is rotating most singularly,' and a youth going to death takes his leave with the expression, 'I beg your pardon, and meanwhile bid you adieu;' and when, finally, it is confidently affirmed that at sight of the valiant deeds of Hoseyn, the Almighty himself will cry, 'Bravo!'—it is, we think, abundantly evident that the translators, whatever their knowledge of Persian may be, are wholly destitute of literary training, and are unable even to make a commonly cultured use of their mother-tongue. Their epithets are throughout ill-chosen; their phrases as a rule the most inappropriate conceivable in the circum-

stances; their sentences are one vast museum of curious specimens of bathos; and that peculiarity in their writing, which (as the truculent Dean of St. Patrick would say) the poverty of the English language compels us to call their style, is positively a disgrace to British education. But for the interest of its subject and the known effects of the play, the book would be unreadable.

As a specimen of the triumphs of style, we quote this passage from vol. ii. p. 87. There are hundreds as bad or worse; but this one will serve as an example. Hoseyn bids farewell to an old woman-servant, who had implored him not to leave his family and go to a certain death on the field of Kerbelá, in these words:—

'Thou hast also dandled Hoseyn most caressingly in thy arms. Thou art black-faced, that is true, but thou hast, I opine, a pure white heart, and art much esteemed by us. To-day I am about to leave thee, owing thee, at the same time, innumerable thanks for the good services thou hast performed; but I beg thy pardon for all inconsiderate action on my part.'

It is a relief to be able to say that the general editor, Mr. Arthur Wollaston, has done his part carefully and creditably. It was, as he says, hard to edit a translation when the original text was not forthcoming; and under this disadvantage he may be congratulated on his discharge of the task. His notes and analyses of scenes are clear and to the point, and chosen either from high authorities or writers of fine descriptive powers, and it may be affirmed that, of all the obscurities and allusions in the text which might fairly puzzle an English reader, he has left scarcely one unexplained. He is commendably accurate in giving the edition-dates of the books he quotes, and even the latitude and longitude of the places mentioned in the play; and his transliteration of the original names (which we take the liberty of changing in quotations) is unusually careful. At the same time, it must be observed that an Orientalist who piques himself, as Mr. Wollaston does, on minute literal accuracy should not have allowed such mistakes as Músab or Musáb (for Mus'ab), 'Áyishah (for 'Á'shah), Táif (for Tá'if), and Jinns (for Jiun, a plural word—the parallel case of Shí'abs is excusable), to leave his hands; and he cannot be pardoned such a serious blunder as making Zeyn el-'A'bidín into four words, Zain-ul-'Ábid-dín, and contracting it into 'Abid-dín, or even familiarly 'Abid. Zeyn-el-'A'bidín means 'the ornament of the worshippers,' and 'A'bidín is a genitive plural form, and has nothing to do with *dín*, 'religion,' as Mr. Wollaston's spelling seems to infer. To call a person 'A'bidín is to speak nonsense, whilst 'Abid, being but a fragment of the last, is still more meaningless. This is a serious blunder for a scholar, but it is about the only one: the other mistakes are only trifling misspellings and the like, which, nevertheless, like the peculiar form of an American author's name, 'W. Irvine,' on p. 91, it was Mr. Wollaston's business to correct.

The editor is not to be blamed for the faults of the translation: before that matchless style the boldest man stands powerless. And he was probably equally impotent to correct Dr. Birdwood's preface. This is intended to put readers in a position to understand the drama, and it certainly furnishes in a fragmentary way a good deal of information on the origin and history of the Shí'í schism, and a graphic account of the Moharram festival and the performance of the play. But Dr. Birdwood should have had more respect for the public, whose confidence he has gained by former work, than to let the preface go out with so many unscholarlike blunders and inconsistencies and incomplete statements. Such words as Moscilmah, al Makanna, al Mobdi, Ismalians, Cadijah compared with Karijah, Amrou, Harro, and Amer son of Saed, and the like are blots on a scholar's work. The old blunder of translating Abú-Bekr (or Beker, as Dr. Birdwood has it) 'the Father of the Virgin,' i. e., of Ayesha (*sic*), is revived. The Assassins are not co-extensive with the Ismá'ílians, but are included in them. The 'Ommiyah Caliphs' (called 'Ommiade' in the next page) did not reign a hundred years, but ninety-two, and the 'Abbásís began to reign either in 749 or 750, but not in both years, as Dr. Birdwood would have us believe. The writer should have made up his mind before publishing the preface whether to spell the early Shí'í dynasty 'Bouides' or 'Bonyides,' and not have written both forms within six lines. But it is needless to heap up instances of the careless manner in which this introduction has been compiled: we can only regret that it was not submitted to Mr. Wollaston's revision with the rest of the work.

In the performance of the play there is a sort of equivalent to an overture, which varies in every case. A prologue is recited by a dervish or mullah, or in their absence by the ordinary choragus of the actors. It is thus briefly described by Dr. Birdwood, but longer addresses are recorded by Count Gobineau and Mr. Arnold:—

'The thronging visitors at first cover the whole area of the inclosure, laughing and talking like a crowd at a fair. But in the

midst of the hubhub a signal is given, it may be by the muffled beating of a drum, in slow time, the measured beats becoming fainter and more faint, until step by step the people fall back into their places, and are at length hushed in a silence which is most expressive in its dramatic effect. Then a mullah enters the pulpit, and intones a sort of "argument" or prelude to the play. He begins in some such form as this: "O ye Faithful, give ear! and open your hearts to the wrongs and sufferings of his Highness the Imám 'Alí, the vicegerent of the Prophet, and let your eyes flow with tears, as a river, for the woes that befel their Highnesses the beloved Imáms Hasan and Hoseyn, the foremost of the bright youths of Paradise."

'For a while he proceeds amid the deep silence of the eager audience, but as he goes on, they will be observed to be swaying to and fro, and all together; at first almost imperceptibly, but gradually with a motion that becomes more and more marked. Suddenly a stifled sob is heard, or a cry, followed by more and more sobbing and crying, and rapidly the swaying to and fro becomes a violent agitation of the whole assembly, which rises in a mass, everyone smiting his breast with open hand, and raising the wild, rhythmical wail of *Ya Ali! Ay Hasan! Ay Hoseyn! Ay Hasan! Ay Hoseyn! Hoseyn Sháh!* As the wailing gathers force, and threatens to become ungovernable, a chorus of mourners, which has formed almost without observation on the arena, begins chanting, in regular Gregorian music, a metrical version of the story, which calls back the audience from themselves, and imperceptibly at last soothes and quiets them again. At the same time the celebrants come forward, and take up the "properties" before the *tábút*, and one represents Hoseyn, another El-'Abbás, his brother and standard-bearer, another El-Hurr, and another Shemmar, all going through their parts (which it seems to be the duty of the chorus every now and then more fully to explain), not after the manner of actors, but of earnest men, absorbed in some high sacrament, without consciousness of themselves or of their audience.' (xx.)

The ten days' performances (*ta'ziyas*) ought to represent severally the events of each of the ten days of the original history; but Dr. Birdwood doubts whether this is ever strictly carried out in India. It is certain that the arrangement of the play, like the form and decoration of the theatre, and the manner of the performance, varies greatly in different parts of the East. The first day should properly describe the departure of Hoseyn, against the entreaties of his friends, on the fatal journey to Kúfa; but it is usual to act various preliminary scenes before arriving at this point. A certain amount of suspense increases the excitement of the audience; and accordingly the actors go through some incident taken from the Old Testament or from Eastern history, or from the legends of 'Alí or of Hoseyn's youth, before they enter upon the main theme. Thus, Sir Lewis Pelly's edition presents eleven scenes (and others have probably been omitted) before that describing the departure of Hoseyn from Medina, though it must not be inferred that all these scenes were acted at a single Moharram. The prompter or manager would probably select two or three, and then proceed to the great subject of the drama.

The first scene in Sir Lewis Pelly's version represents the familiar picture of Joseph thrown into the well by his brethren. His sufferings and Jacob's anguish at the loss of his son are expatiated upon only in order to enhance the impression of the still greater sufferings of the martyrs at Kerbelá presently to be set forth, and Jacob is made to admit the triviality of his woes in comparison with Hoseyn's to the Angel Gabriel, who is sent to console the bereaved patriarch.

'*Gabriel* (*to Jacob*). Peace be unto thee, thou wise prophet: the incomparable God, sending thee salutation, says: "What thinkest thou, O afflicted one? Is thy Joseph more precious than Mohammad's dear grandson, before whose eyes all his companions were first slain, and his own body being riddled by arrows, he was afterwards most cruelly put to death, and his corpse thrown on the ground?"

Jacob. Oh, may a thousand ones like me and my Joseph be a ransom for Hoseyn! May a thousand Josephs be the dust of his feet! May the curse of God rest on Yezíd and his party, who cruelly murdered that Imám! Come, O Gabriel! show me the plain of Kerbelá, for God's sake!

Gabriel. O Jacob, may Gabriel be a ransom for thee! May I perish for thy name, thou manifest messenger of God! Come and peep through my finger. Behold thence the land of Kerbelá.

Jacob. Declare unto me, O messenger of the glorious Lord, part of the sad transaction of Kerbelá, for thy speech has greatly grieved me; it has rendered my eyes like the river Jeyhún.

Gabriel. Alas! the tyranny of the cruel spheres! Who can hear the sad things done in Kerbelá! Injustice and oppression, hatred and enmity, shall attain to their perfection in that plain of trial as regards the descendants of God's Prophet. One shall hear no cry from that holy family but for bread and water. Their sad voices shall reach the very throne of the Majesty on high. Their tears shall saturate all that field of battle. The children of that King of religion shall subsist on the tears alone of their own eyes.' (i. 17, 18.)

And so the scene ends. Throughout all

the early part of the play, before the actual journey of Hoseyn begins, the one object is to foreshadow the great sacrifice by examples of lesser sufferings. Every one knows already, or is told by Mohammad or by Hoseyn, the approaching tragedy of Kerbelá; and the pains of all are alleviated by the contemplation of the greater sufferings of the days to come. Everything leads up to the crowning act of Hoseyn's life. The child Ibráhím, the warrior 'Alí, the Imám Hasan, all are anxious to sacrifice their lives for the sins of the people of Islam; but it is only to point out the way to Hoseyn's greater surrender of his life for the souls of sinners, by which he alone obtained the high power of intercession with God in the Last Day. Throughout these earlier scenes, Hoseyn is the principal character, overshadowing in his splendour even the brightness of Mohammad himself. In the second scene, when Mohammad has to choose between the death of his own child Ibráhím and 'Alí's child Hoseyn, he sacrifices his own fatherly love to the happiness of the family of 'Alí, and permits Azráil, the Angel of Death, to draw out the soul of Ibráhim. Gabriel then proposes to Mohammad that Hoseyn shall be made a propitiation for the sins of 'his beloved people, his true family, his broken-winged birds,' the people of Islam; and on the Prophet's consent Gabriel promises that on the Day of Judgment God will forgive all the sins of the people 'for the Imám's meritorious blood's sake;' and Azráil, struck with Hoseyn's appearance, recalls a sentence from the Preserved Tablet, the great Book of God, that 'he who loves Hoseyn and mourns for him is passed from death unto life.' It is one of the most dramatic scenes in the play. The terror of the child at the approach of the Angel of Death, the soothing of Hoseyn, and the grief of Mohammad, are finely expressed.

In the third scene, Mohammad is enlightened by Gabriel as to the distribution of the various classes of sinners in the seven hells, and finds to his dismay that even Muslims may be damned, and is led to the graveyard, where he hears the cries of a disobedient son who is condemned to perpetual torture because his mother will not forgive him. His agonies in the flames are vividly described. All the bystanders are filled with compassion, and one after another of the sacred family endeavour to induce the mother to forgive her son and deliver him from hell; but she continues obdurate until Hoseyn softens her heart with a description of the pains he is destined to suffer at Kerbelá, and Gabriel threatens her with untold punishment if she does not yield to the entreaties of the holy Imám; and at last she consents to release her son from his agony. And so all the scenes bear upon the goodness and the influence of Hoseyn, and his knowledge and willing acceptance of the coming death at Kerbelá, which shall be the redemption of the sinners among the Muslims, whose damnation had so deeply moved the soul of Mohammad. In the fourth scene, 'Alí shows himself ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of his erring fellow-creatures;—it is only a finger-post to the plain of Kerbelá. In the fifth scene, the death of Mohammad, from whose dying moments the (historical) presence of 'Aïsha is studiously omitted, serves to admit the declaration of Alí's appointment as the first Khalif, and Mohammad's consignment of the turban, Moses' rod, Solomon's signet, and the like to this favoured disciple. The sixth directs the indignation of the Shí'a against the usurping Abú-Bekr, and the cruel 'Omar, whose endeavour to force 'Alí to recognise the former is detailed in all its fictitious violence. The death of Fátima in the seventh scene is the occasion for the display of the sacred relics of the Shí'a—the tooth which Mohammad lost at the battle of Ohod, the ring which will refresh the lips of 'Alí Akbar at Kerbelá, and the torn shirt which Hoseyn will put on when he goes to his death. Distinctions of time are boldly disregarded in the whole of this curious drama; everyone speaks of the history of the 'Family of the Tent' at Kerbelá and all that will happen to them, as though they were accomplished facts. The death of 'Alí and the poisoning of his successor the Imám Hasan, when the hated dowager, 'Aïsha, is introduced, in order to receive the full brunt of Shí'í indignation, on her refusal to allow Hasan to be interred in the sepulchre of Mohammad, bring the introductory scenes almost to a close. Two more, describing the execution by the governor of Kúfa of the envoy whom Hoseyn had sent, in order to feel the loyalty of the city, and the murder of the envoy's sons, in violation of the laws of hospitality —the children's deaths are told in an affectingly simple manner—lead us to the main theme, the journey and fighting and death of the Imám Hoseyn (scenes xii–xxiii).

On the first day of the sixty-first year of the Flight, or in October 680 A.D., in spite of the warnings of his friends and the presentiments of his own heart, or, as the Shí'a say, in order to accomplish his known fate and work his redemptive mission, Hoseyn left Medína for Kúfa. When Zeynch, his sister, asks Hoseyn why all this slaughter must take place at Kerbelá, he answers, 'The helpless people of the Prophet of God have

no rock of salvation to fly to for a refuge except Hoseyn. They have no advocate with God on the Day of Judgment except Hoseyn. The way of salvation is shut up against them on account of their manifold sins; and, except Hoseyn, none can make a proper atonement or propitiation for transgression. Who could save the people of God from the wrath to come, seeing the empire of faith has no other king but Hoseyn?' And so he goes like a lamb to the slaughter. Letters from Kúfa arrive, saying how the Enphrates is as restless as quicksilver in its longing for him, and the land of Kerbelá has worn out its eyes looking for his coming. The country of Kúfa is as a tulip-field, but without the rose of the face of Hoseyn it seems but thorns to its inbabitants. As Hoseyn knew beforehand how deceptive were these promises of support, and was aware he should die in that same tulip-field, the introduction of these despatches was needless. But it is noticeable that in the attempt to adhere to a certain amonnt of historical truth, and yet to retain the favourite traditions and fancies of the Shí'a, consisteney is wholly lost sight of. The audience are too deeply moved to notice the fault, and in snch a work as this it would be absurd to expect anything different.

When Hoseyn draws nigh to Kúfa, he meets with a reconnoitring party of the army that has been collected to meet him, and by the advice of the captain, El-Hurr by name, turns off the main road and arrives at Kerbelá. Here, encircled by enemies, forbidden either to advance or to retreat, the little band meets death bravely in a series of single combats. El-Hurr, who had deserted to the party of the Imám, is the first to fall, then others go out and fight and are slain, and then 'Alí Akbar, the eldest son of Hoseyn, who is determined to be the first of his family to die for the Imám.

The death of Kásim, son of Hasan, immediately after his marriage with Fátima, a daughter of his nncle Hoseyn, is one of the more striking of these preliminary encounters, and forms the subject of a special ceremony in the Moharram festival. On the seventh day this scene is acted, and the acting is not confined to the performance in the theatre. A wedding procession winds through the streets by night. The wedding presents come first, surrounded by armed men; richly dressed servants carry salvers with fruit and flowers and sweetmeats. The bridal litter follows, gorgeously embellished with silver and lighted up by a crowd of torchbearers. Musicians close the rear, and a multitude of spectators. They come to the theatre, and with joyous shouts make the tour of the inclosure, finally placing the wedding gifts by the model of the Tombs. Hardly are the gifts deposited, when another procession appears. A long line of mourners, bearing the bier of the martyred bridegroom, surrounded by wailing people, who lead in their midst the horse of the martyr, on which are hung his turban, sword, and arrows, solemnly traverses the theatre, just as the joyous bridal party had traversed it before, and takes up its station, like the other, by the Tombs. And then the play goes on. No more powerful or effective contrast could be imagined. The thought of the bridegroom tearing himself from his bride's caresses and rushing to meet death for his saintly nncle on the wedding-day moves intense sympathy in the spectators. The peculiar improbability of a marriage in a beleagnered family hourly expecting death, the reluctance of everybody to this strange union, which the Imám abruptly declares must be arranged in accordance with some forgotten wish of his brother Hasan, are all nnnoticed; the one thought is the heroic devotion of the bridegroom.

Scene after scene, we find nothing but accounts of single combats between the relations of Hoseyn and the enemy. They are all very mnch alike. They begin with general lamentations of the whole of the 'Family of the Tent.' Then one of them resolves to go out and fight. A heart-breaking farewell is gone throngh, and he departs. After abusing the enemy in melodious verse, to which the foes reply in common prose, he falls on them and produces a panic of fear. Exhausted with his exertions he returns to the tents and begs Hoseyn to give him water, for he is dying of thirst; or else he comes back to see his best-loved brother and sister once more; or perhaps he never returns. A second onslanght ends his life, and he dies with the profession of faith on his lips. The death of 'Abbás, the brother and standard-bearer of Hoseyn, is something of an exception to this common model. The sufferings of the Imám's little daughter Sukeyna impel 'Abbás to appeal to the enemy for leave to get water from the Euphrates, which lay beyond them. He urges that however treasonable Hoseyn's acts may be in the eyes of the enemy, his children at least are guiltless; and they are dying of thirst. But leave is refused, and 'Abbás returns in shame to the camp. Hoseyn consoles him in his failure, and they both resolve to go ont and fight. 'It is high time,' Hoseyn says, 'both of us should swim in our own blood;' and having wrapped themselves in winding sheets, which was the gloomy custom with these martyrs, the two

take a lengthy farewell of their sisters, and ride towards the enemy.

'*Hoseyn* (*addressing 'Abbás*). Dear brother, gird thy loins, for our time is very short; turn to the field of battle and make ready for war. If this army, God forbid, should separate us the one from the other, we should never be able to see each other's faces any more.

'*Abbás*. I shall never separate myself from thee so long as I live; and if I die for thy sake, how fortunate would I then be! Should the enemy, however (God forbid!), make a separation between thee and me,—should they be able to remove me far away from thee,—where am I to see thy dear face, beloved brother, and how am I to be acquainted with thy circumstances in the field?

Hoseyn. If thou be separated from me by accident, go out of the field at once in the direction of the camp and seek me there; and if I miss thee in the field, I shall try to find thee there; if I fail to discover thee, I will draw out my sword against this wicked enemy, and ask, "Where is my brother?"

'*Abbás*. 'When I am removed from thee, lay a sword on these villains, destroy the whole of them; then probably thou wilt find me. I hope, O king of religion, that in passing through the lines, thou wilt be kind enough to sit at my head and lament loudly over me.'

So they ride on till they come near the enemy, whom they harangue in the following duet:

'*Hoseyn* (*to the enemy*). O ye who are devoid of all reputation and honour—

'*Abbás*. Ye who have given the name of faith to infidelity—

Hoseyn. Ye who were destined to ill at your incarnation—

'*Abbás*. Are ye companions of God? Nay, rather ye are at enmity with his Prophet?

Hoseyn. Yezíd the tyrant is from the seed of adultery.

'*Abbás*. And how can one born of an adulteress deserve the Khalífat or be fit to rule?

Hoseyn. Can he be an ornament or adornment of the throne?

'*Abbás*. 'Alí alone and his holy children can be such as Hoseyn.

Hoseyn. O people, I am the child of the Prophet.

'*Abbás*. Hoseyn is lord, and I am his servant.

Hoseyn. I am the true follower of the Prophet's religion.

'*Abbás*. I am the heir of Haydar's high office.

Hoseyn. O ye people, far removed from morality, I am Hoseyn.

'*Abbás*. And I am entitled the moon of Benú Háshim.

Hoseyn. I do not care an atom (*sic*) whether I am killed.

'*Abbás*. Martyrdom is the heritage of my forefathers.

Hoseyn. I shall shed so much blood in the plain of enmity—

'*Abbás*. That the Creator of the world will say "Bravo!"

Hoseyn. O ye inhabitants of Kúfa, what are our faults?

'*Abbás*. Why should a stop be put to our proceedings?

Hoseyn. Do ye not know, O wicked people—

'*Abbás*. That of the family of the Prophet, small and great—

Hoseyn. One faints from weakness, and instantly falls to the ground—

'*Abbás*. Another cries out, "Thirst! Thirst!"

Hoseyn. Have ye compassion on our souls?

'*Abbás*. Give ye some water for our children.

Hoseyn. For the sake of Yezíd, who is born of adulterer's seed—

'*Abbás*. How can it be lawful to be cruel to the family of God's Prophet?

Hoseyn. If ye will not intercept us in our way—

'*Abbás*. We will go to Turkey or Europe.

Hoseyn. But if ye will not let us escape with our lives—

'*Abbás*. We shall lay hold of the cutting sword.

Hoseyn. What will ye say to my mother [Fátima, daughter of the Prophet] in the Day of Judgment?

'*Abbás*. My judge shall be your adversary on that day.

'Omar ibn Sa'd, the general of the enemy, in reply, orders his soldiers to fall upon the brothers:—

'*Ibn Sa'd*. O ye soldiers of the army, ye ill-starred Syrian troops, ye brave men of the field of battle and lion-like heroes, the famous 'Ahbás, the standard-hearer of the thirsty army, the defender of the oppressed! verily, 'Ahbás has come to the field for water; overthrow him with a volley of arrows; slay him with spears and daggers.'

They engage; the two brothers become separated:—

''*Abbás* (*at the waters of the Euphrates*). It is not right to drink water while Hoseyn, the king of religion, is parched with thirst; thou art a good servant indeed; do not, then, be so faithless.'

So he returns to the fight. The army itself reproaches its general for attacking the sons of 'Alí—Hoseyn upbraids them—and a rout takes place.

'*The Army* (*to Ibn Sa'd*). O prince of the world, the reins are gone from our hand. Mercy! mercy! Deliver us from 'Ahbás, the fierce lion, and save us from the King of the age himself! Help thy army, for they are all undone; the world is darkened. Alas! alas!'

Ibn Sa'd rallies the scattered troops, and 'Abbás is severely wounded. Not seeing Hoseyn, he drags himself back to the camp,

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according to their agreement before the battle, and asks his sister Kulsúm if she has seen Hoseyn.

'*Kulsúm.* He came, dear brother, but he seemed to have lost himself; he had received many arrows in different parts of the body. He fell from time to time on the centre of the army, every now and then saying, "Where is my brother?"'

Hoseyn, who has been desperately seeking for his brother over the plain, now comes back, and learns from Kulsúm that 'Abbás, not having found him at the camp, had gone back once more to the battle. Hoseyn again follows him, and rushes among the enemy. Shemmar tells him he has cut off the hands of 'Abbás and made him brotherless.

''*Abbás.* My right hand, O God, has fallen off from my body; enable my other hand to reach the skirt of Hoseyn.

Hoseyn (*still seeking for him*). O land of Kerbelá, where is 'Abbás the brave? O land of Kerbelá, where is the nightingale of my rose-garden?

''*Abbás.* O hope of loving souls, come and save thy brother, who is wallowing in his own blood.

Hoseyn (*at the head of 'Abbás.*). O brother, brother! Now my back is broken, now my hope is lost.

'*Abbás.* O Hoseyn, art thou pleased with thy servant? Art thou satisfied with his past deeds?

Hoseyn. Oh, may I be a sacrifice for thee and these thy wounds! I am satisfied with thee, may God be pleased with thee too!

'*Abbás.* Now I go, with an earnest desire, to meet the messenger of God, saying, *I testify that there is no God but the true God.*' (ii. 31–36.)

The death of 'Abbás is followed by a similar martyrdom of a certain Háshim, who volunteered in the Imám's cause. At this moment, when the enemy are pursuing Hoseyn very close, the angels obtain leave to come to his assistance; but their aid is rejected by the martyr. He shows the angels' envoy the corpses of his dearest friends lying around him, and he says, though the crown were put on his head and the universe were subservient to him, and the Great Alexander himself were to obey his orders, and two worlds were under his control, and though Solomon were to consent to be his doorkeeper—'Verily, after the death of these youths, to reign would be torture. The crown of the king would feel like a pan of fire on my head.' So he goes on fighting. Yet so wonderful is his courage, so nimble his skill, so heavy his shock, that he still carries slaughter among the enemy, and death has not yet claimed him. (The story is here strangely interrupted by a legend of a Sultan of India threatened by a lion. Hoseyn leaves his fighting, is transported to India, addresses the Sultan at some length, the lion roaring at the two meanwhile, and then proceeds to draw tears of remorse from the penitent animal, whom he then takes back with him to Kerbelá, and shows him the bodies of the martyrs, who begin to talk in a piteous manner.) There is little now left of the fated family. The men are all dead save Hoseyn. The women gather together to carry his armour and standard. The Imám himself puts on the old torn shirt we have heard of before, and prepares for the last fight. A dervish from Kábul mysteriously appears, and throws himself upon the spears of the enemy. The king of the Jinn comes and offers the help of troops of his genii. But Hoseyn is not tempted: 'What can I do with the empire of the world, or its glories, after my dear ones have all died and gone?' and he goes to meet his foes for the last time. He staggers back, wearied and hopeless, and lays his head in the dust. The enemy approach and stone him; one draws nigh to slay him. His grandfather, the great prophet Mohammad, appears to him to console him, and tells him how all this sacrifice of life tends to the happiness of the world. And Hoseyn answers: 'Seeing thy rest consists in my being troubled in this way, I would offer my soul, not once or twice, but a thousand times, for the salvation of thy people.' And his dead mother Fátima comes and weeps over him. And 'the accursed Shemmar' stands over him with the gleaming dagger; and Hoseyn dies with these words:—

'*Hoseyn.* O Lord, for the merit of me, the dear child of thy Prophet; O Lord, for the sad groaning of my miserable sister; O Lord, for the sake of young 'Abbás rolling in his blood, even that young brother of mine that was equal to my soul, I pray thee, in the Day of Judgment, forgive, O merciful Lord, the sins of my grandfather's people, and grant me, bountifully, the key of the treasure of intercession. (*Dies.*)'

There are fourteen scenes more before the play is over, but with them we shall not concern ourselves. They describe the fate of the survivors of Kerbelá, the women and children, the cruelty of their captors, various conversions of Christians by the miraculous intervention of the departed Imám, and the deaths of Zeyneb and other holy personages. The last scene represents the Resurrection. The patriarchs and prophets of the Jews arise from their sleep one after the other, and implore mercy for themselves, but show no anxiety about their flocks or the rest of the world. Mohammad is the first to inquire

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abont the fate of his people, and to intercede for them. His intercession, and Hasan's, proving of no avail, Hoseyn comes forward at the head of the martyrs of Kerbelá, and, in the name of their woeful sufferings, prays God to have mercy on mankind. The sight of this mangled gronp—Hoseyn bristling with arrows, 'Alí Akbar headless. Kásim bleeding all over, 'Ahhás lopped of his hands, the rope of Zeyneh, the chain of Zeyn-el-'A'bidin, the little 'Alí Asghar with his gashed throat—prevails over the stern decrees of the Deity, and Gabriel delivers the key of Paradise to Mohammad, who in turn by Gabriel's orders delivers it to Hoseyn, with these words:—

'*Mohammad.* Permission has proceeded from the Judge, the gracious Creator, that I should give to thy hand this key of intercession. *Go then and deliver from the flames everyone who has in his lifetime shed but a single tear for thee, everyone who has in any way helped thee, everyone who has performed a pilgrimage to thy shrine, or mourned for thee, and everyone who has written tragic verses for thee. Bear each and all with thee to Paradise.*

Hoseyn. O my friends, be ye relieved from grief, and come along with me to the mansions of the blest. Sorrow has passed away, it is now time for joy and rest; trouble has gone by, it is the hour to be at rest and tranquillity.

The Sinners (entering Paradise). God be praised! by Hoseyn's grace we are made happy and by his favour we are delivered from destruction. By Hoseyn's lovingkindness is our path decked with roses and flowers. We were thorns and thistles, but are now made cedars, owing to his merciful intercession.' (ii. 347–8.)

And so the play ends.—*El-Hamdu li-lláh!*

The people who have been assisting at the festival of Moharram, being dismissed with the comforting promise of Mohammad respecting all who mourn or write tragic verses for Hoseyn, now devote themselves to the great ceremony of the last day—the burial of the *tábút*—the model of the Tombs of Kerbelá. For centuries the great towns of Persia have set apart a plain outside the walls for this very purpose. It is to represent the plain of Kerbelá, and thither a mighty procession marches. Hoseyn died on the battle-field, and he must be buried as a warrior. Flags float, shots are fired, shields clashed. First come the sacred banners, then musicians chanting sad airs, next the sword-bearer, and then Hoseyn's horse, before whom walks a servant bearing the symbol of the Sun, and over whom the royal parasol is carried; Hoseyn's coat-of-mail and turban, and bow and arrows, hang from the saddle. Two censer-bearers usher on the *mullah* who will recite the funeral oration. At last come the sacred things—the funeral monuments, the litter of the bride of Kásim, and the wedding gifts. Servants mounted on elephants distribute alms on the road, and muskets are discharged all the way to the burial-ground. A vast multitude surrounds the procession, clad in mourning, barefoot, with dust on the head, and raising continually the cry of *Hasan* and *Hoseyn*. When they are come to the place, they bury the model of the Tombs with its fruits and its flowers, and the perfumes and the presents, in the vault prepared for their reception, and take themselves to their homes. And Moharram is over.

Dr. Birdwood gives a vivid description of the ceremonies of the last day at Bombay, where the tombs are carried, not to a sepulchre, but to the sea, into which indeed the very Euphrates by whose bank Hoseyn died pours its waters. 'On the 10th of Moharram every house in which a *tábút* is kept, or in which one is put up for the occasion, sends forth its cavalcade, or company, to join the general funeral procession, which in the native Mohammadan states sometimes assumes the character of a solemn military pomp. First go the musicians, with pipes and cymbals, high horns, and deafening drums, followed by the arms and banners of Hasan and Hoseyn, and the ensigns and crests, in gold and silver, or other metals, of 'Alí and Fátima, and these by a chorus of men chanting a funeral dirge, followed in turn by Hoseyn's horse. Next come men bearing censers of burning myrrh and frankincense, and aloes wood and gum benjamin, before the *tábút* or model of the tombs of Hasan and Hoseyn, which is raised aloft on poles, or borne on an elephant. Models of the sepulchre of 'Alí also, and of Mohammad at Medina, and representations of the Seraph-Beast Burák, on which Mohammad is said to have performed his journey from Jerusalem to heaven, are also carried along with the *tábút*. There may be one or two hundred of these separate funeral companies, or cavalcades, in the general procession, which is further swollen by crowds of fakirs and clowns, or "Moharram fakirs," got up for the occasion in marvellously fantastic masquerade, figuring—one, "Jack Priest;" another, "King Tatterdemalion;" and others, "King Clout," "King Ragamuffin," "King Doubledumb," and a hundred others of the following of the "Lord of Misrule" or "Abbot of Unreason" of our Catholic forefathers. An immense concourse of people, representatives of every country and costume of Central and South-

ern Asia, runs along with the procession. In Bombay, after gathering its contingent from every Shi'i household as it winds its way through the tortuous streets of the native town, the living stream at length emerges on the esplanade on the side opposite Back Bay—the whole esplanade ('the Plain of "Kerbelá," for the day) from Bombay harbour to Back Bay lying almost flush with the sea. The confused uproar of its advance can be heard a mile away, and long before the procession takes definite shape through the clouds of dust and incense which move before it. It moves headlong onward in an endless line of flashing swords, blazoned suns, and waving banners, state umbrellas, thrones, and canopies, and towering above all the *tábúts*, framed of the most elegant shapes of Saracenic architecture, glittering in silver and green and gold, and rocking backwards and forwards in high air, like great ships upon the rolling sea, with the rapid movement of the hurrying crowd, beating drums, chanting hymns, and shrieking, '*Yá 'Alí, Ay Hasan, Ay Hoseyn, Hoseyn Sháh!* drowned, drowned, in blood; all three, fallen prostrate, dead! *Yá 'Alí, Ay Hasan, Ay Hoseyn, Hoseyn Sháh!*' until the whole welkin seems to ring and pulsate with the terrific wail. Ever and anon a band of naked men, drunk with opium or hemp, and painted like tigers or leopards, makes a rush through the ranks of the procession, leaping furiously, and brandishing their swords and spears and clubs in the air. The route, however, is strictly defined by a line of native policemen, and before these representatives of British law and order, the infuriated zealots will suddenly bring themselves in full charge to a halt, wheel round, and retreat back into the body of the procession, howling and shrieking like a flight of baffled fiends.

'So, for a mile in length, the route advances, against the rays of the now declining sun, until the sea is reached, when it spreads out along the beach in a line at right angles to the "Sacred Way" by which it has come across the esplanade. Nothing can be more picturesque than the arrival and break-up of the procession in Back Bay. The temporary *tábúts* are taken out into the Bay as far as they can be carried, and abandoned to the waves, into which all the temporary adornments of the permanent *tábúts* are also thrown. This operation has a wonderfully cooling effect on the mob. Their frantic clamours suddenly cease. In fact, the mourners of Hasan and Hoseyn, having buried their *tábúts* in the sea, seize the opportunity to have a good bath; and a little after the sun has finally dropped below the western horizon, the whole of the vast multitude is seen in the vivid moonlight to be slowly and peacefully regathering itself across the wide esplanade into its homes again, and the saturnalia into which the last act of the Mystery of Hasan and Hoseyn has degenerated in India is closed for another year.'

It is a wonderful thing, this enthusiasm of Moharram, and the most wonderful thing in it is the powerful effect of the Miracle Play. The more we read it, the more we are astounded at its influence. Making every allowance for the difference between East and West, for the faults of the translation, for the absence even of such surroundings as the play has on its simple stage, especially for the melody of the Persian language, in which the play is chanted, it is still the most intolerably tedious and dreary composition we have ever struggled through. One gets desperately weary of the perpetual wailing of women and men, the constant introduction of the merits of the inextinguishable Hoseyn, the continual single combats, and the weeping over their uniform ends, the endless recapitulation of the several injuries of the individual members of the morbid 'Family of the Tent,' the conversations with all the dead bodies. One would be thankful when each member is killed, but that he is as offensive dead as living. Any change would be grateful, but none comes. It is one long recital of woes, and one long river of tears. There is no attempt to individualise characters. They are all alike and talk alike. The only trace of originality we can find is in the child Sukeyna, who is perpetually screaming, and defying all her aunt Zeyneh's attempts at consolation. Before reading the play, one needs to be converted to the particular form of the Mohammadan religion which it immortalises. Plotless, characterless, full of iteration, of a length unbearable, the play must be judged by other than literary standards. It is in its associations, in its thousand references to the fiery memories of religious persecution, that its strength lies. That its associations should be powerful enough to overcome its dramatic defects constitutes its claim to our reverence. But that such a play should be a sacred thing in the East, and produce the frenzy of enthusiasm it does produce as surely as the month of Moharram comes round, is a new wonder added to the many strange things in the history of Islam.

ART. VI.—1. *A Description and List of the Lighthouses of the World.* Nineteenth Edition. By ALEXANDER GEORGE FINDLAY, F.R.G.S. London: 1879.
2. *Life of Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer.* By DAVID STEVENSON, C.E. London: 1878.
3. *International Associations for the Maintenance of Sea Lights.* By Sir TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L.

THE coasts of England, in addition to those visible perils to which we owe so much of our insular safety, are beset in many parts by hidden sources of danger, on which, in past times, many a gallant ship has been suddenly wrecked. These are the submarine rocks and outlying sands and shoals, some of which, such as the Bell Rock, near Arbroath, and the Wolf Rock, off the Land's End, have long enjoyed, if the term may be permitted, an infamous reputation. The idea of converting these fatal enemies of the mariner into welcome guides for his homeward voyage, by making them the bases of lofty and conspicuous lanterns, is of comparatively recent origin. The earliest date at which (according to Mr. Findlay's 'Description and List of the Lighthouses of the World') any of the lights now maintained on our coasts was provided was 1636, when the North Foreland light was established. A tower 74 feet high, on the summit of St. Agnes Island, has warned the mariner from the scattered rocky group of the Scilly Isles since 1680. A red fixed light, at Hunstanton, has shone over the 'Roaring Middle Sand' since 1665. Besides these, only twenty-nine lights on the English coast date earlier than the commencement of the present century. For Scotland, which has a much longer and more dangerous, though a less frequented line of coast, it was not until 1786 that the Board of Northern Lighthouses was constituted by an Act of Parliament, which declared in its preamble that it would greatly conduce to the security of navigation and of the fisheries if four lighthouses were erected in the northern part of Great Britain. In Ireland, a white tower, 42 feet high, on the south-east point of the peninsula of Howth, displayed a light in 1671; to which a fog-horn, sounding for five seconds, at intervals of twenty seconds, has since been added. Only four other Irish lighthouses, those at Duncannon Fort, Poolbeg, Balbriggan, and Copeland, date from the eighteenth century.

The length of the coast-line of the British Islands, according to the Report of the Commission appointed in 1861 to enquire into the condition of lights, buoys, and beacons, is 9,392 nautical miles. Of these, 2,405 constitute the coast of England; 4,469 that of Scotland; and 2,518 that of Ireland. The shore-line of France, it was mentioned by way of comparison, measures considerably less than half that of Great Britain, being returned at 2,753 nautical miles. On our own shores were maintained, eighteen years ago, 357 lighthouses, besides 47 floating lights. The latter were almost confined to England, only 1 then existing in Scotland, and 5 on the Irish coasts. Including these, the English lights numbered 212, the Scottish 114, and the Irish 78. The book of 'The Lighthouses of the World' gives, for 1879, 231 English, 131 Scottish, and 97 Irish lights, making a total of 459. This shows that during the past eighteen years we have increased the number of our lights by nearly 14 per cent. We have now one light for every 10½ miles of English, for every 34¼ miles of Scottish, and for every 26 miles of Irish coast.

The erection of a tower on a commanding promontory, and the display and maintenance of a brilliant light, are precautions to the origination of which we have no pretensions to make any claim. The whole family of lighthouses take their name from the Pharos of Alexandria, which is described by Josephus and other authors as a magnificent storied building, reared in the time of the Ptolemies, and containing a light which was visible at sea at a distance of 300 stadia. The account given in the 'Jewish Antiquities' of the harbour-works erected by Herod the Great at Cæsarea describes lofty towers, solid for the lower half of their height, and chambered above, which by their stately height of 200 feet exceed the noblest works of the modern builder. In one respect, indeed, has the England, or rather the Scotland, of the nineteenth century out-topped the work of 'Herod of Jewry' in loftiness of structure. Characteristically enough, the building in question is neither fort nor palace, monument nor pharos. It is the chimney at the Port Dundee works, near Glasgow; which measures 468 feet from its foundation, the lower diameter being 32 feet, and the top diameter 12 feet 8 inches. The internal bore gradually contracts from the diameter of 20 feet to that of 10 feet 4 inches.

Among the loftiest lighthouses in the world is that at Callao, where, on the north point of Lorenzo Island, is an octagonal white tower, 60 feet high, the focal plane of the lantern of which is at a height of 980 feet above high water. This light, however, is said to be visible only at a distance of 12 miles. On Deal Island, in Australia

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(latitude 39° 29′ S., longitude 147° 21′ 6″ E.), on a tower 45 feet high, is a revolving bright light, 950 feet above the sea. This is often hidden by fogs, but in clear weather is visible at a distance of 36 miles. An equal range of visibility is claimed for the light exhibited on a white stone tower, 30 feet high, on the Cape of Good Hope. The light is 816 feet above the sea, and is visible all round seaward, except when hidden by Vasco de Gama Peak. Roque Bermejo Point, in the Canary Islands, has a flashing light visible at 35 miles' distance, the height above the sea being 810 feet. But the light on the Gran Canaria Island, on the north-east part of Isleta peninsula, though 7 feet higher, is sighted for only 20 miles. Belle Isle, Newfoundland, shows a fixed bright light at an altitude of 470 feet, which is visible for 28 miles. Monte Video lights, one fixed and one flashing, at a height of 486 feet, are seen at 28 miles' distance; and the same range is ascribed to the revolving bright light on Cape Frio, in South America, at 322 feet above the sea. In the Mediterranean, on Giglio Island, is a revolving light at the height of 1,017 feet. This is the loftiest that we have found recorded, but it is said to be visible for only 26 miles. The light on Monte della Guardia, at the south end of the island of Ponza, is visible for an equal distance, although fixed at a level lower than the Giglia light by 276 feet. The light on Cape Palinuro, dear to the student of Virgil (the guide from Naples to the Straits of Messina), is 675 feet above the sea, and is seen for 25 miles.

It is thus evident that the great range which Josephus and other authors have claimed for the famous Pharos at Alexandria must be taken with some hesitation. Mr. Alan Stevenson, a member of a family of lighthouse-builders, and the successor of his father, Robert Stevenson, an engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses, remarks, as to the statement of Josephus above cited, that such a range (which he makes equal to a distance of about 34 English miles) for a lighthouse on the low shores of Egypt would require a tower of 550 feet in height. This would considerably out-top the Great Pyramid, of which the present height of 485 feet is only 17 feet more than that of the Glasgow chimney. But the side of the base of the pyramid is more than half as much again as its height. It must be remembered, however, that there is this enormous difference between a chimney and a lighthouse. The former, if exposed to the fury of a hurricane blowing at the rate of 100 miles per hour, would have to withstand a pressure of 62 lbs. on every square foot of the area exposed to the blast. The latter, if a sea tower, has to resist the shock of the waves. What that may be we learn from the fact that Mr. Thomas Stevenson's marine dynamometer has registered the force exerted by the sea off the Scottish coasts, in a winter tempest, at 6,000 lbs. pressure per square foot, or nearly one hundred times the force of the hurricane.

In a little work of much interest, called a 'Rudimentary Treatise on the History, Construction, and Illumination of Lighthouses,' published in 1850, Mr. Alan Stevenson quotes from Strabo an account of a magnificent stone lighthouse at Capio, near the harbour of Menestheus, the modern Puerta di Santa Maria, built on a rock nearly surrounded by the sea, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Nearly the same description is applied to this lighthouse as to the Pharos of Alexandria. The tower of Corunna is another example of the work of the ancient lighthouse builders, which is identified by Mr. Stevenson with a tower built by Caius Sævius Lupus, an architect of the city of Aqua Flavia, the modern Chaves, as mentioned by Humboldt. A lighthouse has recently been erected on this headland, furnished with a dioptric apparatus constructed by M. Létourneau of Paris. The remains of a tower called Cæsar's Altar, at Dover; of the Tour d'Ordre at Boulogne, on the opposite coast; of a Roman pharos, near Holywell; of a similar structure at Flamborough Head; and of a lighthouse erected in 1272 at St. Edmund's Chapel, on the coast of Norfolk; are all the additional instances collected by Mr. Stevenson of the labours of his early predecessors in his noble and perilous calling.

The earliest lighthouse of modern times that demands attention is the famous Tour de Corduan, which is erected on an extensive reef at the mouth of the river Garonne. In point of architectural design and execution it is still the finest pharos in the world. Its form, that of a succession of temples, of the different Greek orders of architecture, rising one above another, like the stories of some of Sir Christopher Wren's steeples, was probably suggested by the description of the Pharos of Alexandria. The best account given of the Tour de Corduan will be found in Bélidor's 'Architecture Hydraulique.' The rock on which it stands was dry only at low water, when it exposed a surface of 1,000 yards in length, by about half that width. A solid cylindrical basis, 135 feet in diameter, was first built in stone on the rock. On this rose, commencing with the diameter of 50 feet, one Doric, two Ionic, one Corinthian, and one Composite story, each suc-

cessively diminishing in diameter. The second Ionic member of this series was fitted up as a chapel, 31 feet in diameter, and with a dome 40 feet high, which was hidden from without by the Corinthian elevation. Above this rose the cupola, of 27 feet in height, and 21 feet in diameter, which was surrounded by a stone balustrade, and in its turn supported the lantern. Even the unimaginative official list of the 'Lighthouses of the World' describes the Tour de Corduan as 'a handsome structure, 207 feet high, on a rock.' The height of the lantern is 194 feet above high water. The date of the establishment is given in this authority as 1727. But this is only the real date of the destruction of the original lantern, and the substitution of an iron one by M. Botri. The building was commenced under the reign of the magnificent House of Valois, in 1584, and was completed under Henri Quatre, in 1610. The unusual magnificence of the structure was due to the importance attached to it as part of a series of works intended to connect the Atlantic and the Mediterranean by a navigable channel—an object which has been effected on a modest scale by the construction of the Languedoc Canal.

England tried her 'prentice hand on the illumination of her shores at the close of the seventeenth century. Between 1696 and 1698 Mr. Winstanley designed and built, on the treacherous Eddystone rock, off Plymouth, a timber structure which supported a lantern, at what was then regarded as the lofty height of 60 feet above high-water level. The gneiss rock which was thus illuminated formed one of the most fatal dangers of that part of the seas. It rises from a great depth with an abrupt scarp, and though its summit is barely covered by the level of the sea at high water, it is beaten by an almost perpetual surf. Such is the effect of the rock in diverting the force of the waves sweeping in from the Atlantic, that they leaped over the lantern of Winstanley and buried it under the water. The engineer was in consequence compelled to enlarge the tower, and to double its height—always a very critical kind of work to attempt. He felt confidence in the strength of his building, and often expressed his wish to be in it during the fiercest storm that could arise. The opportunity was afforded him in 1703. Some repairs were then needed, and Mr. Winstanley went with his workmen to the rock to superintend their execution. On the night of November 26 a terrific storm occurred, and when the morning dawned the lighthouse was no longer to be seen, nor were any tidings ever brought of the wreck.

Three years later the Trinity House obtained an Act of Parliament to extend their powers, and instructed Mr. John Rudyerd to build a second lighthouse on the Eddystone. Considerable judgment was displayed by Rudyerd in the construction of his tower, which proved able to resist the fury of the waves for forty-seven years, from 1708 to 1755, when it fell a prey to the opposite element—fire. The tower was of a conoidal form, 92 feet high to the top of the lantern, 23 feet diameter at the base, and 14 feet at the top. It was smoothly planked, so as to offer as little obstacle as possible to the surf, and built solid within with masonry for half its height, with the exception of a sort of well left in the centre for a staircase. The doorway was at a height of 20 feet above the lowest part of the tower, being reached by a winding staircase without from the rock. Three floors or systems of tie-bars crossed the well, which carried the staircase from the level of the entrance. Above the top of the masonry the tower was divided into four apartments, of successively increasing height; and the lantern was considerably narrower than the top of the tower. The whole was tied down to the rock by strong iron bars, dovetailed into the base.

On the destruction of this building (which deserves a fairer fame than has of late attached to it) by an accidental fire, in 1755, Mr. Smeaton was called in. His original genius, by the employment of what may almost be called carpentry in stone, produced the noble tower which has been the pattern and example of the whole family of sea-girt lighthouses. The floors of the Eddystone lighthouse, as built by Smeaton, were constructed on the arch principle, and the haunches of the arches were bound with chains to prevent them from pressing outward, to the injury of the walls. In this Mr. Smeaton followed the example of Sir Christopher Wren in the construction of the dome of St. Paul's; as in his turn Wren followed the lead of a yet greater master in the girding with a metal band of the springing of the dome of St. Peter's. The idea which Smeaton embodied in the form of his tower was that of the bole of the oak tree, with its tapering curve. More recent and more accurate investigations, of a mathematical nature, have proved what the true outline of a sea tower ought to be, and thus have done justice to the truthful instinct of Smeaton. The tower was made solid to the height of 11 feet above high-water level, and the masonry was carried 57 feet above this solid shaft.

For several years past, the safety of the Eddystone lighthouse has been a matter of anxiety and watchful care to the corporation

of Trinity House, as was meatioaed in a note communicated hy their Engiaeer, Mr. James Nicholas Douglass, to the Institutioa of Civil Engiaeers in 1878. Duriag heavy storms from the westward, each wave that struck the shaft caused a great tremor throughout the building. The joiats of the masonry have repeatedly yielded to the heavy straia imposed on them, and seawater has heen driven through them into the interior of the huilding. In 1818 Mr. Robert Stevenson, Engineer to the Board of Northern Lights, paid a visit to the Eddystoae, duriag which he was enahled, owiag to the fortunate occurrence of a low tide with a smooth sea, to make a careful inspection of the rock. He then reported:

'The rock is shaken all through, aad dips at a considerable angle, perhaps one in three, towards the south-west; and, being undermined on the north-east side for several feet, it must be confessed that it has an alarming appearance. I am aot, however, of opinion that it has altered its state, perhaps, since the date of the erection of the tower. Since my last visit in 1813, I am aot sensible of any change ia it. Oa the aorth-east side, however, at what is called the "Gut" landing place, where the men sheltered themselves from the fire of Rudyerd's lighthouse, but especially at low water of spring tides, there is a hollowing of the rock which penetrates at least to the base of the lightbouse. I therefore conclude that when the tide rises high, there is danger of this house being upset after a lapse of time, when the sea and the shingle have worn away the wall to a greater extent. Nothing preserves this highly important huilding but the hardness of the rock and the dip of the strata; but for how long a period this may remaia, ao one caa pretend to say.'

Ia 1839, aad again ia 1865, the npper part of the structure was strengtheaed; stroag internal ties heing inserted, exteading from the lantern floor downwards to the solid portioa of the tower. On the last occasion it was found that the chief mischief was caused by the npward stroke of the heavy seas oa the under-side of the cornice that projects below the lantern gallery, at a height of 68 feet ahove high-water. It is probable that Smeaton never anticipated so remarkahle a deflection of wave movemeat hy the graceful outliae of his tower, or he would have given an appropriate curve to the uader-side of the cornices, so as to turn the wave over on itself, or would have interposed a striag-course for that purpose at a lower level. The projection of the cornice was reduced hy 5 inches in 1865, and the stones fastened together with through bolts. The tower has siace beea maintaiaed in a fair state of efficiency; bnt the gneiss rock has been so shakea by the effect of the sea strokes on the tower, that the danger foresecn hy Stevenson in 1818 has become more menaciag. It was in coasequence decided to erect a aew lighthouse, at a distance of aboat 127 feet from the present tower, on a part of the rock where a good foundation has heen found near low-water level.

In the new tower, of which the fouadatioa-stone has heea laid by the Prince of Wales, the elevation of the focal plane of the light will be 130 feet above high water, or aearly twice the height of the lantern of Smeaton. The tendency of the curvilinear ontline of the tower to aid the leap of the waves to an enormous height will be to some extent coanteracted hy making the elliptical section spring, not from the hase of the tower, hut from a built cylindrical hase of granite, 44 feet in diameter, and 22 feet high. A level margia of 4 feet 3 iaches wide will be left oa the top of this solid cylinder of granite, from which will spring the graceful shaft of the tower, 35 feet 6 inches in diameter at the base, and 18 feet 6 inches diameter at the cornice, the top of which will be 138 feet above the rock. The lighthouse will be provided with a light of the first order, and with a fog signal of maximnm iatensity. The range of the light will be iacreased, hy the additional height, from 14 to 17¼ nautical miles, so as to overlap the raage of the new Electric Lights at the Lizard. On the completion of the new lighthouse it is inteaded to take down Smeaton's tower to the level of the top of the solid portioa, which is 29 feet above high water of spring tides.

It may be mentioned as an example of the unexpected tests which the work of the lighthouse engineer may he called on to uadergo, that ia 1840 the stroag iroa sea door of the Eddystone tower, which was constructed to resist the waves, and thus made to open oatwards, was burst opea from within, aad the holts and hinges torn away. Mr. James Walker, then President of the Iastitution of Civil Eagineers, explained this unexampled occurrence hy the conjectare that a partial vacaum had heea formed for a moment without the tower, hy the fall aad curl of the wave, and that the force of atmospheric pressare from within, rushing to fill up the vacnum, had occasioned the disaster.

The daager to which mariners were exposed by the famous Inchcape Rock, which lies at the entrance of the Firth of Tay, are familiar to the readers of Border poetry; and the retribatioa that hefel Sir Ralph the Rover for his wanton destructioa of the Bell

Buoy, fixed there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, is a grim instance of poetic justice. The Bell Rock was the more to be dreaded from the fact that it was barely uncovered by the sea at low water. Repeated efforts were made, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, to obtain some efficient beacon for this frightful shoal; but public opinion was not fully roused, until, in December 1799, a dreadful storm from the north-east swept the Scottish coasts, in which it was ascertained that as many as seventy sail of vessels were stranded or lost, many of them with all hands. It was generally believed that a fine vessel of the Royal Navy, the 'York,' of 74 guns, had struck on the Bell Rock during this storm. She foundered, with her entire crew, not one being preserved to tell the tale; and the coast for many miles was strewn with fragments of her wreck. On this fatal catastrophe becoming known, the general outcry was, 'There must be a lighthouse erected on the Bell Rock.'

The site was carefully surveyed, in 1806, by Mr. Robert Stevenson, Engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses. He ascertained that a sufficient foundation for a tower existed on the northern part of the rock, but that five hours a day, during favourable weather in the summer season, was the utmost time for which men could be expected to work. It was thus necessary to prepare, fit, and number, the stones for the foundation courses on shore, so as to allow them to be set with the utmost speed when brought to the rock. Extraordinary ingenuity and skill were displayed by Mr. Stevenson in this part of his design. A floating lightship was prepared, and moored off the rock, and a wooden tower was erected, on lofty struts of timber, to serve as a barrack for the workmen. During the first season of the undertaking, which was the summer of 1807, the aggregate of time which could be worked on the rock, taken by snatches at low water, amounted to only thirteen and a half days of ten hours, or to twenty-seven of such intervals of five hours as Mr. Stevenson had stated as the outside that could be worked at a time. In the following year, time amounting to 220 hours was made available, and during this season the foundation was excavated in the solid rock, and filled in with fitted masonry to the level of the surrounding surface. Thus little more than a month's work was found to be possible during the first two years. In 1809 the barrack for the workmen was completed, and the masonry of the tower was raised to the height of 17 feet above high-water level. The tower was completed in the following year, and the light was first exhibited on February 1, 1811.

On one occasion Mr. Stevenson describes, in simple but graphic language, the peril to which his little company were exposed, before the erection of the barrack. The artificers had been landed on the rock by a boat, manned by eight men, which served as a tender to the 'Smeaton,' as the moored vessel was named. The wind continuing to blow hard, the boat's crew put off, to look to the riding ropes of the 'Smeaton' and to see that everything there was safe. Hardly had the boat reached the vessel, before the latter got adrift, carrying the boat with her; and both had got to a considerable distance before the state of things was observed by those who were intent on their own work on the rock. As it blew hard, there was much difficulty experienced in getting up a sail on the 'Smeaton,' in order to work her up to the buoy, and secure her afresh to her moorings. By the time that she was able to get her head round towards the rock, she had drifted three miles to leeward, with the boat astern. As both wind and tide were against her, Mr. Stevenson, on becoming aware of her position, became at the same time aware of the perilous predicament in which he and his workmen were left. It seemed impossible that the 'Smeaton' could reach the rock until long after it had been overflowed by the sea; as, owing to a particular set of the tides in that locality, the Bell Rock is completely under water before the ebb abates to the offing. With the flood, the rock would be at least 12 feet under water, to say nothing of the additional height of the waves, as the sea was then stormy. There were thirty-two persons on the rock, with only two boats, which, even in fair weather, would hold at most twenty-four sitters. But, in the sea then on, to attempt to row to the floating light would have been unsafe with more than eight rowers in a boat, so that half the number of the men left on the rock were unprovided with means of escape. Mr. Stevenson feared that if he despatched one of these boats to the assistance of the 'Smeaton,' a panic would have ensued; the workmen insisting on taking to their own boats, leaving the men belonging to the 'Smeaton' to take their chance. A scuffle might have ensued, of which the consequences would have been most disastrous; and it was afterwards hinted to the engineer that the men, who were armed with stone-picks, had resolved to take to their own boats at all hazards.

For a considerable time the drifting of the 'Smeaton' was known only to the en-

gineer and to the landing-master, who removed to the extreme point of the rock, and kept his eye fixed on the struggling craft. As long as the sound of the workmen's hammers and of the smith's anvil continued, the artificers remained intent on their work, unaware of what had occurred. At length the water began to rise on those who were engaged on the lower parts of the site of the beacon and lighthouse. From the rise of the sea upon the rock the forge fire was extinguished earlier than usual, and the discontinuance of the smoke allowed a distinct view to be taken from all parts of the rock. The men, who were now at the end of about three hours' work, began pretty generally to make for their boats in order to look for their jackets and stockings. When, instead of three, they found only two boats there, a dead silence fell on them all. They seemed to be mutely counting their numbers. The landing-master, fearing to be blamed for allowing the boat to leave the rock, still kept at a distance. The engineer stood on the highest point of the ridge, marking the progress of the 'Smeaton,' which was retarded by the pull of the small boat under her stern. The workmen looked steadily at Mr. Stevenson, and occasionally turned their glances towards the vessel, still far to leeward. All this passed in silence, and the melancholy solemnity of the group made an impression never to be effaced from the mind of the narrator.

Mr. Stevenson, who had been revolving in his mind what was best to be attempted, had come to the conclusion that when the water reached the higher parts of the rock all hands should strip off their upper clothing; that every unnecessary weight and incumbrance should be removed from the boats; that a specified number of men should enter each boat; and that the remainder should hang on by the gunwales, while the boats were rowed gently towards the 'Smeaton.'

But on attempting to speak, Mr. Stevenson became aware that his mouth was so parched that his tongue refused utterance. He stooped to take up a little water from one of the pools on the rock, and on lifting his head heard the cry, 'A boat, a boat!' On looking round a large boat was seen through the haze, at no great distance, making to the rock. It proved to be the Bell Rock pilot, who had come out with letters. He had supposed, from the state of the weather, that all hands were aboard of the 'Smeaton,' until, approaching more nearly, he had observed the men on the rock. Sixteen of the artificers were then sent, in two trips, in the pilot's boat, with directions to make for the floating light. The remaining sixteen followed in the two boats belonging to the service of the rock. The passage was hard and dangerous, the wind continuing to rise. The party left the rock at nine, but did not reach the floating light till twelve, every man as thoroughly drenched as if he had been towed through the sea.

On the day following that narrow escape occurred the only hesitation on the part of the men throughout the whole course of the work to affront the dangers of the rock. Only eight out of twenty-six artificers, besides the foreman and the seamen, appeared on deck when the bell rang at five o'clock in the morning. These eight, however, secured four hours of work, the longest day which had been made in the season. The eighteen who had remained on the lightship disappeared from the deck on the return of their comrades, thoroughly ashamed of their conduct. And thus ended the only refusal to go to work that occurred during the whole progress of the undertaking.

On another occasion Mr. Stevenson was on board the lightship during a storm, in which she all but foundered; and in which, under the stroke of one unusually heavy sea, all on board gave themselves up for lost. As the tempest somewhat subsided, the break of the waves on the Bell Rock, and the height to which the spray was tossed, is described as wonderfully grand. About noon on the second day the floating light was found to be adrift. The cable had been chafed and cut, it was thought, by fouling some portion of wreck. Another anchor was lowered in 20 fathom water. Had the parting of the cable occurred in the night, the floating light would inevitably have been dashed on the rock.

The daily passages of three miles from the lightship to the rock and back, the descent into the boats, the landing on the rock, the return after work was over, were all ordeals of no light description. Even when the timber barrack was erected, and the great annoyance of sea-sickness was thus saved to the landsmen, anything but a sense of security was felt by those on the spot. In heavy gales the spray was thrown over the building to a height of 90 feet above the level of the sea. The waves were seen to approach like the unfolding of a great scroll, and caused a draught of wind in their passage which was distinctly felt. On one occasion the floor of one of the galleries was burst up by the sea, and the triangular cast-iron sheer crane was broken down. This was observed from the floating light, with much alarm for the safety of the

artificers. But it was utterly impossible to attempt anything for their relief until the gale took off.

Such were the perils amid which these brave, skilful, and hardy men reared on this fatal rock a stone tower of 100 feet in height, 42 feet in diameter at the base, and 15 feet in diameter at the top. The door is 30 feet from the base, to which height the tower is solid throughout. Above this, the thickness of the exterior walls gradually diminishes, and six apartments, including the light room, are formed. The light is given from sixteen argand lamps, fixed on a frame made to revolve by machinery, placed in the foci of parabolic reflectors, with alternate screens of red glass. It thus sheds alternately a red and a white light. The machinery which moves the lamps is also applied, in foggy weather, to toll two large bells, in order to give warning, as in the old times of the Abbot, to the mariner. The cost of this noble work was 61,330*l.* Sir Walter Scott visited the tower in 1814, and left the following *carte de visite* in the album of the lighthouse:—

'*Pharos loquitur.*

Far in the bosom of the deep
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.'

In the same year in which he wrote the above lines, Sir Walter Scott, in company with the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses, visited the Skerryvore Rocks, which lie about 12 miles W.S.W. of the seaward point of the Isle of Tyree, almost exactly in the latitude of Ioua, and 80 miles from the nearest mainland. These rocks had long been a terror to mariners. A list of wrecks that was kept for fifty years, and that was far from being complete, enumerated thirty vessels which had been lost on them within that period; and how many of those which had been reported as foundered at sea may have been wrecked on this dangerous reef there are no means of ascertaining. The reef consists of numerous rocks, stretching over an area of nearly eight miles from W.S.W. to E.N.E. It lies in the direct track of shipping, both for the Mersey and for the Clyde. The main nucleus, which alone offered a surface sufficient to support a tower, is nearly three miles from the seaward end of the cluster. It consists of hard gneiss, worn as smooth as glass by the constant play of the water, and is so small that at high water little is visible round the base of the tower but a narrow band of a few feet in width, and some rugged rocks, separated by channels through which the sea incessantly plays. The islanders of Tyree were in the habit of making regular trips to these rocks after storms, and often returned with their boats laden with wreck. The cutting of the foundation for the tower in this irregular flinty mass occupied nearly two summers. The danger attendant on blasting the rock, where the space was so confined, and means of shelter from the flying splinters was absent, was added to those formerly experienced at the Bell Rock. The engineer entrusted with the design and execution of the Skerryvore lighthouse was Mr. Alan Stevenson, the son of the engineer of the Bell Rock lighthouse, and his successor as Engineer to the Board of Northern Lights.

The story of the erection of the Skerryvore tower is almost a repetition of that of the Bell Rock. On the one hand may be set the experience which had been gained in the course of that triumphant struggle against great natural forces. On the other hand, the inaccessibility of the spot, the magnitude of the work, and even the fury of the waves, were greater in the Argyleshire seas. The granite used for the masonry was quarried in the Ross of Mull, 30 miles from the island of Tyree. Piers had to be built, both in Mull and in Tyree, for the shipment and landing of the materials. It was necessary to build a steam-tug for the service, which served in the early stages of the work as a floating barrack for the workmen. A harbour had to be formed at Hynish for the protection of the steamer. The anchorage round the rocks was bad. Two-thirds of the horizon were 'foul ground;' and the difficulty of landing on the rocks was so great that it was not until 1834, when a minute survey of the reef was made, that the idea of commencing such a work was seriously entertained.

Even the question of the force and the fury of the sea is one to which science has given a definitive answer. Mr. Thomas Stevenson, another of this gallant family of engineers, constructed a marine dynamometer, which registered the force of impact of the waves. During five summer months, in 1843 and 1844, the average indications registered by means of this instrument near Tyree and Skerryvore gave 611 lbs. of pressure per square foot of surface exposed to the waves. During the winter months the pressure rose, in the same locality, to more than three times that amount, or to 2,086 lbs. per square foot. At the Bell Rock the highest result obtained, by the same instrument, was 3,013 lbs. But at Skerryvore a

maximum of no less than 4,335 lbs. per square foot was measured; and Mr. Alan Stevenson, in his 'Rudimentary Treatise on Lighthouses,' where he gives the above-cited figures, adds in a note that a pressure of as much as 6,000 lbs. per square foot has since been ascertained.

A practical remark of the extraordinary fury of the Atlantic waves on the reef of Skerryvore was afforded on the night of November 3, 1838. The operations on the rock were commenced, in the summer of that year, by the erection of a wooden barrack, similar to that which had been secured on the Bell Rock. A pyramidal mass of solid timber, fastened by iron bats and bolts to the live rock, cross-braced and strengthened by other timbers leaning inward towards the centre, supported a strong wooden tower, containing three apartments, of which the floor was 18 feet above high-water mark. This tower was 15 feet in diameter, and 27 feet high, and was constructed with great solidity. The storm in question, which happily occurred during the season when operations were suspended, entirely destroyed and swept from the rock the framework which had been erected in the summer, leaving nothing remaining to point out its site but a few broken and twisted iron stanchions, and, attached to one of them, a piece of beam so shaken by dashing against the rock as to resemble a bundle of laths. (The experience of the writer can confirm this statement, as regards the effect of great pressure on wood, even apart from any hammering action, such as that of the sea. After a slip in the Watford Tunnel, constructed by Mr. Robert Stephenson for the London and Birmingham Railway, which was the first great work of that description undertaken on any English railway, the fibres of the oak props were found to have been so rent from one another by the force of the pressure of the earth that they could be pulled apart like threads in a thread-paper.) After this disaster, and the completion of the roughest part of the removal of the foundation of the lighthouse, by a party that lived on the vessel for two seasons, a second attempt was made to fix a barrack, somewhat stronger than the first. This house braved the storms for several years after the works were finished, and was then taken down. Perched 40 feet above the level of the rock, in this singular watch-tower, Mr. Alan Stevenson, with thirty men, spent many a weary day and night at times when the sea prevented any one descending to the rock; anxiously looking for a change of weather, and not always at ease as to supplies. For miles round nothing was to be seen but white foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves.

It will be seen from these accounts, taken, as far as possible, from the very words of the chief actors in the perilous scenes described, that there is especial need for the lighthouse engineer to be characterised by those qualities which, above all others, go to make up the man. No tale of polar adventure, of subterranean struggle, or of military self-devotion, can more justly demand our sympathy as telling of a manful contest with terrific opposing forces, than these records of successful conquest from the sea, and of the conversion of the hidden dangers of our shores into the guides and safeguards of our mariners. The long period for which it is often necessary to keep up the contest must also be remembered. Mr. Alan Stevenson modestly says, in reference to the theory of lighthouse construction: 'After a residence on the Skerryvore Rock of five seasons, and eleven years' experience of its exposure, I may be allowed to speak with some confidence on the subject.' It has not always proved to be the case that man has been successful in this long struggle with the ocean and the tempest. That black and stormy night, on November 26, 1703, when Winstanley with all his assistants disappeared, together with the timber lighthouse that he had reared on the Eddystone Rock, can never be altogether forgotten by those who may find themselves surrounded by the full fury of the ocean, in a narrow and solitary tower, however firmly rooted on the rock.

The lines which bound the western and the south-eastern shores of the extreme part of Cornwall would meet, if prolonged, at a little more than eleven miles' distance from the Land's End. At this spot (in latitude 49° 56′ 41″ N., and longitude 5° 48′ 30″ W.) is a rock composed of hard, dark, felspathic porphyry, the highest point of which is 17 feet above low water of the spring tides, which rise 19 feet, and thus cover the rock with 2 feet of water. The surface of this rock, which is known by the name of the Wolf, is rugged, and a landing upon it is at all times difficult. The depth of the water at low tide is 20 fathoms all round, excepting on the S.E., where a shoal extends to a cable's length, having only from 4 to 5 fathoms on it at low water. The Wolf is beaten by a terrific sea, being exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean. The dangerous rocks known as the Longships and the Rundle Stone lie between the Wolf and the mainland. The Seven Stones and the Bishop Rocks, outliers of the Scilly Island group, form other members of a category of ocean

dangers that beset the course of the mariner at the entrance of the English seas.

As early as the year 1823 the Admiralty contemplated the project of building a lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, and a rough plan was made by Mr. Robert Stevenson, the Engineer to the Commissioners of Northern Lights, of a stone structure for that purpose. The large amount of the estimate, which was 150,000*l.*, is supposed to have been the reason why the design was abandoned, and that of a beacon was substituted. Five years were occupied in the erection of this beacon, which was in the form of a cone of cast-iron plates, filled with a core of cement rubble, and supporting a mast bearing a ball. An average of 60 hours' work per year was all for which it was found possible for men to work on the spot, the maximum time employed being 85 hours, in 1838, and the minimum 39½ hours, in 1836. The cost of the work was 11,298*l.* The mast, which was of English oak, 12 inches in diameter, was carried away in November of the year of completion. It was replaced by a wrought-iron mast, 7½ inches in diameter, in 1842. During the succeeding winter this mast was bent about 3 feet from the perpendicular by the force of the sea; and in a storm in October 1844 it was broken off about 4 feet above the top of the cone. In July 1845 a second iron mast was fixed. The diameter was increased to 9 inches, and that of the ball was reduced from 6 feet to 4 feet. This mast stood till the early part of 1848, when it was carried away. In August 1850 a third iron mast, of 9 inches diameter, and supporting a ball of 3 feet diameter, was fixed, which withstood the force of the sea until it was taken down during the construction of the present lighthouse.

In 1860 the Corporation of the Trinity House instructed their engineer, Mr. James Walker, to furnish designs and estimates for the erection of a lighthouse on the Wolf Rock; and Mr. James Nicholas Douglass, who subsequently succeeded Mr. Walker, was entrusted with the execution of the work as resident engineer. In consideration of the exposed situation of the rock, it was determined to dovetail and face the stones both vertically and horizontally, in accordance with the system suggested by the father of Mr. Douglass, which was first adopted at the Hanois lighthouse, Guernsey. From experiments made on work of this kind, when put together with Portland cement, it is estimated that the structure is so homogeneous as to be nearly equal in strength to solid granite. The need for taking every precaution was illustrated by the fact that thirty-four stones of the fifth course, which it was found impossible to complete during the season of 1866, were carried away by a storm in the month of November of that year.

The height of the Wolf Rock lighthouse is 116 feet 4 inches, its diameter at the base 41 feet 8 inches, and that near the top 17 feet. The work is solid, with the exception of containing a tank for fresh water, for 40 feet in height, and above this level the walls decrease in thickness from 7 feet 9½ inches to 2 feet 3 inches. The outline of the tower is formed by an elliptical curve, and 44,500 feet of granite are contained in the masonry. The light is a revolving dioptric light of the first order, showing alternate flashes of red and white at half-minute intervals, and a 5 cwt. fog-bell is fixed on the lantern-gallery, and struck by two hammers, worked by independent machinery. The first survey for determining the exact position of the proposed tower was made on July 1, 1861. The last stone was laid on July 19, 1869. During the eight working seasons comprised between these dates 266 landings were effected on the rock, and a total of 1,809½ hours' work had been secured. The light was first exhibited on January 1, 1870, and has been regularly displayed since. The total cost of the work was 62,676*l.*

In 1856 the dressed stones which were to form the granite base of a lighthouse which it was intended to erect on the Great Basses Rock off Ceylon, which lies 80 miles eastward of Point de Galle, and 6 miles from the nearest land; were landed and stored at Galle, having been prepared in England, together with the materials for erecting a cast-iron tower on the rock. The top of the rock selected as the site is 6 feet above high water, and the rise of the tide is only 3 feet. An English engineer went out as resident for the work; but after three years only a few landings on the rock had been successfully accomplished; and nothing had been effected but the erection of a beacon-mast 60 feet high, and the marking out the site for the lighthouse. The second or revised estimate for this work was 34,000*l.* By 1863, 40,000*l.* had been expended: and the estimate, which was then formed, that the sum of 20,000*l.* a year for five years would be required for the completion of the lightbouse, led to the abandonment of the works for a time. The work was afterwards put in the hands of Mr. J. N. Douglass, the Engineer to the Trinity House; and Mr. William Douglass, the resident engineer, obtained shelter for the workmen from the surf by the simple plan of building, in quick-setting cement, a brick wall 3 feet high and 2 feet thick around the seaward side of the

foundation. It can hardly he said of the erection of a lighthouse *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte;* but the difficulties may be said to increase in a very high ratio together with the depth of the foundation below the highest point attained in the locality by the waves. In his first season Mr. Douglass secured thirty-six landings on the rock and 220 hours' work; and by the close of the third season the tower was complete in stone.

The qualities of undaunted courage, and ready power of adaptation of expedients to emergency, are not all that are required of the lighthouse builder. He must be a practical workman of the first ability; and he must also he able to grasp the scientific elements of the great problem of which his work is to form a practical solution. As to this, indeed, the scientific world owes very much to the Messrs. Stevenson, for their scientific analyses, no less than for the examples set by them of successful work. No other builder has to resist the forces which assail the lighthouse. We leave out of consideration the construction of fortresses. That is a special subject. The object of the military engineer is to hold out to the last hour, being fully aware that it is only a question of time when his strongest work will succumb under a continuous fire. The lighthouse builder has not only to outlast the storm, but to do so with unimpaired and unshaken structure. He cannot afford to yield an inch. The slightest breach in his defence may, and if unrepaired in time certainly will, prove fatal. He has therefore to exercise the utmost care, both as to the materials and as to the form of his work, as well, as was before said, as to the manner of binding the materials into one compact mass.

The primary fact which renders the stability of a sea tower possible is the excess of the weight of the mass of the tower over that of the largest mass of water that can be hurled against it. In the case of a timber structure, there is no such excess of weight. The stability then depends alone on the adhesive force of the material, and on the strength with which it can he anchored to the ground. For this reason, not only timber structures, but those supported on iron tubes, have proved unfit to sustain the highest strains caused hy the waves. Cast iron is nearly six times as heavy as water, and cast-iron blocks, dovetailed together, would no doubt form the most perfect base for a sea tower, unless the yet heavier substance of lead were employed in the same way. But a tower constructed of cast-iron plates, an inch thick, even if filled up with brickwork or with concrete, will not have a weight in the mass quite double that of water. Aberdeen granite, in blocks, weighs 2·7 times its bulk of water; and limestones exist of yet superior specific gravity. The selection of the heaviest stone that can be provided, and its application in the largest and most perfectly fitted blocks, is thus the first requisite for the basis of a sea tower.

Bulk as well as weight must he proportioned to the resistance required. We have seen that the action of the sea is such, according to the opinion of competent men, as at times to form a vacuum round a lighthouse. The ordinary pressure of the atmosphere is equal to nine-tenths of a ton on the square foot; and there must be a sufficient strength in the chambered part of the tower to resist a disruptive force of that amount. As to resistance to force from without, the power of the waves has been measured at nearly three times that pressure, or at 6,000 lbs. per square foot of exposed surface. This force, however, can only be expected fully to act near the foot of the tower, or on the part where the masonry is solid. Mr. Stevenson has calculated the weight of a cylindric block of granite, 25 feet in diameter, and 10 feet high, at 380 tons. The effect of a wave on such a cylinder would he equal to that exerted on a flat surface of half the area, that is to say, on 125 square feet. This, at the maximum registered force of 6,000 lbs. per foot, would he about 335 tons. But to displace the cylinder, it must either be overturned or slid along its base. Its form, in the case supposed, would offer a resistance, equal to 2½ times its weight, to the attempt to overturn it. And the sinking of the foundation into the solid rock would render sliding still more difficult. Thus a solid base of masonry, rising above the highest point directly assaulted by the full fury of the sea, may he the support of a chambered tower that shall give adequate accommodation for the keepers of the light.

The general proportions of a sea tower are regulated hy two considerations. One is, the distance at which it is desirable that the light shall he seen. The other is, the amount of room required for stores, and for the service of the light. In the case of the Skerryvore lighthouse, the design was to exhibit a light which should be visible at a distance of eighteen miles, and which must therefore be about 150 feet above high water. The void space required for the service was taken at 13,000 cubic feet. The diameter of the hollow part of the tower was therefore calculated on that understanding.

In Smeaton's Eddystone lighthouse the

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radius of the base at high-water level is somewhat less than one-fifth of the height of the tower above that level. In the Bell Rock lighthouse it is little more than one-seventh. At low water the corresponding radii would be respectively about one-fourth and one-fifth of the height. At Skerryvore, at about 4 feet above high-water, a radius of 21 feet was the largest attainable on the rock. The internal diameter, above the solid part, is 12 feet; the solid part of the tower rises to 26 feet above the lowest course; and the walls above this diminish from a thickness of 9·58 feet to that of 2 feet at the top, giving an external diameter at top of 16 feet.

The question of the proper form to be given to the taper of the tower has been so thoroughly investigated by Mr. Stevenson, that he may be considered to have placed on a certain basis the rule that the outline ought to form an hyperbolic curve. As compared with a simple cone, of the same height, and the same top and bottom diameters, the economical advantage of the hyperbolic form is as much as 30 per cent. of the cost of a conical tower. The conchoidal, parabolic, and logarithmic curves were at the same time investigated by Mr. Stevenson; and their economical advantages were proved to range, in the order in which they are here mentioned, between the hyperbolic and the conical sections.

While there can be no doubt that in the case of a sea-beaten site it is the duty of the engineer to employ the heaviest and most solid stone available for the construction of a light-tower, it must not be forgotten that under some circumstances the carriage and landing of large stones is a matter of extreme cost and difficulty, and that it may be possible to rear a framework basis, of wood or of iron, where it might not prove feasible to attempt a stone tower. Such was the case with the coral reefs of Ushruffa and the Dædalus, in the Red Sea; on which, in 1860–63, framed wrought-iron towers of great ingenuity of construction were erected by Mr. William Parkes, under the joint direction of the Board of Trade, the Egyptian Government, and the Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. These structures were reared on the surface of what resembles a gigantic stone cauliflower more closely than anything else to which it can be compared. The carriage of wrought stone to the spot would have caused an excessive expense, and it was by no means certain that the reef would safely support a very ponderous structure. There was no anchorage at either reef, and as all the materials had to be conveyed in boats of light draught from the ship to the site of the tower, the several portions required to be light enough to be easily handled. It is thus evident that these lighthouses are instances of great triumphs of the engineer over special difficulties.

The ingenious invention of the screw pile, by Mr. Alexander Mitchell, was applied, in 1838, to the foundation of a lighthouse on the Maplin Sands, by Mr. Walker. Each pile consists of an iron bar, of 5 or 6 inches in diameter, on which is welded a single turn of a wrought-iron screw, of 4 feet in diameter. Such a pile can be screwed with facility to the depth of from 20 to 30 feet into a sandbank; and as each screw will bear a weight of upwards of 60 tons, a foundation, as far as resistance to weight alone is concerned, may thus be very readily secured. The shifting nature of most sandbanks, however, has to be borne in mind; and a disaster that befel a work of this kind which was attempted at the Bishop's Rock, in 1850, and another which occurred on the Minot's Ledge, Boston Bay, have deterred engineers from adopting this cheap method on exposed situations.

The late Mr. Alexander Gordon was the advocate of cast-iron towers for lighthouses. A description of one of these structures, which was erected on Gibbs' Hill, in the Bermudas, will be found in Vol. IX. of the 'Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers.' The height of that tower was 105 feet 9 inches. Its external shell was composed of 135 curved plates of cast-iron, varying from 1 inch to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in thickness, bolted together by means of flanges. The bottom of the tower, for 20 feet in height, was filled with concrete. The upper portion was divided into seven landings, or stories, independently of the lantern. Great economy is claimed for this mode of building; and, for inland towers, which are not exposed to the impact of the waves, perhaps the chief objection to its adoption arises from the perishable nature of a cast-iron plate, a substance which decays both from rust and from galvanic action, and is especially treacherous when brought into contact with lime, or mortar containing lime. The experience of the great Basses Rock is enough to show that, even as a temporary shield, an iron shell is not to be relied on for an exposed situation. And the inferior solidity of a block of cement encased in an iron shell, as compared with a solid structure of grooved, tongued, and dowelled stone, is such as to put the use of the former method of building for a sea tower entirely out of the field of discussion.

While the genius and perseverance of the

engineer are taxed to their utmost in the task of rearing a solid and durable tower on a rock exposed to the full fury of the stormy seas, but half of his work is done when the building is completed. Another order of phenomena has yet to be studied. Another branch of physical science has to be perfected in theory, and reduced from theory to practice. The object of the sea-tower is to support a light, and the method of maintaining the best light, sending its beams with a full intensity in the required direction, and finally giving to the rays not only a warning, but a telegraphic power, has been the subject of the long and patient study of a number of illustrious men.

The growth of commerce, and the constant increase in the number of lighthouses on the more frequented coasts which is demanded by the increase of maritime activity, continually cause a demand for greater variety in the appearance of lights, in order to prevent disaster by the mistake of one lighthouse for another, situated at no very great distance. The lighthouse towers of the last century, though useful as points of direction by day, were most imperfect guides by night.

'The rude expedients,' says Mr. David Stevenson, 'adopted at that early period to give light to the sailor in a dark and moonless sky present a very curious contrast to the modern system of lighthouse illumination—the result of careful study by modern philosophers and engineers. If proof of this be wanted, we have only to refer to the twenty-four miserable candles, unaided by reflectors or any other optical contrivances, which shed their dim and uncertain light from Smeaton's famous Eddystone tower for nearly half a century after it was built.'

Even the protection of a glazed lantern was a novelty in the time of Smeaton. The great *Tour de Corduan* on the coast of France was lighted by blazing faggots of wood, burned in an open *chauffer*. Down to the year 1816 as much as 400 tons of coal was annually consumed on the top of a stone tower, 40 feet in height, on the isle of May. This was one of the best coal fires in the United Kingdom. Three men were employed to tend it, and there was no want of due outlay for its support. But the beacon was dependent for its efficacy on the weather, and the light was least visible when its warning ray was most urgently needed. Its appearance was ever varying, now shooting up in high flames, and then enveloped in dense volumes of smoke. In violent gales the fire only burnt on the leeward side of the *chauffer*, or iron basket, in which the coal was consumed; and the keeper was in the habit of putting his hand through the windward bars of the *chauffer* to steady himself while he supplied the fire with coals; so that in the direction in which it was most required, hardly any light was visible. Irregularity of light is a greater source of danger than the total absence of a beacon: a fact which was disastrously illustrated by the loss of H.M. ships 'Nymphen' and 'Pallas,' on December 19, 1810, on the coast of Haddington, owing to the light of a limekiln having been mistaken for the coal fire of the isle of May.

About the year 1780 Mr. Thomas Smith, a merchant and shipowner of Dundee, who was also an ingenious mechanic, directed his attention to the improvement of lighthouses, by substituting lamps provided with mirrors for the open fire. In 1786 the Chamber of Commerce, after considering a plan laid before them, resolved 'that while they allowed much ingenuity to Mr. Smith's suggestions, they were of opinion that a coal light should be continued.' In 1811 an apparatus invented by Mr. Robert Stevenson was introduced at the Bell Rock lighthouse, as to the excellence of which Mr. David Stevenson, with a well-becoming filial pride, cites the testimony of the Astronomer Royal, Sir W. Airy, in 1861. After having visited the lighthouses both of Britain and of France, Sir William says ('Report of the Royal Commission on Lighthouses,' 1861, p. 86), with regard to the parabolic reflectors in use in the lighthouse of Girdleness, in Aberdeenshire: 'I remarked in them that, by a simple construction, which I have not seen elsewhere, great facility is given for the withdrawal and safe return of the lamps, for adjusting the lamps, and for cleaning the mirrors.' He adds at the close of his report: 'It is the best lighthouse that I have seen.'

In 1811 a Commission on lighthouses was appointed in France, and at the request of M. Arago, who joined the Board in 1813, MM. Fresnel and Mathieu were associated with him in conducting the necessary researches and experiments. In September 1822, the Commission adopted a report drawn up by Admiral de Rossel, which contained a programme for the lighting of the entire seaboard of France on the system invented by Fresnel. In a paper 'On Optical Apparatus used in Lighthouses,' by Mr. James T. Chance, which was read at the Institution of Civil Engineers on May 7, 1867, it is stated that at that time, out of 49 sea-lights proposed in the Report, only two had been modified in their character; and the employment of metallic reflectors for sea-lights in France had been reduced to

the single instance of a secondary lighthouse at Pontaillac, near the mouth of the Gironde.

The improvement, which will be ever honourably associated with the name of Augustin Fresnel, consisted in the substitution of glass refractors for metallic reflectors, or, as it is called, of the dioptric for the catoptric system. Buffon, in 1748, had proposed to form a lens *à échelons* out of a solid piece of glass, for the purpose of a burning-glass; and Condorcet, in 1788, had improved on Buffon's idea (which had probably been suggested by the tradition of the burning mirrors employed by Archimedes) by suggesting that the burning-lens should be constructed of separate rings. Fresnel was the first to apply the lens effectively as a lighthouse instrument. His lens is plano-convex, a form probably first adopted for the sake of facility of execution, but which is also the best shape for optical reasons. The only spherical surface in the lens is that of a central disc. This is surrounded by concentric rings, of which the outer or convex surfaces are annular, the arcs being so small as to cause convergence of the light towards or divergence from the same central point, which is that in which the lamp is placed. Fresnel's first compound lens was 30 inches square, subtending an angle of 45 degrees with the focus, both vertically and horizontally, the focal distance being 36·22 inches. The lens now used in a light of the first order has the same horizontal extent, but subtends 57° vertically, so that the emerging rays form a parallel beam occupying about 47·7 per cent. of the whole luminous sphere.

For a complex dioptric apparatus of so admirable a nature a more powerful flame than any which had at that time been produced was requisite. MM. Arago and Fresnel, availing themselves of an idea of Count Rumford, succeeded in constructing a lamp on the principle of the Argand burner, but containing four concentric annular wicks, between and within which the air was admitted to feed the flame. Oil was supplied to these wicks by a pump, on the principle to which Carcel gave his name. The constant overflow of the oil, and the proper regulation of the ingress of cool air, prevent the too rapid volatilisation of the oil and the deposit of carbon on the wick. The combustion thus produced is so perfect that an equal quantity of oil produces a greater amount of light when burned in the four-wicked lamp than if it were burned in separate Argand or Carcel lamps. Thus, if the French unit of light be adopted, which is that of a Carcel lamp 20 millimètres in diameter, burning 40 grammes of colza oil per hour, it is ascertained that the four-wicked lamp will give the light of 23 Carcel lamps, with the consumption of 760 grammes of oil per hour—a quantity which would only feed 19 independent lamps; thus giving an increase of efficacy of more than 21 per cent. Thus the burner which for so many years has been successfully adopted in France is the production of the combined skill and ingenuity of a group of inventors. The idea of the multiple burner was that of Count Rumford. To make it feasible it was necessary for Argand to contribute the double current, Lange the constriction of the glass chimney, Carcel the mechanism for the abundant supply of oil, and Arago and Fresnel the combination of these several independent improvements.

The Fresnel system was introduced into Scotland by the late Mr. Alan Stevenson, who placed the first dioptric fixed light displayed on the British coasts on the Isle of May lighthouse in 1856; the Commission of the Northern Lighthouses thus having been in advance of the Corporation of the Trinity House in introducing this valuable invention into Great Britain.

A further intensity in the useful beam of light has been produced by the combination of reflection with refraction. There is a limit beyond which the latter mode of deflecting light becomes wasteful for optical reasons. It occurred to Fresnel to employ reflecting zones above and below the refracting belt of a fixed light. Mr. Alan Stevenson, however, was the first to apply horizontal zones to a dioptric apparatus of large dimensions. He introduced them in the lower portion of the revolving light fixed at Skerryvore, where they were for the first time in use in February 1843. The apparatus was made by M. François Soleil, of Paris. In 1849 Mr. Thomas Stevenson proposed the application of reflecting prisms which should have a lenticular action, the counterpart of that of the dioptric lens. These prisms were first introduced by Messrs. Stevenson in Horsburg lighthouse, near Singapore, where the light was first thus shown to the mariner in October 1851. Those of our readers who wish for further details as to the catadioptric lights, as they are termed, as to the parabolic metallic reflectors, which are still employed in nearly half of our sea lights, or as to the azimuthal condensing system of Mr. Thomas Stevenson, will find much information on the subject in Mr. Chance's able but wholly technical paper.

It is highly instructive, as showing how necessary it is to add the most careful su-

pervision of practical inspectors to the most perfectly executed apparatus, to add a statement made by Admiral Ryder, a member of the Royal Commission on Lights, on the occasion of the discussion of Mr. Chance's paper. The Island of Bermuda is beset by dangerous rocks. It is provided with a first-class revolving dioptric light, and it is most important that this light should do its duty thoroughly. At a considerable distance from the island the Admiral duly sighted the light. But, to his surprise, when he had anchored in the basin, at a distance of four miles from the lighthouse, no flash was visible from the deck of the 'Hero,' the line-of-battle ship which he commanded. His eye was then about 34 feet above the level of the sea; and it was not until a height of 80 feet was reached by a midshipman, who was sent up the rigging for that purpose, that the flash was properly seen. The Admiral visited the lighthouse, and found that the keeper prided himself on the small quantity of oil which he burned. The result was the production of a paltry little flame, of not more than an inch and a half in height, the best part of which was considerably below the focus of the burner, so that the beam of light was directed upwards, and only became visible at a considerable distance. The lamp was raised $\frac{8}{8}$ths of an inch, and the keeper directed to burn as much, instead of as little, oil as possible: and as soon as this was done a splendid flash was seen from the deck of every vessel in the basin.

We have spoken of the construction of light-towers, and of the successive improvements made in the protection and in the direction of the light. The advance made in the mode of producing the light is not less marked, and it has recently made a giant's step. Until late in the last century, as we have seen, wood or coal fires were employed for the beacons of the mariner. In 1696, tallow candles were adopted in the first Eddystone tower, and about 1763, rude flat-wick oil-lamps, combined with reflectors made of small facets of silvered glass, were employed at the Liverpool lighthouses, at the suggestion of William Hutchinson, a master mariner of that port. The cylindrical wick, admitting air to the interior of the flame, was the invention of Argand, a native of Geneva, and dates about 1780. We have seen how the simple Argand has been displaced by the concentric fourfold wick of Augustin Fresnel. Coal gas was proposed as a source of light for lighthouses in 1823 by Signor Aldini, of Milan. In 1865 it was applied to the lighthouse at Howth Bailey, in the Bay of Dublin, and subsequently to seven lighthouses on the Irish coasts. Since 1872 it has been on trial at the Haisbro' lighthouses, on the coast of Norfolk. In 1837 the invention of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, called the Bude Light, which is produced by the admission of oxygen gas to a flame derived from the combustion of fatty oils, was tried at the Orford lighthouse. Its intensity was found to be two and a half times that of the lighthouse oil flame of the same dimensions, but the increased cost was such as to prevent the adoption of the plan. The Drummond, or lime, light was tried at the South Foreland lighthouse in 1862, but the results were not such as to lead the Trinity House to adopt it, in spite of its great intensity. The attempt made by Nollot to utilise the discovery made by Faraday in 1831, that a magnet could be made to produce a current of electricity by decomposing water by means of a magneto-electric machine, in order to produce the oxygen and hydrogen required for the lime light, led to the construction by Holmes of the first magneto-electric machine of sufficient power to produce electric light of intensity adequate to the purpose of lighthouse illumination. Trials of the machine of Holmes were made under the direction of Faraday, who was scientific adviser to the Trinity House, in 1857; and on December 8, 1858 (which, by a curious coincidence, is the fête day of the great Protectress of the mariner in Roman Catholic countries), the electric light, produced by permanent magnets, was first shown on the sea from the South Foreland lighthouse. Thus was the magnet employed, not only to furnish a guide to the course of the mariner by the phenomena of polarity when carried on board ship, but also to warn him of the hidden danger of the shore by the conversion of its subtle agency into light.

The lamp or burner used by Holmes or by Farraday was designed by Dubosc, and the carbons were maintained at their proper distance by hand. In 1847 Staite invented a lamp in which the upper carbon was caused to descend towards the lower carbon, which was fixed, by a combination of electric agency and of clockwork. Serrin produced the first complete automatic lamp for alternating currents.

In 1862 a Holmes lamp was fixed on the Dungeness lighthouse, replacing eighteen sperm-oil lamps, which had been substituted for a coal fire in 1792. A small dioptric apparatus of the sixth order was provided, in place of 21-inch paraboloidal reflectors. The early experience of the light was disconraging. Frequent interruptions occurred: and the old oil lamps had occasionally to be

relighted. The cost was almost exactly three times that of the oil light. But if the quantity of light emitted was taken as the basis of comparison, the cost of the electric light was only 11 per cent. more than that of the oil flame.

No further steps were taken by the Trinity House for the introduction of the electric light until 1866, when favourable reports were received from the French lighthouse authorities as to the satisfactory working of the system for the two fixed lights at Cape la Hêve, established respectively in 1863 and 1865. In consequence of this information, under the advice of their engineer, Mr. James Nicholas Douglass (from whose communication to the Institution of Civil Engineers in March 1879 we take the above mentioned details), the Trinity House obtained a pair of Holmes's improved machines, with a pair of 5-horse power condensing steam-engines to drive them, as well as a dioptric apparatus for fixed lights of the third order, for a new lighthouse about to be erected on Souter Point, between Sunderland and Shields. The apparatus was sent by the Trinity House to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and the light was exhibited every evening on a scaffolding 120 feet high, from a cylindrical lantern of 10 feet diameter. In 1870 the lighthouse was completed; and the electric light was first exhibited from it in January 1871. The cost of this light, taking equal units of quantity for comparison, proved only 43·6 per cent. of that formerly incurred at Dungeness. The South Foreland lighthouses were lighted by electricity in January 1872, and the Lizard lighthouses in March 1878.

In France, according to the information given to Mr. Douglass by M. E. Allard, Director-General of the lighthouses of France, the south lighthouse of Cape la Hêve was first lighted electrically in December 1863, and the northern lighthouse in September 1865. In February 1869 a flashing electric light, showing a white flash at intervals of thirty seconds, was displayed at Cape Grisnez. The five lighthouses already mentioned in this country, and three in France, are all in which the electric light has yet been established, with the exception of one at Odessa and one at Port Said. But a new electric lighthouse is in course of erection on the Isle of Planier, opposite Marseilles, which is expected to be lighted this year; and the Commissioners of French Lighthouses have decided that the Palmyre lighthouse, at the mouth of the Gironde, shall receive the electric light. M. Allard states as his opinion that this system will be extended to a great number of lighthouses on the coast of France.

If the views now advocated by Dr. Siemens and Sir W. Thomson as to the transmissibility of the electric current in large quantity be found practically available, the application of the electric light to lighthouse illumination will receive an extraordinary stimulus, as the motor power can, in that case, be exerted on the land.

The scheme proposed by the first French Lighthouse Commission, as we learn from a little pamphlet on group-flashing lights, which was published in 1875 by Dr. Hopkinson, admitted but three distinctions, viz. fixed lights, and revolving lights with flashes at the intervals of 60, or of 30, seconds. At present, the French system comprises quick-flashing lights, revolving lights with red flashes alternating with white, and fixed lights varied by flashes. Of the last there are now twenty-three on the French coasts. The requisite qualities of a good light are thus indicated by Dr. Hopkinson. The characteristic appearance of the light must be maintained at all distances, and in all states of the weather in which it can be seen at all. The distinctions between neighbouring lights should be as simple and easy to apprehend as possible. In cases of variable lights the light must not be too long obscured; the duration of the flash should be enough to allow of taking the bearings of the light; and the successive phases should be passed through in a reasonable period of time. To this it may be added that the introduction of red light, where equally good distinction can be otherwise obtained, is objectionable on the ground of economy. The loss of illuminating power, in passing through the medium which arrests all but the red rays, is stated by Dr. Hopkinson at 63·66 per cent. If red and white flashes are combined, the portion of light devoted to each flash must be such that they shall have equal penetrating power. Thus considerable complication in arrangement is involved by the introduction of the red flash.

The final touch, so far as we have as yet advanced, to the self-distinguishing action of the lighthouse, has been put by Sir William Thomson, to whom telegraphy is already indebted for that imponderable scale beam which is formed by the refraction of a pencil of light from a slowly travelling mirror. Sir William has introduced the best form of alphabetic indication which has already superseded the more ancient types handed down to us, through the Greeks and Romans, from the Phœnicians—namely, the Morse Code. The extreme simplicity of the combination of two movements, whether of light or of sound—one short and one long—to indicate

letters, is such as to approach the limit of conceivable excellency. The flashes of a lighthouse can be so combined, by the use of 30-second or of 60-second intervals, or of flashes of proportionate length of duration, as to telegraph perpetually through the darkness the initial letter of the name of the lighthouse. Thus an uninterrupted succession of short flashes would denote the letter E, the initial of the Eddystone. Three short flashes, followed by a longer interval of obscuration, would show S, for Skerryvore. A long flash, followed by three short ones, would give B, for the Bell Rock. In this mode, if more than one initial was signalled where there might otherwise be any doubt, every lighthouse in the world might be made to announce, not only its presence, but its name, to the mariner.

The object of Sir Travers Twiss, in a paper read at the Seventh Annual Conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, has been to advocate international conventions for the maintenance of sea lights. Scanty notices are found in writers on public law on the subject of lighthouses. Vattel, Sir Travers Twiss tells us, is silent on the subject. Azuni, writing in Italian in 1795, and G. F. von Martens, in a German treatise on the Law of Nations in 1796, deal briefly with the subject, following the views of Grotius, to the effect that it is within the right of all maritime States to require all vessels which enter their ports, or trade on their coasts, to contribute towards expenses necessary for maintaining the safety of the navigation.

The most recent indication of that common consent of civilised nations which is the foundation of public law, is afforded by the European treaty, under which Denmark has renounced her long-established practice of levying tolls upon all vessels passing through the Sound and the two Belts. The claim was a legacy of the Middle Ages. It rested on immemorial prescription, of which evidence is to be found in treatises written in the fourteenth century. It is not clear whether the origin of the practice is to be traced to the assertion of sovereign rights over the narrow passages between the North Sea and the Baltic, or whether it was regarded as a contribution towards the expense of maintaining the safety of navigation. In any case, the general treaty of Copenhagen of March 15, 1857, records the assent of the signatory Powers to the doctrine that it is the international duty of the State which controls the sea passages into the Baltic to maintain an efficient system of lighting the coasts and channels. Sweden, by a special treaty of even date, has engaged to maintain all lights necessary to facilitate the entrance into the Cattegat; and Denmark has guaranteed the vessels of the signatory Powers of the treaties of Copenhagen from any charge on that account.

The lights on the sea coasts, lake coasts, and rivers of the United States are maintained out of an annual appropriation made by Congress for that purpose. As much as thirty years ago, it appears from a correspondence between the United States Minister, Mr. Abbot Lawrence, and Viscount Palmerston, the Federal Government maintained 270 lighthouses, 30 floating lights, and 1,000 buoys, besides fixed beacons. Since that date the number of these aids to navigation has been largely increased, especially on the Pacific coasts; and no tax or rate is imposed on the vessels making use of the ports or harbours for light dues. On the other hand, Turkey has farmed to a French company its light dues, and the Egyptian Government levies light dues on vessels navigating the Red Sea. China, since 1860, has made steady progress in the lighting of her coasts. No separate light dues are imposed; but all foreign vessels pay the same tonnage dues each time they enter a Chinese port, while coasting vessels pay them only once in three months. Japan, on the contrary, has followed the example of the United States of America, and makes no charge upon foreign vessels for lighting the intricate navigation of her coasts. A common tariff convention was entered into, on June 25, 1866, between Japan, Great Britain, France, the United States of America, and Holland, which contains an article binding Japan to light all those of her ports which are open to foreign trade. Half a million sterling has been spent by Japan in fitting up lighthouses and light-vessels, in pursuance of this treaty, during the seven years ending in 1875. The list and description of the lighthouses of the world occupies 168 closely-printed pages, with some twenty-five entries on each page.

The need of common accord between the maritime nations for lighting all points dangerous to navigation, whatever may be the sovereignty of the adjacent shores, is illustrated by this learned writer on the 'Law of Nations' by the case of the entrance to the Gulf of Aden. At present, after losing sight of the English light on the Isle of Perim, or of the English light at Aden (as the case may be), the great ocean steamers that have come through the Suez Canal, and are eastward bound, can sight no lighthouse before they see the English light on Cape Comorin, or the English lights on the southern end of Ceylon. In the highway between the two lighted points lies the dangerous

island of Minicoy, one of the Laccadive group, on which one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers has already been wrecked. A light is greatly wanted on Minicoy Island; and it will be necessary that the light-tower shall have a lofty height, so as to overtop the cocoa-nut palms which are cultivated on that Island. Further eastward the unlit coasts of Torres Straits and the Arafura Sea are 'dotted with dangers,' and are traversed by English, French, Dutch, and German vessels. To the need of international concurrence for this object Sir Travers Twiss very cogently refers.

That the Sultan of Morocco and Fez should have exchanged his former evil fame for causing the terrors of the Barbary coast for the credit of the discharge of the duty of lighting the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, is one of those remarkable incidents which accentuate the advance of civilisation in the past three hundred years. A treaty was signed at Tangier in 1865 between the Sultan of Morocco and Fez, and Great Britain, France, Austria, Belgium, Spain, the United States of North America, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, and Sweden. Under this treaty his Sheriffian Majesty has ordered the construction at his own expense of a lighthouse at Cape Spartel, providing a military guard for the same. The contracting Powers contribute each 60*l.* per annum for the support and administration of the light, the establishment for which is under the direction of their representatives. If by similar means a lighthouse were to be erected to the north of Galeta island, off the coast of Tunis, the Mediterranean highway to the East would be well lighted up. Sir Travers Twiss adds, in a note, the information that the French and the Tunisian Governments have concluded an agreement for the erection of a lighthouse on the island of Galeta; and that a lighthouse, for which certain dues are charged upon all vessels entering the Tunisian ports, has been erected at Cape Bon by the Bey of Tunis. A scheme for supplying further lights in the Red Sea, between the iron lighthouse on the Daedalus Shoal and the English light on the isle of Perim, is under the joint consideration of the English and the French Governments.

It seems clear that, of the three modes which have been successively introduced for the maintenance of lighthouses, the last is that to which the mariner will look forward with most confidence for the indication of danger in yet unlighted seas. The most ancient assertion of Public Law on the subject sanctioned the levying of tolls on all vessels entering the ports of a State which itself undertook the responsibility of lighting its own shores. On the coasts of the United States and of Japan, and under the British flag in the Bahama Islands, and at Cape Pembroke in the Falkland Islands, lights for which no charge is levied on the shipping are maintained by the respective Governments. The Cape Spartel Convention establishes a new point of departure. It is most desirable that the example should be so followed as to point out the dangers of the shoal water coast of Zanzibar, of the Mozambique channel, which is swept by a strong current, and of the course to the eastward of Madagascar for the islands of Réunion and of Mauritius.

While the optical and photogenic inventions which have been so successfully applied to some of the most important sea lights of France and of England, of which we have thus offered a brief notice, form a subject of the deepest interest for the scientific reader—full as the history of the past is of yet brighter promise for the future—it is the record of the manly fortitude and gallant struggles of the engineer with one of the mightiest powers of nature that throws around the sea towers a halo of romance. The very spirit of the Sea-kings might have inspired the builders of the sea towers of Aberbrothock and of Skerryvore. Nor do the pages of fiction contain many scenes more stirring than are the simple accounts, given by more than one of a remarkable family of lighthouse builders, of the great pains and perils undergone by those who undertake the noble duty of converting the hidden rocks and shoals of our coasts into the support of the best safeguards of the mariner from the dangers of our shores.

We feel compelled to make room for a reference to a long and important letter, from Sir William Thomson, to the 'Times,' which has been published since the preceding pages were in type. Returning from a cruise of ten days on board her Majesty's ship 'Northampton' in the English Channel, Sir William writes to express the renewal of his conviction as to the need of a threefold reform in our lighthouse system. On two of these items of reform we have above spoken. We have shown the disadvantages attending on the use of coloured screens, owing to the positive loss of light incurred. To this Sir William adds the caution that some 4 per cent. of our population are affected with colour-blindness. He proposes the abolition of all coloured lights, and the full carrying out of that beautiful method of indicating the initial letter of the name of every light by the Morse system of dots and dashes with which his name will ever be indissolubly connected.

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But the point on which the advice of Sir William Thomson, given in a graphic dictum which has the very flavour of the salt water in its earnestness, is chiefly now to be re-echoed, is that of the rapidity to be given to the revolution of changing lights. He recently sighted the Wolf, and had come to the conclusion that the speed of revolution was enough, when he discovered that the quickness was the result of irregularity. In fifteen periods the intervals varied from 19 to 40 seconds, or from a third less to a fourth more than the time announced in the lighthouse notices. The distinctive value of a definite period in a revolving light is almost annulled by such irregularities as these. 'Except in one unimportant case—the Dungeness low light, which flashes every five seconds—all the revolving lights of the English Channel are too slow, and it would be an unspeakable improvement if, with that exception, every one of them had its speed sextupled.' We fully concur in Sir William Thomson's statement that the seafaring world ought not to be allowed to suffer from delay in gaining a great benefit, and are glad to have the opportunity of calling attention to his advice.

Art. VII.—*Russia before and after the War.* By the author of 'Society in St. Petersburg.' Translated from the German by Edward Fairfax Taylor. 8vo. London: 1880.

The world is full of storms and portents, and we know not in what quarter of the globe the eye can rest with confidence upon a scene of prosperity and peace; but amidst these elements of disturbance and of dread none are so astonishing as the forces which appear to be rending the fabric of the Russian Empire. There we see despotism driven to desperation by its own weapons of mystery and crime—a sovereign who, not long ago, was supposed to be venerated as a superior being by his subjects, tracked by assassins like the tyrants of old—crimes of abominable ferocity undetected and unpunished by an omnipotent police—the chief cities converted into gaols, and a whole empire under military law—wild theories of revolutionary violence, not proceeding from an ignorant populace, but permeating the more educated classes of society—a degraded clergy and a superstitious Church exercising no moral control over the people—a colossal military force not directed by adequate intelligence—a corrupt administration, intemperate reformers, and a discontented nation. Well might it be said by the provincial delegates of Tchernigoff in their address to the Emperor (although the passage was struck out by the governor of the province): 'It is an illusion to think that anarchical ideas can be destroyed by measures of violence. These ideas live and flourish so long as they find a favourable soil, and the persons whom it is attempted to suppress are replaced by others.' How has the state of Russia come to this pass? What will be the upshot of it? These are questions of extreme interest, not only to Russia, but to mankind. They are answered and explained to a considerable extent by the author of the volume now before us, and its appearance at the present time is an event of no common importance.

Some few years ago Mr. Mackenzie Wallace gave us an Arcadian picture of Russian village life which was received with much favour by the British public, though we took occasion to remark at the time that he appeared to us to have misconceived the true character of the Russian *mir*, which is not an institution of liberty but of despotism, and that he had omitted to notice the fundamental conditions of the Russian problem—the court, the army, the finances, and the administration. The author of the work now before us speaks with far wider sources of information and with higher authority. Himself a Russian (though, as we infer, from the Baltic provinces, and writing in German); educated at the University of St. Petersburg, and practically acquainted with the strange training of Russian youth; familiar with the society of St. Petersburg, as he has shown in a former volume, and a shrewd judge of character speaking from personal knowledge of the leading characters of the day; himself alike opposed to absolutism and to revolutionary theories, we have here the most competent witness whom we have yet had occasion to examine; and we believe that no book has yet appeared which can gratify to an equal extent the curiosity of the public as to the state of feeling in Russia, and as to the effects of the late war on the Russian nation and its Government. The author remains, for obvious reasons, unknown; but we have ascertained from the best sources that full reliance may be placed on his accuracy and good faith. A writer well acquainted with the Russian language has now numerous sources of information not accessible to us. Considerable freedom has been conceded to the press, and the leading Russian journals are written by men of great ability, who are, in

fact, the leaders of the opposition. Within the last twenty years an entire Russian literature of memoirs has arisen, and two monthly periodicals devote their columns to the publication of State papers, old letters and diaries chiefly revealing the dark side of former days. Light, in short, has broken in. It is from these materials that the author of the book before us has compiled the earlier chapters of his work, which treat of the last two generations of Russians since the death of Catherine. He describes in vivid terms the inconceivable abasement of Alexander I. before a fanatical monk; the polished type of the old Russian nobility in the person of Prince Wjäsemski, a man of taste, culture, and good feeling; the brutal type in the person of Ismailoff, the 'Nestor' of Griboyedoff, who tyrannised over his peasants for seven-and-twenty years (down to 1827), immured them in dungeons, and chaffered human beings for a brace of greyhounds; and the opulent Muscovite in the person of the Jakovleffs, from whom sprang Herzen, afterwards editor of the 'Kolokol,' that Bell, or rather tocsin, which first rang the knell of despotism in Russia, but which also, unhappily, undermined all belief in things human and divine. These sketches are extremely amusing, and we commend them to our readers, for they are entirely founded on memoirs written by those persons themselves, or on official documents. They show, too, how

'Fecunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos:
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.'

But our space is limited, and we must confine ourselves to matters of more direct interest in the present state of affairs.

The Nihilists, or the party of social revolution, who may be said to form a vast conspiracy which has fastened like a cancer on Russian society, including in it devotees of all ranks, even the highest, must not be confounded with the National party, or the Slavophils, which is animated by a more generous enthusiasm, and has carried away a vast number of adherents in the army, among the younger civil officials, and the clergy, and even the mercantile class. Both these parties are in opposition to the Government, but the former is organised for revolution, the latter for reform; the former conspires with marvellous secrecy, has all the character of a Vehmic tribunal, acts by terror, and scruples not to commit and to avow any crimes; the latter appeals openly to the nobler aspirations of the people, and, though some of its objects and much of its language are extravagant and pernicious, it would be unjust to confound its patriotic chiefs with the assassins and incendiaries who are carrying on a clandestine warfare against society. The Nationalists were the authors of the late war: they succeeded, after a year of agitation, in conquering the strong repugnance of the Emperor and all his ablest ministers to engage in that conflict; in fact, they created a tide of popular feeling which was too strong for the Government. The Nihilists cared little for the war, except in so far as they foresaw that it weakened the authority of the Government, exhausted its resources, laid bare its corruption, and opened the sluice-gates of revolution, whether by victory or by defeat. Yet by these two parties, sometimes acting in the same direction, though not in concert, and with different ends, Russia has been impelled along a course absolutely contrary to the intentions of her official rulers, and which may lead to self-destruction. The type of the Nihilist party in the volume before us is Michael Bakunin, that of the Nationalists Prince Tcherkasski. They deserve to be better known to Europe.

Michael Bakunin, like most of the champions of Russian Radicalism, belonged by birth and education to the ruling class. He was born in 1814 of an ancient Boyar family settled in the Government of Twer. His education was conducted in the School of Artillery at St. Petersburg, but his military career was a short one, for at twenty-two he retired to Moscow to live on his private income. There he found a congenial society of young men, who, oddly enough, discovered 'the Algebra of Revolution' in the philosophy of Hegel, then the dominant professor at Berlin. Herzen (who was one of the party) declared that 'this philosophy was essentially Socialistic, and makes men free in a way that no ordinary teaching does, for it leaves no stone in Christendom unturned.' Attracted by the influence of this luminary (though Hegel himself had been dead nine years), Bakunin went to Berlin, where he became an adept of the Hegelian sect, and, under the name of 'Jules Elizard,' began to propound his doctrines in the German 'Jahrbücher' of 1842. In the very first article the editor announces that 'the entire past of the Christian world had been rolled together and made a stepping-stone to the heaven of modern times,' that the 'exclusion of mankind from his earthly paradise had reached its term,' and that 'the universal effort to shake off the past was the sign that a new era had already been born.'

'"Have you not read," he says to the advocates of mediation, "the mysterious and

dreadful words, *Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité*, in front of the Temple of Liberty erected by the French Revolution; and do you not know and feel that these words mean the total annihilation of the existing world of politics and society?" Then, after treating of the Socialistic-religious associations in France and England, which "are wholly foreign and opposed to the present world of politics, and derive their life from sources altogether new and unknown to us," Bakunin concludes as follows:—"The air is sultry; it is charged with storms. Let us therefore cry aloud to our blind brethren, 'Do penance, do penance; the kingdom of the Lord is at hand!' To the Positivists we say, 'Open your spiritual eyes: let the dead bury their dead; and be convinced at last that the Spirit of Intelligence (*Geist*), the ever-young, the ever new-born, is not to be looked for among the ruins of the past.' Let us also put our trust in this everlasting Spirit, which destroys and annihilates only because it is the fathomless and ever-creating fountain of all life. The joy of destruction is also the joy of creation."

'That this rigmarole of senseless phrases and hollow abstractions could have appeared in 1842 in the most advanced German periodical of the time, and been lauded by its editor as the *ne plus ultra* of modern philosophical and political wisdom, is a fact too significant of the character of time and the mental development of Bakunin, to be passed by unnoticed. The half-educated ex-Lieutenant of Artillery, left to himself for years, had gone to Germany with the intention of submitting to revision a teaching received in a crude state from his friend Stankevitch, of repairing and compensating in the Western world of culture the defects of his youthful education, and of learning the aims and methods of those who had been named to him as the leading expounents of the civilisation of that time. And what had these heralds and representatives of culture, to whom the entire youthful generation of those days looked up with astonishment and awe—what had they to offer him? The same rubbish of mystic formulas, the same "Algebra of Revolution," with which he and his friends had wasted their time at Moscow; the same blind faith in the universal efficacy of subtle abstractions, which had deluded Herzen and Belinski into imagining that the true conception of the State had only to be proclaimed to be carried at once into practical effect. Not as a disciple, but as a friend and equal, had Bakunin entered the circle of those vain *doctrinaires*, who accounted themselves the forerunners of a new and better dispensation, and looked down upon the world of reality with as much arrogance as himself. It was the glory of this tyro of philosophy to have mastered the conceptions of religion, of nationality, and of history. His maiden effort was lauded as a masterpiece. The wild energy of his passion for destruction was admired as manly decision of character. His belief in the absolute truth of the Negative principle—the depositary, as he called it, of all intelligence—was strengthened into an article of faith. Was it to be wondered at, that with the firm resolve to give immediate and complete effect to his infallible theories, with "the light in front, and the darkness behind him," Bakunin went his own way, and soon pretended to give laws to and dictate the development of the world of culture, which he had just begun to be acquainted with, and of whose real nature he had scarcely even a superficial idea?'

From Germany Bakunin repaired to Paris, where he allied himself with Proudhon and the revolutionists then conspiring against the constitutional monarchy. The Russian Government watched him, and obtained his expulsion from France. But the Revolution of 1848 revived his wildest hopes. The following year was the jubilee of anarchy. Bakunin endeavoured to excite the Slavonic element to destroy the Austrian Empire; but being driven back into Saxony, he was the life and soul of the Dresden insurrection of May 1849. He was captured at Chemnitz, however, by the Prussian troops, and ultimately given up to the Emperor Nicholas in 1851, when he remained in the casemates of the dreaded Schlüsselburg, which lie below the level of the Neva, until he was released from his dungeon on the accession of the present Emperor in 1856, and banished to Eastern Siberia. There he lived as a penal colonist until 1859, when, having been allowed to reside in the territory of the Amoor, he effected his escape to Japan, and finally reached London in 1861, where Herzen, Ogareff, and other Russian refugees were organising the party of opposition to the Government. Bakunin became editor of the 'Kolokol,' which thenceforth assumed a far more intemperate and aggressive character.

'Once fairly settled in London, he announced his intention of devoting the remainder of his life exclusively to the task of revolutionising Slavdom. His language showed the same want of principle which had changed the cosmopolitan into a Panslavist, and the Panslavist into a champion of German revolution. "It is a bad thing," he wrote in a manifesto dated February 15, 1862, "to exercise one's energies in a foreign country. My experience has sufficiently taught me that neither in Germany nor France have I ever struck root. My fullest and most ardent sympathies will be directed, as before, to the liberation of mankind in general; but what remains to me now of life and activity I intend to restrict exclusively to the service of Russians, Poles, and Slavs. Of all Slav nationalities, that of Great Russia alone has understood how to preserve her nationality. Let us, therefore, banish the Tartars to the East, and the Germans to Germany. Let us be a free and purely Russian nation."'

Yet the first thing he did was to insult the organ of the clerical party in Russia, whose influence is so powerful over the people; and by advocating an entire rupture with all religion, culture, and order, the 'Kolokol' became the organ of pure Nihilism, which it had not been at first.

We collect in some measure, from a speech delivered by Bakunin to the International League at Berne, what are the leading tenets of this sect. He demanded *the abolition of the State as such;* the extirpation of all religion and of all hereditary rights; the absolute equalisation of all classes:—

'Communism I abhor, because it is the negation of liberty, and without liberty I cannot imagine anything truly human. I abhor it, because it concentrates all the strength of society in the State, and squanders that strength in its service; because it places all property in the hands of the State, whereas my principle is the abolition of the State itself. I want the organisation of society and the distribution of property to proceed upwards from below, by the free voice of society itself; not downwards from above, by the dictate of authority. I want the abolition of personal hereditary property, which is merely an institution of the State and a consequence of State principles. In this sense I am a Collectivist, not a Communist. . . . Give to all your children, from their birth, the same maintenance and education; then give to all men, so educated, the same social *status*, and the same means of providing for their wants by their own labour; and you will see that many of the inequalities, now considered natural, will disappear, because they are merely the effects of an unequal distribution of the conditions of development. Improve nature by society, and you will make all things, for all men, as equal as they can be—the conditions of development as well as those of labour—and you will exterminate many crimes, many follies, and many evils.'

After insisting on the necessity of extirpating all religion, he concludes:—

'To destroy religious superstition by means of education, societies, newspapers, and other methods of propagandism, is a sheer impossibility. Religion is by no means a mere aberration of the brain, but a protest of human nature and the human heart against the misery and the narrowness of the real world around us. Meeting here with nothing but stupidity, injustice, and wretchedness, man creates for himself a better world with the aid of his imagination. . . . Not until happiness and brotherhood are restored to earth, will religion have lost its *raison d'être*. An intellectual crusade will never destroy it; a social revolution is required for that purpose.'

In justice to the 'International' itself, it must be said that these extravagant views were not accepted by a large section of its members; and that the society which was about to regenerate mankind was soon bitterly divided against itself.

Bakunin, however, pursued his design of operating on the Slavonic population of Russia, and employed as his agent one Netchayeff, who turned out to be a swindler, and was at last convicted of murder. By such hands as these, tracts, in which the following passages occur, were extensively circulated:—

'National "robberdom" is one of the most venerable facts of Russian national life: he who does not understand or sympathise with it has neither understanding nor sympathy for our national life. . . . The Russian robber is the true and only revolutionist—no dealer in empty phrases and theories, no mere subverter of politics and class. The robbers who are scattered over the forests, steppes, and villages of Russia form a compact and single world—that of true Russian revolution. He who desires this revolution must repair to this world. Let us therefore take this road; let us throw ourselves among the people; let us join the insurrectionary tumult of peasants and robbers. . . . Leave the academies, universities, and schools; dismiss all thought of literature and science, which in their present form are simply official trammels intended to cramp and unman you. This is the opinion, this the counsel, of the best men of the West.' *

It would seem incredible that this atrocious trash should catch any ear amongst a civilised people. But the credulity of mankind is inexhaustible, and the fact is that these doctrines were eagerly accepted by hundreds of young students and officers in Russia, and that their wide-spread influence has been judicially proved on the trials of the Nihilists, and by the audacious crimes they have both openly and secretly committed. In 1877 one hundred and eighty-three Nihilists were brought to public trial. Within that time, we think, at least fourteen political murders had been committed or attempted, of persons in high official positions, and the incendiary fires in many provinces were counted annually by hundreds, and had destroyed millions of property.†

* Foremost among these authorities are the 'Catechism of Revolution' and the 'Missive to Russian Officers,' both of which preach the duty of political murder and the necessity of blind obedience on the part of the revolutionist to his superior.

† Respecting the fires which have occurred *during June alone of this year* (1879), the 'Official Advertiser' has the following:—Altogether there have been 3,501 fires, of which 930 arose from carelessness, 310 were caused by lightning, 508 by incendiarism, either proved or suspected, and 1,753 were due to causes unknown.

'Four years had passed since the trial at Moscow of Netchayeff, the murderer of Ivanoff, first unveiled to the eyes of the nation at large the intrigues of the Socialists and revolutionary Radicals; and this period the party of destruction had made use of with decided success. Over no less than thirty-seven provinces of the empire had the net been spread from St. Petersburg, by means of which the "people"—in other words, the proletariate in the towns and the peasants in the poorer districts—were to be drawn into the interest of the young enthusiasts, both male and female, who espoused the doctrines of Bakunin and Tscheraitchevski. But the Government meanwhile had laid their plans, and at length the swoop was made. On one and the same day, in May 1875, these revolutionary fanatics were seized, according to a prearranged scheme of the Third Section, throughout the limits and corners of the empire. Every class of society, and all the governments of Russia, with the exception of the Baltic provinces and Finland, had furnished its contingent. The main body of the accused, excepting those at St. Petersburg itself, came from certain provinces of the Volga, from Lithuania, and the south of New Russia. Most of them were the sons and daughters of small officials and village priests, and had been at the higher institutes of education. There were not wanting a few, however, who belonged to the high nobility, as well as some of the labouring classes. It was remarked, in particular, that numerous young Jews from Lithuania had taken part in the conspiracy.'

Ninety-nine of these prisoners were convicted. But the trial did the Government more harm than good. The impassioned eloquence with which men like Myshkin from Siberia, and Rabinovitch defended their wild principles, awakened public sympathy to such a degree that the presiding judge had to clear the court; and the jubilant acclamations of the public on the acquittal of Vera Sassulitsch, the murderess of General Trephoff, proved that the teaching of Bakunin had not been vain. He himself continued to reside in Switzerland, and to carry on thence his revolutionary propaganda until his death, which took place at Berne in 1878. It is impossible to doubt that the growth of revolutionary principles and crimes has sprung in Russia from this seed. It was here, and still is, a mortal struggle between secret societies and despotic force. The last declaration of the Czar, after the explosion at Moscow, was to the effect that the authors of these crimes must be exterminated. But as long as the curse of arbitrary power rests upon the Empire, and as long as that power is used to screen corruption, to pervert justice, to crush the people of Russia, and to attack her neighbours, the cause even of these mad Nihilists has an advantage over the cause of military despotism.

In a remarkable chapter on academical education in Russia, this writer attributes the diffusion of these anarchical doctrines mainly to the discontent and disaffection prevailing amongst professors and students; and he believes them to be very widely diffused indeed. Speaking of the attempt made last April to assassinate the Czar, he says:—

'As long as the present feeling of insecurity continues, and the students regard themselves as the ill-treated and suspected pariahs of the Government, they form a world by themselves, one vast conspiracy against existing order. Solovieff was no isolated specimen of a traitor; his sphere of action extended from St. Petersburg to the provinces south of the Volga; he carried on his intrigues for weeks in the towns and governments of Moscow, Novgorod, Nishni Novgorod, Vladimir, and Saratoff. Everywhere he met with friends and sympathisers, who not only encouraged but actively assisted him. He had connexions at his disposal which secured for him an entrance into the most various circles of society, provided for all his wants, and even procured for him the necessary false passports. He formed and dissolved such connexions by the hundred, without ever meeting with a single traitor or ever being troubled by the police. Wherever Solovieff discovered himself as a member of the secret conspiracy, he was at home; for everywhere there are unclassed students who are his born confederates. According to his statement there existed a vast number of "Radical quarters" at St. Petersburg, where the "comrades" periodically assembled. At Nishni-Novgorod friends are immediately at hand to nurse their fellow-conspirators who fall ill. On the estate of Voronino the revolutionists go in and out unmolested, and the smithy adjoining this property, which is well known as the trysting-place of revolutionary students, male and female, maintains a regular connexion with other workshops of the kind.'

And he proceeds to show, in a chapter of equal interest on female education, that similar extravagances have spread amongst the gymnasia for female students; and it is an undoubted fact that the misguided enthusiasm of women plays a large and active part in these conspiracies and crimes.

The party of the Nationalists, or Slavo-

The total damage amounts to over twelve millions of roubles; viz., more than two millions at St. Petersburg, one and a half millions at Uralsk, &c. These and many other statements are appropriated by Mr. Cauliffe-Owen, without the smallest indication of the source from which they are derived, in an article on 'Russian Nihilism,' in the last number of the 'Nineteenth Century.'

phils, is, as we have already observed, entirely distinct from, and in many respects opposed to, that of the Nihilists. The Nihilists aim at the destruction of the State; the Nationalists would increase and extend its power. The former seek to effect an internal social revolution; the latter, to crush all external elements by the paramount ascendency of an absolute military Slavonic power. The crimes which have recently afflicted Russia and astonished Europe were the work of the mysterious conspiracy of the Nihilists. The Russo-Turkish war was the work of the enthusiastic appeals of the Nationalists to the passions of the nation. But this party took its origin, and had made its influence felt long before, by a resolute attempt to root out of Russia whatever was not of a purely Russian character:—

'When the Moscow Slavophils, now forty years ago, first entered the public arena, they figured as a party of opposition. In the system of the Emperor Nicholas there seemed to be no place left for politicians who rejected the bureaucracy of that time, organised after the German pattern, and served in great part by officials and generals of German origin, and who, in their disgust with the nobility and the higher classes in general for their alleged desertion of national traditions, fixed their hopes on the "pure and uncontaminated peasantry," and demanded the abolition of serfdom. Men like Aksakoff, Kirejewski, Chomjäkoff, and others, of independent mind, and imbued with a genuine love of liberty, were not to be deceived by the *quasi*-National professors of the old *régime*. They declined, indeed, their assent, when the emperor designated the supremacy of the Greek Orthodox Church and the Russian language, and the expulsion of the Turks from the ancient Byzantium, as the respective objects of his home and foreign policy. But the means employed for the attainment of these ends were as distasteful to them as to their rivals the "European Liberals," with whom at first they were on so friendly a footing that Alexander Herzen used to call the Slavophils "*nos amis les ennemis*." The Government allowed these young enthusiasts to go on within certain limits, but regarded them in general with suspicion.'

The first efforts of this party of half democratic, half absolutist Russianisers, represented by one Chanykoff and Juri Samarin, were directed against the German polity and institutions of the Baltic provinces. The aristocracy of Livonia and Esthonia, who had given so many able servants to the Russian Government, were denounced, the municipal and provincial liberties invaded, the Lutheran Church persecuted.

'The legislative work, which had been directed to the reconstitution of the Baltic municipalities in conformity with the requirements of the time, to a representation of the Estates, and to the reform of the judicial system, was virtually annulled. Renewed efforts were made to enforce the use of the Russian language in the transactions of the Government authorities of the three provinces. It was attempted even to win over the rural proletariate to the Greek Church by the offer of a distribution of State property. The German press of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland was gagged by redoubling the severity of the censorship, whilst the anti-German diatribes of the Russian journals were sedulously encouraged. A number of Russian churches and schools were founded; the administration of Livonia (Esthonia and Courland came off much better in this respect) was placed in the hands of governors and high officials who were as incompetent as they were anti-German in sentiment; and all endeavours to maintain constitutional privileges were trampled down with unmerciful severity.'

The ill-judged Polish insurrection of 1863 afforded to the Nationalists a signal opportunity for the application of their theories to that unhappy country. The Government resolved to abandon the scheme of reconciliation elaborated under the auspices of the Polish Marquis Wielopolski, and entrusted for execution to the Grand Duke Constantine, as Viceroy of Poland, and to adopt the extensive plan which Milintin had proposed for the reorganisation of the former kingdom. A remodelling of agrarian regulations and of Polish administration was taken in hand, which aimed at removing the nobles and clergy, as political incorrigibles, from their historical position and the enjoyment of their property, and making the Russian domination over the 'province of the Vistula' rest upon the sympathies of the Polish peasant class, now suddenly converted into proprietors. The system of emancipation and reorganisation, so favourable to the peasants and so injurious to the nobles, which had been rejected for Russia, was applied to Poland in its harshest form, and Milintin, its author, was entrusted with its execution. He went to work with the zeal of a genuine fanatic. His first step was to put the most important offices into the hands of political volunteers, his friends and associates of 1859; to declare the Russification of Poland a holy mission; to exclude all Poles from any share in the administration of their country; and to get despatched to Warsaw whole troops of youthful devotees of the new gospel of Slavism. Of these one of the most zealous and prominent was the young Prince Tcherkasski, become suddenly an actual Councillor of State, Director of the Government Commission at Warsaw for

internal and ecclesiastical affairs, and a member of the Polish Council of State, now transformed into a Committee of Organisation. Miliutin, who afterwards received the office and title of Secretary of State for Poland, introduced the men in his confidence to their new offices, but returned, when this was done, to St. Petersburg, in order to promote his policy with effect, and to be able to meet the attacks which soon were made from all sides against this monstrous enterprise of converting a compact Polish country into a Russian province, and, in Tcherkasski's own words, of 'uprooting Latindom to replace it by a thoroughly Slav civilisation.'

We do not propose to follow our author into this part of his subject, but this occurrence is remarkable because it raised into notice an individual who was destined, twelve years later, to play a great part in Bulgaria. Prince Tcherkasski was a young man of fortune in St. Petersburg, descended from a Georgian family who had adopted the Slavophil ideas. When municipal institutions were granted to the Russian cities, the prince consented to be nominated for the mayoralty of Moscow; he was elected by a large majority, and in that capacity he had claimed and obtained precedency over the governor of the province.

'But beyond enjoying these pretentious externals of municipal representation, the good citizens of "Mother Moscow" were not intended to go. The new mayor treated his colleagues and subordinates so harshly and imperiously that angry quarrels and dissensions soon arose, which were well-nigh fatal to the working of the communal machinery. His predilection for corporal punishment, which not even the peasants' friend of 1859 and the democratic reorganiser of Poland was able to conceal, was an obstacle, in particular, to harmony. Even his friends and partisans were forced to shrug their shoulders when they heard that no word was so constantly on his lips as the old national, but long since unfashionable, rod (*Rozgi*).'

He soon afterwards resigned his civic office, which relapsed into the hands of the burghers for whom it was intended.

This, however, was the man who was designated by the Slav committees, even before the outbreak of the war, to be at the head of the administration of the provinces about to be wrested from the Turkish Empire. In November 1876, the military command of the army of invasion having been divided between the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael, Tcherkasski was named Chief Civil Commissioner, and a complete scheme of administration was expected of him for the territories about to be invaded. It will be observed that this was just *before* the Conference of Constantinople which met in December. The prince accepted the office on condition that he should exercise an undivided power and select all his own officers. His first act was to surround himself exclusively with young officers selected from the various regiments of the Guards—men totally ignorant of civil administration and of the people they were to govern. We shall now see from competent authority in what the Russian 'liberation' of the Bulgarians consisted.

'Even before the Imperial army had crossed the Danube (June 29, 1877), Tcherkasski's head-quarters were crowded with governors, vice-governors, and superintendents of districts for every part of Bulgaria, and with commandants and majors *de la place* for all the strongholds that lay between the Danube and the Bosphorus. All these rulers *in partibus*, ever since they had crossed the Roumanian frontier, drew enormous salaries and a liberal allowance of daily pay, which Bulgaria had to provide. Each governor drew 7,000 roubles, and had, besides that, a separate fund of from six to ten thousand roubles to dispose of, for which he was not required to account. The vice-governors had each 3,500 roubles, together with a similar fund in proportion. The superintendents of districts and heads of police had 2,500 roubles and another 1,500 roubles for travelling expenses. All these salaries were paid in hard gold; every official, moreover, had received in advance his military pay for the year, and (as had been the custom in Turkestan) a double allowance for travelling expenses. When doubts were expressed about the wisdom of saddling with such serious burdens the Bulgarians "whom they were about to liberate," the answer was forthcoming at once, that the Turkish pasha government, at any rate, had been still more expensive, and that the blessings of political liberty could not be purchased too dearly.

'Of the instructions promised to the officials of the civil administration, not one, at the outbreak of the war, was ready. Tcherkasski, as the hero of the "system" and a connoisseur in such matters, thought it necessary to collect at once "materials for the study of Bulgaria," and to have them worked up by a specially appointed commission for the use and behoof of his subordinates. But the contents of the work were limited to the translation of fragmentary extracts from a couple of foreign *brochures* which chance had thrown into the hands of the commissioners.

'Equipped with these materials, the young lieutenants and captains of cavalry, suddenly called upon to reorganise Southern Slavdom, went to work after the greater part of the territory, fixed upon as the scene of their exploits, had been occupied at the end of July by the Russian forces. The simplest thing, under these circumstances, would have been to maintain the existing institutions, to let the

Bulgarians govern themselves, nnd to be content with eontrolling this self-government, whieh, in its fundamental aspect, already prevailed. But to this Tcherkasski would not listen. Just as if it had been intended to make the very name of Russians hated hy those "hrethren" whom they came to free, the suprome eivil ndministrator played the part from the first of nn nhsolute master, who hnd come to model all he found after his own pattern. Even before the Russian troops had crossed the Danube, n deputation of Bulgarian notables, consisting chiefly of representatives of the so-called Young Bulgarian party, nrrived at Plojesehti, who solemnly weleomed the emperor and his generals in the name of the nation, and sought to unfold in detail their wishes and aspirntions. His Mnjesty and the old Prinee Gortchakoff received them with unusual aminbility, and honoured them with a long audience. Just as unamiable, not to say hostile, was the reception these gentlemen met with from Teherkasski. "In the most offensive terms," so an eye-witness relates, "they were told they mnst not faney they were there to represent the Bulgarian people. Bulgaria had no national assembly, nnd would not obtain any. In tones of downright menace he warned them to get rid at onee of any political chimæras of that sort. When one of the Bulgarians attempted to make a statement in reply, he was peremptorily stopped with the remnrk, 'We have no need of your wisdom. Yon hnve to listen and obey, not to argue.'"

'What followed was of a piece with this instructive beginning. Notwithstanding the pompous announcement at head-quarters of the institution of a new agrarian system nnd the abolition of existing taxes, throughout most of the occupied territory nn nrhitrary state of rule provniled, under which the Turks who remained behind and their Greek adherents found themselves mueh better off thnn the "liberated hrethren," whom the new civil administration addressed not in the Bulgarian but the Russian lnnguage, and in the Russlan manner of the old school, namely, with whip in hnnd. Among Tcherkasski's first measures, published already in the Imperinl proclamation, had been the promise that the tax paid by the Rayahs for exemption from military service and the tithes levied on all natural prodnets should he aholished "for ever." The news of this boon was still in everyone's mouth, when the eivil administration announced that the latter impost would continue to be levied for the present, wherever the Russian troops were, for the proper provisioning of the army. As the whole country bristled with soldiers, the promised blessing profited nobody. But the bad feeling aroused by this eounterordinance was universal, and was heightened to discontent and emhitterment, when after a month it was announced that the tithes would be levied not in natural produee, as before, but in hard cash, thnt is to say, in n form at once the most ineonvenient nnd oppressive to the landed tax-payers. The iniquity of this proceeding was crowned by the fact that its origin was not disguised, and thnt all the world was taught what Tcherkasski's much-vnunted energy and Independenee really meant. The levying of tithes in hard cash had been the work of the three great army eontractors Horwitz, Greger, and Kohan, who found it ineonvenient, as a matter of business, to eolleet the nnturnl products, and had used all their influence to bring about the chnnge.

'The same was the ease with the remodelling of the ngrarinu system and of the local communnl administration. Total strangers to their new position, and tormented with the fear that beneath the aspirations of the so-called Young Bulgarian party there might lurk the same revolutionary and Nihilist tendencies which they hnd hnd to eombat in their native country, the soldier-civilians of Tcherkasski's administration looked to the enforcement of striet diseipline and uneonditional obedience as the sum and suhstance of their mission. The imperious demeanour of their ehief, who hrooked no contradiction, and was bent on carrying through his radical "system" with all the means nnd appliances of absolutism, had deluded them into thinking that his ohjects would be better served hy a vigorous use of the Cossack's whip (*Nagaika*) than hy fulfilling the hopes of the Bulgarinn nation. "I feel as if I were stuek in nn enehanted wood," said a district superintendent to M. Utin; "I nm hurdened hy n mass of duties, without knowing how to perform them. My only comfort is, thnt it is the same with others; and thnt nobody really knows whnt he has to do, and what he mny do." "The best emancipation for the Bulgarians," said another, "is the *Nagaika*. I am quite nware that our brethren, as we call them, eannot endure me; but I am equnlly indifferent to their affection or their hatred. These people are good for nothing, and must be kept under striet discipline. They fear me now, nt all events, for they know that I let no misconduet escape me. Whoever does wrong has twenty-five lashes connted out to hlm; and then there is nn end of it." "What do I care?" said a third. "I insist thnt they shall live quietly and peaceahly with each other. The much-abused Turks do as I bid them and leave the Bulgarians at peace. I insist that the latter shall do likewise. Whoever stirs a finger against his neighbour, gets a taste of the *Nagaika*."

'With such a disposition among the numerous servants of the administration, it is not surprising that they proceeded very irregularly in dealing with the communal nnd agrarlan organisation, and repeatedly acted in direct opposition to the intentions of the government. In many parts the old rule of the *Tchorbadji* was simply retained as it was, and dignified with the name of the new organisation. In others, everything was senselessly and indiscriminately overturned, nnd a moh reign of terror was instituted, whieh, nfter the eatastrophe at Plevna and the evacuation of mueh of the newly occupied territory, was naturally followed by a fearful and hloody retrihution by the Turks.'

No wonder that the Bulgarians have been

somewhat deficient in gratitude to their 'liberators.' After the Turkish victories in the early part of the campaign, matters grew worse. As the Russians retreated, they left the Christian population behind without food or protection. The work of re-organisation was suspended, and the young officers of the Guard resigned in disgust. But after the fall of Plevna Prince Tcherkasski was allowed to resume his work precisely where he had left off, notwithstanding the indignation his proceedings had excited even in Russia.

'The most prejudiced and short-sighted of the Moscow patriots could not but acknowledge that this violent and despotic policy, carried on in Bulgaria in the name of the Slavish National cause, was entirely counter to all Russian as well as Slavish interests; besides creating the danger of bringing the Russian name into ill repute in the South Slavonic countries of the East, just as it had done in the countries of the former Poland and Lithuania. For the failure, moreover, notwithstanding all the efforts of a century, to bridge over the gulf between the Slavs of Great Russia, Lithuania, and Livonia, the differences of history and creed could be alleged as an excuse. But no such excuses could be alleged in the case of Bulgaria. And in Servia matters were already even worse. Here the crusade against Turkey in 1876 had been undertaken by Russians and Servians in common, and had ended in a common defeat, and painful quarrels between the leaders of the allies. What would be the result if the proverbially patient and pliant Bulgarians were likewise to renounce their friendship to Russia and declare her rule incompatible with the freedom and dignity of man? What prospect was left for the establishment of a great empire of the future, extending from the Volga to the Moldau, if every Russian attempt to restore a genuine National organisation was to end in failure and disunion between the liberators and the liberated? if that incapacity for establishing civil order, which the Novgorodians of 862 complained of to the Varagian chief, should be the epitaph on the grave of Slavo-Russian development?

. . . . . .

'The impression produced by these revelations upon the many admirers of the prince, who had hailed him as the pioneer of a new era of freedom and national development, can be gathered best from the following words of Stassulevitch: — "The example before us teaches us," he says, "that if our present Slavophils were suddenly to attain to power and influence in Russia, they would not be a whit more liberal than the men now in power, whom, as types of the 'St. Petersburg period,' they have criticised so severely. They would use exactly the same means—such as the employment of military persons for civil administration, the appointment of a large and costly staff, the suppression of all independence among those who are subject to their rule; they would resort, in a word, to absolutism pure and simple."'

Fortunately for all parties, about twelve weeks after the fall of Plevna, and on the very day the Treaty of San Stefano was signed, Prince Tcherkasski suddenly died; else he had been designated by the Russian Government for the office which has since been much more ably and honourably filled by Prince Dondoukoff. But the misery caused by these events to the wretched inhabitants of Bulgaria did not end with the war. The policy of extermination, of which some English fanatics were the advocates and Russia the executioner, has been but too fully carried out; and, even in the present distressed condition of the world, there is no suffering more severe than that which has been inflicted on the Greek and Mohammedan population of the Balkan provinces.

It is needless for us to repeat what excitement and enthusiasm impelled Russia to war. The traditional aspiration of centuries for the conquest of Byzantium, the vehement appeals of the Nationalist party to the sympathy of race, and, above all, the fanaticism of the Eastern Church, contributed alike to inflame the ambition of the nation.

'It is only since the close of the Crimean war, and the commencement of the new era ushered in by the accession of Alexander II., that Panslavist ideas have acquired a larger field for their display, and begun to play a part in politics. A real significance has been given to them only within the last few years. Even at this day the enthusiasm of Russians for their brethren of race beyond the frontiers of the empire is only a kind of pastime or plaything—a modern liberal garb for the ancient and deep-rooted interest which the orthodox nation really took in her orthodox brethren in the faith, and which the clergy —especially the monastic portion, who are imbued at the present day with Byzantine Ultramontanism—have consciously and intentionally nurtured. The first Slavophils themselves were ecclesiastical zealots, devotees of Byzantine patristicism, and enthusiasts for that form of ultra-orientalism which they called Russian civilisation. For these reasons they were little inclined to discriminate between the politico-national and the ecclesiastical conceptions of the Eastern question, or to recognise a contradiction of interests between the two.

'The Slavo-National idea, viewed as an independent factor in the Eastern policy of Russia, dates, as we have said, from very recent days. It is an additional impulse, but by no means the only one, to be taken into account when estimating the force of the movement which has agitated the Russian people since the summer of 1876. As regards the educated classes of society and the zeal

with which they have taken this agitation in hand, the solidarity of Slav interests is a matter, no doubt, of some importance. But the real strength of the popular movement is to be sought elsewhere; it lies in the ecclesiastical past of Russia.'

The war of 1853 was the act of the Emperor Nicholas; the war of 1877 was the act of the Russian nation. For the first time in their history, the Government was dragged reluctantly along by a popular movement, and the first deadly blow was dealt at autocratic authority. The cry of the Liberal party was—

'For Russia to be truly free and to direct her own destinies, she must follow the example set before her, and solve the Slav question as her peculiar interests dictated. "Russian life," they said, "has acquired a new meaning and purport. It can only acquire new forms by expanding itself to embrace the collective vitality of Slavdom. Thus only will Russia gain the power of stifling the elements of Romanism and Germanism which have invaded her frontiers, and of erecting on those frontiers a firm bulwark against the 'Eastern advance' of Germany, doubly dangerous since the victories of 1866 and 1870."'

The Emperor and his ministers saw the danger, but were incapable of resisting the force of the popular will. They capitulated in the celebrated speech delivered at Moscow on April 24, and shortly afterwards M. Aksakoff exclaimed:—

'Already beyond the Russian frontier is unfurled the national standard, raised to give back freedom and the rights of man to the orthodox peoples of the Balkan peninsula, whom Europe, so proud of her enlightenment, has enslaved, humbled, and despised. The slumbering East is now awakened; and not only the Slavs of the Balkans, but the whole Slavonic world, await its regeneration. A new epoch is approaching; the dawn of the great Slavonic day has at length begun to break.'

These sanguine hopes were somewhat dashed by the consciousness that Russia had no general capable of commanding a great army, and that the actual command was given to a Grand Duke, whose signal incapacity led to the catastrophe of Plevna. The revulsion in the public mind was terrible.

'Not only had the Russians been beaten in two great battles, and forced to remove their head-quarters from Tirnova to Biela, but the commander-in-chief had lost so completely all composure and self-confidence, that the assistance of the hated and despised Roumanians and the ill-treated Servians was invoked at his request. The Guards were ordered to the Danube, and, regardless of the urgency of harvest labour, the Government decreed an immediate calling out of the militia (*Opoltschénie*). The private letters from the seat of war contained still worse tidings than the newspapers. The cause of all these terrible reverses, they said, was neither a sinister combination of circumstances nor the superiority of the enemy. They were due solely to the incapacity and recklessness of the commander-in-chief. The "insane attempt against Plevna" had been arranged by the Grand Duke personally, against the advice of his most experienced officers, and although old General Krüdener had been down on his knees before him to dissuade him from the venture. Even then it was continued with criminal obstinacy for two whole days, notwithstanding the palpable impossibility of success. Blinded with immeasurable self-assurance before the repulse, and inaccessible to every objection raised against the premature assaults upon the stronghold, the Grand Duke after the catastrophe is said to have been the most disheartened of them all, and one of the accessories of the panic which revealed to the gaze of Europe the full extent of the disasters. The utter helplessness, confusion, mistrust, and mutual recriminations which prevailed throughout the army were openly ascribed to head-quarters. Those who had been as haughty and arrogant in the day of success as they were despondent in the day of adversity had infected all ranks with their vicious example.'

At Moscow the depression was even greater than at St. Petersburg. On the first news of these reverses, the establishment of a central Assembly of Delegates was mooted, to supervise the proceedings of the Government. One of the leading journals proved that a war so carried on must lead to bankruptcy, and it was a matter of general and painful regret 'that the Emperor should have let himself be persuaded to look, like a modern Xerxes from his imperial pavilion,' on this scene of bloodshed. It happens that we used the very same expression in this Journal at the time. It was thought severe; but the comparison appears to have occurred to the Russians themselves.

As the fortune of war varied, and the Imperial forces once more advanced, the tone of the public changed, and the Emperor was welcomed to his capital with demonstrations of joy. But they fell upon a dull and desponding ear. He felt that no bridge of retreat was left for reverting to the state of things abandoned by the declaration of war. The Czarewitch was in flagrant opposition to his father, and advocated a bold and resolute policy abroad and a searching reform at home. The Emperor longed for peace, and was seconded by Count Schonvaloff. Had his personal inclinations prevailed, a halt

would have been made at Adrianople, and negotiations quietly opened at Stamboul. But the time for such counsels was past. It was impossible to stop the march of the army; it was impossible to oppose the enthusiastic belief of all classes and all parties that the hour of final triumph had arrived. Ignatieff and M. Nelidoff were entrusted with the conduct of the peace negotiations, which were enveloped in a mystery offensive to the friendly Powers; and the Russian nation was left under the delusion that the last word had already been spoken about the future of Constantinople and the East.

The Treaty of San Stefano was the result. The first impression of that instrument in Russia was one of astonishment at its modesty and moderation. No one conceived it possible that the terms could be revised or modified. The only question was whether the army ought not for a time to occupy Constantinople. But these illusions were soon dispelled.

'The first bitter disappointment was prepared for Russia, now intoxicated with the prospect of certain triumph, by the appearance of the British fleet in the Bosphorus, and by the impression produced by this event at the head-quarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas. The "impossible" had come to pass. The army remained, as if rooted to the spot, outside the gates of that city which since the days of Igor and Oleg had never seen the face of a Muscovite invader. For months the Russian soldiers looked wistfully at the Mosque of St. Sophia, and dared not stretch out their hands to reach the Jerusalem of Slav orthodoxy and take possession of the inheritance of the Comneni. In the eyes of the Government the fear of intervention from the "despised West" outweighed the apprehension of wounding the popular spirit and neglecting the sacred traditions of the past. Aksakoff and his friends raged furiously, but in vain. They were forced to confess that the cause of Western civilisation was not yet defunct, and that the name of England had still some meaning in the world.'

We do not envy the feelings of any Englishman, of whatever party he may be, who can read these words from a Russian pen without a feeling of honest pride!

The subsequent proceedings of the Congress at Berlin raised to the highest pitch of exasperation the disappointment of the Nationalists. The Slavonic Benevolent Society declared that 'even the most malevolent enemy of Russia and her dynasty could not have invented anything more destructive to her internal peace and tranquillity. The authors of the treaty were the true Nihilists, men for whom there exists neither a Russia nor Russian tradition, no Russian nationality, no orthodox Church.' In some respects the accusation was true, for the profound discontent of the nation had destroyed all confidence in the Czar.

'The moment chosen for the declaration of war, the manner in which it was declared, the mode of preparation for the war, and the way in which it was conducted; the system of alliances relied on; the proceedings of diplomacy, beginning with its mouth full of big phrases, and ending by humbling itself in the dust—everything, in short, was said to have deceived the confidence and the trusting devotion of the nation. Everything had gone differently to what had been expected. No one seemed to have been left who was able to maintain authority. The foundations on which the *régime* of 1863–77 had rested were undermined as completely as the *régime* of Old Russia by the Crimean war. Close upon the conclusion of peace began the era of political assassinations and revolutionary plots. What had previously been whispered only in the circles of the *enragés* was now publicly proclaimed by the "Moscow Gazette." No attempt was made any longer to conceal the fact that the Treaty of Berlin had shaken the existing system of government to its very foundations. The consequences of the war recoiled upon the dynasty, of whom it was said that it neither wished for nor prevented the war; that it had neither the courage nor the capacity to begin it at the right time, to conduct it properly, or to break it off when the proper moment arrived.'

Having reached this climax, we stop. It would weaken the effect of it if we attempted to relate the details of defective organisation, cruel injustice, brutal inhumanity to the sick and wounded, broken contracts, scandalous depredation, and military incapacity, which gradually became known in Russia, and completed the disgust and humiliation of the nation. These things are related at length in the volume before us, and they will prove instructive to those who regarded the policy of Russia in a different light. Nothing certainly that has been said by any foreign writer approaches in severity to these extraordinary and authentic disclosures.

We cannot close these remarks without expressing the sympathy and compassion we feel for the Emperor Alexander II. We believe him to be upon the whole the most humane and right-minded ruler who has ever sat upon the Russian throne. But although he is animated by the best intentions, and said to be invested with absolute power, almost every act of his reign has turned against him, and he is now driven, in defence of his life, within the last entrenchments of despotism. A state of intolerable tension is the result, and it is not

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improbable that his reign may end by some catastrophe.

The author of this work has added to the English edition of it, now first published in a very vigorous and idiomatic translation, an epilogue in which he touches on the events of the last few months, especially on the conclusion of the Austro-German alliance, and on the renewed attempts on the life of the Czar. The Austro-German Treaty is primarily a measure of defence against Russia, and it is certain that the contingency of a Russian invasion of Germany is one which weighs upon the mind of Prince Bismarck, the more so as it might well let loose once more the armies of France. Against these dangers he has sought to provide. For the first time since the partition of Poland there is latent hostility between the partitioning Powers, and the presence of a large Russian army on the Vistula is a source of uneasiness both in Vienna and in Berlin. Russia herself is for the first time entirely isolated, even more so than she was during the Crimean war, and the simplest prudence would recommend her to renounce or suspend her aggressive and warlike policy, and to devote her whole power to the internal reforms of the Empire. But it is the almost insuperable difficulty of that task which constitutes the chief danger to the peace of Europe. Sooner or later it is impossible to doubt that some form of constitutional government, some check on the blind omnipotence of autocracy, will penetrate into Russia, and be established there. No other State in the civilised world is without it. She herself has agreed to establish it in the provinces which have been detached from the Ottoman Empire. The Russian people are at this hour less free than Roumanians, Bulgarians, and Greeks. This cannot last.

'If nothing is done,' says our author, 'to relieve the intolerable pressure of arbitrary rule, and to respond to the wishes for reform entertained by all Russians of sense and moderation; and if the Government persists in a foreign policy intended solely and incessantly to distract the attention of the National party towards abroad—then the only question to be decided, and to be decided very shortly, will be this: Whether Europe will live to see first the collapse of the old system of absolutism, and then a foreign war for the purpose of diverting the national mind, or whether a war is to come first (begun with the help of France), and the revolution is to follow at the news of the first defeat. Every day serves to illustrate more clearly the enormous ravages of discontent and internal decomposition, and yet nowhere in Russian society are the vestiges or symptoms of a reaction discernible. Even those who speak of a reaction do not believe in its possibility, and manifest by their conduct that the measure of the evils under which the nation groans is greater than the measure of those difficulties and disturbances which they think are to be feared from a violent overthrow of the present system.'

He holds, too, that the first use which emancipated Russian society would make of its liberty would consist in resuming the policy of Eastern conquest and declaring a war of revenge against the authors of the Berlin Treaty. Against this danger he principally relies on the Austro-German alliance, supported, as he hopes, by the firm resolution of England and her influence with France to protect the peace of the world. Such a combination of the central and maritime Powers might defy the attacks of revolutionary warfare, whether from the East or from the West; and whilst we desire nothing more cordially than to see the Russian nation advance in freedom and prosperity within its own frontiers, we trust that nothing will shake the determination of Europe to oppose its inveterate tendency to enlarge them. Meanwhile we again must strongly commend this book to our readers.

Art. VIII.—*Life and Letters of Gilbert Elliot, First Earl of Minto, from* 1807 *to* 1814, *while Governor-General of India.* Being a Sequel to his 'Life and Letters,' published in 1874. Edited by his Great-Niece, the Countess of Minto. London: 1880.

The publication, five years ago, of his 'Life and Letters' has made the first Earl of Minto one of the best-known to us of the public men of the great revolutionary period. That delightful work, however, did not deal with his administration as Governor-General of India, which was reserved for a separate publication. This has now been given to us by the hand of the same accomplished editor, and if it does not deal with scenes of such exciting interest for English readers as those which describe English political life during the stormy and eventful period in which Lord Minto's youth and middle age were passed, it is at least a most valuable and interesting record of an important chapter in the history of British India, admirably-told. The story is mainly given in Lord Minto's own letters, full of humour and wisdom, while displaying in every line those traits of affection and kindliness in the writer's character which made

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him so deservedly beloved by relations and friends. Although the letters are modestly said to be 'edited,' it is hardly necessary to tell the readers of the earlier work that an accurate knowledge of affairs has been brought to the task, or that the connecting narrative has been written with equal judgment and good taste.

Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, was born in 1751, and educated partly in France, where he was the schoolfellow of Mirabeau —who contracted a warm and lasting friendship for him—and afterwards at Edinburgh and Oxford. He was called to the bar, and practised for a short time with promise of distinction; but succeeding to the headship of the family as fourth baronet, on his father's death in 1777, he exchanged the law for politics, entering Parliament first for Morpeth, and shortly afterwards replacing his father as member for Roxburghshire. He now became the intimate friend of Burke and Windham, and a declared follower of Fox, and, joining with them in the motion for enquiry into Warren Hastings's conduct in India, took an active share in the trial which followed, first earning distinction by his speech in the House of Commons moving the impeachment of the infamous Impey, a performance spoken of by Burke in almost extravagant terms of eulogy. In 1789 he was proposed by the Opposition as Speaker against William Grenville. When, in 1792, the Whig party broke up, owing to the differences which had arisen among them out of the progress of the French Revolution, Sir Gilbert Elliot joined the section, including Burke and Windham, under the nominal leadership of the Duke of Portland, which gave a general support to Pitt's Administration, although he himself refused to take office. In the following year, however, he accepted the mission pressed on him by the Ministry of British Commissioner to Toulon, and on the evacuation of that place he was instrumental in bringing about the cession of Corsica to Great Britain, and was nominated Viceroy of the island, in which capacity he remained until the island was given up in 1796. For his services on these occasions he was raised to the peerage as Baron Minto. In 1799 he was sent as Ambassador to Vienna, and remained there until Pitt's retirement from office in 1801, when he resigned his situation and returned to England. When, on the formation of Pitt's second Administration in 1804, Lord Grenville and Windham refused the overtures made to them to join it, Lord Minto elected to stay out with his friends, although giving a general support to the Government, which he deemed to be the duty of men of all parties in the critical circumstances of the times. When, on Pitt's death in the beginning of 1806, the Ministry of 'All the Talents' came into power, Lord Minto took office for the first time, as President of the Board of Control, but without the seat in the Cabinet to which his services and abilities fully entitled him. The exclusion was probably due to a certain shyness and the entire absence of self-assertion in his character. In ability, experience, and the general estimation held of him, he was certainly superior to some of those who were placed higher.

During the greater part of his Parliamentary life, it was Lord Minto's custom to come up to town for the season alone, his wife and family remaining at the ancestral home in Roxburghshire. And during some portion of his absences abroad he was necessarily by himself. It is to these enforced separations, grudgingly assented to by a man attached in a more than ordinary degree to wife and children, and who set a highest value on the calmer pleasures of home and home life, that we owe one of the most valuable and entertaining contributions to the history of the period that have appeared within the time of the present generation, the 'Life and Letters,' edited with equal skill and taste by his great-niece, the present Countess of Minto, and published about five years ago, to which reference has already been made.

The offer of the Governor-Generalship of India was made to Lord Minto when he was at the Board of Control, in consequence of the repugnance expressed by the Court of Directors to accept Lord Lauderdale, Fox's nominee; it was accompanied by the assurance that his acceptance of the office would be approved by the Government, the directors, and the public. The offer was at first decidedly refused, but, on being renewed some weeks later, was finally accepted, not without many regrets and misgivings, in this case unreservedly real and sincere. It involved a prolonged separation from his wife and most of his family, for Lady Minto's health precluded her accompanying him; and this at a time of life when, as one's little capital of living is so fast running out, we grudge to lose each passing year. However, the prospect of benefiting both his country and his family finally determined him to go. Lord Minto sailed from Portsmouth, in a frigate commanded by his second son, in February 1807, being then fifty-six years old. The voyage to Madras was made in four months—not bad sailing as voyages went in those days. Although he was detained there for a fortnight

while the 'Modeste' was fitted with a new foremast, he could not assume an official position, since his commission would not have effect till he should take his seat in Council at Calcutta, so 'could only use the opportunity to make himself acquainted with the affairs of that perturbed Presidency, where some of the mutineers of Vellore were still under sentence awaiting their fate.' He arrived at Calcutta in the latter end of July, the hottest season of the year, during which now-a-days no official, who could possibly avoid it, would make his *début* in that climate. It will be rather surprising to old Indians to find him writing a few weeks later:—

'I have never felt anything here equal to the heat of Bastia, or even Vienna, in summer. These are the most oppressive and most unhealthy weeks in the year—the end of September and beginning of October. Afterwards come four, or sometimes five, delectable months. Barrackpore is really delicious, and takes the sting out of India.'

Lower Bengal, however, is not the hot part of India. To understand what Indian heat means, one must spend the summer in the Punjab or Sind.

Lord Minto found India at peace. The splendid Administration of the Marquis Wellesley, signalised by the overthrow of the Kingdom of Mysore, the disruption of the Mahratta Empire, and the establishment of British supremacy from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej—the creation, in fact, of British India as it is at the present day—had terminated about two years previously, when the Government and the Court of Directors, equally alarmed at the continued expenditure involved in Lord Wellesley's policy, recalled him, and sent out the venerable Lord Cornwallis for the second time to assume the government, charged by his instructions to effect peace at any price. Lord Cornwallis died in October, 1805, before the intended pacification had been accomplished, and was succeeded by Sir George Barlow, the senior member of Council, who held a provisional commission as Governor-General, and who carried out only too faithfully the instructions from home, regardless of the fact that those instructions had been issued many months before, and that the subsequent course of events had practically rendered them wholly inapplicable to the actual condition of affairs. Of the three great Mahratta chiefs, the Rajahs of Gwalior and Berar had been already brought to terms, and Holkar, the only adversary still in the field, was a fugitive beyond the Sutlej, with difficulty keeping together a small following of horsemen. It needed only a small persistence for a very short time longer to bring the great Mahratta war to a completely successful conclusion, and to effect the pacification of India on the only basis which admits of lasting tranquillity, the complete and undisputed supremacy of British authority. But a spirit of blind and unreasoning panic was now predominant in our councils. Our victorious army withdrawn from the pursuit of Holkar, and a peace hastily patched up with him, the Mahratta Confederacy and the different States of Central India were left to themselves; and our faithful allies, the Rajput princes, our protection withdrawn, were abandoned to the mercy of their enemies. During the government of Lord Minto this peace was not disturbed. The native States of Central India remained for a season in the quietude of exhaustion, and the final overthrow of the Mahratta Confederacy and the subjugation of the robber hordes of Central India were tasks reserved for his successor. Lord Minto meanwhile was able to apply himself mainly to the business of internal administration, to restoring the finances, and to bringing the military strength of India to bear on the great struggle with Napoleon, then being carried on over the whole civilised globe.

The first impressions of India upon so acute an observer and so delightful a letter-writer are all full of interest, and are given at length, as might be expected. Two things seem to have particularly impressed Lord Minto at first—the discomfort of his state and the amount of work to be done by him:—

'I drive out almost every morning and evening. The formality of these airings is uncomfortable to me to a degree that I cannot at all accustom myself to. I am always followed by an officer and six troopers of the body-guard. . . . Four syces, or horse-keepers, with fly-flappers, ran alongside of the horses, till I positively rebelled against this annoyance. Everybody, native and European, salaams as I pass, and the natives, who swarm, draw up in lines and touch the ground almost with their heads. The consequence is that my right hand is never away from my head. I have had thoughts of sticking a wax hand in my hat. It is still worse with a palanquin. Thirty people go before in two lines. . . . They carry gold and silver maces and halberds, and embroidered fans, and cows' tails to keep off the flies. Even at home there was no escape from the annoyance. The first night I went to bed at Calcutta I was followed by fourteen persons in white muslin gowns into the dressing-room. One might have hoped that some of them were ladies; but on finding that there were as many turbans and black beards as gowns, I was very desirous that these bearded handmaids should leave me to single Tom,

which with some trouble and perseverance I accomplished, and in that one room I enjoy a degree of privacy, but far from perfect.'

As to work:—

"The situation of public affairs is peculiarly favourable to the circumstances in which I am placed. There is really nothing of great moment depending, and nothing stirring in the great scale of politics. . . . I have time, therefore, to form my views at leisure. But the principal grievance I have to complain of is that the quantity and quick succession of current business is such as to employ every instant I can command from ceremony, and the interruption of private solicitation, without affording any time for reading back, or looking forward, or acquiring general information. . . . The number and variety of affairs is also immense; for everything, small as well as great, must have the sanction of Government, and instead of being transacted by the secretaries, as in England, must be actually stated, and the orders given in Council. A declaration of war, and an estimate for an addition to a barrack a thousand miles off, may come next to each other in the secretary's bundle. . . . The secretaries attend at council, each department in its turn with its mountain of bundles. The secretary reads . . . and the order is given on the spot. We are enabled to do this by having read these bundles at home. Now, our secretaries are all modest men, who scarcely read above their breath. It is a constant strain of the ear to hear them; the business is often of the heaviest and dullest kind, the voices monotonous, and, as one small concern succeeds another, the punkah vibrates gently over my eyes; and in this warm atmosphere the whole operation has been found somewhat composing. It is often a vehement struggle to avoid a deleterious oblivious wink. But if the sovereign nods, the empire must fall to pieces; the fear of which has hitherto kept my fond eyelids from kissing each other, but not from most loving dispositions.'

The degree of Oriental state here described has no doubt been greatly reduced, although no great official in the East can escape from it wholly, least of all a Governor-General. The mode of conducting business has also been greatly simplified and expedited from the time when everything was referred to the Governor-General and discussed and settled over the council table. Papers on which orders in Council are passed are now only 'read' in the same sense that a bill is read in Parliament; and under the departmental system introduced by Lord Canning, under which each member of the Council takes charge of a separate department, the mode of conducting the business of government now resembles that in use in England and other countries governed by collective ministries, and only large matters come before the whole Council. Only in this way would it have been possible to keep abreast with the ever-increasing business of the Indian Government. Necessity has led to simplification and the substitution of individual for collective responsibility. When Lord Wellesley went to India, he found the Council not only exercising the functions of the Executive Government, but sitting also as the chief court of appellate civil and criminal jurisdiction. Since then the means have been gradually adjusted to the ends. In Madras, where the machinery of government is far in excess of the wants of a single province, the old plan of transacting business by the collective Council is still maintained, in order to find employment for the councillors. But no change in the direction of simplifying the mode of conducting the business of the Supreme Government was made in Lord Minto's time, nor indeed until long afterwards. As his term of office went on, Lord Minto complained more and more of the pressure of work, and that he used to find himself quite exhausted by the end of each day's labour. The experience of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning was to the same effect, and the burden is not likely to decrease. The Governor-General of India must always be one of the most overworked of her Majesty's subjects.

The first great measure which it devolved on Lord Minto to take was for counteracting French influence in Persia. 'In January, 1808, rumours reached India of the march of a French army towards Persia, on the way to India, while it became known that a great military embassy, attended by four-and-twenty French officers and 300 French soldiers, had actually arrived there, giving it out that they were the advanced guard of an army.' Their project, wrote Lord Minto to his wife, was believed in India to be to take possession of a port on the Persian Gulf, by which to communicate with the Mauritius, 'and from whence they may attempt an invasion of the western coast of India, and unsettle the minds of the native princes by promises, menaces, and intrigue.' Sir Harford Jones was understood to have been appointed ambassador to Persia by the British Government, but the Indian authorities had no confidence in his abilities, and nothing was known to them of his movements. Further rumours, which were believed in by the home authorities, reached India of a contemplated invasion of that country by a Russian army, under a secret article of agreement made with France at the peace of Tilsit; and further, that Napoleon was contemplating a seizure of Tur-

key as a first step towards India. The way was long, but in those days, after the astonishing successes already achieved, nothing seemed impossible to Napoleon, who was then in the zenith of his power and conquests. As was observed by a young writer quoted by Lady Minto, destined to become himself Governor-General, and to win a peerage by his services—the late Lord Metcalfe, then only nineteen years of age—'What an unexampled and surprising picture the state of Europe now presents! France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Germany, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Italy, Turkey—all Europe, save little Sweden—combined against our country. We may truly call ourselves *divisos orbe Britannos.* Although this is a state of things which no one could have wished to see, I confess that I feel a pride in it. . . . We have constantly fought the battles of Europe against France, and all Powers are now ranged on the side of France against us. Hurrah for the tight little island!' In these days, when people talk and write about every petty skirmish that goes against us, as if we had lost a Hohenlinden or a Marengo, and every little reverse is treated as if foreshadowing the collapse of the Empire, it is a good form of political tonic to look back on the cheery spirit with which our countrymen at the beginning of the century faced undismayed the tremendous combinations against them. Among the public men of the time no one had contended more consistently than Lord Minto for maintaining a steady opposition to the overweening ambition of Napoleon. But he thoroughly believed in the possibility of an invasion of India, and, without waiting for instructions from home, he set himself actively to the work of anticipating the designs of our great enemy by meeting him beyond the frontier. 'I am strongly of opinion,' he writes to his predecessor, Sir George Barlow, now Governor of Madras, 'that, if this great conflict is to be maintained, we ought to meet it as early and as far beyond our own frontiers as possible. We ought to contest Persia itself with the enemy, and to dispute every step of their progress.' And, in absolute ignorance of Sir Harford Jones's movements, he determined to send Colonel Malcolm on a mission to Persia. Malcolm had once before been employed in this capacity by Lord Wellesley to counteract a threatened invasion of India by the Afghans. 'By Malcolm, if by any man living, we may hope to detach Persia from her hostile alliance with the enemy.'

'Our opposition to France in Persia,' he writes to Malcolm himself, 'is the anchor on which our hopes must rest. . . . My first anxiety, therefore, will be to know from you whether the disposition of the Persian Court or the state of that country admits of our meeting the enemy at the very moment of his arrival or approach to the Persian frontier. . . . I shall in the meantime make every effort which the state of our resources admits of, to be prepared with an army and the means of transporting it. In the meanwhile I have imagined that a force of 20,000 or 25,000 men may be necessary. This will be a great exertion, and I don't think that we can go further.'

But Lord Minto's confidence in Malcolm was entirely misplaced. His mission failed. He led off in a domineering style, claiming concessions as a right, and endeavouring to work on the fears of the Persian Government, which was already too much under the influence of France to be susceptible to such a form of argument. Malcolm retired discomfited, and Sir Harford Jones appearing on the scene was able to negotiate a treaty of peace between Persia and England, in which, however, the Indian Government was practically ignored. Lord Minto did not hesitate to ratify the treaty, knowing that the public faith of England was thereby engaged, but he sent instructions to Persia disavowing the public character of the ambassador, and desiring him to quit Persia immediately, on pain of having his bills dishonoured; and he recorded a strong protest against the establishment of our Embassy to Persia on a footing of independence of the Indian Government, by which alone, he considered, our affairs in Asia could properly be regulated. His opinion, however, was overruled. Sir Gore Ouseley, who was appointed to succeed Sir Harford Jones, was put directly under the Foreign Office, and this arrangement has since then always been maintained.

Two other allies besides the Persians Lord Minto was bent on securing—the ruler of the Sikhs and the King of Cabul. For the purpose of gaining the former, young Metcalfe, then only twenty-three years old, but who had already shown his ability and judgment while serving as a political officer in Lord Lake's camp, was selected as Envoy. The position was a difficult one, for the Sikh ruler, Runjít Singh, was bent on annexing the small Sikh independent states lying between the Sutlej and the Jumna, immediately beyond our frontier, which were deemed to be under our protection; and Metcalfe more than once was on the point of breaking off negotiations. But his tact and temper and determination prevailed at last; and although, while Metcalfe was conducting his protracted affairs with the crafty Runjít, the tidings came from Europe that

the arch-disturber of the world's peace had turned his thoughts from Asiatic conquests to others nearer home, and that an invasion of India was no longer to be dreaded, so that it was no longer necessary to carry out a great scheme of defensive alliances beyond the British territories, the opportunity was taken to negotiate a treaty of general amity with the Sikh ruler, which in effect lasted until the revolutions which followed on the death of Runjít, nearly forty years afterwards.

Another great mission was sent to the King of Cabul, conducted by the eminent Mountstuart Elphinstone. The history of this mission has already been given in the gifted Envoy's own narrative, and therefore need not be more than touched upon here. Before Elphinstone had completed his hazardous journey through regions then unknown to Europeans, the outbreak of the Spanish war and the prospect of renewed hostilities between France and Austria had diverted attention from Eastern invasions, and the Indian Government had no longer a keen interest in entering into binding treaties with so distant a power as Afghanistan. But we cannot refrain from quoting the suggestive paragraph wherein Mr. Elphinstone, while deprecating any scheme of sending an army to Cabul as impracticable at that time, adds that

'it is very much to be wished that it were practicable for us to contribute more directly to prevent that country from *falling into the hands of the French;* for if they were once in possession of it, their invasion of our territories would be no longer a great and desperate enterprise, but an attempt which they might make without risk when they pleased, and repeat whenever the state of our affairs gave a prospect of success.'

At the present time this extract has a curious significance. *Tempora mutantur, non nos mutamur in illis.*

Meanwhile the course of Indian administration proceeded busily. The country was at peace, although, as the editor observes, that word must be taken in a relative sense, 'for in India the public peace was kept by armies,' and with our territories bordered by a line of independent native states governed by princes in different stages of civilisation, and always ready to create disturbance, there was of necessity almost constant need for military operations, generally on a small scale only, but occasionally involving hard work and even hard fighting. The state of anarchy which led to the Pindari war was evidently working up even then, but the Indian Government, still under the influence of the non-intervention policy so strongly inculcated from home, had not yet been forced into larger measures for keeping the peace throughout the country. But even in Bengal domestic quiet was not always secure; 'it was with equal surprise and dismay that it was found necessary, in the course of 1809, to employ the regular forces to extirpate the gangs of banditti, or dacoits, who had penetrated into the heart of the Presidency, and with whom the native police were accused of being in league.' 'They have of late,' writes Lord Minto, 'come within thirty miles of Barrackpore.' These dacoits

'have established a terrorism as perfect as that which was the foundation of the French Republican power . . . while the real Government did not possess either authority or influence enough to obtain from the people the smallest aid towards their own protection. If a whole village was destroyed, not a man was found to complain. If a family was half murdered and half tortured, the tortured survivors could not be prevailed upon to appear against the criminals. Men have been found with their limbs and half the flesh of their bodies consumed by a slow fire, who persisted in saying that they had fallen into their own fire, or otherwise denying all knowledge of the event that could tend to the conviction or detection of the offenders.'

This crime of dacoity was not wholly extirpated until the time of Lord Dalhousie; but in making up their debtor and creditor account of the benefits, or otherwise, accruing to them from English rule, no doubt the people of India will forget the horrible outrages that used to be committed, not only by Pindaris and Mahrattas, but by the rougher classes in all parts, on their offending fellow-countrymen. In truth, it is simply absurd to make a serious comparison between the present and former condition of India, or the relative degrees of happiness and prosperity enjoyed in old and recent times; but gratitude is the last quality which we must expect to see manifested in public, by nations any more than individuals, and governments, like private persons, must be satisfied to do their duty without expecting other reward than that derived from the consciousness of having performed it. It is the fashion now-a-days not only for the Indians but the English to lose sight of the enormous benefits which our countrymen in the East have conferred upon the people of India, and to dwell only on the inevitable disadvantages attending foreign rule. As regarded the growing troubles from the lawless condition manifested beyond the frontier, Lord Minto put it to the Home Government whether it was expedient to continue

'to observe a strict nentrality amidst the scenes of disorder and outrage which were passing under our eyes in the north of Hindustan, or whether we should listen to the calls of suffering humanity, and interfere for the protection of those weak and defenceless states who implore our assistance, to deliver them from the violence of an ambitious and lawless upstart.' And the Home Government was now forced to admit that the policy of non-intervention so strictly enjoined on the successors of Lord Wellesley had been carried too far. Their reply, as Lady Minto observes, was 'an instructive commentary on Talleyrand's celebrated reply to one who asked him the meaning of the term "non-intervention;" "c'est un mot politique et métaphysique qui veut dire à-peu-près la même chose qu'intervention."' The most complete justification of Lord Wellesley's policy was indeed furnished by the Mahratta war, which it fell to Lord Minto's successor to undertake and carry to a successful conclusion.

The next great business which Lord Minto had to deal with was the mutiny of the Madras army—not the Sepoys, but their European officers. It arose in the first instance out of the Madras Government abolishing, under orders from home, a vicious contract allowance drawn by commanding officers. The resolution to abolish the contract was arrived at by Lord William Bentinck, when Governor, with the concurrence of the local Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Cradock. But it fell to Sir George Barlow, who for his long services as a councillor in Bengal under Lord Wellesley, and as acting Governor-General, had lately succeeded to the Governorship of Madras, to carry out the order. The Quartermaster-General of the Madras army having stated in his report—which led to the abolition of the contract allowance—that its effect was to place the interest and the duty of commanding officers in opposition to each other, the officers thereon called on the new Commander-in-Chief, General M'Dowell—who had succeeded Sir John Cradock, and was aggrieved at not having been also appointed, as was usual, to a seat in the local Council—to bring the Quartermaster-General to a court-martial for aspersions on their character as officers and gentlemen. M'Dowell, responding to the appeal, at once placed the Quartermaster-General in arrest. The Governor in Council immediately ordered his release, whereupon the Commander-in-Chief—who was on the point of resigning his office—published a violent manifesto to the army, which was immediately responded to by an intemperate order from the Government, coupled with the dismissal of two officers of high rank, who had countersigned and published the order of their superior. 'The battle was then joined.' The Madras Government had of course the right entirely on their side, and the officers and the chief were entirely in the wrong, but the Governor and his Council nevertheless showed a great want of temper and judgment in dealing with the monstrous pretensions of the officers. And when soon afterwards four commanding officers were removed and eight others suspended, 'the scarcely smothered flames of disaffection burst out with renewed fierceness;' the European officers broke out into what in effect was open mutiny. Malcolm, who had been sent by the Madras Government on a mission to Masulipatam, reported that 'there was not a Company's corps from Cape Comorin to Ganjam that was not implicated in the general guilt—that is not pledged to rise against the Government unless what they call their grievances are redressed.' Plans were formed for concentrating the rebel force and marching on Madras, the officers taking for granted that they would be followed in their mutiny by the native soldiery. Eventually, by the firmness of Sir George Barlow, who was quite prepared if necessary to employ the King's troops against the mutineers, and also took measures to detach the Sepoys from the cause of their officers, the would-be insurgents were reduced to submission without either concession or an appeal to arms. As soon as the news of the revolt at Masulipatam reached Lord Minto, he set off for Madras, but the voyage was a long one, and before he arrived the crisis was at an end. Desiring to weaken as little as possible the authority of the Government of Madras, he announced his intention to interfere in no degree in its affairs generally; but while continuing to support the authority of Sir George Barlow, as he had done from the first, he felt that he should discharge imperfectly the extraordinary powers entrusted to him if he contented himself with professing a blind concurrence in counsels over which he had come to preside. He determined therefore 'to pursue a personal investigation of the facts, followed by a mature deliberation on their results, before committing himself to any of the principal points depending.' Accordingly, after most searching enquiry, he issued a general order, which 'stated in clear but most moderate terms the offence against the just authority of Government, of which the coast army had been guilty, and then proceeded to make a selection of the offenders for punish-

ment.' A number of senior officers, not exceeding twenty-one, were to be sent to trial by court-martial; others, who had been distinguished for a forward part in the proceedings, were to take their option of trial or dismissal from the service:—

'To the rest of the army a general and unqualified amnesty was granted. The language of this general order admirably reflected the spirit of its author. It was at once firm and generous. While it demonstrated the Governor-General's determination to do no more than was necessary for the vindication of justice, it firmly reasserted the principles of military subordination to legal authority . . . and it did not shrink from a tribute to Sir George Barlow, to whose firmness and energy it was due that a monstrous conflict had been avoided between the coast army and their country. "I entreat the officers," it said in conclusion, "to be persuaded that no man of honour at the head of a government will ever compromise revolt, and that in every case the conflict must be carried to the last extremity. . . . My fixed and firm principle is that the utmost evils that can flow from a contest with revolt, and even from defeat, are much inferior to the greater, more permanent, and more extensive mischief of concession. In such cases the revolted party may recede, and will always do so with honour, sacrificing nothing but passions and crimes. The Government against which the revolt is made has no option but to maintain the contest or abandon its trust and fly its duty."'

Never did Lord Minto's strength of character and good judgment shine out more conspicuously than in his dealings with this case. As he observes himself, in a letter to the Commander-in-Chief in Bengal, whom he had sent for to take his place when returning himself back to Bengal, 'the art of government consists in distinguishing between the course which is suited to extraordinary conjunctures, and the permanent policy by which men are to be governed.' Seen by present lights, it might appear that Lord Minto erred on the side of leniency, and no doubt many of the officers, including General M'Dowell, richly deserved to be shot; but the very fact that the officers should have conceived the possibility of their conduct being justified shows that the matter could only be properly judged by a comparatively low standard. And it must be remembered, in mitigation of the officers' crime, that there was practically no appeal to Parliament if the officers had a grievance against their masters, the Court of Directors, towards whom it was in the nature of things impossible to feel in any high degree the sentiment of loyalty.

Lord Minto remained at Madras for fourteen months. As might have been expected from the composition of the Court of Directors, many of whom had themselves belonged to the Indian service in its worst days, there was a great division of opinion on the case at the East India House. Some of the directors were friendly to Sir George Barlow, and others hostile, while many were closely connected in relationship with the officers of the mutinous army. 'A violent controversy arose upon the general policy which had been observed towards the rebellious army. Some blamed it as too severe, some as having unduly slackened the reins of authority.' Unfortunately there was then no one at home with any military weight to pronounce authoritatively on the matter. 'It was no doubt due to the dissensions on the subject in the Court of Directors that Lord Minto was left without any official statement of their opinions on these weighty matters for more than two years after they took place.'

While at Madras the marriage took place of Lord Minto's third son, a young civilian attached to his household—an arrangement which, besides being a very happy arrangement for the principals, greatly contributed to the cheerfulness and comfort of Lord Minto's Indian life. He was fortunate, too, in having with him his second son, whose frigate was kept on the Indian station. Nevertheless he now began to be very homesick.

'My domestic longings,' he wrote to his wife in the end of 1809, 'are becoming every month more importunate and unreasonable. I first determined not to reckon for many years to come, well knowing that the hours of expectation would not be made fewer by any sort of computation I could contrive, but that they would be much increased in length and retarded in velocity. Then I compromised for quarters of a year. Then it came to months, and now I grieve to say that I am actually counting days with all the exactness of a clock. The days are innumerable indeed, yet, being a good arithmetician, I actually know their number. . . . It would be a great joy to skip a day, but that never happens. . . . One of my common vigils is performing the voyage home, and the journey from one well-known sign-post to another, from the Red Lion, Barnet, to Minto. As I have a perfectly fair wind, and plenty of it all the way to Portsmouth, and good horses and roads to Minto, I meet with no let or hindrance till I come to the Lower Lodge.'

Soon afterwards the naval son also married in Calcutta, and was established for a time at Government House. Writing to his wife of the comfort afforded by the presence of his two daughters-in-law, whose beauty was the reigning theme, he adds:—

'I have occasion for all the comforts I can snatch; for my work is hard and fatigues both body and spirit, not by bodily exercise, but by the effect of mental labour on a body entirely at rest. I am as entirely done up by ten o'clock as if I had been all day on the moors, and I am in general too much overworked to be frosty-mornish. However, I have a good quiet sort of contentedness, and spectator-like enjoyment of all the happiness about me, which serves my turn. A few gulps of caller air down our strath will make me too young and oppressive for the best nerves among you.'

The next great business which occupied Lord Minto was the capture of Bourbon and the Mauritius. All fear of an invasion of India had now gone by, for Napoleon had too much on his hands nearer home; but as a secure harbour for French privateers these islands were perpetual sources of annoyance. Lord Wellesley had contemplated sending an expedition for their capture, and would probably not have been restrained by the orders of the Home Government interdicting such enterprises; but during the latter part of his term of office himself and the Indian armies were too busily engaged to undertake it. The annoyance was perhaps the more keenly felt now that all notion of larger operations against India was no longer feared, and that the sea had been cleared of French fleets. In 1809 no fewer than six Indiamen were taken on their voyage in the Bay of Bengal by the enemy's cruisers which found a shelter in the Mauritius, and in the following year Lord Minto set about the conquest of these islands. They had been for some time blockaded by a squadron, and the small island of Rodrigues, to the eastward of them, had been occupied by a detachment of troops from Bombay, as a depot for supplying water and refreshments to the blockading squadron. Two captured Indiamen having been taken into Port St. Paul, in the island of Bourbon, Commodore Rowley, the naval commander, with the aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Keatinge, the military commandant of Rodrigues, attacked and carried this port, and thereon asked that a reinforcement of about 2,000 men should be sent from India, with which they were confident of reducing the whole island. The expedition was accordingly sent, but in greater strength than was asked for, 'in order,' said the Governor-General, 'to provide against the preparation for defence which may have been made since the attack on Port St. Paul.' A still larger force was made ready to follow, in view to the capture of the Mauritius. The Governor-General applied himself to the supervision of the undertaking with his accustomed vigour. His good judgment and strength of character were characteristically displayed in his determination to make the attack at once, although the season was unfavourable and time pressed, instead of waiting till the following year.

'I have been pretty nearly alone,' he writes, 'in thinking it practicable to make the attempt before next April, a delay which might probably be fatal to the ultimate success. If the troops do not rendezvous off the island in time to attack by the middle of November, it is not entirely prudent to attempt it later, for the violent hurricanes which seem to live in these islands and to come out, like swallows, at certain seasons, sometimes are experienced in the course of November, though seldom before the middle of December. . . . Although it would be hazardous to keep a fleet of transports exposed to these birds of prey, or to land troops at a time when their ships and stores may be blown off or *worse*, yet single ships or more, which have a port to come to, may run in and bring succour during the tempestuous season, without greater hazard than the object deserved. The French accordingly employ the hurricane months, and the most positive assurances have been given to the Governor of the Isle of France that troops, military stores, and all the means of defence shall be despatched from Europe this very season. It is of great consequence, therefore, that *we* should be at Port Louis to receive such supplies from France, rather than Monsieur de Caen. This is one of several reasons, and certainly of the strongest, which has made me *damnatus obstinatus mulier* (vide Cowslip's translation), and determined me to push off the expedition now, whether it was possible or not. The weight of opinion was strong against me in all quarters, but when once the point was decided, all hands concurred lustily in the execution, and lo and behold! everything is actually afloat."

The complete success of the expedition is matter of history. A month after it had sailed from India, instructions were received from home recommending the measure, which—wrote Lord Minto—'a strong sense of duty' to the public had induced him to adopt under a heavy responsibility.

These islands captured, Lord Minto at once set about the conquest of Java, 'which will fill up the whole scheme of my warlike purposes, and which will purge the eastern side of the globe of every hostile or rival European establishment.' And in order to ensure the success of the expedition, he took the public-spirited course of going with it himself.

'My going in person upon this service,' he writes to his wife, 'is not a very usual measure, and, my motives not being generally understood, many ingenious conjectures are, as usual, in circulation. . . . My own reasons are that there are many important points re-

garding our future relations with the Dutch, and with the native states of Java, which ought to be adjusted at the moment of attack; that it is impossible to obtain at this distance the information and materials on which a satisfactory judgment can be formed, and which should enable me to issue instructions sufficiently distinct or well-founded to meet all possible exigencies. . . . Events might require modifications not to be foreseen or provided for; and, lastly, that, as Admiral Drury acts under a distinct authority and is fond of acting for himself, I have no security for the execution of any plan I might adopt, or any instructions which might be given by this Government. . . . It is not matter of taste or choice, but of necessity, that I am going to friskify in this manner, although I confess, since it is right, that I never engaged in any affair with greater interest or with more pleasure; and you will easily conceive what a gratifying break this kind of adventure must be in the monotony of my not less laborious life at Fort William.'

He made his head-quarters on board the 'Modeste' frigate, commanded by his son George, and was accompanied by John, the civilian and private secretary, also by the distinguished Leyden, of whom he remarks that

'Dr. Leyden's learning is stupendous, and he is a very universal scholar. His knowledge, extensive and minute as it is, is always in his pocket, at his fingers' ends, and on the tip of his tongue. He has made it completely his own, and it is all ready money. . . . It must be confessed that Leyden has occasion for all the stores which application and memory can furnish to supply his tongue, which would dissipate a common stock in a week. I do not believe so great a reader was ever so great a talker before. . . . You . . . my beautiful wife and daughters, would appear absolutely silent in his company, as a ship under way seems at anchor when it is passed by a swifter sailer.'

Touching at Penang, the 'Modeste' reached Malacca, the point of rendezvous for the expedition, where the Bengal portion of the troops were already arrived and comfortably encamped on the beach. A very graphic and interesting account of the voyage down and of the country is given in Lord Minto's letters, which we have not space to quote from, but an extract must be given from the amusing autobiography of a Malay—Abdulla by name—the translation of which has been lately published, and which is cited by the editor of this work. After describing the arrival of the great fleet of ninety sail, which must have presented a very imposing as well as beautiful appearance, with the background of these lovely coasts, Abdulla says:—

'When at last came the ship with Lord Minto on board, there went out an order for everyone to clean their frontages in all the streets. Then thousands of all races collected at the sea shore to have a sight of him and his dress, his name being so great. . . . And when I had seen the appearance and circumstance of Lord Minto, I was much moved; for I guessed in my mind, as to his appearance, position, and height, that these would be great, and his dress gorgeous. . . . But his appearance was of one which was middle-aged, thin in body, of soft manners and sweet countenance, and I felt that he could not carry twenty cutties (about thirty pounds), so slow were his motions. His dress coat was black cloth, trousers the same, nor was there anything peculiar. . . . Now he had not the remotest appearance of pomposity or lofty-headedness, but there was real modesty and kindly expression.'

The great flotilla, having reached Malacca in safety, set out again for its final destination in detachments, each convoyed by a frigate, the navigation being difficult and wind contrary. At this season of the year the south-east monsoon blows right in the teeth of the course which they had to make, and the commodore, who had little of the spirit for which our naval officers at that time were so conspicuous, would have it that the expedition had started from India too late in the season to accomplish its purpose of making Java. And, indeed, as Lord Minto observes in a letter to his wife, 'to carry a great fleet of transports, not famous in general for working to windward, a long voyage, directly against wind and tide, did not appear promising.' It was argued, however, by other advisers—the captain of the 'Modeste' being probably among the number—that, with the help of squalls and occasional shifts of wind and alterations of tide and current, vessels might work across from the mouth of the Straits of Malacca to the coast of Borneo, and thence with an easterly wind stand across to Java on the south. This plan was agreed to, the commodore, 'who is the most cautious navigator that ever wore a blue coat,' having appropriately selected the frigate which carried the Governor-General to go ahead and reconnoitre the channel, 'thinking very probably,' said the latter, 'that I had better be drowned than he. As I was of the same opinion, I accepted the service very thankfully.' Piloted accordingly by the 'Modeste,' the great fleet made the passage safely, and arrived in Batavia Bay on July 30, 1811. The disembarkation began immediately. The enemy, who had between 6,000 and 7,000 troops, was driven on August 10 from his first entrenched position with inconsiderable loss, which gave our troops possession of Batavia, and on the 26th the enemy's works were

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carried by assault in a very gallant manner, after a sharp struggle and with heavy loss, and the greater part of their troops made prisoners. The fugitive remainder had no means of prolonging the resistance in other parts of the island, and Java was finally surrendered by capitulation in the following month. Thus the object of the expedition had been accomplished in a thoroughly successful and brilliant way; and if the circumstances of the times he considered, and the means available, the great distance from India which had to he traversed, the large scale on which the operation had to be framed, and the difficulty of navigating these seas in sailing vessels, it must be admitted that to organise and carry out such an expedition was a remarkahle feat. We may readily helicve that this success was due in large measure to the presence of the head of the Government, and to the energy, wisdom, and firmness, tempered with humour and kindly consideration for all under him, which he brought to task. Yet in his amusing and modest letters to his wife but little mention is made of the difficulties he must have had to contend against in the superintendence of so great an nndertaking, and the vast amount of labonr it must have involved; or, if he does allnde to these things, it is in a light and playful way. Lord Minto had the faculty of bearing his burden easily. What is even more difficult, he could put up equahly with neglect and non-recognition of his services. Writing from Java in October, just after the capitulation, he observes that no one could have snpposed from the English papers just to hand that he had any concern with the conquest of the French islands heyond the execution of an order sent ont from home—the fact heing that the order was not received in Calcutta till the troops had already arrived at their destination. So also every preparation had heen made to attack Java as soon as the success of the expedition to the Mauritius was assnred, and the expedition would have sailed even if no orders had been received from home for nndertaking it. Not that the Government could well have sent their orders sooner than they did, but circumstances of which he took advantage favoured earlier action than the Home Government were prepared for.

Lord Minto found Java a mnch more valnahle island than he had been led to expect; moreover, he did not see the way to carry ont the orders of the Conrt of Directors to expel the Dutch, destroy the fortifications, and distribute the captured arms and stores among the native population. These instructions, therefore, he took npon himself to disobey. To act on them would have heen to give up a rich and prosperous country to anarchy, with its attendant pillage and massacre. In his view only three courses were open: to withdraw the defenceless European popnlation, which would have involved supporting them into the bargain; to restore the colony unweakened to the Dutch; or to retain it under the British Government. He determined on the last course; the Dutch were friendly, being generally repugnant to the French usurpation; whereas, had they heen apprised of our intention to deliver them up disarmed to the Javanese, the invaders wonld have had to contend with all the energies of despair, and the British force would have heen found qnite inadequate to the enterprise. Java was accordingly held hy the English until it was restored to Holland at the peace, and under Mr. Raffles, the governor placed in charge hy Lord Minto, the island achieved even in these few years a considerable advance in prosperity.

Retnrning to Calcutta, it was with no small share of surprise Lord Minto found that the heavy mail-hags which had accnmulated during his long absence were ahsolntely silent regarding the most important transactions of the preceding years, 'namely, the Madras mntiny and the conquest of the French islands.' 'I have not been ahle sometimes to help asking myself,' he wrote to Lord Melville, then at the Board of Control, 'whether the same silence would have prevailed if I had failed.' Lord Minto, however, was accustomed to official neglect of this sort. After he had taken possession of Corsica in the name of Great Britain, he remained for months without any acknowledgment of his proceedings from the Government. The Duke of Portland, one of the most thoroughly incompetent men who ever held high office, and who would have found it difficult to earn a livelihood in any other capacity than that of a duke, was the responsible Secretary of State at the time, a man who never could be got to make np his mind even to the point of writing a letter; and when Lord Minto returned to England he found some of his despatches from Corsica lying on the Duke's table with the seals nnbroken. Things were almost as bad now. Writing to the chairman of the Court of Directors, he says: 'In the last days of 1811 I have still to say that I do not know by a single official word that my residence at Madras during eight months of the years 1809 and 1810 has ever reached the ears of the Court of Directors. I hazarded from thence several important suggestions for the pnhlic good, hut they have lain without notice until the present time.' The reason for this

silence was, as has been already mentioned, that 'the Court of Directors was a house divided against itself.' Some passages in a letter from his daughter give an amusing and probably an accurate explanation of the causes which tended to deprive her father's services at this period of proper recognition.

'There is such a complication of plots and wheels in the political world that it is not very easy to say at any time what will be thought or done by those who call themselves your friends. I believe that if the present Government brought forward any proposal of rewarding you, or Sir George either, for the Madras business, or had even voted thanks for the Isle of France, Opposition would, as in duty bound, have opposed the measure; and the directors, amidst all the variances in their court on all the late Indian business, may think, like Mrs. Beaumont in "Manœuvring," that *in general it is safest not to mention things.* As for the Isle of France, they wish it had been taken for them, instead of the Crown. . . . Lord Grenville, &c., think, I suppose, that it might have been done during their administration (as Lord Wellesley knows he might have done it). And while in their eyes your measures are those of the present Ministry, and your honour and glory theirs, consequently not to be promoted, in the eyes of said ministers you are an Oppositionist, and equally an unfit person to be exalted by their approbation. The great men of the age are certainly not governed by great motives.'

Lord Holland writes:—

'Whatever indifference may have been shown to events in India, has been extended also to the war in Spain, the concerns of the north of Europe, the orders in council at home, and the events in America; for while the various negotiations for forming a Ministry were pending, it is true that they so entirely engrossed all the attention of the public that victories and defeats, peaces and wars, insurrections and scarcities were overlooked as matters of inferior importance; and a newspaper which contained nothing but extraordinary gazettes, and no minute of a conversation between private gentlemen on their views of policy or party connexions, was a dull, insipid, and uninteresting production.'

Lord Holland was perhaps hardly the person to form an impartial judgment on the ministry of the day, but the more we learn about the secret history of those times the more plainly does the incompetency stand out of the men who after the death of Pitt carried the great struggle to a successful conclusion. One at least of the advantages attending the greater publicity under which the business of the nation is now carried on is that it is impossible for any Government to ignore the merits of a distinguished public servant. It was not until 1812, when Lord Liverpool succeeded to the head of the Government on the death of Mr. Perceval, that Lord Minto received what he terms a full and handsome acknowledgment of his services with regard to all the conquests in which he had had a share, as well as of the merits of his general administration.

Lord Minto returned to Calcutta from Java towards the end of 1811. The two years which ensued were not marked by any such acts as signalised the earlier part of his administration, although they were fully occupied by many measures of importance—and when, indeed, will a Governor-General of India not find business of importance to occupy him?—but as he makes but little reference to them in his private correspondence, with which this volume is mainly concerned, his biographer does not enter into them. Meanwhile Lord Minto's letters home became shorter, and contained smaller reference than before to public business, because he was now feeling the effects of overwork. As he explains it himself:—

'I feel anxious to tell you why, with the same good intentions, I have fallen short so far of my former voluminous virtues in correspondence. One reason is that I have too much to do by several hours' work daily. Our conquests, among other causes, have increased our labours greatly. But since you will know my infirmities, the honest truth is that I am older every birthday, which is very common in the East; and, now-a-days, getting up to open my shop at five or half-past, and slaving like a maid-of-all-work the whole day, I am ashamed to own that between 7 and 8 p.m. I am so thoroughly done up, that I *coup o'er* like a leaden statue, on a sofa set ready in the breezy verandah, and doze, and dream of Minto; but am fairly unable to sit up and write, fighting with the flare and the mosquitoes, as I was wont in my youth, a year or two ago. This is the melancholy truth.'

The biographer adds that 'after his return from Java a perceptible change came over the tone of his letters. Passages in the minor key predominate. The expressions of love and longing for home, frequent enough before, became almost painful in their repetition and intensity.' The death of his youngest son (also, like the second son, a sailor), and of his dearest friend Windham, 'had cast their shadow over the past and the future.' He was wont to say that no grief should be indulged at the cost of duties to the living, or to the exclusion of a thankful acknowledgment of past happiness or of blessings untouched; and he did his best to act up to his professions. But, as he wrote to his wife, 'though their names may be seldom on my lips, their memory will be ever present to me;' and again of his long intimacy with Wind-

ham: 'The earliest fruit of friendship's tree is the sweetest, and the latest in rotting; but of it there is no second crop.' But, like all wise public men, Lord Minto did not allow himself to become a mere official drudge. Business, indeed, will seldom be thoroughly well done by the man who gives all his time to it. His letters are full of the books he is reading; he specifies with glee the stock of books he had taken with him to Java, and the leisure he hoped to get for them on board ship; and in the very letter in which he describes himself as a slave to work, he mentions that he is now reading Middleton's 'Life of Cicero' for the third time. And although his thoughts ran so constantly upon home, he made throughout his exile the best of things, and surrounded himself with as many friends and relations as he could gather together in those distant parts. His two sons and their wives, and the unmarried sisters of one of the latter, his military secretary and handsome and accomplished wife, all shared with him the comfort of Government House, and made a large family circle of pretty women and clever men:—

'Lord Minto,' says his biographer, 'was at his best in private society. In London and at Vienna some of the most brilliant men and women of their time had shared his friendship and met in familiar intercourse under his roof. The volumes of correspondence preserved at Minto testify to the regard in which he was held by friends whose signatures would rejoice the heart of a collector of autographs, and who wrote to him with the sort of easy confidence that can only exist with perfect social equality. At Calcutta he was a big man—bigger by head and shoulders than any one near him—yet nobody could be more unfeignedly grateful than he when some amiable person ignored the circumstance, nor more happy than when, under the shadow of the banians of Barrackpore, he gathered round him those to whom his public capacity was the least of his merits.'

An interesting testimony to the social qualities of the Governor-General, and the esteem in which he was held, is afforded by the diary of Sir John Malcolm, quoted in Sir John Kaye's life of that officer, where he says that it had been 'an equal subject of astonishment and delight to him to find a man, whose life had been passed in all the bustle of public affairs, cherishing local attachments with all the enthusiasm of a country gentleman, and resting his happiness upon the best and truest basis, natural ties, and consequently finding in the constantly increasing affection of his family that which gives success its highest zest, and brings comfort under every reverse of fortune.'

We have not space here to dwell at any length on the various administrative questions with which Lord Minto was called on to deal, but reference must be made to one subject, as illustrating the Governor-General's wisdom and political courage. The great expenditure and the consequent strain on the finances entailed by Lord Wellesley's wars—while the returns from the annexations which were one of their results had not yet begun to be realised—had been chief among the reasons for the recall of that statesman. Lord Cornwallis was despatched to India in haste to inaugurate a policy of peace and retrenchment, which his successor, Sir George Barlow, carried out with an inflexibility that refused to make any concession to variations arising in the conditions to be dealt with. It devolved on Lord Minto to pursue the efforts towards economy and retrenchment begun before his arrival, and strongly urged on him by the authorities at home; but he also found himself at once face to face with the rising spirit of dissatisfaction which had crept over the services under the too rigorous retrenchments to which they had been subjected by his predecessor, while at the same time he received warning that it was in contemplation to send a Commission from England to enquire into the state of the finances and propose further reductions of salaries. To the notion that large savings were to be effected in this way, Lord Minto stoutly opposed himself. 'The two services, civil and military,' he wrote, 'have scarcely had breathing time from an operation precisely similar in its object.' It would be an unwelcome truth at home, but the scale of emolument in force was already lower than was consistent with justice to the Company's service, and with sound policy. The provision of a reasonable scale of emoluments—the work of Lord Cornwallis, who carried out this great reform—had put an end to the system of indirect profits, the peculation and abuse which had been in a manner authorised by the parsimony of the Company in the remuneration of its servants. Any scheme of general retrenchment would have, in his opinion, the immediate effect of countenancing a revival of the abuse. This danger is not one to be feared at the present day. But the remarks which Lord Minto goes on to make as to the ill effect likely to be produced on the temper of the Indian public service 'by frequent and teasing renewals of odious and alarming investigations which seem to leave no man a year's security in the most moderate reward of labour,' are still applicable. 'The diminution of salary,' he goes on to say, 'is not in

this country a mere loss of money, but it retards the accomplishment of that wish which is at the bottom of every heart, a return to England.' As to the proposed Commission, he points out, with unalterable force, that 'all schemes of sound economy must be combined with other points of public policy. If simple retrenchment is ordered, without regard to other principles of government,' the effect may be the inefficiency of the whole service:—

'Retrenchment is the specific object of the appointment of a commission. It is in that branch that the public looks for the proofs of their exertion; and the accomplishment of those expectations is to be their title to public notice and approbation on their return to Europe. They are not sent out to govern India. . . . In this respect, therefore, I cannot help thinking a commission of retrenchment is, by its very constitution, subject to the objection of separating those objects of public policy which ought to be combined, and of throwing an extraordinary share of the public authority and energy into a single branch of the public concerns, in a manner which is distinct from, and is on that account prejudicial to, the general interests of the State. It is in this view that I still consider the established Government of India as the most convenient—I might say, as the only convenient—instrument of such economical reforms as the present conjuncture of the Company's concerns may require.'

The proposal to send out a Finance Commission was not pursued at the time, but similar schemes have been put forward at different times subsequently in times of financial difficulty, and to those who bring them forward Lord Minto's argument is a complete reply. It is worth noticing that from the time of Burke to the present day, there have never been wanting public men to declare that the particular period at which they themselves had come before the public was that when the Indian finances were on the point of collapsing, and that nothing but a wholesale reorganisation of the system of Indian administration, on lines marked out by themselves, will suffice to save it from ruin. But these denunciations, although creating much apprehension at the time, are speedily forgotten as each decade finds India more wealthy and prosperous than in the preceding one.

Lord Minto disposed also very completely of the proposal brought forward by the Court of Directors for restoring the balance of power among the States of India, a balance which Lord Wellesley's conquests had of course completely upset, but after which many of the old school of Indian politicians, unable to appreciate the irrevocable course of events, were still hankering.

'The advantages of a balance of power,' said Lord Minto, 'everyone must agree to as an abstract proposition. But then it must arise out of a consentaneous submission to a system of public law, and a recognition of reciprocal rights. At no period of the history of India do we discover the existence of any such condition as admits of the balance of power being maintained. Among the States of India war, rapine, and conquest constitute an avowed and legitimate pursuit, sanctioned and even recommended by the ordinances of religion, and prosecuted without the semblance or pretext of justice, with a savage disregard of every obligation of humanity and public faith, and restrained alone by the power of resistance.'

There could be only one way of securing peace and quietude throughout India, and that was by maintaining the absolute supremacy of the British Government throughout the country, and making every so-called independent State responsible to it. This notion of a balance of power has now been discarded by probably even the wildest and most ignorant politicians who interest themselves about the subject; but old fallacies are for ever cropping up, and we may discern our former acquaintance, under another name, in the proposal which has been more than once put forward by Mr. Bright, with all the vagueness, indeed, which distinguishes his utterances about India, but which, so far as it can be understood, appears to involve the division of India into a system of federated governments, the virtues of which are to be in direct proportion to the degree in which the present English governors of India should retire from a share in the administration, and leave that country to be governed by the Indians themselves. The fallacy of the assumption which underlies this proposal is obviously that, because the people of India have now become more peaceable and humane, and the country more generally prosperous and well-ordered, the improvement is due to the spirit of civilisation and self-government inherent in the people of India and their princes, and gradually becoming more strongly developed; the assumption ignoring the fact that this improvement is due solely to the strong control exercised by the British administration, and that all the elements still exist for a state of anarchy, which would at once revive if that control were withdrawn.

Lord Minto had now been Governor-General for nearly six years, and the period for which he had agreed to expatriate himself was drawing to a close. His administration, although not distinguished by the extraordinary events and brilliant conquests

which signalised that of Lord Wellesley, had yet been marked by the complete overthrow of French rivalry in the East. Under his wise and prudent management the finances of the country had been restored to a satisfactory and stable condition, while the public services in all branches had been brought to display a marked and specific advance towards a higher standard of efficiency and discipline. And the Governor-General had been uniformly successful in everything undertaken by him, while gaining general popularity and respect from all persons in India, and without incurring the hostility, or even the opposition, of any of the authorities at home. His extreme moderation as a party man, too, rendered it possible for him to be on good terms with whichever party was in power. It might therefore have been expected that in his case, if ever it could happen, his term of office would be allowed to run its full course; so much at least would be merited by his great and honourable services. Yet Lord Minto was recalled. He had asked to be relieved at the end of 1813, and indeed had fixed on the first day of the following year for his departure from India; but in the summer of 1813 he learned that, six months before, it had been decided to supersede him, not from any want of confidence or cause of dissatisfaction, but because the Ministry could not resist the demand made on them by the Prince Regent to provide for his friend, Lord Moira, who was in want of money. The Court of Directors reluctantly submitted to the pressure put upon them by the Government, and accompanied their resolution of recall with another, warmly acknowledging Lord Minto's eminent services. Well may the editor say that 'nothing could be more undeserved, more ungracious, or more discreditable to the parties concerned.' Well might Lord Minto say, on receiving the news, that 'the supersession is defended by its authors by arguments entirely foreign to the usual merits of such questions; that is to say, upon the several grounds of excessive favour to another man, of political arrangements of office, and of commands which must be obeyed without hesitation or remonstrance;' and that they were employing reasons which were in part new to English public life, and the remainder entirely new in application to the appointment of a Governor-General. It was one of the shabbiest things ever done by a modern Cabinet. However, the notice of recall was accompanied by intimation of his elevation to an earldom. Lord Minto accepted the treatment with his usual even temper, although the premature arrival of the new Governor-General involved his remaining some time at Calcutta after he had given over charge of his office, there being no vessel immediately available for his passage. As an old friend wrote to him: 'Your Indian administration has been thrown away upon a Government incapable of appreciating it, and perhaps with a selfish motive of keeping it back from the public. Either Mauritius or Batavia should have made the fortune of a Governor-General.' The news of the recall created much more indignation among the European residents of Calcutta, than it caused to the Governor-General himself.

Lord Minto left India early in 1814, again sailing in a frigate commanded by his son George, and accompanied also by his younger son John and the wives and infants of both brothers. He reached England in May, having at last realised, as he believed, the time for which during his long exile he had been so ardently longing. Almost all the other members of the family met him in London, except his wife. She awaited him at Minto. It was agreed between them that the delay in meeting would be fully compensated by the superior happiness of meeting at home.

London was at this time in a whirl of excitement and delight. When Lord Minto had sailed for India, we stood alone in Europe, and Napoleon's fortunes were at their highest; although Trafalgar had cleared the sea of his fleets, no enterprise by land seemed impossible to his arms. But now there was in English hearts 'the proud consciousness, to which a great Whig statesman (Lord Russell) has given expression, that "the constancy, courage, and perseverance of the English people, animating the prostrate nations of the Continent, had at length achieved a triumph over the most formidable combination of military genius, warlike population, conquering armies, and political talent, which ever threatened the independence of our country."' 'London overflowed with Emperors, Kings, and Field-Marshals,' and it added to the delight of the ex-Governor-General who had contributed his share towards the final success, and of his friends who greeted him, that his arrival should take place amidst this scene of splendour and triumph. 'But to him, and to those who waited for him, all other feelings were swallowed up in the joy of reunion—actual or at hand.' Lord Minto was detained for a few days in London, to call upon Ministers, and attend at Court, and to receive the congratulations of the Court of Directors at one of their dinners. Meanwhile—

'every day brought him letters from his wife, showing that she lived in the thought of their approaching union, while, with the unselfish-

ness and strong sense of duty which distinguished her, she assured him she would not be miserable, and that he must not hurry away from London till all claims on his attention had been satisfied. Nothing interested her but the preparations for the moment to which all were looking forward; nothing calmed her but an active participation in them.'

Her husband replies:—

'I have your letters of Thursday and Saturday, and I am thankful, my dearest love, that your cares are heaved overboard. We have now nothing to do but to be thankful and happy. The period to come will, I trust, be unshadowed by absences, or that they will be very short, and that we shall enjoy the tranquil comforts of content and of mutual love for the rest of our time, while the younger generations flourish away in the more lively joys of their period of life.'

This was on May 20. June 3, the day after the Drawing-room, was fixed for Lord Minto's departure for the North; but on May 28 his brother-in-law, Lord Auckland, died suddenly, and in order to be with his sister in her grief, and to follow his brother-in-law to the grave, Lord Minto postponed his departure. The funeral took place at Beckenham—the parish in which Eden Farm was situated—and at night. The procession by road from London and the subsequent funeral service occupied five hours in a 'cold drizzling rain:'—

'A cold which Lord Minto was suffering from before was greatly increased by the exposure of that fatal night. He was ordered to stay indoors. On the 8th "he broke prison to visit Lord Melville and obtain a nephew's well-earned promotion." On the 13th he confessed himself so low in strength and spirits that he could not attempt a letter. In proportion to his bodily weakness was the increase of his passionate longing to reach Minto; and his family, having no apprehension of the impending danger, were equally anxious with himself to get him out of town and in the safe keeping of his home. "With the affectionate kindness which never flagged he resolved to visit Lady Malmesbury at Park Place, although this added at least another day to the length of his journey." While there he endeavoured to conceal his weakness, but his eldest son . . . had now become alarmed; a medical man was sent for . . . and from him it was ascertained that Lord Minto was suffering from an attack of a most alarming disease. . . . His longing to push on was, however, too strong to be opposed. The journey was proceeded with. "He has but one wish," wrote the son to the mother in Scotland, "to see the person on whom his thoughts are ever fixed." The rest may be guessed. From the first horrid misgiving, when the ground seems to fall away from under one's feet, to the full conviction that there is no help, no hope, no escape from an overwhelming calamity, most of us know the course.'

The sick man died at Stevenage, on the northern road, on June 21.

'When, in process of time, it became the part of another generation to "open the places that were closed," and when, upon those who did so, came the desire "to show the image of a voice and make green the flowers that were withered," the last year's letters from Minto to India—so full of hope, of joy—were found tied together with a black string, and inscribed "Poor fools." With these was a note with unbroken seal, the last written by Lady Minto to her husband.'

The pathos of this needs no comment. We shall be greatly mistaken if the readers who have followed us so far do not turn quickly to the original volume from which these extracts have been made. It completes the record of a worthy life, worthily told. If we have a fault to find with this most interesting book, it is that the editor has exhibited the very unusual quality of being too sparing of her materials. We grudge the brevity of the book, feeling that the memoir would have been even better if it had been somewhat longer. Of how few books can this be said!

Art. IX.—1. *Political Studies.* By the Honourable George C. Brodrick. 8vo. London: 1879.
2. *England.* By Mr. T. S. Escott. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1879.
3. *Essays on Finance.* By Robert Giffen. 8vo. London: 1879.

In one of the last letters we had the honour to receive from the late Earl Russell, written soon after the general election of 1874, that eminent and consistent statesman expressed his conviction that 'whenever the Liberal party is reconstituted, it will be on a Whig basis.' To ourselves these were weighty words, for they confirmed and encouraged us in the course from which this Journal has never deviated, and in the principles it has steadily endeavoured to maintain. But we are well aware that to some members of the Liberal party—to such writers as Mr. Goldwin Smith, and to some of our friends who sit below the gangway—the prediction of Lord Russell will appear to be a mere aristocratic pretension or an antiquated delusion. It would seem, from the language they sometimes hold, as if the time was come for the development and evolution of the Whigs into some higher

form of being, and as if they thonght there was something humiliating in the connexion with their ancient allies and leaders. We believe such dreams, if they exist at all in any rational mind, to be utterly unfounded. The attempt to shake the union and depose the chiefs of the Liberal party may be a natural and even allowable piece of tactics on the part of our opponents, and we shall presently see that they have not neglected to use it. But on the part of those who desire to restore and support a Liberal Government, it is mere self-destruction. We profess to support Whig principles, not only because they are those of a great historic party—not only because they are held by men of the highest character, ability, and position—not only because we believe them to be the solid foundation of good government—but also because they are in the main the principles and opinions of the great mass of intelligence and liberality in the country. On the one side there may be, and are, large popular masses easily excited by eloquent and passionate appeals, and among them the crotchetmongers of the day find more or less acceptance. On the other side, there is a dense mass of prejudice and ignorance which may be worked upon with effect by Tory oratory. Between the two extremes lies what the French in their political language call the Left Centre—the men of liberal but not extreme opinions, fervent in their attachment to freedom, but not less opposed to rash and violent innovation.

It matters little by what name this large and important middle party may be described; call them Whigs, Moderate Liberals, or even Liberal Conservatives, if you will. We assert, and we rely upon the fact, that the most important and influential portion of English political society at the present time consists of men who are perhaps less demonstrative than their neighbours; who esteem sobriety of language, dignity of demeanour, and steadfastness in action, as the first qualities of statesmanship; who distrust alike exuberant powers of eloquence and mysterious artifices of policy; who condemn and detest unjust, unnecessary, and costly wars; who are not imposed upon by the tinsel and bombast of the present Administration; but who cling to the good old cause of constitutional progress with stability of principles and fixity of purpose. And we affirm that it is in this class of men, who are Liberals without being Radicals or democrats, that the true centre of gravity of the Liberal party lies. It rests mainly with them to determine to which side the balance of parties and of power will incline. If the general election of 1874 was unfavourable in its results to the Minister of the day, it must have been because a considerable number of those electors who had borne him triumphantly into power in 1868 saw reason to withdraw their support from him. The advanced portion of the Liberal party doubtless adhered to him with undiminished enthusiasm. But the more moderate, or if you will the more timid, class of his supporters had been alarmed by the unprecedented energy of the measures which had been carried, and of those which were supposed to be in contemplation, and we saw the result. At the present time there are ample causes in the adventurous career of the present Ministry to justify similar apprehensions amongst their adherents. The country, and the wisest men in it, are repelled by these frequent wars, these entangling engagements abroad, this reckless administration of the finances, and by the arbitrary tone of a statesman who acts as if he wielded, in the name of the Crown, an irresponsible power. It is highly probable that whenever the next general election takes place, a majority of the constituencies of the United Kingdom will condemn the policy of this Government and reject its candidates. But this result can only be obtained if the class of men whom we have described give an energetic support to the Opposition, and distinctly see their way to the formation of a more prudent, more secure, and more able administration. What Mr. Lecky has ingeniously termed the 'highly accentuated policy' of Mr. Gladstone was as unwelcome to the country in 1874 as the Imperial visions of Lord Beaconsfield have since become. Quiet people cannot live on such highly seasoned dishes; and although this stimulating diet may be appropriate to the stress and turmoil of an electoral conflict, it is not by such means that the government of the country in ordinary times can be carried on. We look beyond the struggle of the moment to the Government of the future. In the *mêlée* of a general election, the combatants on both sides resort to a thousand devices to catch votes. But a firm and stable Government can only be maintained on fixed principles, which it is alike impolitic and dishonest to compromise or to surrender.

The Liberal party is avowedly a composite body. Liberal opinions are, as the late Mrs. Stanley remarked in her interesting reflections, the Protestantism of politics, dividing itself into numerous sects, whilst Toryism aspires to exercise over its adherents an authority in unity resembling that of the Church of Rome. Believe in that authority, and you may renounce the exercise of reason. We are in no way concerned to deny that

many Liberals hold extreme and eccentric views. Men of patriotic and benevolent minds may think it desirable to ask the sanction of Parliament to the Permissive Liquor Bill, the female franchise, or even the propagation of small-pox and other diseases. But all this has nothing to do with the cardinal principles on which the whole Liberal party is well agreed. What those principles are we shall presently endeavour to show. It is obvious that the agreement extends to the essential traditions of our history as a party, whether in or out of office, and not to the peculiar views of any individual. These essential traditions have been defended and applied by the Whigs for nearly two centuries; and it is on them, therefore, that Lord Russell conceived that the Liberal party would one day be reconstituted. By the term 'Whig basis' he meant to designate, not a clique or coterie of aristocratic statesmen, but the pith and marrow of the nation.

Our contention is, that although the arts of democratic agitation may be used to stir the masses and to kindle a short-lived enthusiasm, they are in truth injurious to the permanent interests of the Liberal party, because they shake the faith of the more temperate and sagacious classes in the sobriety and wisdom of their rulers. The very charge of rashness and an adventurous spirit which is urged against the Government, may be retorted on its assailants. To court adventures at home is at least as perilous as to seek them abroad. The true interest and the true desire of the nation is to avoid them altogether.

This prosaic view of the duties of government is not, we are happy to find, confined to authorities as venerable as that of the late Earl Russell and of this Journal, which is accused, with truth, of having outlived the threescore years and ten allotted to human existence. If we turn to the writings of Mr. George Brodrick, which we have placed at the head of this article, and which will well repay a careful perusal, we find a Liberal of the present time, and of the present type, a firm believer in the progress of democratic opinions and influence, contending for precisely the same views which we submit to the consideration of our friends. Mr. Brodrick tells us that amongst the proposals for the regeneration of the Liberal party, none have ever been more ably advocated or more heartily embraced by the Radical section of the party, than the proposal to emancipate it henceforth from Whig influence. It is alleged, he adds, that nothing but a series of accidents attached the Whig aristocracy to the cause of the people in former ages, that its sympathies have invariably gravitated towards Conservatism since the cause of the people has become identified with the progress of democracy, and that its alliance with Radicalism having become an anachronism and a delusion ought now to be dissolved in the interest of the Liberal party, which cannot otherwise put forth the real strength latent in its democratic ideal. So that while the Tories accuse us of having sold our principles to Radicalism and democracy, the Radical charge is that we are born aristocrats, and never cared for the cause of the people. To the former attack we reply by a declaration of our present unchanged views; to the latter by an appeal to the past services of the Whig party. Mr. Brodrick emphatically refutes these arguments in language we willingly adopt as our own:—

'I believe what is called the Whig, but I should call the moderate section of the Liberal party, to be the soundest, the stablest, and the solidest element in that party—an element which it would be impossible to replace and therefore suicidal to expel.'*

'It is not Whiggism, but statesmanship and common sense, to keep the head cool in moments of national excitement, to mistrust the capacity of indignation meetings to regulate foreign policy, and to foresee the probability that a passionate and one-sided agitation in favour of a philanthropic crusade would provoke a counter-agitation, equally passionate and one-sided, in favour of war for "British interests." Had the words of truth and soberness obtained a fair hearing—had not the counsels of moderation and political experience been rejected with the contempt of ignorance—the Liberal party might not have frittered away in philo-Bulgarian and anti-Turkish demonstrations, not unmixed with unpatriotic self-abasement, that moral power which should have been reserved to force, if need be, upon the Government a consistent and dignified non-intervention.'†

'But this is not the only justification for Whig ascendency in the Liberal party. To speak frankly, there is a widespread and by no means unfounded belief in this country that an hereditary connexion with a party is among the most powerful of all securities for political fidelity. A man who has risen to political eminence by his brains and energy alone has nothing to lose but his reputation for consistency—which may be a worthless stake—by changing his opinions, if not his allegiance, as often as he may find it convenient. It is far otherwise with a man such as Lord Hartington, who inherits a name and family traditions associated with some of the noblest memories of our constitutional history. To him the desertion of his party and principles might be the loss of *caste*, the loss of a great position in society, the loss of all that can

* Political Sketches, p. 243.
† Ibid. p. 246.

make public life, and of much that makes private life, desirable to an Englishman. It is idle to ignore the fact that a party leader, so born and so circumstanced, is bound over in far heavier recognizances than ordinary men to political loyalty; and it is therefore unfair to deny the existence of legitimate motives for the elevation of Lord Hartington to the post vacated by Mr. Gladstone.' *

'Even in France, where democracy is far better organised than in England, and where the idea of social equality has long been familiar, the Extreme Left has proved itself greatly inferior to the Left Centre in the higher political virtues, and the one beneficent revolution that has been effected in French politics since the end of the war has been effected upon principles which may properly be called Whig principles. In the English House of Commons, however, the Left Centre includes not only Whigs, but men like Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfield, who have nothing in common with the Whigs except the general moderation of their views and a sense of political responsibility. To exclude such men from the councils of the Liberal party, and to drive them—were that possible—into becoming the left wing of the Right Centre, would be an act of downright political suicide, worthy only of Spanish revolutionists.' †

'It may be that we have arrived at that which economists call the "stationary condition" in politics, and that no grand political reforms, but only administrative improvements, remain to be accomplished by the Liberal party in the present generation. In that case, it would be the destructive energy of "thorough-going Liberals," and not the more cautious and thoughtful statesmanship of the Whig school, that would find itself out of harmony with the spirit of the age. In neither case, and in no case that can be imagined, could the democratic section of the Liberal party (if such a section existed) afford to dispense with the aid of the so-called Whigs, that is, of men fitted by education, character, and conviction, to harmonise democratic ideas with the permanent Conservative forces of the country. It is among them, and not among the Radicals, that constructive ability is still to be found; it is they, and not the Radicals, who thoroughly understand the difference between a faction and a party. The sinister maxim *Divide et impera* would, indeed, be fatally misapplied, if it were applied by advocates of democracy, to produce a dissolution of that union which constitutes the Liberal party, which enables it, even in its lowest depression, to maintain a national character, and which is the best security for its continual influence on the political destinies of England.' ‡

We have quoted these passages because they appear to us to state the truth in frank and manly language, and they deserve to be widely read. But we have no desire to insist on any causes of division in the ranks of the Liberal party—still less to claim for the Whigs a share of power in excess of their influence and station in the country. Mr. Escott remarks in his work on England, which gives a fair and impartial, though rather superficial, view of our institutions, that, although the basis of our constitution is extremely democratic, the business of administration has been in the main conducted by members of the aristocracy. This combination of the two great elements of political society, in which neither of them absolutely predominates, is the true secret of our national strength and freedom. For when we speak of aristocracy in England, it must always be remembered that it is an open aristocracy, perpetually recruited from the middle classes. Even in a Tory Ministry, Lord Cranbrook, Lord Cairns, and Lord Beaconsfield spring from the mercantile, professional, or literary classes, and have won their rank by their own exertions; Mr. Cross and Mr. W. H. Smith, who are not born aristocrats, rank in the Cabinet with the heirs of the Percys and the Cecils. Hereditary rank in our statesmen is rather an accident and an exception than the rule. A large proportion of the political leaders of the day owe their position in the House of Lords and in the country to their own talents. That is one reason why rank in England has never ceased to command respect and regard. M. Guizot said, when he came to England in 1848, that he found 'une aristocratie sans morgue et un peuple sans envie.' The middle and the lower classes of society look with complacency on the dignity with which past or present services have clothed their rulers; and English society being what it is, a Ministry would be singularly weakened by the total exclusion of the aristocratic element. Does anyone suppose that if a Cabinet could be formed out of the same elements as a town-council, it would have a long existence? Mr. Gladstone has justly remarked in one of his recent Essays, that the passion of equality and the hatred of superiority of rank are not characteristics of the English people. On the contrary, the middle classes are infected by an exaggerated respect for it. But the reason is, that every man knows that these distinctions, and whatever privileges attach to them, are accessible to all who have industry, talent, and good fortune to acquire them.

Our Conservative contemporary, the 'Quarterly Review,' has recently presented to the world a view of Whig principles which we cannot accept, for the little truth contained in it is mingled with a vast deal of misconception.

* Political Sketches, p. 249. † Ibid. p. 254. ‡ Ibid. p. 256.

'What brought the Whigs to the front in 1830,' he says, 'was their position as aristocratic party leaders, not their love of popular liberty. In the second place the Whigs presided over the settlement just as they did in 1715, because the Tories refused to have anything to do with it; and as soon as the Tories acquiesced in the settlement, the weakness of the Whigs, as depending on the Irish and Radical factions, became apparent. In the third place, the reforms which were required to resettle the Constitution have, most of them, been carried out, and the Whigs have always protested that they were as firmly attached as the Tories to the Constitution itself. Lastly, the Whigs no longer govern as a proud aristocracy at the head of a compact body of parliamentary clients, but merely act as the delegated instruments of democracy. They raise the moderate-sounding cry of "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," in order to reassure the more timid members of the party; but though the words may have a Liberal sound, we may be certain that they will have a Radical meaning.'*

We suppose it may be considered fair in political warfare, especially on the eve of a general election, to impute to the opposite party whatever may serve most effectively to discredit it; and we therefore do not complain of the strange misrepresentations in this passage. On the contrary, we are rather glad to have an opportunity of stating more explicitly at the present time what we consider the duties and principles of the Whig party to be. There is something far more important than what may be termed electoral politics, deflected and blown from side to side by the gusts and storms of a great political contest. We, who are neither candidates for office nor for a seat in Parliament, are comparatively unaffected by them. A political writer in his humbler sphere should look solely to the permanent principles which he has adopted, and has no excuse at all for wavering in the defence of truth. We know not what may be the result of the next election to this or that candidate, or even to this or that party. But we are deeply interested in knowing on what principles the future government of the country is to be carried on.

It is scarcely worth while to dwell on what our contemporary says of the Reform Bill of 1830. The fact is, that the obstructive blindness of the Tories had brought the country to the verge of a revolution. The king could not show his face in the City. The agricultural districts were on fire. The great towns were agitated. Ireland was under the sway of O'Connell. When the Whigs succeeded to power, their first duty was to restore order and confidence in the Government. They did so by boldly satisfying the just demands of the people; but they did not succumb to O'Connell, who denounced them in the most ferocious language, nor did they yield to the pressure of their Radical allies. On the contrary, the Radical party gradually melted away, under the steady policy of the Whig leaders, until Charles Buller said that he and Molesworth would be left alone to 'count' Mr. Grote. What is meant by the settlement of 1715 we do not know, unless it be that the Whigs of that day upheld the Act of Settlement passed in 1700, and defeated a Jacobite conspiracy of the last Tory Ministers of Queen Anne, by securing the accession of the House of Hanover. It is true that the Whigs have always claimed the title of 'friends of the Constitution' as their proudest denomination; and that they have on many great occasions defended constitutional principles against the assumed authority or the corrupting influence of those who claimed to act on behalf of the Crown. The whole political history of the last century is a contest between prerogative and Parliamentary power. It is needless to say on which side the Whigs fought. No sooner are the Tories reinstated in power, and backed by a strong majority, than similar questions are raised. The influence of prerogative is again distinctly asserted and felt in public affairs. It is still more openly defended in books published under the patronage of the Court. To this we reply that these are not the doctrines which placed the House of Hanover on the throne, and which have kept it there. The true Whig principle is to oppose them, and to uphold the Constitution against all attacks, whether from above or from below. Sir Robert Peel in 1837 spoke sound Whig doctrine when he said, 'I see the necessity of widening the foundations on which our Constitution and our religious establishments must rest.' Our contemporary supposes that we are animated by some mystical faith in the perfectibility of mankind, whilst the Conservatives 'restrict their views of earthly existence by the limits of the Christian revelation.' We can assure him we are content to live within the same limits, and are not in the least concerned to know what lies beyond them. If there be one merit more than another which may be fairly claimed by Whig statesmen, it is that their policy is of a practical and not of an imaginative character, and that they disdain to deceive the people by wild theories of human perfectibility or by gorgeous dreams of Imperial power.

On this ground, we emphatically deny that the Whigs are the 'delegated instru-

* Quarterly Review, No. 296, p. 311.

ments of democracy,' or that 'the moderate terms of the programme of the Liberal party will certainly have a Radical meaning.' Men are apt to speak of democracy as if it were synonymous with free institutions and popular government. But democracy is not all of one colour; it has as many hues as the chameleon. There is the democracy of the Commune of France and the Nihilists of Russia, which is revolutionary and destructive; there is the democracy which exults in military glory and Imperialism, and adores a Napoleon or a Bismarck; there is the democracy of Toryism, by which Mr. Disraeli sought in 1867 to crush the Liberalism of the middle classes, and to which Lord Beaconsfield still looks for support. All these powers are the delegated instruments of democracy as much as, or more than, the Whig party, whose chief crime it is that it looks beyond the democratic passions and idols of the hour to the permanent liberties and interests of the nation.

As much may be said of the false construction which has been put upon the intentions of the Whigs. The programme of the Liberal party has the meaning which the words convey, neither more nor less. It consists of three points:—

I. The equalisation of the borough and the county franchise—a measure which the simplest principles of logic and justice demand, and which the Conservatives themselves, if they were to remain in office, would probably carry within a few years. Such a measure must be accompanied with some fresh adjustment of seats to meet the claims of a fluctuating population; but we are not prepared to reduce the number of the representatives of Ireland, or to add, with Mr. Gladstone, eighteen members to the representation of Scotland.

II. The establishment of Local Boards for the administration of county business, on the elective principle, in order to remove an acknowledged anomaly in our provincial system, and to introduce unity of local authority in place of the numerous and conflicting jurisdictions now in existence.

III. A modification of the law of entail, with greater facilities for the liberation of encumbered estates, and for the transfer of land, under the control of a Court or Board of competent jurisdiction—a measure equally beneficial to the owners of land, to their families, and to the agricultural interest.

To these proposals it may be added, that it is the earnest desire of the Liberal party to accomplish the long-deferred and long-desired reform of the Corporation of London, and to confer upon the whole of the metropolis, which exceeds many a continental state in wealth and population, the rights and benefits of our comprehensive and popular system of municipal government as it exists in every other large city in the kingdom.

These points comprise the whole programme of the Liberal party of the present time. To these measures Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster have pledged themselves in the event of their accession to power; and what is perhaps of even more importance, these are the terms of agreement which have been accepted by the more advanced sections of the Liberal party as the ground of their support. They certainly are not of a nature to alarm anyone professing Liberal opinions, and they might even be carried in a Conservative House of Commons. Thus far the leaders of the party have pledged their responsibility, but not a step beyond, at the present time and in the present state of affairs. The wild and visionary schemes based on the 'perfectibility of man' are mere devices of an imaginative opponent. We see no reason to borrow our foreign policy from Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rylands, or to accept from Mr. Chamberlain his system of municipal finance and the electoral caucus—a democratic artifice to make the will of the few appear the choice of the many—or the prohibition of liquor from Sir Wilfrid Lawson, or Home Rule from Mr. Parnell. Whenever these gentlemen are summoned to power, by the confidence of the Crown and the will of Parliament, they will, of course, carry into effect the measures which they regard as salutary and essential to the public welfare. In the meantime we respect the freedom with which they seek to bring round public opinion to their views; but at present we do not share them. Nothing can be more disingenuous to an adversary than to impute to the whole Liberal party and its recognised chiefs the opinions or schemes of Mr. Chamberlain, which are chiefly remarkable for their total impracticability and for the slender support they have received in the House of Commons. We might just as well accuse the present Government of an intention to reimpose a five-shilling duty on corn, because the Duke of Rutland advocates that measure, and his Grace no doubt finds a certain amount of sympathy at the Grantham farmers' ordinary. The truth is, that on both sides these extreme views are of small account, and will have no effect, except to disintegrate the party to which they are attached, by throwing on it distrust and contempt.

But we do not deny that in addition to the questions which we conceive to be ripe for solution, and which may properly en-

gage the attention of Parliament and lead to practical legislation, there are a multitude of other political subjects, floating, as it were, in the air, and which, at some future time, may assume a positive importance. Since we are challenged to confess the faith that is in us and to repudiate the opinions falsely attributed to the Whig party, we feel not the slightest difficulty or hesitation in stating what we conceive the principles of the Whigs to be on any of these questions, and we will take them in their order.

And, first of all, though this declaration may seem uncalled for in a civilised country, we are firmly resolved to uphold and execute the laws for the defence of life and property, which are the foundation of society. It is not altogether superfluous to say so when the right to break contracts and refuse payment of rents is loudly proclaimed in one part of the United Kingdom, and enforced by threats to murder not only the landlords who claim their rents, but the law-abiding tenants who wish to pay them. A good deal has been said by some of the philosophical writers of the day against the existing tenure of property, more especially of real property, and in various forms the theory of the Communists, that property is only held by the permission and by the will of the State, which may resume it at pleasure for the public benefit, has filtered into politics. Even one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Scotland appeared to countenance that idea; and amongst the causes of the fall of his Administration in 1874 one of the most powerful was the reckless and arbitrary manner in which the Charity Commissioners had assumed a power of dealing with trusts and endowments. Some members of the Radical party have declared their hostility to all settled corporate property; and Sir Arthur Hobhouse, in his recently pulished volume called the 'Dead Hand,' declares war against all settlements, and would confer unlimited power to dispose of property on the actual and casual possessors of it. Estates would then cease to be limited, or under the protection of law. Every man might make away with his own. M. de Tocqueville remarked, in his latest work on 'France before the Revolution,' that nothing contributed more to shake the faith of the nation in the right of private property and to prepare that great social cataclysm, than the attacks of the Government on public and private endowments. The Revolution began with these aggressive measures on the part of the State, and ended in a scramble on the part of the people. It is difficult to draw the line short of the absolute rules of ownership recognised by the law. One man is not poorer because another is rich; one man does not forfeit his rights because another man might make a better use of them. And the most sacred rights of property are those which extend beyond the present to the future generation.

Does any man suppose that, if property in land could be so lightly dealt with, the public debt of the State and the vast fabric of credit based upon it could be maintained inviolate? Nothing can be more invidious and absurd than to draw a distinction between property in land, property secured by mortgage on the land, property borrowed by the State, and property invested in a thousand different forms. Touch one, touch all. We hold that the slightest approach to a relaxation of strict legal rights is equally dangerous and pernicious in an economical and in a political sense. Society itself is based upon the rights of property, and in this country especially, as long as law and order are preserved in it, any attack on property will be fatal to the political party which may be rash enough to make it.

We are told by our contemporary that within the next twenty years this nation will have irrevocably pronounced what direction its 'progress' is to take—whether by constitutional development or by revolutionary change—whether the Empire is to be consolidated or dismembered—whether Church and State are to be severed or united—whether the form of our Government is to be a monarchy or a republic. This is the language which we have heard in every crisis, not for twenty years only, but for the last fifty years. It is precisely the view of the Duke of Wellington, who said that if the Reform of 1832 was passed, neither Church nor property, nor colonies, nor union with Ireland, nor eventually monarchy could be saved. We know not what effect Tory government for the next twenty years might have on the fundamental institutions of the country: probably they might be in some danger from the violence of the reaction which would follow, as it did in 1830, a long period of Tory rule. But for our forbears and ourselves we assert with confidence that if none of these calamities have happened, and if the monarchy and the Constitution are ten times as strong as they were under the Regency and in the reign of George IV., it is because the fundamental institutions of the country have been purged, repaired, and reformed by Whig statesmen, in despite of the strenuous efforts of a Tory Opposition. The Whigs therefore claim not only to be the friends of the Constitution, but the authors and saviours of it. It is all very well for the Conservatives of the present day to

talk of 'constitutional development;' but that is the very essence of Whig doctrine. Genuine Toryism systematically opposed all change in the Parliamentary franchise, in the law, in the Church, in municipal Government, and a hundred other things. If these institutions have acquired fresh strength, as we believe that they have, they owe it to their timely renovation. The true points and principles of conflict between the two great parties have been for centuries the contest between the old and the new, between stagnation and progress, between resistance and timely concession, between freedom and monopoly, between the interests of classes and the interests the people. But now-a-days things are so changed that even our excellent contemporary is carried away by the stream and talks Whiggism without knowing it.

'Quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore'

who fought with desperation in 1831 the battle of the last rotten borough in Schedule A. Nay, so large and rapid has been the change that we have lived to see the most democratic measure of reform ever yet proposed, emanate from a Conservative Cabinet and be passed by a highly educated Tory majority. When Conservatism has given birth to the household franchise and the lodger clause, we may well look back with modest assurance to the far humbler efforts of our own predecessors; and if any band has been raised against what a more poetic generation called the 'Ark of the Constitution,' that hand is not our own.

By an equally strange perversion of facts and principles, it is made to appear that the Whigs are not the friends and supporters of the National Church. We should say that nothing is more constant in English history than the determination of the Whigs to oppose High Church principles and sacerdotal pretensions, by subjecting them to the salutary control of civil authority and law. An established Church means a Church regulated by the law of the land: that is what we desire to preserve. The supremacy of the Crown in the Church and the submission of the clergy are the bases of the English Reformation, of the Acts of Elizabeth, and of our whole ecclesiastical system, founded on the authority of Parliament. In the seventeenth century, in the eighteenth century, and in our own times, all the world knows by whom these principles have been assailed and by whom they have been defended. To disestablish a Church and to sever its connexion with the State is simply to free it from the control of law and to abandon it to the pretensions of its spiritual chiefs. That is what at this moment the High Church party and non-juring clergy desire, and what the great majority of the laity of England dread and detest. To maintain the authority of the Crown and of Parliament in the Church and paramount to the clergy, has ever been a Whig principle of the first importance; and it is in consideration of this submission that the clergy hold their temporalities and exercise a lawful authority. But whilst we maintain in its integrity the principle of a National Church, founded on the law and protected by it, we desire that the forms and offices of the Church should be so regulated as to embrace the largest possible number of our fellow-countrymen. The Church is and ought to be the refuge and the consolation of thousands who have no other friend; and it must be said, to the honour of the English clergy, that for the most part they discharge their parochial duties with fervour, liberality, and charity. The more liberal she is, the more she will disarm the prejudices and blunt the hostility of those who have withdrawn from her communion. By passing and accepting the Burials Act, which must be one of the first acts of a Liberal Government, the last legitimate ground of complaint will be removed; and those who desire to uphold and defend the cause of Protestantism and free religious enquiry in this nation ought to be united by considerations far more powerful than the causes which unhappily divide them.*

The Church of England, therefore, is in no danger from the Whigs, and we will add in no danger from the Dissenters. Her chief danger arises from the men within her own walls who refuse to acknowledge the law of Church government by which they are bound; who are endeavouring to corrupt the Anglican Church by Romish doctrine and practices; and who are not ashamed to prevaricate in their obedience to the most solemn obligations. Whig principles in the Church mean the extension of lay influence and authority in ecclesiastical affairs and in Convocation, the abolition of unnecessary tests, the removal of a few obsolete passages in the Liturgy which are a stumbling-block in her path, the application of a liberal

* We have heard with pleasure that at the late Church Congress at Swansea some of the clergy were received and hospitably entertained by leading Dissenters in the town, and the meetings of the Congress were attended with interest by several Dissenting ministers. Such an evidence of the progress of mutual tolerance and common interest in the welfare of religion is one of the best signs of the stability of the Church of England.

policy to the diversities of personal opinion, and the maintenance of the Church of England by all the means which may enlarge her boundaries and preserve her as a truly national institution. These are not the views of the partisans of Disestablishment, or of the enemies of the Church. We claim, on the contrary, to be her best friends, since we adhere most closely to the spirit of the Reformation and the tenor of her laws. If we turn to measures of practical legislation, none have been more beneficial to the Church than the Tithes Act, the abolition of pluralities, and the schemes of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which are all framed on sound Whig principles.

So little do we accept the charge that the Whigs have degenerated into the 'delegated instruments of democracy,' that we readily admit that the Whig party has not unfrequently held and defended the unpopular side in important controversies. The question with us is not what is popular, but what is sound, just, and right; and we hold it to be one of the duties of statesmen to combat popular delusions, even at the cost of place and power. This is especially true of foreign politics, on which popular enthusiasm is easily excited by appeals to national pride, to the pugnacity of the masses, and to the ignorance of the greater number. Lord Salisbury never was better inspired than when he recommended his audience to study large maps, though he has since lost sight of them himself. Lord Beaconsfield has received ovations for achievements which might have merited a different reception. The Government owes whatever success its foreign policy has obtained in this country to the very passions of democracy, which it would be well to restrain. A wise and pacific policy is much less apt to catch the popular favour than a rash and adventurous one; in fact we have frequently observed that a Foreign Minister is most applauded for his least defensible actions, and gains no credit for his wisest measures.

The late Lord Clarendon was, in our opinion, a safer and abler Minister of Foreign Affairs than Lord Palmerston, because he obtained the confidence and regard of all foreign Powers, without exciting either their fear or their hatred; and he never condescended to appeal to the popular voice on intricate questions of foreign policy; but for this reason he was less applauded and less understood. Both these Foreign Ministers were, however, eminent. Whig statesmen, perfectly acquainted with the duties of their office, and it is preposterous to contend that under them England did not hold her just rank and influence in the councils of Europe. Both of them stood far above the Tory administration of foreign affairs by Lord Aberdeen, or even the Duke of Wellington. They emancipated this country from the influence of the Continental Courts; they gave the moral support of this country to constitutional government abroad; they maintained peace in many difficult crises; but when war was forced upon them by the aggressive policy of Russia, they fought and defeated her in close alliance with France, and dictated the conditions of peace. These were the Whig principles and acts of that day. It is true that the theory of an Imperial policy had not then been invented.

How stands the question with reference to the commercial policy of the country? The great free-trade measures of Sir Robert Peel, which had been advocated for years by the Whigs and combated by the Tories, were at last carried by a combination of the most able statesmen in the country. They were defended with the popular eloquence of Mr. Cobden; and they were justified in the eyes even of their opponents by a long period of extraordinary prosperity, due partly to free trade and partly to other causes. Nevertheless, we are by no means certain that the theory of free trade has been mastered by the majority. No sooner is the pressure of competition, bad harvests, and adverse markets felt, than we begin to hear rumours that there is no such thing as free trade without reciprocity—a faint movement for retaliatory duties and other forms of protection is set on foot, and we should not be the least surprised to see the old bogie of protection revived by the Tories at the next general election, in spite of Lord Beaconsfield's frank and peremptory disclaimer of so great a step backwards. For, in truth, we perceive that our accomplished contemporary himself has a very imperfect conception of the principles of free trade, and still casts back lingering glances to the old restrictions on the food and trade of the country. We are 'not,' he says, 'to abandon, without an effort, the system we adopted in 1846; *though we believe that system to be shortsighted and impolitic.* . . . The adoption of free trade was a national act, and all classes in this country ought to feel that to surrender it would be a blow to the credit of England.' Ominous words! and there are more of them, which imply that the writer is a reluctant convert to the principles of free trade, which he imperfectly understands, and would renounce them, if he could, on behalf of the party whom he serves. What he calls 'Mr. Cobden's

principles' were certainly not invented by Mr. Cobden, though Mr. Villiers and Mr. Cobden rendered them popular, and their first application to the British tariff is really due to Mr. Huskisson as long ago as in 1823. They are the principles which Adam Smith first placed upon a scientific basis, and which have the certainty and precision of a mathematical theorem, and they may be summed up in few words: 'In every country it always is and must be the interest of the great body of the people to buy whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest.* . . . Consumption is the sole end and purpose of all production; and the interest of the producer ought to be attended to, only so far as it is necessary for promoting that of the consumer.'† To which we may add that, all trade being a process of exchange, it is impossible that the value of what we import from foreign countries should not be paid for by the export, direct or indirect, of articles of equivalent value produced or possessed by ourselves.

So rooted in the popular mind is the delusion of what used to be called the 'balance of trade,' that it is not uncommon for people to point to the excess of our imports over our exports as a proof that trade is declining, or is carried on at a loss. We would submit to them, in addition to what we have already said, two considerations, suggested by the excellent 'Essays on Finance,' recently published by Mr. Robert Giffen. In the first place, the whole foreign export trade of England amounts to about *one-eighth* of the total productive power of the country. Mr. Giffen estimates the whole income of the country at twelve hundred millions, and the net income derived from our exports at no more than one hundred and forty millions.‡ If this sum were lost altogether we should not be ruined; and a slight deduction from it ought to be almost unfelt. England does not live, as is commonly supposed, on her export trade. It is much nearer the truth to say that her import trade is indispensable to the existence of the people, because it supplies us with raw materials and food. Only about *one-tenth* of our imports consist of manufactured articles—forty millions out of three hundred and seventy-nine millions.

Again, in computing the apparent difference between our payments to and our receipts from foreign countries, people lose sight of the fact, that English capital being invested all over the globe, in foreign loans, industries, and mercantile advances, all foreign countries pay and remit to England, in one form or another, the interest of this invested capital, amounting to very large sums, probably not less than seventy millions a year. A large portion of this interest arrives in the shape of marketable goods, imported for the benefit of the people of this country. That is the tribute, and the only tribute, which India, the colonies, and foreign nations pay to us, and it is paid for the use of our capital, by which both parties are gainers. So also, every Englishman who makes a fortune abroad and remits it to his native country, must do so in the form of commodities of some sort, which figure in the amount of our imports. An excess of imports is a sign not of poverty, but of wealth.

Simple as the foregoing propositions are, and they embody the whole theory of free trade, they are not yet universally apprehended. The fallacies of the mercantile theory and the balance of trade are still deeply rooted in the masses, and in the minds of some who ought to know better.

The manufacturing classes adopted these principles because they believed that cheap food would tend to lower wages; the agricultural classes submitted because the same freedom was conceded to the import of all manufactured articles. The advocates of free trade on broad and sound economic principles were doubtless a minority of the nation: perhaps they are so still. But the more imperious is the duty to resist by every possible means a relapse into the delusive policy of the mercantile system, which still, as we see with regret, has numerous advocates and proselytes both in the United States and in Europe. Freedom of trade is one of the principles to which the Liberal party is irrevocably and absolutely pledged, though it may very well happen that the battle may have to be fought over again, and fought against the current of popular feeling. One of the arguments used by Mr. Goschen against the further extension of the franchise was, that it might render more difficult the defence of economic truths essential to the well-being of the country. Never, in truth, were the benefits of free trade more conspicuous to those who have eyes and brains than at this moment, when the failure of harvests and the depression of trade have caused great and general depression and distress. What is it that prevents this distress from degenerating into disturbance, and this scarcity into famine, but the fact that the food of the people remains untaxed and cheap; that the markets of the world are

* Wealth of Nations, book iv. cap. 8.

† Ibid. book iv. cap. 8.

‡ See the problem worked out in the capital essays on 'Foreign Competition' and 'Excess of Imports,' pp. 142–160 of Mr. Giffen's book.

open to the consumer; and that the State interposes no shadow of privilege or monopoly over any class of the Queen's subjects? To call this system 'short-sighted and impolitic' is to flatter the delusions of the most ignorant classes of the people.

We have already more than once intimated our opinion, that it is on the score of finance that the present Administration is most open to attack. Here it is that they have most widely departed from sound principles, which no one is better acquainted with than Sir Stafford Northcote himself. We applauded the measure he took, early in his term of office, for the regular reduction of the National Debt by setting apart a fixed sum of twenty-eight millions for the interest of the debt, the surplus being employed by the National Debt Commissioners. But the merit of that proposal has been annulled by the fact, that whilst he has been paying off debt with one hand, he has been contracting fresh debts with the other. Indeed it would seem that if the interest of the annuities and of the unfunded debt be taken into the account, the annual charge of the last two years exceeds twenty-eight millions, and there is no reduction of debt at all.* This is apt to be the fate of all sinking funds in times of emergency; and it can only be avoided by a vigorous determination to provide by the legitimate means of supply for the ordinary and extraordinary expenditure of each year. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the finances of the country, delivered in the course of his recent tour in Scotland, appears to us to be the most masterly display of his prodigious powers of versatility and eloquence. It left no point untouched or unattacked, and we only regret that it was not delivered in the House of Commons, which is the most appropriate field for such discussions. But Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly established (if any such proof were wanting) his complete command of the subject, and his unrivalled eminence as a financier. We can only hope that whenever a Liberal Administration is called into being, the direction of the national finances will be placed in his hands to retrieve much that is amiss and to repress much that is exuberant; and it would be worthy of Mr. Gladstone's patriotism and magnanimity to devote himself to this most important and essential task, which no living man can perform equally well. In this, he would deserve and he would receive the cordial support and gratitude of the whole Liberal party; for we need hardly add, that a wise economy is one of its cardinal principles, and the experience of the last five years has proved how inseparable laxity of expenditure, jobbery, and rash speculation are from Tory government.

The views we entertain of the present state of Ireland and of the policy to be pursued in Irish affairs have been so fully stated in another part of this Number, that it is unnecessary to revert at length to the subject in this place. But we should fail to express an important principle of the Whig party if we did not state in the most emphatic manner that the traditions of the Whigs and the convictions of their present leaders are absolutely opposed to all measures tending to shake the solidity of the Union, to impair or divide the authority of the Imperial Parliament, or to flatter the wild dreams of the 'National' party in Ireland by any concession which should sever that island from the common legislation and policy of the United Kingdom. We might remind our critics that when O'Connell, at the height of his favour, raised the cry of 'Repeal,' he was encountered in argument with consummate ability by the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice; and that when Irish agitation reached a height dangerous to life and property, the Whigs did not hesitate to pass the measures necessary for the defence of law and order, although of course these measures were fiercely attacked by their Irish allies and by not a few members of the advanced Liberal party. The Whig party desire to establish in Ireland complete equality of religious and civil rights, to extend and perfect the education of all classes and sects on Liberal principles, and to promote that prosperity in which Ireland has made no small progress in the last twenty years; but they object on principle to all relaxations of the authority of the law, to all attacks on the rights of property, and to the vicious theory that Irish discontent or sedition is to be bought off by grants from the Treasury. It may be true that in some English boroughs the Irish vote has acquired sufficient importance to turn an election, and that severe pressure has been put by the Home Rulers on some Liberal candidates to compel them to accept the plausible proposal for a Committee of Enquiry into the claims of Ireland for Home Rule. The terms in which Mr. Shaw framed his motion were studiously moderate, with a view to catch English support, which would

* In justice to the Chancellor of the Exchequer it must, however, be said that he explained, in his speech at Leeds, that this apparent increase of the debt is due in part to the borrowing of money for the purpose of lending it again to public bodies without any charge to the State, and in part to the conversion of funded debt into terminable annuities, by which the principal will in a few years be discharged altogether.

certainly have been refnsed to a more explicit resolntion. But this artifice can impose on nobody. What is represented in England to be a mere vote for enquiry, is represented in Ireland to be a vote for Home Rule. This is one of the means by which the agitation is kept alive. On a qnestion of vital importance to the existence of the State, it is a mean and treacherous action to disguise an opinion, or to court popularity by supporting a measure because it cannot be carried. A seat is purchased too dearly at such a sacrifice of honour and of truth. The people of England and Scotland will never consent to abandon Ireland to the revolutionary passions of a separate legislature; and whatever may be the equivocal language of the timid and the weak in the Liberal camp, this is a principle on which we are convinced that the leaders of the Whig party immoveably stand.

The idea of the severance of the small islands which form the United Kingdom, and which are bound together by causes infinitely stronger than the passions which disunite them, is only worthy of men who would return to the Heptarchy. Nor is much more to be said for those who accept the specious plea of decentralisation, and would concede to Ireland a larger share of power over her local affairs. The limit of local power, whether parochial, municipal, or in counties, is soon reached. It is the limit of local taxation. As far as the control and application of local funds, raised by rates, to public purposes goes, nothing can be fairer or more desirable than local authority. Nobody contests to the Irish, the Scotch, and to every county and borough in England the entire management of their local business in as far as it is supported by local taxation. But at that limit their power stops. All Imperial taxation, and the control and application of all money raised by Imperial taxation, depend absolutely and exclusively on the House of Commons of the United Kingdom, and in that one proposition is comprised the whole secret of political power. Without the power of raising money from the people, no political body has any power at all. The power of raising the money without which government would cease to exist, comprises every other power. It is not conceivable that any British statesman would consent to transfer to an Irish assembly or political body the power of taxing the people of Ireland or of spending the money which Ireland contributes to the finances of the United Kingdom. The case of the great colonies has no analogy, because they contribute nothing to the finances of the United Kingdom, and have no claim on the Treasury. But to sever the finances of Ireland from those of Great Britain is impossible, without breaking every tie between the two countries; and that is doubtless the object the Irish agitators have in view, for on no other hypothesis is their contention for independent political power consistent with sanity. For these reasons, amongst many others, we hold with Mr. Fawcett that it is better the Liberal party should be excluded indefinitely from office, than that it should purchase a brief and precarious official existence by any compromise at variance with sound economical and political principles, by which the Irish national leaders would not be satisfied — which they would accept, like O'Connell, only to contend for more—and by which the leaders of the Liberal party would be disgraced in the eyes of the people of Great Britain.

This, no doubt, is the most important subject to which the attention of statesmen and of Parliament can and will be directed. The old questions, 'How is Ireland to be governed?'—how is disaffection to be changed into loyalty, and division into union?—have lost none of their difficulty, although England has shown with no niggard hand that she is willing to make, and has made, all concessions to the just demands of the Irish people which are not inconsistent with the unity and existence of the Empire. But the Irish difficulty is not only great in itself, and might well demand the united efforts of British statesmen of all parties to solve it—for we are persuaded that Englishmen of all parties are equally disposed to treat Ireland with justice and perhaps with an imprudent liberality—but it lies at the threshold of all other legislation, and threatens to stop the course of parliamentary government. It is obvious that, if the same course of obstruction which originated with Mr. Parnell and his friends in the course of last session is to be pursued this year, the business of the House of Commons will be stopped and the character of Parliament still further lowered. And if, as is probable, the number of Home Rulers in the next Parliament is considerably increased, they being pledged to follow the same course, the evil will become one of the first magnitude. The Irish obstructionists, who have conducted their mischievous schemes with great ingenuity, soon found that a direct attack on the House by moving wanton adjournments and similar devices would be resented and punished as a contempt. They therefore took refuge in minute criticism. They claimed the right, which could not be contested, of examining clause by clause and

line by line every bill submitted to the House. Others took a lesson out of their book whenever they wished to defeat a Bill. The artifice is effectual. No important legislative Act, like the Bankruptcy Bill or the Criminal Code, can be passed if a considerable body of members combine to exercise their ingenuity in discussing every word the Bill contains. In such a state of things, to borrow the acute remark of the late Mr. Walter Bagehot, in his admirable essay on the House of Commons, 'It is not that you will not be able to do any good, but you will not be able to do anything at all. If everybody does what he thinks right, there will be 657 amendments to every motion, and none of them will be carried, or the motion either.'* Hitherto it has been assumed that the representatives of the people met in Parliament to pass laws, and that the will of the majority determined the result, and was accepted by the House and the country. But now it seems the representatives of the people, or some of them, are sent to Parliament to prevent laws from being passed. The minority is to rule the majority. Men are to exercise a power resembling the *liberum veto* of the Polish Diet. If this practice gains ground, it may be applied by all dissatisfied minorities to the bills of all governments. A Minister at the height of power would be baffled in his most important measures; the House of Commons would be reduced to impotence, and the duties of Parliament would be transferred to public meetings out of doors, to the press, and to the conflicting strife of popular opinion.

We need hardly say that this is a state of things which the country would regard as intolerable, and that the first and plainest of Whig principles is to maintain the authority of Parliament. Some of our more democratic allies, whether Irish or English, may not be sorry to see the authority of Parliament lowered, and questions decided by popular agitation and by a more direct appeal to popular meetings, in which electors and non-electors take an equal part. We regard such a shifting of power from the constitutional bodies which represent the nation to the irregular action of non-constituted political bodies as in the highest degree mischievous and deplorable, and we regret the increasing tendency of rival statesmen to carry on their political contests, out of the session, by frequent appeals to public opinion in these irregular forms, especially as these unanswered arguments and discussions are embittered by a large amount of personal recrimination. But if the House of Commons cannot defend itself and enforce the rules necessary for the performance of its own duties, parliamentary government itself is lost, and the nation would cease to respect a body which should cease to be able to legislate for the country and to control its own members. We do not presume to recommend, or even at present to discuss, the measures which the wisdom and experience of the House can alone supply. The tactics of legislative assemblies are in themselves a science, which has been too little studied in theory since the days of Bentham and Dumont. The procedure of the House of Commons, complicated as it is, is wholly empirical, and has grown up by use. It is none the worse for that. But *salus populi suprema lex.* It is wholly impossible that technical artifices should be allowed to arrest the march of public affairs, or that the relations of the great parties which divide the realm of Britain should be placed at the mercy of an Irish faction. By some means or other—whether it be by a combination of the leaders of both parties, who have a common interest in maintaining the dignity and authority of the House of Commons, by a large addition to the authority of the Chair, or even by an appeal to the nation—the evil must be overcome; and we shall not be surprised if in the next session, and still more in the next Parliament, it assumes an importance paramount to all other matters. On this question, as on all others, the duty of the Whig party appears to us to be clear; it is to support moderate measures and a moderate policy, which we believe to be in accordance with the wishes and opinions of the great majority of the people of England, against the pretensions and agitations of extreme parties, and, whilst it opposes the rash and adventurous experiments of the present Administration, to control the demand for hasty and unnecessary innovations on the part of some of its own allies, whilst it continues to promote, as it did from 1830 to 1874, the pacific progress of the Empire and the liberties of the people.

* Bagehot on the English Constitution, p. 141.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

FOR APRIL, 1880.

NO. CCCX.

ART. I—1. *The Directorium Anglicanum.* Third edition. Edited by the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L. London: 1866.

2. *The Priest's Prayer Book, with a Brief Pontifical.* London: 1870.

3. *The Annotated Book of Common Prayer.* By the Rev. JOHN HENRY BLUNT, M.A., F.S.A. London: 1876.

4. *Advice for those who exercise the Ministry of Reconciliation through Confession and Absolution, being the Abbé Gaume's Manual for Confessors.* With a Preface embodying English Authorities on Confession. By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. London and Oxford: 1878.

5. *Ritual of the Altar: the Order of the Holy Communion, with Introits, Collects, Epistles, Graduals, Gospels, Offertories, Secrets, Communions, and Post-Communions throughout the Year.* According to the Use of the Church of England. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. Second edition. Revised and enlarged. London: 1878.

6. *Anglo-Catholic Principles Vindicated.* A Series of Original Treatises contributed by Eminent Prelates and Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by J. C. S. Second edition. London and Oxford: 1878.

FIFTY years ago it might have been alleged with truth that whatever other accusations were justly preferred against the clergy of the English Church, none could lay to their charge any proclivity towards the tenets of the Church of Rome. In the year 1833 the 'Tracts for the Times' began to make their appearance. In the year 1841 the University of Oxford and the English Church at large were aroused and alarmed by the publication of Tract No. XC. About the same time Dr. Pusey commenced the publication of certain books of devotion which, according to the testimony of Dr. Hook, 'led men to Rome.' In the month of February 1845, Mr. Oakeley, then Senior Fellow of Balliol College, in a letter addressed to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, claimed 'the right of holding, as distinct from teaching, *all Roman doctrine*, and that,' he adds, 'notwithstanding my subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles.' In the month of October in the same year, Mr. (now Cardinal) Newman was received into the Roman Church, and Mr. Browne, one of the converts to Romanism from the English clergy, writing in the year 1861, asserts that the school 'formed by the "Tracts for the Times" had given more than two hundred of the clergy, and many thousands of the laity, to the Church.' The prognostication of the late Bishop Thirlwall, in his masterly charge of 1866, that 'this ritual movement has by no means reached its term,' has been abundantly verified; insomuch, indeed, that notwithstanding the inferiority of the Ritualistic clergy in numbers, in learning, and in ecclesiastical position, they have been able to set at defiance the decisions of the highest courts of appeal, and have reduced the Established Church of this land to a state approaching anarchy.

The agencies which have been employed in the accomplishment of this object have

been mainly the three following: (1) An adroit use of the pulpit and the platform; (2) the adoption of a highly ornate and attractive ceremonial; and (3) the extensive circulation of a liturgical and devotional literature, in which the doctrines and practices of the pre-Reformation Church have been earnestly, and in many cases unscrupulously, inculcated.

It is the last of these three agencies with which a critical journal is chiefly concerned, and it is to the examination of the character of this literature that we propose to address ourselves in the following pages, adverting to the other agencies which we have specified only so far as they are connected with that to which we now invite the attention of our readers.

We propose to examine the general character of Ritualistic literature, as fully as our limits will allow, under the following heads:—

I. The 'Sacrament of the Altar,' or the 'Mass.'

II. Non-communicating Attendance for the purpose of assisting at a Sacrifice and for Adoration.

III. The Obligation of Fasting Communion.

IV. Sacramental Confession and Absolution.

V. The Observance of Unauthorised Festivals, and the Invocation of Saints and Angels.

VI. Hymnology.

And here it may be well to premise that, in addition to the ordinary difficulties which attend the investigation of the doctrines and the ceremonies of any sect or party, the task which lies before us in regard to the teaching of Ritualism is encompassed with peculiar difficulties, of which the advocates of that system are not indisposed to take the utmost advantage. In the first place, although the Ritualists constitute a more compact and a better organised body than any other school which now exists within the pale of the English Church, they have few, if any, leaders by whose writings the party, as such, is content to be judged. Many both of their earlier and of their later leaders—to their honour be it spoken—have withdrawn from the communion of a Church whose doctrines they had ceased to hold, and with whose ritual they were no longer content, for one whose creed they had gradually, and in some cases insensibly, adopted, and whose ceremonial satisfied their cravings after a sensuous form of worship. And further, the theory of development has been carried to such lengths by those who, to adopt the language of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, have remained with us 'in order that they may substitute the 'Mass for the Communion,' that the position which was originally occupied by the leaders of the movement has been long since abandoned by the greater number of their followers. The combined result of these circumstances is not only that the founders of the Oxford school can no longer be regarded as the exponents of the creed or ritual of their disciples, but that the Ritualists of the present day are able to repudiate, whenever it may be found convenient, the authority of those who were at one time confessedly their guides.

We have a further difficulty to encounter in the performance of the task which we have undertaken. It is well known to those who have had to deal with Ritualistic literature, not only that the writers are in the habit of taking their quotations at second hand, and, as the result of that habit, of misunderstanding and misrepresenting the meaning of the authors whom they cite, but also that they are accustomed to employ language in an ambiguous sense, and not unfrequently in a sense wholly different from that in which it was originally used. This remark applies, in a special manner, to the Eucharistic controversy. Language which, in the writings of the early fathers, of the great divines of the English Church, and, we may add, in the hymnology of orthodox Nonconformists, was designed to be understood in a figurative sense, is employed by writers of the Ritualistic school in a sense not only different from, but wholly inconsistent with, that in which it was originally used.

These, then, are some of the difficulties which we have to encounter in the execution of our design. If we quote from the works of those who are supposed to be amongst the leaders of the Ritualistic school, we shall be met by the objection that the individual writers alone are responsible for the doctrines which are taught, or the practices which are enjoined. If we quote from the works of those who were confessedly foremost in the Ritualistic movement, but who have now found their more congenial element in the Roman Church, we shall be met by the allegation that, whatever the position which they formerly occupied, they are no longer to be regarded as exponents of the views of those with whom they have ceased to identify themselves. And, once more, if we adduce language which, when taken in the connexion in which it stands, and when interpreted by the practices which it is designed to recommend, is manifestly inconsistent with the

formularies of the English Church and with the creeds of the Reformed Churches generally, we shall expose ourselves to the retort that the same or similar language may be adduced from the writings of the early fathers, of the great divines of the English Church, and even from those of orthodox Dissenters.

In the face of these and other difficulties, which we shall not pause to enumerate, we proceed to address ourselves to the work which we have in hand; and although we entertain no expectation of convincing those whom the influence of sacerdotalism or the love of æsthetics has entangled in the meshes of Ritualism, we hope to make it manifest to those who are open to conviction that the doctrines and practices of the Ritualists are altogether alien from the spirit of Protestantism, and are utterly irreconcilable with a loyal adhesion to the formularies of the Reformed Church of England.

I. Our first enquiry is, What is the teaching of Ritualism on the subject of the Eucharist, or, to adopt Ritualistic phraseology, 'the Sacrament of the Altar'? Some years ago we should have been compelled to enter upon the investigation of many subtle and discordant theories in order to arrive at any definite conclusion on the subject of our present enquiry; and, in the issue, we should have been constrained to sum up that conclusion in the words, *Quot homines tot sententiæ*. Now it is far otherwise. Little is now heard either of the loud protests which were formerly uttered against the dogma of transubstantiation, or of the subtle distinctions by which it was attempted to justify the allegation that the doctrine of the Ritualists differs in some material respects from that of the Church of Rome. It is virtually, if not formally, conceded, that in regard to the doctrine of the Mass the Romanists and the Romanisers are at one; and it is even alleged, with an amount of assurance at which the author of Tract No. XC. must stand amazed, that there is no real distinction on this subject between the formularies of the Church of England and those of the Church of Rome.

Our readers will naturally and reasonably demand some proof of an assertion which, if it cannot be fully sustained, deserves to be rejected as a gross and malicious libel. We have no need, however, either to encumber our pages with lengthened quotations, or to have recourse to the writings of the extreme left of the Ritualistic party, as the 'Tracts for the Day,' * in order to establish the truth of our assertion. We have before us, as we write, a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Canon Carter, who is deservedly esteemed as one of the ablest and most accomplished members of the party to which he has attached himself, and who, until a very recent date, was not regarded in the light of an extreme partisan. In a thoughtful and suggestive paper by the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, entitled 'Some Present Dangers of the Church of England,' the writer charged the Ritualists with teaching 'a doctrine of the Real Presence not substantially different from that set forth by the Church of Rome.' So far from denying the truth of this allegation, Canon Carter does not hesitate to write in the following words: '"Substantially" there is no difference at all between us and the Church of Rome in regard to the Holy Eucharist.' * Inasmuch, however, as we are now dealing with one of the vital questions of the Ritualistic controversy, and one on which our Reformers deemed that the difference between us and the Church of Rome was so great that they were content not only to imperil but even to sacrifice their lives in the cause, it will be desirable (1) to state specifically what is the doctrine of the Church of Rome on this subject; and (2) to adduce some evidence corroborative of Canon Carter's assertion that there is no substantial difference between that of the Church of Rome and that which is now taught by the Ritualistic party in the Church of England.

In regard to the teaching of the Church of Rome it will suffice to adduce the following quotation from the Creed of Pope Pius IV., a creed which has ever been allowed to be an accurate and explicit summary of the Roman Catholic faith, and which is publicly recited by those who are admitted from other communions into the pale of the Roman Church:

'I profess that in the Mass is offered unto God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there is really, truly, and substantially, the body and

* Thus, in the Tract on 'The Real Presence' we read as follows:—'In order to this union of the Flesh of Christ with ours, He first incarnates Himself in the hands of the Priest; i.e. at the moment of consecration Christ unites Himself, Body, Soul, and Divinity, in an ineffable manner, with the Elements of Bread and Wine.' (P. 16.)

* 'The Present Movement: A Letter to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. By the Rev. T. T. Carter, Rector of Clewer, Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.' Rivingtons, 1878.

blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into His body, and of the whole substance of the wine into His blood; which conversion the Catholic Church calls Transubstantiation.'

Such being, on the highest authority, a summary of the doctrine of the Church of Rome, as formally laid down in the decrees of the Council of Trent, and as still taught and received within the Roman communion, we shall proceed to adduce some evidence in proof of the truth of Canon Carter's assertion that the doctrine taught by the Ritualists is *substantially* identical with that of the Church of Rome.

This identity might, indeed, be fairly inferred from the servile and, in the eyes of Romanists, ludicrous mimicry of the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Mass, which we find prescribed in Ritualistic directories, and which has been adopted, in defiance alike of law and of custom, in some English churches. It may be inferred with still greater certainty, from the reception on the part of certain Ritualists of the Roman 'Cantels' for the celebration of the Mass, which are described by Dr. Lee, in 'The Directorium Anglicanum,' as so valuable, 'as indicating the mind of our beloved Church in times gone by,' that they have been translated and published at length in the body of that work. Some of these 'Cantels' are of so loathsome and some of so puerile a character that we may well be excused from exposing them to the full measure of scorn and of ridicule which they are calculated to provoke. Of this character are those 'Cantels' which direct the priest what he is to do in the event of certain bodily infirmities or casualties—how he is to cleanse the table or stand on which a drop of the consecrated wine may have fallen—to scrape the wood and burn the ashes—to suck the drop which may have fallen upon the altar, and to submit to three days' penance in expiation of his crime—or to do penance for forty days if a mouse or other animal should devour the Host.* The following extract from the third of these 'Cautels,' in which our readers will not fail to notice the introduction of the Roman doctrine of *intention*, will suffice to exhibit their true character, and at the same time to illustrate the views and aims of those who endeavour to leaven the Church with those corruptions of doctrine and practice which it was the object of the English Reformation to remove:—

'The third Cautel is: to read the Canon in a lower tone (*morosius*) than the other parts of the Liturgy. And especially from the place: *Qui pridie quam pateretur accepit.* For then the priest ought to fetch a breath and concentrate his attention, and to intend to collect his whole self (if he has not been able to do so before), upon each separate word. And whilst he shall say: *Accipite et manducate ex hoc omnes;* he shall fetch a breath and with one inspiration shall say (the words) HOC EST ENIM CORPUS MEUM. . . . Also in pronouncing the words of consecration over any matter, the priest should always intend to perform that which Christ instituted, and the Church does.' *

Another work of a similar character to the 'Directorium Anglicanum,' and one which, as we believe, is still held in high repute amongst Ritualists, notwithstanding the secession of its editor to the Church of Rome, is Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Ritual of the Altar.' † The title of this work deserves notice as affording a characteristic illustration of the manner in which the minds of the clergy and the laity are gradually familiarised with Roman doctrines and ceremonies under the guise of conformity with the teaching of the Church of England. It is as follows:—'Ritual of the Altar. The Order of the Holy Communion, with Introits, Collects, Epistles, Gradnals, Gospels, Offertories, Secrets, Communions, and Post-Communions throughout the year. *According to the Use of the Church of England.*'

The principle which has been adopted in this and similar works of enlarging the Book of Common Prayer from pre-Reformation sources is explained and justified in the preface to the 'Ritual of the Altar,' in the following words:—

'The order of the Prayer Book, both in text and rubric, has been literally followed; and everything devotional and ceremonial which it contains has been carefully reproduced. 'But from the circumstances of its origin, the history of its formation, change and restoration, and the mould in which the results hardened, the form of the English office can only be allowed to be, liturgically speaking, the *minimum* of a valid offering of the highest act of Christian worship. As such it has been treated in this volume. The right has been claimed and exercised of supplementing such order from the ancient rituals of the Church. Whatever Catholic custom is wont to use in Divine service, whether in word or act, which has

* Directorium Anglicanum, pp. 114, 115. Thomas Bosworth, 1866.

* Directorium Anglicanum, pp. 107, 108.

† Thus, e.g., 'The Kalendar of the English Church' for 1880, published by the Church Printing Company, gives a general summary of Ritualistic directions respecting the administration of 'Low' and 'High Mass,' and refers its readers for 'more minute information' to Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Ritual of the Altar,' p. 47.

not been distinctly disallowed by the Prayer Book, or some other authoritative document, or which has only been omitted without being prohibited, is still the legitimate inheritance of the Anglican Communion.'*

The way being thus prepared for unauthorised additions to the rites and ceremonies of the Book of Common Prayer, the volume before us carries out the principle which its editor propounds, not only by elaborate directions, illustrated by costly plates, for the use of various ornaments of the church and the ministers thereof, which the highest courts of the land have declared to be illegal, but also by the introduction of services for days which find no place in the Calendar of the English Church, and by the use of a phraseology which, however familiar to members of the Church of Rome, is alien from the simplicity of the ritual of the Church of England. Thus, we find elaborate directions about the 'slippers,' the 'amice,' the 'alb,' the 'girdle,' the 'maniple,' the 'chasuble,' and the 'biretta,' whilst as regards the rites and ceremonies connected with the celebration of 'the mass' we find mention of the 'mensa,' the 'superaltar,' the 'cross or crucifix,' the 'corporal,' the 'linen pall,' the 'water-cruet,' the 'purificator,' the 'censer,' the 'ciborium,' the 'Sanctus bell,' the 'reserved sacrament,' and the 'mass for the dead.'

It might, indeed, be supposed, notwithstanding the evidence which exists to the contrary, that elaborate works, such as the 'Hierurgia Anglicana,' the 'Directorium Anglicanum,' and the 'Ritual for the Altar,' were designed rather for the benefit of the ecclesiastical student than for the guidance of the parochial minister; in any case, that the rites and ceremonies which are explained and illustrated in these and similar works were intended to be of exceptional observance, and that it would be unfair to draw any inference from such sources as to the changes which the Ritualists desire to introduce into the parish churches of our land. It is important, therefore, that we should extend our enquiry and ascertain what are the character and design of the liturgical and devotional books which are commonly circulated by the upholders of Ritualism, both for the general direction of the clergy and also for the instruction of the laity.

The first book to which we shall refer with this object is one which bears the title of 'The Priest's Prayer Book, with a brief Pontifical.' We quote from the fourth edition, 'much enlarged,' which was published by Mr. Masters in 1870. This volume is described in the preface 'as an appendix to to the Book of Common Prayer, and to provide the parochial clergy with offices and collects for those occasional ministrations for which no formal or authorised provision has been made.' We are informed in the same preface, in language which is worthy of the school from which this volume emanates, that 'the object of the "Priest's Prayer Book" is not to *supersede the use of the Book of Common Prayer*, but to be merely ancillary and subordinate to it.' In what manner and to what extent that object has been accomplished our readers will infer from the following facts. Under the head of 'Prayers while vesting for the Holy Communion,' we find a series of short prayers, taken from the Roman Missal, to be used at washing the hands and whilst putting on the amice, the alb, the girdle, the maniple, the stole, and the chasuble. We find also a 'Direction of Intention before Celebrating,' and prayers to be used 'on mixing water with the wine,' 'on offering the bread and the chalice,' also a form of 'benediction of the incense as a *solemn* service,' a prayer for the descent of the holy spirit upon the sacrifice inserted *before* the Prayer of Consecration, and a prayer (again taken from the Roman Missal) to be used 'after the Consecration Prayer,' in which the consecrated elements are again offered to the Father as 'a pure, holy, and spotless sacrifice.'

The same doctrines and ceremonies are inculcated in the cheap and popular books of devotion which are now being circulated amongst Ritualistic congregations. Thus, in the 'Little Prayer Book,'* *revised and corrected by three priests*, and *intended chiefly for beginners in devotion*, of which ten thousand copies appear to have been circulated in 1872, when 'the priest offers the bread and wine on the altar,' the people are taught to pray in those words: 'Receive, O Eternal Father, this offering, which is now only bread and wine, but will soon, by a miracle of Thy grace, become the true body and blood of Thine only Son' (p. 18). And again we find, on the same page, the following extract: 'At the words, "THIS IS MY BODY, THIS IS MY BLOOD," you must believe that the bread and wine become the Real Body and Blood with the Soul and Godhead of Jesus Christ.' And again, the following directions are given to those who communicate: 'Kneel upright at the altar, and when the priest comes to you hold the palm of your right hand open and your left hand crossed under it; be most careful to

* Preface to the 'Ritual of the Altar.' Second edition. Longmans, 1878.

* London, G. J. Palmer, 1872.

receive into your mouth all, even the smallest portion, of the Most Holy Sacrament, since one Crumb or Drop of It is worth more than the world itself' (p. 40). We make no further comment upon these words.

In like manner, in 'The People's Mass Book,' * the object of which is 'to develope and perfect amongst the faithful laity of the English communion the worship of sacrifice,' we find not only various directions for prayers to be used *when the altar is incensed and the priest incenses the oblata*, and 'In Mass for the Dead,' but also the following significant note immediately after the Prayer of Consecration :—'The Rubric of the first book of King Edward VI. forbidding any elevation or showing of the sacrament to the people is omitted in our present Liturgy' (p. 45).† Again, after the insertion of the Prayer of Oblation, which is taken, as in the 'Priest's Prayer Book,' from the Roman Missal, and directions concerning the commemoration of the departed, the recital of the 'Agnus Dei,' and the portions which are to be said or omitted at 'Mass for the dead,' we find the following 'Instruction:'—'Men must not think less to be received in part (of the sacred host) than in the whole; but in each (part) the whole body of our Saviour Jesus Christ' (p. 49).

Of a similar character are the aids to devotion which have been provided for the 'faithful laity' in 'The Altar Manual' ‡ and in 'The English Catholic's Vade-Mecum,' § whilst 'The Ritual Reason Why' ‖ explains and illustrates the details of Ritualistic worship so far as it was developed in the year 1866, and 'The Server's Mass Book,' ¶ which was published twelve years later, contains full instructions for the use of 'altar boys,' when and where to put on their 'sanctuary shoes,' and directs them to 'wash the tips of their own fingers,' and to pour 'a few drops' over those of the priest, to 'be ready with the Sanctus bell,' and, at the Prayer of Consecration, to ring it three times.

But the proof of the substantial identity of the doctrine of the Mass, as taught by the Ritualists, with that of the Church of Rome does not depend merely upon the introduction into the English Church of rites and ceremonies which are borrowed from Roman sources, or upon the insertion of Popish prayers in popular manuals of devotion which are put forth by anonymous and therefore irresponsible individuals. The same doctrine is propounded under the auspices of the most highly accredited writers of the Ritualistic school. Thus in the 'Treasury of Devotion,' * edited by Canon Carter, we find the following words:—'Jesu, our wonderful God, who vouchsafest to be present upon the altar when the priest pronounces the words of consecration' (p. 110). Again, in the 'Devotions for Holy Communion,' † edited by the same writer, we find the following directions: 'After the Consecration of the Bread, say, "Sacred Body, true Body of my Lord Jesus Christ! I worship Thee, I adore Thee!"' And: 'After the consecration of the chalice, say, "Sacred Blood of my Lord Jesus Christ! I worship Thee, I adore Thee!"' (pp. 128, 129). Again, in the edition of Scupoli's 'Spiritual Combat,' edited by Dr. Pusey, ‡ we read thus: 'This weapon (i.e. the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist) is the very flesh and blood, joined to the soul and divinity, of Christ' (p. 134). In his elaborate treatise on 'The Real Presence,' § Dr. Pusey expends no inconsiderable amount of labour, and displays no small degree of ingenuity, in his attempt to reconcile his own doctrine of the presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood in the consecrated elements with the language of the so-called *black* Rubric, which states that 'the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven, *and not here*,' and he vainly seeks to prove that the word *corporal*, which occurs in the same place, must refer to the *mode* and not to the *fact* of Christ's presence, i.e., to quote his own words, that the bishops 'did not deny "the Presence of Christ's natural Body and Blood,"' but that they denied that they 'were there "corporally,"' i.e., 'after the manner of a body' (p. 224.) It is refreshing to turn from this and from similar evasions of the plain meaning of the Declaration concerning kneeling, which are but reproductions of Bellarmine's gloss on the words of St. Bernard, to the language of a writer who is not unfrequently adduced as a witness in support of views which none more ably ex-

* London, J. H. Batty. Second edition, fourth thousand, 1875.

† Our readers will do well to notice the characteristic adroitness of this reference, as also of a similar reference in 'The Ritual Reason Why' (p. 146), to the First Prayer Book of King Edward VI., a book which is commonly represented by the Ritualists as one of the highest authority, and to the usages of which in most particulars they would gladly revert. A similar use is made of the remission of the condemnation of non-communicating attendance at the administration of the Holy Communion, to which reference is made at page 151 of this article.

‡ Thirty-fifth thousand. G. J. Palmer, 1877.

§ Fourth edition. G. J. Palmer, 1874.

‖ The Ritual Reason Why. Edited by Charles Walker. J. T. Hayes, 1866.

¶ T. Masters & Co., 1878.

* Rivingtons, 1878.

† James Parker & Co., 1875.

‡ Messrs. Parker & Co., 1873.

§ John Henry Parker. Oxford and London, 1857.

posed or more conclusively refuted. Bishop Jeremy Taylor, in his treatise on the real presence of Christ in the Holy Sacrament, writes thus: 'We say that Christ's body is in the sacrament really but spiritually. They (i.e. the Romanists) say it is there really but spiritually. . . . Where now is the difference? Here by *spiritually* they mean *present after the manner of a spirit;* by spiritually, we mean *present to our spirits only.*' *

It would be a fruitless expenditure of time and labour to point out at length the utter incompatibility of the doctrine of the Eucharist as held by Romanists and Ritualists with that which is set forth in the Communion Office, the Articles, and the Homilies of the English Church, and which has been received and expounded by the great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The following extract from the twenty-seventh of the Articles of Religion will supersede the necessity of adducing further evidence in support of this assertion:—

'Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is *repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament*, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the supper, *only after an heavenly and spiritual manner.* And the means whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the supper is faith.'

If any further explanation be required of the sense in which the English Church receives the doctrine of 'the real presence,' it may suffice to quote the following words of the late Bishop of Exeter, to whose authority Ritualists are not unfrequently in the habit of appealing:—'It is in this sense that the crucified Jesus is present in the Sacrament of his Supper, *not in, nor with, the bread and wine, nor under their accidents, but in the souls of communicants;* not carnally, but effectually and fruitfully, and therefore most really.' †

II. We have dwelt at considerable length upon the Ritualistic doctrine of the Eucharist, because it is one which lies at the very foundation of that Romeward movement which is now threatening the dissolution of the English Church as a national institution, and because it is the keystone to that theory of sacerdotalism which it is the persistent aim of Ritualism to establish. We shall now proceed, as was proposed, to notice the teaching of Ritualism in regard to attendance at the Eucharist for the purpose, not of communion, but of sacrificial worship and the adoration of the consecrated elements.

And here it is important to observe that the very strong language in which non-communicating attendance at the administration of the Lord's Supper was condemned in the second Prayer Book of King Edward VI., and in the subsequent revisions of the Book of Common Prayer in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and of King James I., was withdrawn at the last revision of that book in 1661. Few, we presume, who have not some ulterior object in view, will doubt that the reason why that condemnation was withdrawn is to be found in the fact that before the middle of the seventeenth century the leading principles of the Reformation were firmly established, and that there were no longer found at the administration of the Communion those who desired to 'stand by as gazers and lookers on them that did communicate, and who were not partakers of the same themselves.' Be this as it may, it is an admitted fact that there exists in our present Prayer Book no positive prohibition of the presence of non-communicants at the time of the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and we are free to allow that circumstances may, and occasionally do, occur, under which such attendance is not only lawful but expedient. Now the Ritualists, with their characteristic sagacity in taking advantage of the letter of the law, and, we must add, with their equally characteristic disregard of the general scope and spirit of the formularies of the English Church, nay more, of the very letter of one of her Homilies,* have availed themselves of this omission to convert a *sacrament* which was instituted in memory of Christ's death, and by the actual participation in which the faithful obtain the benefits of His passion, into a *sacrifice* for the living and the dead, in which He is alleged to be offered again as a victim, and at which the worshippers are to be present for the purpose of adoration, and not of communion. Proof of this charge is ready furnished to our hands, as will appear from the following extracts, which might be indefinitely multiplied.

Our first quotation shall be from the 'Directorium Anglicanum:'—

'In the book of 1552 the Puritan party in-

* Works, by Heber, vol. ix. p. 428. 1822.

† Letters to Charles Butler, p. 121. John Murray, 1866.

* In 'The First Part of the Sermon concerning the Sacrament' we read as follows: 'We must then take heed, lest, of the memory, it be made a sacrifice; lest, of a communion, it be made a private eating; lest, of two parts, we have but one; lest, applying it for the dead, we lose the fruit that be alive.' (P. 396.) Oxford, 1844.

trodnced a sentence of exclusion, which was withdrawn when the Prayer Book was last revised by the Church's representatives in 1662, when it again became legal, right, and proper for all who were in the Church's communion to take part on all occasions in the Eucharistic sacrifice.' (P. 63.)

We must now proceed to enquire what is meant in Ritnalistic phraseology hy 'taking part on all occasions in the Eucharistic sacrifice,' and with this view we shall refer first to 'The Altar Mannal,' a book which is extensively circulated amongst the Ritualists. We learn from this manual that 'the four ends with which the sacrifice is offered to God' are the following:—(1) An act of adoration; (2) as a sacrifice of thanksgiving; (3) as a sin-offering for our pardon; and (4) as an act of supplication for mercies. In answer to the qnestion, 'If we are not going to communicate, ought we to go ont of the chnreh before the Communion?' the answer is, 'No; we should stay to worship our Lord, even if we are not about to receive His body and blood, and should never leave at any rate nntil after the consecration, becanse the sacrifice is not offered at all nntil then' (p. 161).

Again, in the 'Little Prayer Book,' the following words are pnt into the month of 'those who assist at the holy sacrifice, hut do not communicate:' 'O Almighty Father, behold, I, an unworthy sinner, come before Thee to offer by the hands of Thy priest the sacrifice of the holy body and precious blood of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' after which those who thus assist at the sacrifice are recommended to '*name their special intention*' in thus 'attending the celebration of the most holy Sacramcnt of the Altar' (p. 17). So, once more, in the 'English Catholic's Vade-Mecum,' the non-communicant is taught an 'act of spiritnal communion,' in which he prays, 'althongh not about to receive his Saviour sacramentally,' that he may 'nnite himself to His sacred heart hy faith, hope, and charity' (p. 22).

It is obvious that this teaching involves three distinct assnmptions: (1) that the English Church recognizes an altar on which a material sacrifice is offered; (2) that she has a sacrificing priesthood, whose function it is to offer that sacrifice; and (3) that that sacrifice consists of the elements of bread and wine, which are alleged, upon consecration, to become the true hody and blood of Jesus Christ, and which, as such, are offered as a propitiatory sacrifice to the Father. Let us see how far any warrant for these assumptions can he derived from 'The Book of Common Prayer' and from the 'Articles of Religion.'

And here we observe, in regard to the first of these assnmptions, that the word *altar*, which was exclusively used in the Missal, and which was retained in the first Prayer Book of King Edward VI., A.D. 1549, and that with special reference (as will appear on an examination of the places in which the word occurs) to its sacrificial aspect, was purposely eliminated from the second Prayer Book of King Edward VI., A.D. 1552, and that it has not been restored in any of the subsequent revisions of that book. When this fact is viewed in connexion with the Order in Council, A.D. 1550, for the taking down of altars and the placing of communion tables in their stead, little doubt can, we think, exist in the minds of those who are not impervious to conviction that the change of phraseology implied a change in the doctrine which was designed to be tanght, and that from the year 1552 downwards the revisers of the English Prayer Book have purposely abstained from the recognition of a sacrificial altar as required for the worship of the English Church.

Again, it will he admitted on all hands that a sacrificing priesthood is the logical correlative of a sacrificial altar, and, consequently, that if, as we have already shown, the latter has no existence in the English Church, it will follow as a necessary consequence that no scope can be afforded for the exercise of the functions of the former. On this point, however, we have other reasons than those of logical consistency for the belief that the English Church does not recognise the existence of a sacrificial priesthood. It is true, indeed, and ample use has been made of the fact, that the English word *priest* corresponds to the Greek word ἱερεύς as well as to πρεσβύτερος, and to the Latin word *sacerdos* as well as to *presbyterus*. It will not, however, we think, be difficult to ascertain in which of the two significations of which the word is capable it has been retained in the Book of Common Prayer. For (1) whereas in the Roman Church the ordination of priests is effected by the delivery into their hands of the chalice and the paten, and the recital of the words, 'Accipe potestatem offerre sacrificium Deo, missasque celebrare, tam pro vivis, quam pro defunctis,' no such words are to be found in the ordinal of the English Church, and no such power is claimed on behalf of any of her ministers. And (2) whereas in the thirty-first of the Latin Articles of A.D. 1571, which are of equal authority with the English, the word *sacer-*

dos is used in reference to Roman priests, who were said to 'offer Christ for the quick and dead,' in the only place in which it is used in the Articles of Religion in reference to the ministers of the English Church, viz. in the title to Article XXXII., we find it employed, not in its sacrificial signification, but as comprehending the three orders of bishop, priest, and *deacon*. In the same sense, it may be observed, the word *priest* appears to be used in the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer, in the Litany, in the Baptismal and Burial Services, in the form of Solemnisation of Matrimony, and in the Churching of Women, in all of which services deacons are accustomed to officiate, and in regard of some of which it is declared to appertain to their office either 'to assist the priest,' or to minister 'in his absence.' Nor is it unworthy of remark that in the Scotch Prayer Book of 1637, in which Archbishop Laud was concerned, the word *priest* is interpreted throughout by *presbyter*.

If we have succeeded in our attempt to prove that the English Church recognises neither a sacrificial altar nor a sacrificing priesthood, we shall need but little evidence that she does not regard the consecrated elements in the light of a material sacrifice. It may fairly admit of doubt whether the Prayer Book of 1662 does, or does not, regard the *unconsecrated* elements of bread and wine as *oblations* which she asks that God would accept. For our own part we are by no means prepared to admit that the elements are meant by the word *oblations* in the Prayer of Consecration. It is true, as regards the prayer that God would 'accept our alms and oblations,' that the word *oblations* was introduced at the same time with the direction to the priest to place the bread and wine upon the table previously to the use of the prayer in which these words occur. The following facts, however, must not be overlooked:— (1) No mention is made of any oblation of the elements between 1552 and 1661; and we are informed by Dr. Hickes, who strongly maintained the significance of the action, that the custom of placing the elements on the table at this time had been 'almost never observed in cathedral or parochial churches'—a very singular omission if the doctrinal theory of the oblation of the elements had been generally recognised in the English Church. (2) The proposal of Sancroft, at the last revision, to alter the Rubric thus, 'The priest shall then *offer up* and place upon the table so much bread and wine,' &c., was not adopted. (3) Whereas 'the priest is directed *humbly* to present and place' the alms upon the table, he is directed only to 'place upon the table so much bread and wine,' &c. (4) When there is no administration of the Communion, but alms *or* oblations are collected and placed upon the table, the priest is required by the terms of the Rubric to use the words, 'accept our alms *and* oblations.' Lastly, at the same time at which the word *oblations* was introduced, the words, 'other devotions of the people,' to which Dr. Cardwell considers that the word *oblations* refers, were introduced in addition to *alms*.*

But whether the English Church does or does not recognise an oblation of the *unconsecrated* elements of bread and wine, it is more than abundantly clear that she recognises no oblation of the *consecrated* elements, as the body and blood of Christ. The evidence in support of this assertion is so ample that our limits will admit only of the production of a very small portion of the materials which we have collected. And (1) we know that Cranmer was one of the principal agents in framing the Liturgy of 1552, which, as regards the Communion Office, remains substantially unchanged in the later revisions; and, as Dr. Pusey admits, Cranmer had at that time 'gone over to the Swiss school.' (2) Although the word *Mass*, which is found in the first Prayer Book of King Edward VI., has no etymological connexion with the idea of sacrifice, it can scarcely admit of doubt that it was eliminated from the Prayer Book of 1552, and from all subsequent revisions, on account of its association in the minds of the people with the Roman doctrine of a sacrifice for the living and the dead.† (3) The changes made in the Rubrics which relate to the position of the table, and of the priest in respect to it, are inconsistent with the

* It is deserving of notice, in support of this explanation of the meaning of the word *oblations*, that in Bishop Wren's 'Orders and Directions given in the Diocese of Norwich' in 1636 we find the following: 'That the holy *oblations* in such places where it pleaseth God at any time to put into the hearts of His people to acknowledge His gift of all they have . . . be received by the minister, standing before the table at their coming up to make the said *oblation*, and then by him to be reverently presented before the Lord, and set upon the table till the service be ended.' (Cardwell's 'Documentary Annals,' ii. p. 205.) The distinction between alms for the poor and offerings for Church purposes appears to have been commonly recognised in the seventeenth century. See Robertson's 'How shall we conform to the Liturgy?' p. 394. Third edition, 1869.

† See extract from the Last Charge prepared by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and published, after his death, in 'Anglo-Catholic Principles Vindicated,' p. 144.

notion of the offering of a sacrifice. (4) The emphatic declaration contained in the Prayer of Consecration that 'Christ, by His *one* sacrifice of Himself, *once offered*, made a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world,' excludes the Roman and Ritualistic doctrine of the propitiatory sacrifice of the Mass, whether as a repetition or as a perpetuation of the sacrifice of the cross.* And (5) the Prayer of Oblation which, in the Liturgy of 1549, *followed* the Prayer of Consecration, as in the Roman Missal, was removed in 1552 to the place which it now occupies, as an *alternative* prayer, in the *post-Communion* service; the words relating to the elements, 'the holy gifts, the memorial which Thy Son hath willed us to make,' were, and still are, altogether omitted; and the only sacrifice of which mention is made is the spiritual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, together with the presentation of 'ourselves, our souls and bodies,' as 'a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.'†

If any further evidence be desired that the English Communion Office recognises no sacrifice of the consecrated elements, as the body and blood of Christ, it will be found in the fact that for upwards of a century after the revision of A.D. 1552, it was ordered that the priest should have 'to his own use' whatever remained of the elements, *whether consecrated or unconsecrated*, a decisive proof that the English Church, during that period, recognised no such miraculous effect produced upon the elements by the words of consecration as that for which Ritualists now contend. The truth of this statement will appear from the following consideration. No manual actions were appointed to be used between A.D. 1552 and A.D. 1662. Hence, either the whole of the elements which were placed upon the table were deemed to be consecrated, or there was no consecration at all. Accordingly, the Rubric at the end of the service made no distinction between what was consecrated and what was not consecrated, but simply ordered that 'if any of the bread or wine remain the curate shall have it to his own use.' We think that the most advanced Ritualists will scarcely be prepared to maintain that the revisers of the Book of Common Prayer in A.D. 1552, A.D. 1559, and A.D. 1604, would have deliberately framed or continued such a direction, had the faith of the English Church then been that of the Ritualists of the nineteenth century, as we find it set forth in 'The Little Prayer Book:' 'At the words "This is My body, this is My blood," the bread and wine become the real body and blood, with the Soul and Godhead, of Jesus Christ.'

We shall not discuss the question whether the adoration addressed to 'the consecrated elements,' in the language of Mr. Bennett, or, as the Ritualists prefer to describe it, to 'Christ present in the Sacrament under the form of bread and wine,' is, or is not, to be regarded, as respects the individuals who render it, in the light of 'idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians.' If the doctrine for which the Ritualists contend be admitted, the obligation of the practice which follows is its legitimate result.

Under the head of 'Devotions for those who assist at the Holy Sacrifice, but do not communicate,' to which reference has already been made, after the paragraph which we have quoted at p. 290, beginning 'At the words, "This is My Body, this is My Blood,"' &c., we read thus in the 'Little Prayer Book:'—

> 'Bow down your head and body in the deepest adoration when the priest says these Awful Words, and worship your Saviour, then verily and indeed present on His Altar: then say—
>
> "Hail, True Body! born of Mary,
> Spotless Virgin's virgin birth," &c.'

And again, as a specimen of the 'acts of spiritual communion' in which non-communicants are invited to engage, we select the following from 'The Altar Manual:'—

> 'Soul of Christ, save me.
> Body of Christ, save me.
> Blood of Christ, inebriate me.
> Water out of the side of Christ, wash me,' &c.

After which follows the hymn beginning thus:—

* 'The Catholic Priest knows his office to be to perpetuate on the altars of the Church Militant on earth the same sacrifice which the Great High Priest consummated once on the cross.'—Preface to the 'Directorium Anglicanum,' p. x.

† The great importance which is attached by the Ritualists to the so-called 'Prayer of Oblation' will appear from the fact that Mr. Blunt seriously argues that so long as this prayer is used 'while any portion of the consecrated elements remains upon the altar' the 'ancient sacrificial act of the Church is literally and verbally continued in respect to that portion.' ('Annotated Book of Common Prayer,' p. 388.) It did not occur to Mr. Blunt, or it did not suit his purpose to remind his readers of the fact, that inasmuch as the priest is directed to place upon the table only 'so much bread and wine' as he 'shall think sufficient,' the revisers of 1661 could not have contemplated the oblation of the remaining portion of the consecrated elements.

'Humbly I adore Thee, hidden Deity,
Which beneath these figures art concealed from me' *

It would be easy, did our space allow, to multiply quotations in illustration of the teaching of Ritualism on the subject of non-communicating attendance at the celebration of the Eucharist. We have already adduced sufficient evidence of the extent to which this practice is encouraged, and of the nature of the worship in which those who do not purpose to communicate are invited to engage. The following extract, for which we are indebted to Dr. Pusey's edition of the Abbé Gaume's 'Manual for Confessors,' will illustrate the view which that learned professor has thought proper to communicate to the world respecting the benefit which is to be derived from this form of will-worship:—

'Clericato mentions having seen several sinners who were gifted with unusual contrition in their last hours; and when he investigated what had won so great a grace for such sinful men, he found that they had taken great pains to be present at Holy Communion, and been very devout thereat. Thus this Expiatory Sacrifice worked its result, and though late, the Divine Blood demanded their salvation, and obtained it.' †

Before we proceed any further in our examination of the character and tendency of Ritualistic Manuals of Devotion, we will commend to the consideration of our readers the two following protests, uttered by the late Bishop Wilberforce, against the doctrine and practice of non-communicating attendance at the administration of the Holy Communion, the one extracted from his last Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Oxford, and the other from an address to the Rural Deans of the Diocese of Winchester:—

'Suffer me to name to you, as an instance of what I mean, one practice, the growth of which amongst us I view with great apprehension—I mean a tendency unquestionably manifested in certain quarters to change the idea of the Holy Eucharist from a Communion of the faithful into a function of the celebrating priest. Such a change is, in my most mature judgment, no lawful progress in increased reverence for that great Sacrament upon the lines of our own Church. I cannot but regard it as the adoption of the view, and therefore of the practice, of another Church, to whose doctrine as to the Holy Eucharist it naturally belongs, whereas it is absolutely subversive of that which has been received amongst ourselves. For, in strict agreement as we believe with the words of Holy Writ, and with the teaching of the primitive Church, we do not regard the Communion of the faithful as an accident of the Holy Eucharist, which may be added to it or separated from it at will, leaving the great function of intercession untouched by the omission, but as of the very essence of the Sacrament. So it was at the institution: "Take, eat; this is My Body." The mysterious presence and the actual Communion are bound indissolubly together. So they are in St. Paul's address to the Corinthian Church: "The bread that we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ?" Such was the custom of those first Christians who came together on the first day of the week, not to see even an Apostle celebrate, but to break bread; to partake, that is, plainly themselves of the consecrated element. From this the solitary Mass of Rome is so absolutely unwarranted a deviation, that we can have no assurance that it does not altogether overthrow the very nature of the Sacrament. It is certain that this practice is most intimately connected, both as cause and consequence, with the greatest practical corruptions of the Papal Communion. Whatever, then, tends to its introduction amongst ourselves appears to me to threaten the existence of our whole religious system. Such tendencies I see in the attempt to make the celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at our principal Sunday Morning Service impressive, if not gorgeous, as a display, whilst the congregation are urged to remain through the service as spectators, but not to partake of the Sacrament as communicants. Such a tendency I detect in the multiplication of choral communions, where few members of the choir communicate. The very purpose for which these practices are recommended seems to me at variance with the true idea of the Eucharist; for effectual with God as we doubt not, through Christ our Lord, this great appointed act of the Church's intercession is, I know no ground for supposing that prayer offered up by those who are present at the celebration but do not partake in it is one whit more prevailing than prayer at any other time or in any other place. Nor does it seem to me that a surrounding crowd of non-communicants adds any honour to the Sacrament. On the contrary, to remain and not to communicate seems to me to dishonour Christ's institution, and to injure the soul of the worshipper. Far truer, far more reverent, far safer for the unprepared spirit, was the old warning, which, before the sacred mysteries, proclaimed to the unbaptised, to the catechumen, and to the unreconciled penitent, that he should depart.' *

We will only add to this extract the following still stronger words of earnest expostulation which were uttered by the same

* Pp. 80, 81.

† The Abbé Gaume's 'Manual for Confessors,' with a Preface by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. James Parker & Co., 1878.

* 'A Charge delivered to the Diocese of Oxford at his eighth Visitation,' November 11, 1869, by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford, pp. 19, 20. James Parker & Co., 1869.

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prelate a few days before his lamented death, when, after observing that this practice of non-communicating attendance was not an accident, nor a custom introduced for the purpose of making children better acquainted with the service, the bishop proceeded thus:—

'But this is recommended under quite a different impression. It is under the idea that prayer is more acceptable "at this time of the sacrifice;" that you can get benefit from being within sight of the Sacrament when it is being administered. It is the substitution of a semi-materialistic presence for the actual presence of Christ in the soul of the faithful communicant. *It is an abomination*, this teaching of non-communicating attendance as a common habit.'*

III. We have next to consider the teaching of Ritualists on the obligation of Fasting Communion. It appears at first sight so preposterous that fasting should be inculcated as a duty with a view to the participation of a sacrament which was institnted in the evening 'after supper,' that those who are nnacquainted with the rules prescribed in Ritualistic books of devotion may well demand proof that such a practice is therein enjoined as one of primary importance and of imperative obligation. The following extracts will snffice to show what the teaching of Ritualism is in regard to this subject.

As regards the 'celebrating priest,' the seventh 'Cautel,' which Dr. Lee, in the 'Directorium Anglicanum,' has translated for his benefit, is that he 'do not wash his mouth or teeth, bnt only his lips from without, with his mouth closed; lest perchance he should intermingle the taste of water with his saliva' (p. 109). The rules enjoined in Ritualistic manuals, in regard to lay commnnicants, are of different degrees of stringency. In the Tract on 'The Seven Sacraments' in the volume entitled 'Tracts for the Day,' we are told that 'the Church has ever ordered the reception of the Holy Eucharist to be made fasting;' and fnrther, that 'in our own Branch of the Church the Canons and Injunctions to observe this rule are very strict.'† In the 'Little Prayer Book' the rule is as follows:—'Remember that you must receive the Holy Sacrament FASTING—that is, you must neither eat nor drink on your Communion day until you have received the most Holy Sacrament' (p. 31). Again, Mr. Grueber, in his 'Worship according to Holy Scripture in the Church of England and the whole Catholic Church of Christ,' in answer to the question 'How should the (*sic*) Sacrament be received?' replies thus: 'Fasting. Such has been the general practice of the whole Church of God from apostolic times' (p. 31). Not content, however, with the inculcation of the duty of Fasting Communion, the 'Altar Manual' proceeds to explain the rationale of the injunction in answer to the very natural enquiry, 'Why should we fast before Communion if the Apostles did not at the first Eucharist?' The answer affords a fair sample both of Ritualistic learning and of Ritualistic ingenuity. 'The Apostles did come fasting to the Paschal Supper, which, itself a holy sacrifice, was on that occasion the first part of the new Eucharist' (p. 145). It is needless, our readers will think, to multiply evidence. Let us pause for a moment to examine the passage last quoted.

It will strike every Bible student as a somewhat startling assertion that the Paschal Snpper was 'itself a sacrifice,' and as a statement almost equally surprising that that sacrifice formed 'the first part of the new Eucharist.' Every theologian is well aware that it is a controverted point whether the Passover itself was, or was not, in the strict sense of the word, a *sacrifice*. We look in vain for any warrant for the assertion that the *Paschal Supper* was 'itself a sacrifice,' or that that supper constituted any part of the 'new Eucharist.' If the example of our Lord and of His apostles at the institution of the Eucharist is to be strictly carried out in regard to the Christian Passover, it would follow that a meal such as that of the Jewish Passover, or the Christian Agape, should always precede the administration of the Eucharist.

It does not fall within the province of a critical journal to express any opinion upon the subject of fasting Communion, when regarded in the light of an exercise of personal devotion. In regard to this practice, viewed apart from its Ritualistic concomitants, every man must determine for himself whether it be profitable or the contrary. But, on the other hand, when enjoined, as it now is by the Ritualists, as an imperative duty, and employed as a means of promoting attendance at the celebration of 'High Mass' at a later hour of the day, for the sake of adoration, not of communion, it becomes a duty to expose the true character and tendency of such teaching, as bringing discredit upon the original institution of the Lord's Supper, and as fostering notions of a pernicious and degrading tendency. Against such degrading notions Bishop Wilberforce,

* Anglo-Catholic Principles Vindicated, p. 459. James Parker & Co., 1878.

† Tracts for the Day, p. 80. Longmans, 1868.

in the address to which reference has already been made, delivered the following emphatic protest :—

'It is not in a light sense that I say this new doctrine of Fasting Communion is dangerous. The practice is not advocated because a man comes in a clearer spirit, and less disturbed body and mind, able to give himself entirely to prayer and communion with his God; but in a miserable, degraded notion that the consecrated elements will meet with other food in the stomach. *It is a detestable materialism.* Philosophically, it is a contradiction, because when the celebration is over you may hurry away to a meal, and the process about which you were so scrupulous immediately follows. The whole notion is simply disgusting.'

IV. Our next subject of enquiry is the teaching of Ritualistic Manuals of Devotion on the subject of confession and absolution, or, according to the phraseology which has recently come into fashion amongst the Ritualistic section of the English Church, on the subject of *sacramental confession.*

And here it will be well to premise that we shall not pollute our pages with citations from a work which of late has acquired an unenviable notoriety. It is entitled 'The Priest in Absolution: a Manual for such as are called unto the higher Ministries in the English Church.' The general character and contents of this book may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from the following words which we extract from the preface:—'To prevent scandal arising from the curious or prurient misuse of a book which treats of spiritual diseases, it has been thought best that the sale should be confined to the clergy, who desire to have at hand a sort of *Vade-Mecum* for easy reference in the discharge of their duties as confessors.'*

It will suffice for the object which we propose to refer to such books as are not only open to the public at large, but some of which are widely circulated among persons of all ages and of both sexes. The teaching of 'The Little Prayer Book' on the subject of confession is as follows:—'When you go to Confession, remember two things, one about yourself, and one about the priest. Firstly about yourself, remember that confession will do you no good, but a great deal of harm, unless you go with a firm resolution to confess *all* your wilful sins.' So again, in a 'Guide to Confession' entitled 'The Ministry of Consolation,' we read as follows: 'If in a confession of this (the alone true) nature, any single sin, however slight, he WILFULLY concealed or withheld, let the penitent understand at once that such a concealment were nothing less than an act of sacrilege.'*

Such teaching as this is inculcated upon children from their infancy. We quote from the 'Second Catechism for the Children of the Church issued by the Church Sunday School Union.'†

'*Q.* What is confession of sins?—*A.* To tell them one by one.

Q. Would it be wrong to keep back any sin in confession?—*A.* Yes, it would be a very grievous sin, and it would be lying to God.' (Pp. 54, 55.)

Nor must it be thought that such teaching is restricted to the most extreme section of the Ritualists, or to the cheap and popular books which are circulated amongst the young and the ignorant. We turn from these to Dr. Pusey's adapted edition of the Abbé Gaume's 'Manual for Confessors,' a work, as we are informed in the title-page, 'abridged, condensed, and adapted *to the use of the English Church.*' Now, inasmuch as Dr. Pusey has selected the work of the Abbé Gaume from the numerous works of the same character which are in use in the Roman Church, and inasmuch, moreover, as he has presented this work to his readers in a form which is 'adapted to the circumstances and principles of the Church of England,' it is not unfair to conclude that this manual presents the doctrine and the practice of sacramental confession in such a manner as its editor deems most suitable to the present requirements of those for whose benefit it is published. The first thing which strikes us in the examination of this work is that, by the arbitrary distinction which it makes between mortal and venial sins, and by the indefensible theory which it propounds in order to guard the inviolability of the seal of confession, it strikes a death-blow at the very foundation of Christian morals. Thus, e.g., at p. 134, a thief is taught that 'he only commits mortal sin when his thefts amount to a serious matter, supposing that such was not his intention from the first,' whilst at p. 402 we read that, 'as man,' the confessor 'may swear with a clear conscience that he knows not what he knows only as God.'

Such being the teaching of this manual in regard to theft and perjury, we shall not be surprised to find that it displays no small amount of indulgence in regard to the other sins of which it treats. We will take, by

* Part II. p. viii. Privately printed for the use of the Clergy. Joseph Masters, 1866.

* The Ministry of Consolation, p. 57. Joseph Masters, 1854.

† Church Sunday School Union, Kilburn Park Road.

way of example, the method of dealing which is recommended in regard to sins of the tongue, such as 'blasphemies, oaths, and injurious words.' At p. 289 we read as follows:—'You may absolve a penitent who, from the habit of using bad language six times a day or more, has come only to use it say once a day during a week; while you will do well to defer absolution to him who, from the habit of almost daily acts of sin, has come only to fall three times in the week.' And again: 'If you have persons full of faults, but who have need of speedy or instant absolution, as, e.g., if they are to be married on a certain day, or must set off on a journey, it has least peril to absolve them' (p. 170).

The general character of the teaching of this most mischievous book as to the circumstances under which absolution is to be given or withheld, and, we may add, the entire divergence of the book, both in doctrine and in phraseology, from the teaching of the English Church, may be collected with sufficient accuracy from the following passage:—'A layman living in habitual sin can be absolved whenever he has the necessary dispositions; but a candidate for holy orders must not only have those necessary to the Sacrament of Penance; he must also have the dispositions necessary to the Sacrament of Orders' (p. 304).

But it may be urged—and we freely admit the truth of the allegation—that it would be unfair to speak of the facility with which absolution may be obtained, in accordance with Ritualistic teaching, whilst no notice is taken of the penances which are imposed upon those who would obtain that benefit. We will therefore refer to a few of the penances which are mentioned with approval in the volume before us. At p. 33, St. Philip Neri is said to have reclaimed a profligate youth 'on whom he laid no heavier burden than daily to say a short prayer six times, and to kiss the ground, saying, "To-morrow I may be dead."' Again, at p. 52, '*one who has a habit of blasphemy*' is recommended to 'make the sign of the cross several times on the ground with his tongue,' and 'daily to say some prayer, as an act of reparation.' Amongst the 'easy penances' recommended, the confessor is advised to prescribe 'five *Our Fathers* daily for some time' (p. 356); but, lest the confessor should fail to 'impose suitable penances' for grave sins, he is taught, at p. 365, that 'an *Our Father*' (we presume that one repetition is here intended) 'would be a very light penance for repeated adulteries or other impurities' (p. 365).

In regard to the method of examination which is recommended in this volume, notwithstanding Dr. Pusey's indignant denial of the truth of the accusations which have been preferred against him, we fear that, practically, his teaching must lead to the results which he so earnestly deprecates. Thus, e.g., the true fatherly confessor is represented, at p. 17, as thus encouraging the poor, the ignorant, and the greatest sinners. 'Courage!' such a one will say; 'do not be afraid; make a good confession. Tell me everything without restraint. Do not keep back anything through shame' (pp. 17, 18). Again, in p. 26, the example of St. François de Sales is thus held up for imitation:—'He liked people to be clear, simple, and unaffected in their confessions, telling his penitents that they must explain the motives which led to their faults, and that they must not confess carelessly, but lay bare all the sources and movements of their sins to their confessor, as, without so doing, their consciences could not be purified' (pp. 26, 27). Again, at pp. 151, 152, we read that 'the confessor should move the penitent to accuse himself 'of all the sins which he remembers, after which he will probably find it advisable to question him . . . always requiring the number of any mortal sins, either exactly or nearly.' * And with regard to sins of impurity we read thus:—'He must know to this end what circumstances change the kind, or aggravate it, *quis*, *quid*, *ubi*, *quibus auxiliis*, *cur*, *quomodo*, *quando*.' On the next page we find that the examination is to be continued with regard to 'impure thoughts or imprecations.' We are unable to conceive of an examination more searching than that which is here recommended, and we are equally unable to reconcile the advice here given with the footnote which we find at p. 405 in regard to 'questions concerning purity:'—'I do not doubt that, under our circumstances, they should be omitted altogether.'

Nor is the examination of the conscience confined to the sins of the individual; for although, at p. 154, we read that the penitent is to be hindered, 'as far as possible,' from naming or indicating his companions in sin, we find, at p. 394, that he 'is bound to confess not only his own sins, but also those he may have caused others to commit.'

It would be easy, did our limits permit, to contrast the teaching of the popular books of Ritualistic devotion and of Dr. Pusey's edition of the Abbé Gaume's 'Manual for

* In like manner it is prescribed in 'The Priest in Absolution' (Part I. p. 23) that 'the nature and number of sins should be asked.'

Confessors' with the teaching of the English Church as set forth in her authorised formularies, and more especially as exemplified in the changes made in the second Prayer Book of King Edward VI., and as explained in the writings of the great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The following quotation from 'the Second Part of the Sermon of Repentance,' which contains (as the thirty-fifth Article of Religion teaches) 'a godly and wholesome doctrine, and *necessary for these times*,' will supersede the necessity of further evidence :—

'And when that they do allege this saying of our Saviour Jesus Christ unto the leper, to prove auricular confession to stand on God's Word ; *Go thy way and shew thyself unto the priest ;* do they not see that the leper was cleansed from his leprosy, afore he was by Christ sent unto the priest, for to shew himself unto him ? By the same reason we must be cleansed from our spiritual leprosy, I mean our sins must be forgiven us, afore that we come to confession. What need we then to tell forth our sins into the ear of the priest, sith that they be already taken away ? . . . It is most evident and plain that this auricular confession hath not his warrant of God's Word, else it had not been lawful for Nectarius, Bishop of Constantinople, upon a just occasion, to put it down. . . . I do not say, but that, if any do find themselves troubled in conscience, they may repair to their learned curate or pastor, or to some other godly learned man, and shew the trouble and doubt of their conscience unto them, that they may receive at their hand the comfortable salve of God's Word: but it is against the true Christian liberty that any man should be bound to the numbering of his sins, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance.'

It is needless to point out how entirely remote in its character and in its design is the confession which is sanctioned in this Homily from that which is enjoined in Ritualistic books of devotion. Nor is there less diversity in the absolution which is contemplated in the one and that which is contemplated in the other. The confession of which this Homily speaks is restricted, as it is in the Book of Common Prayer, to the particular doubt or grief by which the conscience is troubled: it does not involve the categorical enumeration of every sin which is within the memory of the penitent; and it may be made not only to a *priest*, but to *some other godly learned man*. Again, the absolution to which the Homily refers is given, not by the rehearsal of some set form of words such as we find at page 48 of 'The Priest in Absolution,' authoritatively pronounced in the name of the Trinity, and accompanied by the sign of the cross, but by the 'ministery'* of God's holy Word, i.e. by the application of that Word to the particular case of the penitent.†

Nor are there the same safeguards against abuses in the Ritualistic practice of sacramental confession which the Roman Church has provided both for her priests and for her people. We read, indeed, in Dr. Pusey's edition of 'The Manual for Confessors,' of ordinary vows which 'may be commuted by bishops,' and we read also that bishops 'can delegate their power to others.' We are not aware, however, that any Anglican confessors can lay claim to confessorial power, as delegated to them by their respective bishops, nor have we heard of any Anglican bishops to whom our modern confessors are in the habit of giving account of the manner in which their duties *as confessors* have been discharged. We are aware that Mr. Maskell, in a letter addressed to Dr. Pusey in the year 1850,‡ enquired whether the bishops of his own Church had afforded, or would afford, any sanction to his intrusion into dioceses in which he had no legal jurisdiction, and what the Bishop of Exeter, in particular, would say of the 'clandestine correspondence' which he was said to carry on with his penitents, 'against the known will of their parents' and for the purpose of hearing confessions, and of the secret meetings which he was in the habit of arranging 'under initials or in envelopes addressed to other persons;' but we are not aware what answer Dr. Pusey returned to these enquiries, nor do we know of the names of any of the former or present occupants of the episcopal bench who were willing to make themselves responsible for such proceedings.

It is no part of our present object to enquire whether the accusations preferred in this particular instance by Mr. Maskell were or were not substantiated by evidence. It is an undoubted fact that clandestine correspondence has been carried on by Ritualistic confessors with their penitents, and it is an equally undoubted fact that these self-constituted confessors have in many cases obtruded themselves into parishes with which they were officially unconnected, and, in defiance of the first principles of that canonical

* The direction to use the form of absolution which is found in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, in 'all *private confessions*,' which is contained in the first Prayer Book of King Edward VI., was removed in A.D. 1552, and was not restored at any of the subsequent revisions.

† Homilies, p. 480. Oxford, 1844.

‡ Letter to the Rev. Dr. Pusey on his practice of receiving persons in Auricular Confession, p. 21. William Pickering, 1850.

law which they profess to respect, have exercised priestly functions where they possessed no priestly jurisdiction. Again, we are aware that it is recommended, as some safeguard against those evils of which even Ritualists are not altogether unconscious, that 'confessionals should be in the more open parts of the church,' or, according to the 'Priest's Prayer Book,' that confessions should be heard in 'the church, or at least in the vestry;' but we believe that the time has not yet arrived in which the much-enduring laity are prepared for the erection of confessionals in every parish church, or in which the bishops, as ordinaries, have sanctioned their introduction; nor do we know of any means by which other safeguards, which have been or which may be suggested, can be practically enforced. The system of Ritualism, in this as in other respects, has made such rapid strides within the last twenty years that our bishops no longer think of suspending the licenses of errate confessors, as in the case of Mr. Poole, or even of issuing commissions of enquiry, as in the case of Mr. West; and the tone and temper of the nineteenth century differ so widely from those of the sixteenth that, whatever beneficial result was anticipated from such a proposal in A.D. 1562, we believe that few of our legislators would now attempt so to distinguish between 'private godly admonitions' and 'sacramental confession' as to propose, in the terms of one of the 'General Notes of Matters to be moved in the next Parliament and Synod,' that 'what priest or minister soever, under colour hereof, shall practise auricular confession, shall be deprived of all his livings, and deposed from the ministry.'*

It would be a mere waste of time to adduce further evidence in proof that the doctrine and practice of Ritualism on the subject of confession and absolution are diametrically opposed to the authorized formularies of the English Church, and to the teaching of her great divines; in the eyes of a plain member of the Church of England those who adhere to these practices are schismatics and dissenters.

Of this system of private confession—whether more or less fully carried out—Dr. Pusey professes to have had more than forty years' experience; and we cannot set before our readers a more striking contrast between the beneficial results of the system as alleged by its upholders, and its baneful tendencies and results as maintained by its impugners, than we find in Dr. Pusey's preface to the Abbé Gaume's 'Manual for Confessors' on the one hand, and in the following extract from the address of the late Bishop of Winchester, to which we have already referred, on the other. In Dr. Pusey's preface to the work of the Abbé Gaume, he not only boasts of the unspeakable benefits which have resulted from the practice of confession as taught by himself and by those who adopt his views, but he is bold to assert that, after an experience of its workings extending over more than forty years, 'no one pretends that any knowledge of evil has been conveyed through the practice' (p. ix.). On the other side of the question we will quote the following extract from a report of the address delivered by the late Bishop Wilberforce at Winchester House a few days before his death, which was prepared by a comparison of notes taken at the time:—

'Now of this I will say, that this system of confession is one of the worst developments of Popery. In the first place, as regards *the penitent*, it is a system of unnatural excitement, a sort of spiritual dram-drinking, fraught with evil to the whole spiritual constitution. It is nothing short of the renunciation of the great charge of a conscience which God has committed to every man—the substitution of confession to man for the opening of the heart to God—the adopting in every case of a remedy only adapted to extreme cases, which can find relief in no other way. Then in families it introduces untold mischief. It supersedes God's appointment of intimacy between husband and wife, father and children, substituting another influence for that which ought to be the nearest and closest, and producing reserve and estrangement where there ought to be perfect freedom and openness. And lastly, as regards the person to whom confession is made, it brings in a wretched system of casuistry. But far worse than this, it necessitates the terrible evil of familiar dealing with sin, specially with sins of uncleanness, *thereby sometimes even tending to their growth, by making the horrible particulars known to those who have hitherto been innocent of such fatal knowledge, and so poisoning the mind of priest and people alike. A fact which has of late been very painfully brought home to me.*'*

V. We must now briefly consider the teaching of Ritualistic literature in regard to the observance of unauthorised festivals and superstitious customs, the invocation of saints and angels, and the credit which is due to Romish legends. We may form some idea of the extent to which these innovations upon the established usage of the English Church have been carried within the last twenty years by reference to any one of the numerous unauthorised calendars with which Ritualistic literature abounds, and more especially by a

* Strype's 'Annals of the Reformation,' vol. i. p. 323, fol. 1725.

* Anglo-Catholic Principles Vindicated, p. 457. James Parker & Co., 1878.

comparison of the earlier with the later editions of these calendars. Thus, if we refer to the calendar and to the index of the first edition of the 'Directorium Anglicanum,' which was published in the year 1858, we find no mention made of the Feast of *Corpus Christi*. If we turn, however, to the second edition of that work, which was published in 1865, we find the following notice:—

'The Feast of Corpus Christi—kept on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday—a festival observed throughout the entire Western Church, as it was formerly in England, is being restored very generally amongst us. Being in honour of our Blessed Saviour Himself, and in remembrance of His undying love to mankind, all who duly reverence and obey Him will see the great propriety and fitness of its observance. . . . Processions should be made, and special hymns sung, e.g. the *Pange Lingua*, *Lauda Sion*, &c., and sermons delivered in honour of the presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.'*

If we turn from the 'Directorium Anglicanum' to the 'Ritual for the Altar, according to the Use of the Church of England,' we find, as an addition to the 'Rules to know when the moveable Feasts and Holy Days begin,' the following words: 'Corpus Christi is the Thursday after Trinity Sunday;' and when we turn to its appointed place in the body of this costly and elaborate volume, we find there an *Introit* and *Collect*, an *Epistle* and *Gospel*, a *Gradual*, a *Sequence*, and a *Secret*, together with words to be said at the Communion and Post-Communion, on this 'Feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, commonly called Corpus Christi Day.' The nature of the worship for which this day is set apart is described in the following extract from Dr. Littledale's edition of John Austin's 'Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices,' a book which, according to the statement of the editor, 'more nearly replaced the Primer of Sarum for the devout laity of the last century than any other compilation that has appeared since the compulsory disuse of that work:'—

'This festival was instituted the middle of the thirteenth century, as an annual protest against infidelity on a most vital point of Christian faith, and to give all the faithful an opportunity of expressing their thankfulness for the unfailing promise of our Lord to be with His Church to the end of the world. This festival is not observed by the Eastern Church: possibly the true faith has been less assailed: *the worship is one—all re-echo, "Blessed Sacrament, we thee adore!"*'

If further evidence be sought respecting the character of this worship as a 'protest against infidelity,' we may refer our readers to the prayers recommended for this 'sacred season and festival' in the 'English Catholic's Vade-Mecum.' The following are some of the petitions which we find in 'the Litany of the Most Holy Sacrament,' the use of which is recommended at this time:—

'Supernatural Bread, have mercy upon us.'
'Most high and adorable Sacrament, have mercy upon us.'
'True Propitiation for the quick and the dead, have mercy upon us.'
'Tremendous and life-giving Sacrament, have mercy upon us.' (P. 72.)

It will scarcely be thought matter of surprise, when worship such as this is represented as a 'protest against infidelity,' that the remedy should, in some cases, be regarded with greater apprehension than the disease.

Amongst those days the commemoration of which, according to the second and third editions of the 'Directorium Anglicanum,' is allowed by 'tradition, custom, and the tacit sanction of ecclesiastical authorities,' we find mention made of the Feast of the *Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. Mr. Orby Shipley, in the 'Ritual for the Altar,' has provided a service with *Introit*, *Collect*, *Lesson*, *Gradual*, and *Gospel* for this occasion. There appears to be a slight difference between our Roman and our Anglican Ritualists respecting the event or events which they commemorate on this day, Mr. Orby Shipley assuring his readers that on this day the Virgin 'endured temporal death,' whilst Dr. Littledale's edition of John Austin's 'Devotions' makes no allusion to the day of her death, but refers to the fact of her burial previously to her assumption. Both, however, are agreed in teaching that on this day the Virgin was taken up into heaven. We quote the following words from the *Invitatory* which we find in the 'Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices:'—

'To-day the Mother of our Lord was assumed into heaven. *Alleluia!*
'And seated in glory above the highest angels. *Alleluia!*
'Her sacred body, too pure to mix again with dust. *Alleluia!*
'Soon left the grave, and was carried up to her eternal mansion. *Alleluia!*' (P. 164.)

But it appears that we have not yet reached the limits to which Ritualism is

* P. 98. In the third edition of this work, published in 1866, the large and expensive second edition having been disposed of, as we learn from the preface, 'in eight months from its publication,' the same paragraph is reproduced, the words 'supernaturally present' being inserted before the words 'in the Blessed Sacrament' (p. 125).

prepared to extend the *cultus* due to the Virgin Mary. It was alleged by Dr. Pusey, in his first 'Eirenicon,' that the formal reception of the doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception* would prove 'one more difficulty in the way of the reunion of Christendom' (p. 121), if not an insuperable obstacle in the way of corporate reunion with the Church of Rome. With reference to the 'Feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin,' Dr. Pusey wrote as follows:—

'We see the growth. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception has prevailed, although opposed at its first appearance by S. Bernard, with no foundation in antiquity, grounded on the fact of the celebration of the Feast of the Conception (which yet related at first to the *Sanctification* of the Blessed Virgin, *the contradictory of her Immaculate Conception*), opposed by a chain of later writers whom Rome too has canonised, and even at the last by grave bishops, on the ground of the inadequacy of the proof, or the injury which they apprehended to their flocks, or the increased difficulties to those external to the Roman communion.' (Pp. 177, 178.)

The first words of this paragraph apply very pertinently to the gradual development of Ritualistic teaching on the *cultus* due to the Virgin Mary. In Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Ritual of the Altar' we find a form of service introduced for the Feast of the Conception, with an *Introit, Collect, Lesson*, and *Gospel;* whilst in Dr. Littledale's edition of John Austin's 'Devotions' we find the following paragraph, in which the distinction, or rather the contradiction, which Dr. Pusey has pointed out between the *Immaculation* and the *Sanctification* of the Virgin is not only ignored, but the two terms are apparently regarded as equivalents. It is as follows:—'Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Dec. 8. It is the mystery of the Immaculation or Sanctification of the Blessed Virgin which is the object of the Church on this festival rather than her bare Conception. . . . The doctrine of the perfect freedom from sin in the Mother of God has ever been held by the faithful as a pious opinion, though not ruled *de fide* by Œcumenical Council' (p. 210).

Some idea of the marvellous rapidity with which unauthorised services and superstitions usages having recently crept into the English Church may be obtained from a comparison of the *fourth* with the earlier editions of 'The Priest's Prayer Book.' In none of the first three editions of 'The Priest's Prayer Book' do we meet with any allusion to the custom of anointing the sick with oil; and although in all the editions of the 'Directorium Anglicanum' we find directions respecting the anointing, we can discover no indication in that book of the source from which the 'holy oil' is to be derived. In the fourth edition of 'The Priest's Prayer Book,' however, which appeared in the year 1870, and in the preface to which the editors express their obligations to the *bishops* and theologians who have examined and revised the proofs of the 'Pontifical,' as well as to other *prelates* and divines who 'in various ways have given their assistance,' we find not only a form for 'the anointing of the sick,' together with a large number of other unauthorised services, but we find, in the 'Pontifical' which is, for the first time, introduced into this work, a service for the 'consecration of chrism and holy oils,' as well as a variety of other services of which the English Prayer Book knows nothing, and in the celebration of which a bishop alone is competent to officiate. We should demand strong evidence of the fact before we could bring ourselves to the belief that any English bishop has shown himself so unworthy of the office which he bears, and of the obligations under which he lies, as to take part either in the compilation of this *Pontifical*, or in the use of the various benedictions which we find in it of candles and crosses, of girdles and garlands, of veils and rings, or that any of the rulers of the Church, whose special duty it is to see that the laws of the English Church are duly observed, had exposed themselves to the penalties of the Act of Uniformity by such flagrant violations of the law as many of these services involve. We think, however, that it is imperative upon the editors of the 'Priest's Prayer Book' that they should state who are the 'prelates' to whom their obligations are due in regard to this 'Pontifical,' and, by so doing, that they should exculpate the English episcopate from any implication in a charge which, if substantiated, would be prejudicial to their character as men of integrity, and fatal to their reputation as maintainers of the doctrine and administrators of the discipline of the English Church.

We now proceed to examine the teaching of Ritualism in regard to the invocation of saints and angels. The general character of that teaching may be inferred with sufficient accuracy from the 'Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles' by the late Bishop Forbes, and from Canon Humble's essay on the subject in the third volume of 'The Church and the World.'* We quote the

* The general character of this Essay may be

following passage from the former of these sources:—

'In principle, then' (the late Bishop of Brechin thus sums up his views), 'there is no question herein between us and any other portion of the Catholic Church. Even when the incommunicable attributes of God have, in expression at least, been invaded, the real underlying belief has been explained to be that nothing is obtained for man, no grace, no aid, no gift for body, soul, or spirit, except through or from the One Mediator between God and man, our adorable Lord, Christ Jesus. . . . If the intercession of believers on earth may be invoked without injury to the honour of Christ as Mediator, why not also the intercession of the saints in heaven?'*

The general character of these invocations is so well known that it would be useless to multiply quotations. In the edition of Scupoli's 'Spiritual Combat' which forms one of the volumes of the 'Library of Spiritual Works for English Catholics' published by Messrs. Rivington, we read thus: 'To practise this devotion with ease and order, you may divide the different ranks of the blessed into seven parts, according to the seven days of the week.' The order of devotions follows, from which we extract the following passage:—

'On Sunday honour the nine choirs of the Angels; on Monday, St. John the Baptist; on Tuesday, the Patriarchs and Prophets; on Wednesday, the Apostles; on Thursday, the Martyrs; on Friday, Bishops and other Saints; and on Saturday, the Virgins and other holy women. But omit not on any day the Blessed Virgin, Queen of all Saints, your guardian Angel, St. Michael the Archangel, and all your patrons.' (Pp. 126, 127.)

It would be easy to multiply similar quotations, did our space permit, but we refrain. The following extract, however, from Mr. Orby Shipley's 'Invocation of Saints and Angels,' is so characteristic of the school to which the editor belonged at the time of its publication that we are tempted to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers. Having first laid down the proposition that the invocation of saints and angels is 'a privilege, not a duty,' Mr. Shipley proceeds thus:—

'And the words of the Doctors of the Council of Trent, whilst they may be accepted *as the completest answer to those who consider Article XXII. to prohibit our use of invocation*, may be also taken as the fullest definition of the practice which Catholic dogma requires. The Decrees of Trent declare "that it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke (the Saints), and to have recourse to their prayers, aid, and help, for obtaining benefits from God, through His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who is our only Redeemer and Saviour." And this position, as has been shown in the Essay by an Anglican Priest, *if not explicitly taught by the Fathers of the Pan-Anglican Synod, appears to have been implicitly accepted by the Bishops of the Anglican Church*, who assembled at Lambeth and held out the right hand of fellowship to that Orthodox Church of the East whose veneration of the Saints is even more authoritatively decided than that of the Latin Church in the West.' (P. xxxii.)

We would direct the special attention of our readers to the passages which we have printed in italics, as affording a fair specimen of Ritualistic theology and of Ritualistic ingenuity. We are too familiar with the prevailing characteristics of Ritualistic literature to experience much astonishment even at its boldest and most startling propositions. We think, however, that some even amongst the most ardent admirers of that literature will scarcely be prepared to follow Mr. Shipley in his reference to the 'Decrees of the Council of Trent' as a key to the true import of the twenty-second 'Article of Religion' of the English Church, or in his appeal to Archbishops Tait and Thompson as explicit or implicit patrons of the worship of saints and angels on the ground of their participation in the proceedings of the 'Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth.'

VI. Our survey of Ritualistic literature would be incomplete if we were to take no notice of the hymnology by means of which the distinctive tenets of Ritualism are widely, and in many cases imperceptibly, diffused. If there be any truth in the saying that the ballads of a people produce a more sensible effect upon their national character than the laws under which they live, it will follow, as a matter of course, that the hymns, which now form an important element in the public worship of most congregations, must, sooner or later, exercise an important influence upon the creed of the worshippers. The Ritualists have displayed their customary sagacity in taking advantage of this organ for the dissemination of their distinctive doctrines and practices. The volume entitled 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' one of the most popular hymnals of the present day,* and, as re-

inferred from a single passage in which Canon Humble is pleased to express his belief that 'Invocation may not be *absolutely requisite for salvation*.' ('The Church and the World,' 3rd volume of the series, p. 141. 1868.)

* 'Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles,' 2nd ed., 1871. James Parker & Co. Pp. 422-423.

* We are informed that twenty million copies of these hymns have been put into circulation; and it is said that this volume has recently been

gards the greater portion of its contents, deservedly so, contains some hymns which—whatever the original design of their composers—are calculated to instil into the minds of unwary worshippers doctrines which are diametrically opposed to the formularies of the English Church. The following lines will suffice to illustrate our meaning:—

'Word-made-Flesh true bread He maketh
By His Word His flesh to be,
Wine His Blood, which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free.'

And again:—

'Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere.'

It is obvious that when taken in conjunction with the teaching of the Eucharist to which we have already referred, and with the ritual observances which are now commonly practised in the celebration of 'the Mass,' these words will be commonly regarded by the worshippers in Ritualistic churches as inculcating the real objective presence of Christ's body and blood in the consecrated elements, and the adoration which is alleged to be due to Christ 'under the forms of bread and wine.'

It would be easy to adduce from the popular manuals of devotion, to which reference has been made in this article, hymns of a yet more objectionable character than those from which the above lines are quoted. One example must suffice by way of illustration. It is the adaptation of one of our popular hymns to the worship—as we think it is impossible that the words can be otherwise interpreted—of the sacramental elements of the Eucharist. The following are the first and last verses of this adapted hymn, as we find it reprodnced in 'The English Catholic's Vade-Mecum:'—

'Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!

'*Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead all!*
O mystery of love divine!
I cannot compass all I have;
For all Thou hast and art are mine!
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!
Oh make us love Thee more and more!'

Such language may indeed find its justification amongst those who contend that the doctrine of the Church of Rome and that of the Church of England on the subject of the Eucharist are identical. To all others we submit that it can appear in no other light than as plainly and unequivocally *idolatrous*.

It will be superfluous, we think, to adduce further evidence that Ritualism can be regarded in no other light than as a deliberate scheme for the revival of mediæval Christianity in its most debased and most corrupted form; that it lacks the tests of catholicity on which its advocates profess to rely; and that it derives no other sanction from the formularies of the English Church than a few isolated passages which are capable of being interpreted in a sense which the revisers of the English Prayer Book repudiated, and which is opposed to the teaching of the great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The system of Ritualism is based upon a view of the visible Church essentially opposed to that of the twentieth Article of Religion, and one which naturally leads either to secession to the Church of Rome, or to efforts in order to effect a corporate reunion with her. In total oblivion of the fundamental design of Jewish ritual, as expounded in the Epistle to the Hebrews, our modern Ritualists seek to 'build again' in the Christian Church those 'rudiments of the world' and those carnal ordinances which it was the object of Christ's Gospel to destroy. Unmindful of the fact that, under the Mosaic dispensation, a gorgeous and imposing ceremonial was maintained only in one place, and that, as regards the nation at large, the worship of the Jews was strikingly devoid of outward rites and observances, the Ritualists proceed on the assumption that a minute ritual has been uniformly sanctioned, if not enforced, alike under the Jewish and Christian dispensation. Nay, more; so completely has the true typical import of the Jewish ritual been overlooked, that Ritualism, in defiance of sound exegesis and in direct antagonism to historical evidence, not only represents the worship of the heavenly temple as 'the normal form of the worship of the Christian Church,' but teaches its disciples that the 'wondrous language' of St. John was 'adapted to the ceremonial of the liturgy then followed by the Christians in celebrating the Eucharistic Sacrifice.'*

Nor can it be alleged that the living voice of the Church, so far as it has been ex-

recognised by the Chaplain-General as the only hymnal which is henceforth to be in use in the army.

* Directorium Anglicanum, p. 16. In the course of his examination before the Ritual Commission, Mr. Nugee professed that an obligation rested upon him to conform in matter of ritual to 'the Church of the Apocalypse.'

pressed by her duly appointed rulers, carries any greater weight with Ritualists than the teaching of the Apostolic Epistles, the voice of primitive antiqnity, or the direct statements of the Articles and Formularies to which they still profess their adherence. When the Oxford Tracts first made their appearance, the voice of the bishop was represented in them as the voice of God, and when Mr. (now Cardinal) Newman transferred his allegiance from the Church of England to that of Rome, he could find no fitter words in which to signify his submission to the Chair of St. Peter than in the resolution which he expressed to yield the same submission to the Pope which he had heretofore yielded to his own bishop. It is notorious that no such sentiments are entertained by the Ritualists of the present day. The general tone which is adopted in their leading organs towards the most distinguished members of the Episcopal Bench is that of contempt, and not unfrequently of abuse. The funds of the English Church Union are avowedly raised and expended in enabling clergymen to resist the so-called 'unreasonable and illegal demands' of their bishops; and a society has been set on foot by certain persons who profess themselves members of the English Church as established by law, the avowed object of which is to sever the connexion between the Church and the State. The time has long gone by when any but the most superficial observers of the growth and development of Ritualism can regard the conflict which is now being waged as a conflict between the forces which have been commonly designated as High and Low Church principles. There may be, indeed, and we doubt not that there are, some misguided individuals amongst those who espouse the cause of Ritualism, who are sincerely attached to the English Church, and who believe the best interests of that Church are promoted by the zeal and devotion of its Ritualistic members. The real question, however, is not the piety or the liberality of individuals, nor the object towards which their efforts are consciously directed. The question at issue is, What is the real tendency of Ritualism as a system, and what would be the result of its general adoption by the clergy and laity of the English Church? And to these enquiries there can be returned but one answer on the part of those who are acquainted with the doctrines and the practices which Ritualism inculcates. Its object is to un-Protestantise the English Church, and the result—should that object be attained—would be to reduce a Church which has hitherto been the great bulwark against Rome into a state of absolute subjection to her sway, and to impose upon her members a yoke more grievous to be borne than that from which she was delivered by the Reformation of the sixteenth century. It rests mainly with the laity of the English Church to decide whether the great conflict which is now being waged shall issue in victory or in defeat.*

ART. II.—*The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself.* Now first edited from original Manuscripts, and from his printed Correspondence, and other Writings, by JOHN BIGELOW. London: 1879.

IF the several causes of the foundation of the Republic of the United States were ranged according to their respective importance, first of all would come the perverse policy of Mr. George Grenville, and the want of moral courage in Lord North to resist the unenlightened obstinacy of George the Third. If not demerits but merits were classified, an equal rank, and that the highest, must be assigned to George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. So far as any historical events can be appropriated to individuals, those two men were the joint authors of the great Republic. The common English impression of Franklin recognises only two stages in his career. From the struggling printer he is transformed at a bound into the powerful diplomatist who tore asunder Great Britain and her American colonies. The actual Franklin rose gradually to this enormous influence. He had already become independent in fortune before he engaged in public affairs. When he had once taken to public life, he made it his profession, though he sighed after science. Step by step he grew to be the most prominent citizen of Philadelphia. He was appointed Clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; he became a justice of the peace, an alderman, a burgess of the Assembly. He established the first public library in America. He founded an academy and a hospital. He set on foot a militia

* It is curious that, at the time when an Anglican sect is making these evident advances to Rome, a distinguished Roman Catholic layman, the Marquis of Bute, should, for the first time, have published the Roman Breviary in the vulgar tongue of Englishmen, and even adopted the language of our own Church in his version of the Collects and the Psalms, and some hymns of our own writers. This is a very interesting publication.

force for the defence of the province against the French in Canada. 'There was,' he writes in his Memoirs, 'no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it.' If it were so small a matter as clearing away the dust from the roadways or lighting the city, he had to take the initiative. One question was always asked when subscriptions for an improvement were requested: 'Have you consulted Franklin, and what does he think of it?' From Pennsylvania his influence spread throughout the American colonies. He was appointed Postmaster-General for America. That office he kept for over twenty years. His enemies in England often hoped to taunt him into surrendering it. But he lacked, he was in the habit of saying, 'the Christian virtue of resignation.' It was his rule 'never to ask for offices,' but also 'never to resign them.' Franklin had passed his seventieth year before he arrived at the Court of France as the champion of American independence. A long and active life had preceded his greatest achievement, the conclusion of the Peace of 1783.

In view of an impending war with France in 1754, he drew up a plan for 'the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be necessary for defence, and other important general purposes.' The scheme roused jealousy in England, and Franklin attributes to that feeling the despatch of General Braddock from England with two regiments of regulars for the expedition against Fort Duquesne. Though the project of the campaign was not Franklin's, it was only by his help that the army was able to move a step. Horses and carriages could not be procured until Franklin had personally guaranteed payment to the lenders. He accompanied the force, and in vain endeavoured to dissuade the General from marching in a slender line nearly four miles long through a country infested by hostile Indians. The General's answer was: 'The savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia; but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression.' In the panic which followed Braddock's failure, Franklin carried a Bill in the Pennsylvania Assembly for the embodiment of a militia force. To concentrate more attention on the movement, he persuaded the Governor to proclaim a fast, that 'the blessing of Heaven might be implored on our undertaking.' He even obtained subscriptions from Quakers for gunpowder under the euphuism of 'bread, flour, wheat, and other grain.' He himself raised and commanded a regiment. Governor Dunbar offered to commission him as general of a force which he was to raise and lead against Fort Duquesne. Franklin had the modesty to decline the service which had proved fatal to Braddock. But he might reasonably have esteemed himself not much inferior in soldierly competence to incapables such as the British Government thought good enough for colonial commands. Of Braddock's successor, Lord Loudoun, he writes: 'I wondered much how such a man came to be entrusted with so important a business as the conduct of a great army; but having since seen more of the great world, and the means of obtaining and motives for giving places, my wonder is diminished.'

In the years between 1743, when he began to have leisure for public affairs, and 1757, when he came to England as Agent for his province, he was learning the lesson he applied eighteen years later. He was learning to despise the Home Government's method of managing colonial affairs, and to value aright the internal strength of the colonies for their own defence. He arrived in London on July 27, 1757, no obscure stranger, but the most prominent citizen of the most important foreign possession of the Empire. The object of his journey had nothing in it of hostility to the Crown. The real sovereign of Pennsylvania was not the House of Hanover, but the family of William Penn. The heirs of Penn appointed the governor of the province, and their governor's one care was to see that none of the public burdens touched the vast estates of the Proprietary. Their nominee, the governor, refused his assent to any tax from which his principals were not expressly exempted. At every step for the protection of the province by the maintenance of an efficient militia, the Assembly found itself checked in its measures for raising the necessary revenue by a veto from the Governor. Franklin was the most energetic enemy of the Proprietary. His future implacability against the American 'Loyalists' originated probably in his early resentment against the Penns, who were among the foremost of them. So far the province felt itself drawn to the Crown through their common interest in defensive measures against hostile Indians and Frenchmen. Indeed, at the Privy Council, Lord Mansfield used his authority to break down the Proprietary's obstinacy. Yet even so early as this, Franklin's indignation was stirred by the exorbitant claims of the Crown to authority over the colonies. Within a few mornings after his arrival in London the brilliant and eccentric Lord Granville, better

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known as Carteret, who was President of the Council, granted him an interview. Lord Granville then surprised him by the statement that 'the King's instructions to his governors, being first drawn up by judges, then considered in council, after which they are signed by the King, are, so far as they relate to you Americans, the law of the land, for the King is the legislator of the colonies.' 'His lordship's conversation,' wrote Franklin, 'a little alarmed me as to what might be the sentiments of the Court concerning us.' For the moment Franklin's aim was to extort liberty from the ungenerous domination of a private family. He registered, however, the pretensions of the royal prerogative as matter of future warning.

On his second visit to England he bore originally a commission only from the Pennsylvanian Assembly. To the Agency for Pennsylvania were gradually added the Agencies for Georgia, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, as the colonies found that what had been only a theory of the royal prerogative was in process of conversion into practice. He had come once more in 1763 to intercede against the King Log of the Proprietary Constitution. He found himself to be confronted with much more formidable claims of the British nation and Parliament. He still is seen, as in old days, appealing to the Sovereign; only formerly it was against the Penns he besought his aid, now it is against the King's own ministers. The Stamp Act was passed by Parliament on the pretext of reimbursing this country for the cost it had defrayed in expelling the French from Canada and Nova Scotia. Franklin, by conversation, by private letters, and in the public press, was always forward to deny that the colonies owed any debt to the mother-country. The mother-country had engaged in war with France for its own ambitious purposes. The war was not a colonial, but an Imperial war. The colonies had, he would have admitted, benefited by the results of the war. He was always forward to express his delight at the subjugation of the French territories. But he rejoiced 'not merely as a colonist, but as a Briton.' A moral duty lay on the colonists, their Agent confessed, to pay their share of the expenses because they were Britons. The fact, however, he asserted, was that they had already paid their share, and more than their share. 'Every year during the war requisitions were made by the Crown on the colonies for raising money and men. They made more extraordinary efforts in proportion to their abilities than Britain did.' What was the proportion to their abilities, he urged, was matter for grave consideration. He complained that it was a favourite device, 'in order to render the taxing of America a popular measure, to insist continually on the topics of our wealth and flourishing circumstances, while this country is loaded with debt, great part of it incurred on our account.' The truth was, according to him, that, magnificent as he accounted American prospects, the present was discouraging. Colonies, he forcibly argued, are not, like their countrymen at home, heirs to many generations of laborious ancestors. They have to do all for themselves; their expenses press so closely on the heels of their resources 'that a great part of the charges for the rout of Braddock and the triumphs of Wolfe and Amherst 'lies still, in 1766, a load of debt upon them.'

Even had Great Britain made them its debtors by relieving them from the perpetual terror of French attack at its own sole cost, the discharge of the moral debt should have been matter of mutual arrangement. But the colonies were being taxed by a Legislature in which they were not represented. When their aid in money had formerly been required, the custom had been to ask it of their Assemblies, as the Crown asked it of Parliament. On all proper occasions they were ready to grant aid as Parliament granted it. 'We of the colonies have never insisted that we ought to be exempt from contributing to the common expenses necessary to support the prosperity of the empire.' They did insist that the money of the King's subjects in America could no more be taken from them without their own consent, obtained through their representatives, than from the King's subjects in England. 'If the Parliament has a right thus to take from us a penny in the pound, where is the line drawn that bounds that right, and what shall hinder their calling, whenever they please, for the other nineteen shillings and eleven pence?' Franklin's theory of the relation of the colonies to Great Britain was that they were 'only connected, as England and Scotland were before the Union, by having one common sovereign, the King.' The founders of the colonies expressly went to the New World to escape from the tyranny of English statutes. 'They took with them, however, by compact, their allegiance to the King, and a legislative power for the making a new body of laws with his assent, by which they were to be governed. Hence they became distinct States, under the same prince, united as Ireland is to the Crown, but not to the realm, of England, and governed each by its

own laws, though with the same sovereign, and having each the right of granting its own money to that sovereign.'

The weak point in Franklin's theory of colonial rule is that it implies the King could come to the consideration of colonial questions as if for the time he were transported bodily, and unattended by any of his Parliamentary advisers, across the Atlantic. Franklin would have been as unwilling to have Lord Hillsborough dictating to the colonies under cover of the King's name as to have the Parliament doing it. Probably he would not have been disposed to deny the difficulty of emancipating the King whenever he had to exercise his colonial prerogative from an English sovereign's habit of deference to the ministers delegated by Parliament. But when Englishmen dwelt upon the 'inconvenience' of a theory which supposed the division of 'an empire into many separate states,' he answered that 'an inconvenience proves nothing but itself.' It was, however, his consciousness of the difficulty of fastening upon the King double functions which doubtless suggested to him, as to his friend Lord Kames, a consolidating union of Great Britain and the American colonies as the way out of the dilemma. If the colonies sent members to Parliament, Parliament in taxing them would not have been disjoining taxation from representation. The King, in exercising his colonial prerogative at the instance of his Parliamentary advisers, would have been exercising it with the implied assent of his colonial subjects. Franklin's logical objection to the actual mode in which the King and the British Parliament assumed to rule the colonies was that colonists were treated as possessed of inferior liberties to their fellow-subjects here. They were governed without having a voice in their government. The grant of proportionate representation in the Imperial Parliament to Pennsylvania and the rest would have brought their subjection to the supremacy of Parliament at all events into logical conformity with the theory of the British Constitution.

That any such Parliamentary union with the North American colonies would have been permanent it is impossible to believe. Franklin affected to think 'it would probably subsist so long as Britain shall continue a nation.' On the contrary, the first occasion on which the colonial representatives had been overborne by the English and Scotch members would have dissolved it. Franklin himself would have been the first to denounce a connexion in which British representative heads were counted as against colonial. Great Britain and the American colonies were doomed to part by the very incompatibility of their rival greatness. The projects Franklin and some of his English and Scotch allies devised with a view to averting the catastrophe carried on their face proof of their want of reality. It was, however, a gratuitous addition to the shock of predestined separation that British politics should at the time have been passing through a stage of moral degradation which intensified the violence of the wrench. Almost more grievous still was the coincidence that it was the fate of England to have Franklin, of all men, for witness of the ruin.

In the earlier years of the reign of George III. the whole body of British politics was sick, it seemed, to death. The few statesmen who were incorrupt were technical fanatics, like Mr. George Grenville, or 'inaccessibles,' like Lord Chatham. They were commonly of a worse type. There was the careless King's minister, like Lord North, who for the sake of peace with his colleagues, 'some of whom could not be brought to agree to the repeal of the whole Stamp Act,' suffered his better sense to be overridden, and consented to maintain 'the duty on tea, with the obnoxious preamble, to continue the dispute.' There was the man of pleasure, like Lord Clare, who, 'after we had drunk a bottle and a half of claret each, hugged and kissed me, protesting he never in his life met with a man he was so much in love with.' There was the official, incapable of understanding that a colony could have rights, like Lord Hillsborough, 'whose character is conceit, wrong-headedness, obstinacy, and passion.' There was the minister with an instinct of equity, but without the moral courage to adhere to it, like Lord Dartmouth, 'with dispositions for the best measures, and easily prevailed with to join in the worst.' There was the mob of peers, not vouchsafing even to consider, still less to understand, Lord Chatham's plan for pacification: 'Hereditary legislators! There would be more propriety, because less hazard of mischief, in having, as in some university of Germany, hereditary professors of mathematics.' There was a House of Commons, costing 'no less than four thousand pounds for a member.' There was the abandonment of London for days to 'a drunken mad mob,' which had made a hero of 'an outlaw and an exile of bad personal character.' 'I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window shutter next the road unmarked with "Wilkes and Liberty," and "No. 45."' There was, at least in the American's eyes, 'in short, a whole venal nation, now at mar-

ket, to be sold for about two millions, and able to he bought out of the hands of the present bidders, if he would offer half a million more, hy the devil himself.' This was a population which talked of 'our colonies,' as if Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and Virginia were private possessions of every ignorant Englishman. To Englishmen, an American's only apology for existence was to hny English goods. These people, who thought themselves competent to legislate for America, could scarcely point out its place on the globe. They would not of themselves have seen any incongruity in Franklin's jest that the King of Spain had contracted for the casting of a thonsand guns at Quehec, or detected the absurdity of his assurance that 'the grand leap of the whale in the chase np the Falls of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in nature.' For a time the King was the refuge of Americans enraged and outraged hy the pretensions of men they despised to lord it over their superiors in character and public spirit. Franklin records with delight so late as 1772 how 'the King has heen heard to speak of me with great regard.' He loved to contrast the goodness of the King with the stupid selfishness of the nation. But gradually he hegins to 'suspect, between yon and me, that the late measures have been very much the King's own, and that he has in some cases a great share of what his friends call firmness.' He hopes still that, 'by some painstaking and proper management, the wrong impressions the King has received may be removed.' But at length the suspicion becomes certainty, the hope fades, and he is forced to the conclusion, which was unhappily only too true, that 'the King hates us most cordially' in the aggregate, and 'that insidious man,' Franklin, in particular.

King George thonght all who disagreed with him madmen or rogues. We know from the Shelburne Correspondence how he consoled himself at the end of the American war with the reflection that 'knavery seems to be so much the striking featnre of the inhabitants, that it may not in the end he an evil that they will become aliens to this kingdom.' At all events, his instinct of aversion from Franklin did not deceive him. Whatever was vicious and out of joint in the relations hetween England and its colonies showed uglier and more misshapen as reflected through Franklin's eyes. It was not by any design or desire of Franklin that his mission in England irritated every disposition in the two peoples to quarrel. His correspondence shows tbat, though he could not avoid perceiving the blunders of English dealing with America, he would have been far from disinclined to aid in correcting them. He had shown himself so temperate a mediator between the two countries, that when the Stamp Act was promulgated in America in 1667 his honse and family in Philadelphia were threatened by a mob. His complaint in 1768 had probably not been insincere that, as he had rendered himself suspected in England of being 'too much an American,' in America, on the contrary, he was suspected of heing 'too mnch an Englishman.' He argued that 'between the governed and governing every mistake in government, every encroachment on right, is not worth a rebellion.' To the very eve of the civil war he was ready to discuss ways hy which it might have been avoided. Yet an agent of the colonies much less acute, much less of an impassioned enthusiast for peace, with a far inferior title to gain an audience of ministers and orators, would have had more chance of success in appeasing the feud. As we read the correspondence which Mr. Bigelow has compiled and condensed, we feel the issue of the controversy to he a foregone conclusion. Franklin taught his countrymen to despise the mother-country. He seemed always to be presenting an ultimatnm. In 1766 he writes of the Stamp Act: 'As to executing the Act by force, it is madness, and will be ruin to the whole.' In 1771 he writes to the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence about the exaction of cnstoms in America hy Parliament, that civil war is the certain result. 'The hloody struggle will end in absolute slavery to America, or ruin to Britain hy the loss of her colonies; the latter most probahle from America's growing strength and magnitude.' Another representative of the colonies would prohahly have hegun by assuming the indissolubility of the bond which united Great Britain and its American settlements. Franklin showed himself to his countrymen perpetually in the act of testing the chain, to judge where were the weak links at which it might be expected to hreak. Instead of a mediator come to negotiate a removal of colonial grievances, he appeared in the character of a judge pronouncing a divorce of the Colonies from Great Britain for British infidelity and general desertion of duties.

Jobbing English politicians felt and resented the tone of scornful superiority in Franklin's remonstrances on behalf of his constituents. They exulted in the opportunity afforded them for a retort by his appearance before the Privy Council to give

evidence on the petition of Massachusetts for the removal of Governor Hutchinson and Licutenant-Governor Andrew Oliver. The ground of the petition was that correspondence which had fallen into Franklin's hands between them and a Mr. Whately, who had been private secretary to Mr. George Grenville — not, as Mr. Bigelow styles him, 'Lord' Grenville — convicted them of having incited the British Government to the measures which had produced the strife between it and the colonies. The scene in the Council Chamber on the historical 29th of January, 1774, was an explosion of wrath long pent up. The whole, as Franklin wrote to Mr. Cushing, was 'in all probability preconcerted.' The thirty-five Privy Councillors, forgetting that they were sitting as judges, 'frequently laughed outright,' as Dr. Priestley narrates, 'at the sallies of Mr. Wedderburn's sarcastic wit.' They were charmed to retaliate thus on the Transatlantic moralist who, they well knew, had been for seventeen years registering their follies and corruptions. They were not altogether wrong in condemning the conduct of Franklin in that transaction. It is not necessary to accept Wedderburn's insinuation that Franklin had employed his opportunities as American Postmaster-General to intercept Governor Hutchinson's letters home. Mr. C. Francis Adams's account is probably true, that the papers were delivered to Franklin by Sir John Temple. But not the less had both Franklin and the Assembly of Massachusetts violated, in the use they made of them, the confidence of private correspondence. Franklin's defence has been commonly accepted by Americans. It was that private letters written by a highly placed official on public questions to a member of the British Parliament could not be described as private letters. That was the conclusion also of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. The fallacy of such a position is apparent. It is at least as extraordinary that Franklin should have thought the misuse of Governor Hutchinson's correspondence balanced by the publication and despatch to the English Government of the letters sent by Franklin as the Agent of the Massachusetts Assembly to the Assembly. Obviously publicity, though within a limited circle, was contemplated by the writer himself as a property of the letters to the Assembly, and privacy as a property of those of Governor Hutchinson to Mr. Whately. Most extraordinary of all was Franklin's profession of amazement in the account he published of the whole transaction that the British Government should not have profited by the occasion and left Governor Hutchinson and his brother officials 'like the scapegoats of old to carry away into the wilderness all the offences which have arisen between the two countries.' He could not understand, any more than after the war when Great Britain interceded for the restoration of the Loyalists who had suffered in its cause, that a Government cannot with any self-respect shift the consequences of its blunders on subordinates who have served it. He actually appears to have anticipated gratitude from British Ministers for the part he had played in the miserable business. 'A Court clamour,' he exclaims in his narrative, 'was raised against me as an incendiary! The very action upon which I valued myself as, it appeared to me, a means of lessening our differences, I was unlucky enough to find charged upon me as a wicked attempt to increase them. Strange perversion!'

The 29th of January, 1774, shattered what Franklin was fond of calling that 'China vase,' that 'beautiful porcelain vase,' the British Empire, as then constituted. From that day, though Franklin himself was possibly unconscious of the catastrophe, no hope lingered of reconciling the claims of Great Britain to sovereignty, and of the colonies to equality. On the day following the baiting at the Council Office, he was informed that 'his Majesty's Postmaster-General had found it necessary to dismiss him from the office of Deputy Postmaster-General in North America. Yet he lingered for another year and four months, observing a cool, sullen silence to Ministers.' He kept, he writes, 'a separate account of private injuries, which,' he adds, 'I may forgive.' He certainly never did forgive them. But, though henceforth he did not court, neither did he reject overtures for an arrangement of the difficulty between two kindred peoples. Mr. Bigelow's volumes are full of interminable negotiations between Franklin on one side, and Lord Howe, Lord Hyde, Dr. Fothergill, Mr. David Hartley, and Mr. Barclay, on the other, for a basis of settlement. Franklin visited Lord Chatham at Hayes, to consult on possible means of accommodation. The great man's equipage was seen at Franklin's door in Craven Street, 'on the very day twelve months,' as Franklin proudly notes, 'that the Ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council.' Franklin by no means repulsed the assistance thus proffered for the reunion of the two countries. He remarked, with pleasure, the sympathy of Dissenters and Irishmen, and other victims of English legislative exclusiveness, with the resistance of the colonies, and their belief

that 'the salvation of English liberty depended now on the perseverance and virtue of America.' The negotiations went on as merrily as if none of the parties to them entertained any suspicion that the subject-matter of their conferences had ceased to exist, that the British Plantations in North America had expanded into a nation. Even at this distance of time, an English student is sensible of a sort of despair, from the consciousness how only the surface was stirred by these elaborate discussions. The deliberations commonly accompanied or followed a game of chess between Franklin and Lord Howe's sister. They had neither less nor more of seriousness about them than the tournament of the chessboard. On points of detail Franklin was ready enough to give way. He offered to pledge his personal security for the repayment to the merchants of their losses on the tea thrown into Boston harbour. But when it came to the question of conceding legislative independence to the colonies, neither could he abate a jot, nor the English volunteer pacificators concede the demand. The utmost to which Franklin's English friends felt they could even offer to pledge the British nation was, that the bare right of Parliament to supremacy should be so guarded in its exercise as to be practically dormant. Chatham himself could not presume to ask of the nation at large anything higher. When, moderate as was Chatham's plan for a settlement, and enormous as was his personal authority, the Peers would not so much consider it as to allow it to lie on their table, it may easily be conceived how utterly insoluble had the crisis become.

Yet of the two sides there was on the English more, we would almost say, of good faith than on the American. We are far from imputing conscious insincerity to Franklin. He foresaw war as the necessary consequence of a failure to repair the breach; and his common declaration may be believed, that he was almost inclined to think 'there was never a good war, nor a bad peace.' He was no fanatical admirer of particular forms of government. But circumstances, he obviously felt, had rent England and its American colonies asunder, and there was no possibility of healing the wound. His Quaker, Dissenter, and Chathamite friends could scarcely believe in such a schism in the imperial unity. Even at the moment of recognising the independence of the United States, seven years later, statesmen looked forward to a possible return of the colonies to their allegiance. No Englishman could comprehend, as Franklin could, the capacity of the colonies for standing alone. In exhorting, when the British ministers had shown themselves unbending in 1775, the Americans to resist, for that 'nothing could secure the privileges of America but a firm, sober adherence to the terms of the association made at the Congress,' men like Barclay and Fothergill hardly suspected that the firmness meant final separation. In asserting that 'the salvation of English liberty depended on the perseverance and virtue of America,' they were thinking of Americans as fellow-subjects, whose voices in favour of liberty would be added to their English voices in right of their common country. We can see better in these days, and so could Franklin in his. The condition of things may be summed up in a sentence. A United American Congress was sitting at Philadelphia, and Benjamin Franklin had been scolded and sneered at by the Solicitor-General of England and the King's Councillors as a thief. It would have been wonderful surgery to reincorporate the bleeding limb in the old body. It would have needed nothing less than a miracle when the fragment torn from the mutilated British trunk was itself grown into a breathing being.

Franklin shook the dust of England from his feet, as a subject of King George, when he set sail for America in 1775. When he returned to Europe it was to watch and to baffle from Passy the clumsy efforts of British Ministers to make a solitude where they had failed to maintain peace. He was so far a diplomatist that he had studied human character for seventy years. Yet in England his diplomacy had only exasperated. In France he accomplished as much against England, as Washington with all his victories. His knowledge of French was so indifferent, that on one occasion during the sitting of the Academy he was observed to 'applaud the loudest at his own praises.' He did the work, but he never learned the dialect, of diplomacy. He was that strange creature, a Republican at the Court of a pure monarchy. In Paris his defects were virtues. His scientific fame spoke for itself in purest Parisian French. As a politician, to the Court he was the dire enemy of England; to the jaded society of Paris he was the representative of a new world of feeling and thought. His New England astuteness seemed to Parisian courtiers patriarchal innocence. His naïve stories and illustrations, which a thousand admirers were ready to translate and repeat in every circle of the town, were as bracing as quinine. His very costume, 'his hair hanging, his spectacles on his nose, his white hose, and white hat under his arm,' in the midst of absurd

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perukes and brocaded suits, came like a revelation of nature to the victims of fashion. He became, to his own amusement, the idol of Paris. 'Mr. Franklin,' writes a contemporary Parisian, 'is besieged, followed, admired, adored, wherever he shows himself, with a fury, a fanaticism, capable no doubt of flattering him and doing him honour, but which at the same time proves that we shall never be reasonable.' He tells his daughter that incredible numbers had been sold of clay medallions of him, 'some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings.' 'Pictures, busts, and prints have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon.' A great Parisian lady wrote fifty years later to the respectable Ticknor in language which implied that she thought the Americans and Patagonians kindred peoples. After the same fashion, Versailles was never perhaps quite certain that the New England philosopher was not of Red Indian descent. But love does not reason. Paris had fallen in love with Franklin, and in homage to him even grew enamoured of simplicity.

No Englishman was ever so caressed in Paris, for the very reason that Franklin was, and was not, an Englishman. As the American sage and philosopher, he performed as much for his country as he accomplished by his diplomatic skill. But he was a diplomatist too, and of high rank in the art. Colleagues and rivals, like his detractor Arthur Lee, or even Jay and Adams, who, as Mr. Fitzherbert wrote, in a letter quoted by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in his Life of Lord Shelburne, 'rather fear than are attached to him,' might be pardoned for inability to understand the source of his influence. They did not venture to deny the fact. In the only serious instance in which, in reference to the disputed fishery and boundary rights, he was accused of neglecting the interests of his countrymen, his colleagues certified that he had defended those interests with his counsels and his authority. On another and more important point, he not merely co-operated but took the initiative. A man who had gone through the campaign with Braddock, who had shared in the apprehensions and labours of the crisis which followed the British defeat, and exulted in the triumph of Wolfe, was not likely to depreciate the value of Canada. The question of the moral right of the colonies to the old French possessions in North America had been a special point in the futile negotiations between himself and Lord Howe in England. When the war commenced, he sought to induce France to help the colonies to wrest Canada and Nova Scotia from England. As soon as the negotiations for peace with England opened, his great efforts were directed to persuade the English Commissioner, Richard Oswald, to see the utility of ceding those territories as proofs of a desire for that 'sweet' thing, a 'reconciliation,' and as a safeguard against future causes of strife. Oswald, a prosperous Scotch merchant, was, as Franklin says of him, an old man who had 'nothing at heart but the good of mankind, and putting a stop to mischief.' But he does not seem to have been fit to cope with a consummate philanthropist like Franklin. He had happened to let fall an opinion, that 'the giving up of Canada to the English at the last peace had been a politic act in France, for that it had weakened the ties between England and her colonies, and that he himself had predicted from it the late revolution.' Franklin, who had been preparing the ground by asserting the title of the United States to reparation over and above the mere grant of peace, for the injuries England had inflicted, proposed that Canada should be given and accepted as such reparation. He applied Oswald's own argument to the future: 'I spoke of the occasions of quarrel that might be produced by England continuing to hold Canada, hinting at the same time, but not expressing too plainly, that such a situation, to us so dangerous, would necessarily oblige us to cultivate and strengthen our union with France.' Oswald 'appeared much struck with my discourse.' Franklin had already developed a scheme on paper which he lent Oswald to read and meditate upon. The plan was, that 'Britain should voluntarily offer to give up the province, though on these conditions, that she shall in all times coming have and enjoy the right of free trade thither, unencumbered with any duties whatsoever; that so much of the vacant lands shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the Royalists for the confiscation of their estates.' Oswald, he says, 'told me that nothing in his judgment could be clearer, more satisfactory, and convincing, than the reasonings in that paper; that he would do his utmost to impress Lord Shelburne with them.' Franklin, in reporting by letter this conversation to his brother Peace Commissioner, Adams, describes Oswald's remarks rather more fully than in the semi-official journal he kept. He tells Adams on April 20, 1782, his proposal about Canada: 'Mr. Oswald liked much the idea, but said they were too much straitened for money to make any pecuniary reparation; but he should en-

deavour to persuade their doing in this way.' Oswald went to England to confer with Lord Shelburne, taking Franklin's paper with him. On his return to Paris, he informed Franklin that 'it seemed to have made an impression, and he had reason to believe that it might be settled to our satisfaction towards the end of the treaty; but in his own mind he wished it might not be mentioned at the beginning; that his lordship indeed said he had not imagined reparation would be expected, and he wondered I should not know whether it was intended to demand it.' A day or two after, Franklin conversed again on the subject with Oswald. 'Oswald repeated to me his opinion, that the affair of Canada would be settled to our satisfaction, and his wish that it might not be mentioned till towards the end of the treaty.' But it has now been proved by the publication of the French despatches, which are to be found in M. de Circourt's translation of Bancroft's history, that no one was more bitterly opposed than the French ministers to the annexation of Canada to the United States. Eager as they were to promote the separation of the British provinces in America from the mother country, M. de Vergennes was entirely opposed to any extension of the emancipated territory; and he perhaps still cherished a hope that the French provinces in America, which had been conquered by England only twenty years before, might one day be brought back to their allegiance to the Court of Versailles.

Franklin, as a diplomatist, was not peremptory in insisting on the rights of his country, still less on his own dignity. But he studied the French men and the French women who ruled France, and he probed to the bottom the instincts of the French governing class, without losing his own. About alliances in general he was not solicitous. Before he started on his own mission to Europe he had in Congress, though in vain, deprecated the sending a 'virgin' republic 'suitoring' for the friendship of European Powers. 'It seems to me,' he writes, 'that we have in most instances hurt our credit and importance by sending all over Europe, begging alliances, and soliciting declarations of our independence. The nations, perhaps, from thence seemed to think that our independence is something they have to sell, and that we do not offer enough for it.' Writing to Jay, at Madrid, in April 1782, he exclaims: 'Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us in the meantime mind our own business.' Five years before, in 1777, he and his fellow-representatives of the United States in Europe had received instructions that, 'in case France and Spain will enter into the war, the United States will assist the former in the conquest of the British sugar islands, and the latter in the conquest of Portugal, America desiring only for her share what Britain holds on the continent.' Americans must blush to think that their new-born commonwealth should have sought aid in its emancipation by offers to assist in enslaving another free state which had never done it an injury. We are glad, for the credit of Franklin, to observe that he simply recites these instructions in a letter to Arthur Lee, who was in Burgos. He adds not a word implying approbation of the offer of such a bribe to Spain.

But, in fact, he cared little for other European alliances than the American alliance with France. To cement that he was ready to be all complaisance. His tact alone prevented a rupture with the French Ministers through the signature, in December 1782, behind their backs, of the preliminary treaty between Great Britain and the United States. His brother Commissioners, Jay and Adams, suspected that the French Government wished to protract the negotiations for its own objects, however the United States might suffer by the prolongation of the war. Their suspicion was not without foundation; and Franklin, when he understood the facts, acquiesced in their decision to proceed independently. But he had the wisdom, which his colleagues lacked, to be content with starting peace on its route without breaking down the bridge by which it had crossed before he knew whether it might not be useful for a retreat. To the French Minister's reproaches for the departure from good fellowship, he replied by the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He defends himself, and Jay and Adams, against the charge of anything worse than 'indiscretion,' and 'neglect of a point of *bienséance*.' To those two offences he pleads guilty. But he warns M. de Vergennes not to forget the effect of a quarrel upon 'the English, who, I just now learn, flatter themselves they have already divided us.' The friendly relations of France and the United States had seemed in danger of being completely overclouded when Franklin's amiable apologies restored peace. Two days after the French Ministerial remonstrance, the United States actually received from the French treasury a new loan of six million francs, which infused new life into their military operations. Jay and Adams, 'who,' alleges M. de Vergennes, 'do not pretend to recognise the rules of courtesy in regard to

ns,' could never have obtained that aid. Franklin's brother Commissioners underrated the gain to the United States from French succour. Without the diversion France created in Europe, and the subsidies she granted, it is almost incredible that the Congress should not have been compelled to make a humiliating peace with King George. Franklin understood that the French alliance was vital to his people, and he spared no pains that he might confirm it. As Jefferson said of him, in extolling his diplomatic dexterity, he, by his reasonableness, moderation, and temper, so won the confidence of the French ministers that 'it may truly be said they were more under his influence than he under theirs.'

Englishmen were not so criminal, nor was England so near to the close of its greatness, as Franklin supposed. On the other hand, neither was the power of France so deeply rooted as it appeared to his friendly eyes, nor French aid to the struggling Republic so generous as he habituated himself to represent it. While he was keen to detect the perversion of free institutions to the purposes of selfish corruption in England, he chose to be for the most part utterly blind to the more radical vices of French government and society. He remarks, almost as if it were matter of praise, that 'the *noblesse* always govern here,' and that 'trade is not their admiration.' On his journey, in 1785, through France to Havre, where he was to embark for America, he was entertained at the magnificent château of the Archbishop of Rouen, Cardinal Rochefoucauld. He seems not to have felt the Revolution in the air, and goes out of his way to testify that 'the Cardinal is much respected and beloved by the people of this country.' In England the foundations were sound. Much practical liberty, and even good administration, were compatible with electoral dishonesty and political perversity. But Franklin could perceive no hope of a remedy for the inconsistencies between theory and practice which disgusted him. Not altogether in jest does he advise Englishmen to 'dissolve your present old crazy constitution, and send members to Congress.' The entire order of things in France was rotten at the core, yet Franklin was more than half inclined to live and die there. When the tempest had actually begun to rage, he still regarded it as a mere passing gust. He writes in October, 1788, to his friend M. le Veillard: 'When this fermentation is over, and the troubling parts subsided, the wine will be fine and good, and cheer the hearts of those who drink of it.' Had his life lasted a little longer, he would have had to lament the death, on the scaffold, of the correspondent to whom he wrote thus hopefully, and of a multitude of other friends.

Franklin simply did not see the instability of that charming Parisian society to which he discoursed in his shrewdly witty parables. We suspect that he only affected not to perceive the selfish motives at the bottom of the invaluable assistance the French nation and Government afforded his country. Chivalrous Frenchmen like Lafayette, in advocating the American cause, were more protesting against Court absolutism at home than against the Imperial tyranny of Great Britain. Frenchmen generally and their rulers, when they succoured the United States, were merely fighting, as they had fought a generation earlier, England in America. They longed to recover Canada. When they had convinced themselves that their American allies would not consent to their return as sovereigns to any part of the North American continent, they liked better to leave their old dominions in the hands of England than struggle for their transfer to the emancipated British colonies. Whilst Great Britain remained still a neighbour they believed the Republic would not be able to dispense with the shelter of French protection. Franklin, who gauged human motives, especially when not altogether noble, with unerring sagacity, was possibly more desirous to convince Robert Livingston than himself convinced, when he wrote: 'The ideas of aggrandisement by conquest are out of fashion. The wise here think France great enough; and its ambition at present seems to be only that of justice and magnanimity towards other nations, fidelity and utility to its allies.' With this amiable construction which Franklin puts on the motives of French kindness to the American colonies of England in 1783, it is interesting to contrast his view of French official civilities sixteen years before. In 1767, after his examination by the House of Commons on the subject of the Stamp Act, the French Minister Plenipotentiary in London, M. Durand, called upon him.

'M. Durand,' writes Franklin to his son, 'is extremely curious to inform himself on the affairs of America; pretends to have a great esteem for me; invited me to dine with him, was very inquisitive, makes me visits. I fancy that intriguing nation would like very much to meddle on occasion, and blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies; but I hope we shall give them no opportunity.'

The certainty that, had the American connexion with Great Britain survived the Stamp and Tea Duty Acts, it must have

collapsed in wider ruin a little later, produces a feeling of indifference to the personal incidents which contributed to the actnal catastrophe. Otherwise, English readers of these volnmes might be disposed to repine that Franklin should not have bestowed on the task of reconciling England and the colonies some of the unfailing *bonhomie* which kept the peace between the United States and France. As, when the war was onco begun, every feature in the French national and political character was interpreted by him too kindly, so all in the English were interpreted too harshly. He made no account of the difficnlties inherent in the relations of the colonies and the mother-country. To him there could be no fault on the former side, because there was nothing but what was faulty on the latter. He hears with delight of the vengeance of which the 'No Popery' mob was the unconscious instrument npon Lord Mansfield and Governor Hutchinson. 'Lord Mansfield's honse is burnt. Thus he who approved the burning of American houses has had fire brought home to him. He himself was horribly scared, and Governor Hutchinson, it is said, died outright of the fright.' He specnlates with pleasure on the possible wreck of the whole British Empire: 'If the English lose their Indian commerce and one battle at sea, their credit is gone, and their power follows.' He foretells that the war 'must end in the ruin of Britain, if she does not speedily pnt an end to it.' He believes every tale of the 'cruel captivity' to which our 'brave countrymen,' 'martyrs to the cause of liberty,' are subjected, 'fed scantily on bad provisions, without warm lodging, clothes, or fire.' He denounces the war 'on the part of England as, of all the wars in my time, the wickedest, having no cause but malice against liberty, and the jealousy of commerce.' He despairs of seeing its end because, he writes to an Englishman, 'your thirsty nation has not drunk enough of our blood.' Every Englishman is held by him guilty of complicity. But he attached especial guilt to all public men. He had written while fresh from England, in 1775, to his old friend, William Strahan, the King's printer: 'Mr. Strahan, you are a Member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our homes and murder onr people. Look at your hands; they are stained with the blood of your relations. You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am yonrs.' Guilty above other Members of Parliament were, in his eyes, the King's Ministers. 'I never think,' he writes to Mr. James Hutton, in 1778, 'of your present Ministers and their abettors but with the image strongly painted in my view of their hands, red, wet, and dripping with the blood of my countrymen, friends, and relations.' Upon King George himself, once his admired mediator between a tyrant Parliament and oppressed colonies, he pours out all the vials of his wrath. He charges upon the King the destruction, 'in a continued course of bloody wars, of near one hundred thousand human creatures.' To Franklin the King must account for two thousand scalps torn from defenceless farmers, their wives, and children, by the savages he hired. To Franklin the royal wickednesses are the best evidence of immortality. 'The more I see the impossibility, from the number and extent of his crimes, of giving equivalent punishment in this life, the more I am convinced of a future state in which all that here appears to be wrong shall be set right.'

The disposition in Franklin to misjudge England impresses readers of his correspondence the more that he was by theory and practice generally indulgent to principles and conduct, however differing from his own. So ostentatiously violent are his outbursts of anger at the English King, ministers, and nation, and, with this exception, so universally philanthropic and moderate are Franklin's general sentiments and language, that it is sometimes hard to smother a suspicion that the harshness against his former fellow-subjects and sovereign was a species of affectation. A more probable hypothesis would be that it was nature's revenge for the regular and continued repression to which from early manhood he had subjected his natural disposition. From the training the Autobiography shows him to have undergone, we can infer something of his original temper. In that unique work, now for the first time, through Mr. Bigelow's care, printed as Franklin wrote it, and with the last few pages which had never before been published, Franklin alludes to his native impetuosity, and to the means he took to correct it. When young, he was, he says, of a 'disputatious turn,' a very bad habit, he remarks, into which 'persons of good sense seldom fall, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.' Noticing that 'disputing, contradicting, and confuting people are generally unfortunate in their affairs,' he exchanged the habit, after reading Xenophon's 'Memorabilia,' for the Socratic method. 'I dropt my abrupt contradiction and argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter.' He became so ex-

pert a master of dialectics, that a controversial printer with whom he worked at Philadelphia would at last 'hardly answer me the most common question without asking first, "What do you intend to infer from that?"' As that very irritating substitute for dogmatism proved not more likely to make friends than his former practice, he retained of the Socratic method 'only the habit of expressing himself in terms of modest diffidence.' 'I never use,' he writes, 'when I advance anything that may possibly be disputed, the words "certainly," "undoubtedly," or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion, but rather say, "I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so," or "It is so if I am not mistaken."' When he set up his 'club of mutual improvement,' the Junto, the rules drawn up by him were framed on the same principle. 'Everything was studied which might prevent our disgusting each other.' 'To prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions, or direct contradiction, were after some time made contraband, and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties.' The restraint of the Junto may be answerable in part for the freedom with which, when patriotism seemed to license him, the unlucky Lord Hillsborough is characterised as a compound of 'conceit, wrongheadedness, obstinacy, and passion,' and even 'insincerity.' If King George, once 'the very best king in the world, and the most amiable,' is condemned to Topbet for not letting the American colonies go free on their own demand, the warmth of the denunciation may have only been compensation for the studied temperateness which overlay a nature apparently by no means devoid of passion and excitability. Franklin had brought himself to regard varieties of doctrine and opinion as not worth the friction of loss of temper, with the one exception of the question of national liberty and independence. That appeared to him on a different level altogether. On that he esteemed anger lawful and virtuous, and, we suspect, he found an occasional indulgence in it by no means disagreeable.

Franklin could at once bear vituperation with the stoicism of a tortured Indian, and then turn and wither up an assailant with lightning flash and fire. But the extraordinary feature both in his tolerance and in his intolerance is that no one ever supposes his indignation was not as much within his own command as his patience. We have hitherto dwelt chiefly on the value of Mr. Bigelow's edition of the Autobiography and Correspondence as recalling a great political and historical epoch. It possesses as much value of a different sort, as making for the first time popularly accessible the most marvellous instance of a formed and built-up character in the whole of the records of psychology. There was the raw, original Franklin, who might have developed in this or that direction, and there was a very different creature, the actual Franklin, as Philadelphia and London and Paris knew him. The rough material had been hewn and carved and polished into the finished moralist, statesman, diplomatist, fabulist, and general worker in human wit, by a third self, a moral censor who was continually surveying and criticising the new fabric as it grew.

Franklin was at an early period dogmatic; as we have seen, he discovered that was an inconvenient character with which to make the pilgrimage of life; he corrected it at first by enquiring into the foundations of the dogmas of others, instead of propounding dogmas himself. People liked no better to be obliged to render an account of their own beliefs than to have another person's belief forced upon them; his inner monitor accommodated matters by engrafting a habit of suggesting an opinion; whoever chose were left at liberty to suppose they had elaborated it out of their own heads. There was good free blood in the veins of the Franklins. His father, Josiah, had quitted Ecton, in Northamptonshire, for Boston in 1682, for the sake of liberty of worship. He had a library of 'books of dispute about religion,' and Franklin when a mere boy read them out of a mere natural 'bookishness.' Later, when he was about fifteen, 'some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect upon me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I became a thorough Deist.' There worked the natural Franklin. But he argued from his new point of view to such effect as to convert his friends, and several of them ended by defrauding him. Consequently his monitor 'began to suspect that the doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful.' Deism was put out at the door, and 'trust, sincerity, and integrity,' together with an apparently very sincere faith in Providence, were introduced instead. He accepted even Revelation, to such an extent, at any rate, as to assume that, 'though certain actions might not be bad because they were forbidden by it, or good because it commanded them, yet probably those actions might be forbidden because they were bad for us, or commanded because they were beneficial to us.' A man's belief is commonly part of himself, the growth of his own nature.

Franklin ceased to be a rationalist because his inner monitor had examined the reasons for and against, and arrived at the conclusion that it was for his general advantage and comfort and respectability and internal satisfaction to be unenthusiastically religious.

His own devotions he performed at home, but he had so high an opinion of the utility of public prayer that he persuaded the Federal Convention to commence its sittings with prayer. Of the advantages of a regular liturgy he was equally convinced. To popularise the Prayer Book he helped the reformed Lord Le Despenser, once the friend of Wilkes and 'Abbot' of Medmenham, whom Mr. Bigelow occasionally denominates Lord Spencer, in abridging it. For his share he took the Catechism and the Psalms. This edifying work was published by a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1773. Franklin's heart, however, was at all times more susceptible of charitable than of theological emotions. Writing in 1758 to his sister of an acrostic on her name, in which faith was described as occupying the Christian's ground floor, hope the first floor, and charity the garret, he bids her 'Get as fast as you can into the garret, for in truth the best room in the house is charity. For my part, I wish the house was turned upside down; it is so difficult (when one is fat) to go upstairs.' Religion moved him, not dogmatic theology. Everyone knows his remark: 'Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy.' He could not understand why some American gentlemen who desired to officiate according to the rites of the Church of England in the United States, and whom the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to ordain unless they took the oath of allegiance, should not ordain one another. As they objected, he asked the Papal Nuncio in Paris to direct a Roman Catholic bishop in America to ordain them. He was surprised that the Nuncio insisted they should turn Catholics first. Mr. Whitefield, he mentions in the Autobiography, 'used sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were answered.'

Followers of Whitefield could specify the day and even the minute of their conversion. Franklin had his conversion and its epoch too. But, as with his religious views and practices, so his morality was done to order. The natural Franklin was ordered by his ruling self 'to acquire the habitude of all the virtues.' In the year 1728, being then twenty-two, 'I conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wished to live without committing any fault at any time. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other.' He accordingly divided all the virtues into thirteen, temperance, silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, tranquillity, chastity, and humility. Humility was not in his first draft. He introduced it, 'a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud, being in conversation overbearing and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances.' He kept a kind of diary, with a page allotted to each of the thirteen, and 'determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively.'

Order he found the hardest of all the virtues to acquire. 'In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it.' Humility was another difficult virtue. But, writes Franklin, 'though I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the reality of this virtue, I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it. 'On the whole,' he adds, 'though I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavour, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it.' Mr. Bigelow found a marginal note appended to the original MS., from which his edition of the Autobiography is printed: 'Nothing so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue.' The natural Franklin was guilty, as his own censorious self often remarked, of various 'errata' in youth. In his Autobiography and in his letters to friends he avows a wish to have his life come over again, that he might enjoy 'the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first.' But that, we should suppose, was only a tribute to the virtue of humility. His conscience seems to have cleared itself of all uncomfortable twinges for his youthful misdeeds. Of misdeeds in after life, except in the matter of an occasional second bottle of Madeira and a preference for riding to walking, he shows no consciousness. Even the glass too much and the bodily indolence brought their own sufficient penalty in visitations of gout, which balanced the account.

Franklin's description of himself, both in the Autobiography and in his correspondence, resembles a little too much the portrait of a self-sufficient, self-made, pompous tradesman. Vice is represented as want of practical wisdom, not as something to arouse shame or moral indignation. Such a disposition would have broken up an empire and plunged the world in war, in revenge for London not

agreeing with a Philadelphian alderman's estimate of his own merits. On the contrary, the universal testimony of America, and France, and of a large body of the most upright and honest Englishmen, pronounced Franklin the brightest and least egotistical of companions, the warmest of friends, the most devoted and disinterested of patriots. George the Third's condemnation of his 'insidiousness' bore testimony to the apparent frankness and simplicity which the King believed to conceal continual intrigues. The King was similarly prejudiced against the French envoy, Rayneval, for having 'the appearance of an inoffensive man of business,' since 'cunning will be more dangerous under so specious a garb.' Franklin was simply one of that class of men to whom the capacity has been given of surveying themselves from the outside as well as from the inside. He desired to judge himself as a stranger would have judged him. Some men do that towards the close of their lives, when their careers are become to them mere matter of history. He did it not in his Autobiography alone, but in every incident of his busy life. The quality in one sense is not very rare. But commonly they who are their own critics lose in courage and decision what they gain by appraising themselves at their proper value. They escape the danger of overrating their real merits, and they succumb to the danger of frightening themselves with their own shadows. Self-consciousness and timidity dwarf and repress all vigour of growth. The happy peculiarity of Franklin's nature was that it remained buoyant and independent in spite of the sense that at the end of each day it was sure to be called up to render an account of itself. His original self took advice from his educated self, yet never ceased to be spontaneous. He studied humanity as mirrored in his own nature. There he traced the varying strength of motives, and the mode in which they operate. What he saw he was ready enough to expose to the view of other men. The world at large was fascinated and charmed by being admitted to the contemplation of the most masculine and capacious of minds, through which its owner himself appeared always ready to act as guide.

The strength and variety of his friendships are among the most conspicuous features of his career. We know the fact by his correspondence; and also why it should have been so. As a lad he won predominating influence over more brilliant acquaintances, like Ralph and Osborn, the 'eminent lawyer' with whom Franklin 'made a serious agreement, which Osborn never fulfilled,' that 'the one who happened first to die should, if possible, pay a friendly visit to the other, and acquaint him how he found things in that separate state.' Keith the Governor of Pennsylvania, Burnet the Governor of New York, conversed with him, while a journeyman printer, as almost an equal. Whitefield would not resign the hope of converting so illustrious a moralist. Lord Kames, a forgotten celebrity, whose fame once ranked with that of Hume and Gibbon, was his intimate, with whom at various times he 'passed weeks of densest happiness.' Though politics, and perhaps the contrast between his measured equability of manner and Johnson's strongly accented temperament, kept them apart, Boswell was proud to be his acquaintance and his host. Cowper treasured the praises of his poems by 'one of the first philosophers, one of the most eminent literary characters that the present age can boast of.' Chatham sought his friendship. Fox eagerly claimed him still for a countryman. Lafayette haunted him, much to the disgust of the English Peace Commissioners, who thought they could understand Franklin, but not the French knight-errant. Mirabeau was the bearer of letters of introduction from him to America, and encircled his memory when dead with the halo of his brilliant eloquence. His successor at Paris, Jefferson, agreed that 'no one could replace Dr. Franklin,' for the reason that no one could excite so much interest as a man. Washington was proud to be counted among his friends. He was honoured by all the kings he ever had an opportunity of meeting, except his own. He was loved by the old lodging-house keeper in Craven Street where he lived. None could have been better company. He could play chess, and the next moment be weaving a new web of politics. He could fathom the secrets of nature, and explain them as if he were telling a fairy tale. He could make a real fairy tale the vehicle for a moral lesson, and hide a political sarcasm in a mock proclamation by the great Frederick. If the company loved its wine, he could drink as stoutly as Dr. Johnson. He had no fear of the gout before his eyes when fair ladies filled the glass, and wits were hanging upon his lips.

He enjoyed a large share of happiness in life, and was grateful for it. He himself has written: 'The felicity of my life, when I reflected on it, has induced me sometimes to say that, were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning.' At the age of twenty-one, he nearly died of pleurisy. 'I was,' he says, 'rather disappointed

when I found myself recovering, regretting in some degree that I must now, some time or other, have all that disagreeable work to do over again.' As life proceeded he found quite enough of what was agreeable in it to make up for the vexation of its having a close. At the age of sixty-three, he could say appreciatively: 'Take one thing with another, and the world is a pretty good sort of world.' He was content to go on endnring its vicissitudes: 'Though living on in one's children is a good thing, I cannot but fancy it might be better to continue living ourselves at the same time.' In one way old age itself, which otherwise he would not object to have cured in himself along with other diseases, had its advantages. 'As I grow old I grow less concerned about censure.' As he grew old, he did not grow less willing to continue that exertion of the energies which to him meant happiness. At the age of seventy he accepted the dangerous and delicate mission to France. 'I am,' he told the Congress, 'but a fag-end; you may have me for what you please.' At the age of seventy-nine he still found enjoyment in the management of affairs. Two years later, at the age of eighty-one, in the Convention which met in 1787 to frame the definitive Constitution, he, though opposed personally to the system of two legislative Houses, made the project practically possible by his device that all the States should be represented equally in the Upper House, and according to population in the Lower House. If he sighed over his toils at seventy-nine, it was a sigh of satisfaction at the prospect of being 'harnessed in the country's service for another year' as President of Pennsylvania. My countrymen, he wrote with manifest pleasure to a friend, 'engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones.' At the age of eighty-three he still composed poetry, not very good, but not worse perhaps than what he was in the habit of writing sixty years before. Attacked simultaneously by gout, the stone, and old age, he comforted himself that 'only three incurable diseases had fallen to his share, and that these had not deprived him at the age of eighty-one of his natural cheerfulness, his delight in books, and enjoyment of social conversation.' If obliged by his three enemies to anticipate death, he solaced himself by thoughts of a term of higher activity, and therefore enjoyment, in another stage of existence. He began to doubt whether the building, his body, did not need so many repairs that in a little time the owner would 'find it cheaper to pull it down and build a new one.' He avowed 'a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other world,' and longed, 'free from bodily embarrassments, to roam through some of the systems Herschel has explored, conducted by some old companions already acquainted with them.' His only hesitation at the age of eighty-two is whether it were not a pity to quit this particular universe at a time of extraordinary 'improvements in philosophy, morals, politics, and even the conveniences of common living, and the invention and acquisition of new and useful utensils and instruments.' He whispers a wish that the final advance had been made in the particular art of physic, that 'we might be able to avoid diseases and live as long as the patriarchs in Genesis; to which I suppose we should have little objection.' It was almost as well that, though in 1788 he had heard rumours of John Fitch's 'boat moved by a steam engine rowing itself against tide in our river,' and though he appeared to think 'the construction might be so simplified and improved as to become generally useful,' he could not foresee the full application of the principle. It would have been too grievous to leave life on the very eve of such a revolution.

The secret of his happiness was his power of doing whatever was his work for the moment with all his might. He could enjoy the pleasures of life as heartily as he performed its toils. Both were pleasures, although only one kind bore the name. Every faculty of his nature was permitted, and even commanded, to seek in its turn occasions for its exercise. His bodily senses were encouraged to gratify themselves as well as the mental. For a sage Franklin seems to have liked good eating and drinking, perhaps even a very little too much. As a boy he was trained to be 'quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it that to this day if I am asked, I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner what I dined upon.' He took a little later on to a vegetable diet, and used the money he saved to buy books. All the world knows how at Watts's printing-house, in Queen Street, Franklin drank water-gruel to his companions' beer, and beat them all on the diet. As he became prosperous he acquired a decorous taste for less hermit-like fare. He confesses 'for one that if I could find in any Italian travels a receipt for making Parmesan cheese, it would give me more satisfaction than a transcript of any inscription from any old stone structure.' Parmesan had still some savour of Arcadia. But in another letter from Craven Street he remarks: 'Just come home from a venison feast, where I have drunk more than a phi-

losopher ought.' Already at the age, for him very juvenile, of sixty-two, he was becoming stout. He observes: 'Men of my bulk often fail snddenly.' Paris was not likely to teach him plain living; fêtes, accompanied by inaumerable glasses of champagne in his hononr, must have been so many challenges to gout. At seveaty-eight he writes to Strahan a letter of 'chit-chat between ourselves over the second bottle.' The very next letter in these volumes, addressed to Henry Laarens, begins significantly: 'I write this in great pain from the goat in both feet.'

His talk of indulgences in Madeira perhaps savours a little of humorous exaggeration. Certainly, in most points he would have conteated Plato himself by his 'temperance' and 'justice' in respecting the independence both of his neighbonrs and of the various constituents of his owa nature. It was this admirable orderliness of his organisation which leaves on those who only read what he wrote an impression of coldness and absence of generous fervonr which his contemporaries did not feel. Franklin, as we have shown in discussing his relations with English politics, could be impassioned and even fiery. There are signs in abundance that his heart conld be touched as readily and more genially by sympathy with private griefs and joys. If his acqnaintances included a cross-grained aunt and a young niece, he could appreciate the tedioasness of the companionship for the girl, yet compassionate even more the infirmities of body and temper of the poor old woman. 'Iavent,' he writes in such a case to a yonng friend, 'amnsements for her; be pleased when she accepts of them, and patieat when she perhaps peevishly rejects them.' He lifts up his powerful voice in an appeal for mercy to the 'numbers of little innocents who suffer and perish' from its being unfashionable ia London, and yet more ia Paris, for mothers to nurse their childrea. In the midst of the tnrmoil over the Stamp Act, he is anxious in London for news of his little grandson in Pennsylvania: 'You have so nsed me,' he writes to his wife, 'to have something pretty aboat the boy, that I am a little disappointed in findiag nothing more of him. Pray give in your next, as usual, a little more of his history.' We are afraid his admirers must admit that he too easily resigned himself to accept his wife's dread of the sea as a sufficient excuse for their remaining apart daring many years. But he thought she was happy with her walnnt trees aad grandson; and he soothes the pangs of separation compelled by 'duty to my country,' by choosing London novelties for her, 'a crimsoa satin cloak, the newest fashion,' and a gown of flowered tissne, sixteen yards, 'cost nine guiaeas; I think it a great beauty.' While the Stamp Act was still in force he woald not vielate the colonial self-denying ordinance hy sending Mrs. Franklin presents of British goods. The moment it was repealed, in 1766, he despatches 'a fiae piece of Pompadeur satin, fourteen yards, cost eleven shilliags a yard.' For his wife's comfort, so long as she remained at Philadelphia, he is ready even to sacrifice the completeness of his electrical apparatas. 'If the riaging of the bells connected with the iron rod frightens you, tie a piece of wire from one bell to the other.' We are, however, bound to say thst he adds: 'Thoagh I think it best the bells should be at liberty to ring, that yon may know when they are electrified; and when you are afraid, you may keep at a distance.'

His purse was always open to a tale of distress. He had an ingenious method of circalating alms, by charging it on the honour of the recipient to pass on the gift to another deserving object, if he should have the means of inaking payment. He sends five louis d'or to an English clergymsa, taken by a French privateer, or perhaps by Paul Jones, aad ia prison in Paris. 'Some time or other,' Fraaklin tells him, 'you may have an opportunity of assistiag with an eqnal sum a stranger who has equal need of it. If so, by that means yon will discharge any obligation yon may sappose yourself nnder to me. Enjoin him to do the same. Let kind offices go round.' To an Americaa in distress he gives ten loais, bidding him follow the same course: 'I hope it may thus go throagh many hands before it meets with a knave that will stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money.' He adopted the same system with the salary he received, on quitting his French mission, as President of Pennsylvania. He held that 'in a democratical State there onght to be no offices of profit.' An envoy might receive a salary, he appeared to think; aad an American Postmaster-General might for seventeen years receive the salary ia London, and perform its duties by deputy in America. But he drew the line at Presidents of Assemblies and States, and the like. Accordingly, he bequeathed his Presidential salary and its accnmulations on trust, among other things, for loans to yonng artisans. These loans, unlike Franklin's louis d'or, were to be repaid with interest; but the principle was the same. A limited sum was to circulate illimitably in charity from hand to hand. The scheme failed,

partly from the want of proper objects, and partly from the failure of the legacy to realise the amount it should, by Franklin's estimate of the profits of compound interest, have produced. By the end of two hundred years, two thousand pounds, he computed, should yield eight million one hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds sterling. As in the eighty-two years from 1790 to 1872 the two thousand have produced only a little over ten thousand, that magnificent arithmetical vision would seem to have had some flaw in it. However, the intention was equally benevolent, though the trust in compound interest proved as much a broken reed in Franklin's benevolent hands as in the exceedingly selfish ones of Mr. Thellusson.

His pen was as ready as his purse in the service of all human kindness. And what a pen it was! It could discourse metaphysics so clearly and lucidly as to make them seem plain moralising. It could tear a sophism to pieces by a mere query. It could make a simple tale read like a subtle argument. He could be grave and he could be gay in a breath. He could spend as much wit and humour on a 'Craven Street Gazette'—which was meant only to amuse an old landlady away from home, and probably fearful that the world, or the Strand, would be out of joint before her return from Rochester—as on a State paper designed to fire America and sting England. In another tone he translates into human language, for the amusement of a Court lady, the reflections, in the garden of her house, of a grey-headed ephemera, full seven hours old, on the vanity of all things. His 'Petition of the Left Hand' might have been composed by Addison. In it the left hand bewails the partiality which educates the right hand exclusively. Some of Franklin's fables and tales have been so absorbed into the thought of the world that their source is absolutely forgotten. Only in this way can we account for what was doubtless an unconscious plagiarism by an eminent sanitary authority last year of Franklin's 'Economical Project for Diminishing the Cost of Light.' The economy consisted simply in rising at six o'clock instead of nine or ten. A wakeful Parisian is represented as having discovered to his great astonishment that the sun actually began to shine at that hour. He calculated the saving to Paris in candlelight, should the city take advantage of the fact, at ninety-six million francs. But the philosophers of the town denied the fact itself. They proved by common notoriety that there could have been no light abroad at six o'clock, and therefore none could have entered from without. Their explanation was that the 'windows, being accidentally left open, instead of letting in the light, had only served to let out the darkness.' No one who listened last autumn to a reproduction of this bright little satire appears to have suspected its originality. That is a tribute to its modern air. But, in truth, ideas such as Franklin's never become superannuated. Again, not everyone who uses the expression, 'to pay dear for one's whistle,' knows that the dear whistle was a purchase made by Franklin, when seven years old, with a pocketful of pence. Franklin's store was too abundant for him to mind, though some of his fame went astray. 'You know,' he tells his daughter, 'everything makes me recollect some story.' But it was not recollection so much as fancy. His fancy clothed every idea in circumstances. When the illustration had served its turn, he was indifferent what became of it. If he cared at all, it was that, when borrowed by a newspaper or magazine, it should have its proper allowance of long-tailed *s*'s and italics, and capitals to the substantives. With his old printer's prejudices, he could not understand the modern 'fondness for an even and uniform appearance of characters in the line.' He was less delighted at the complimentary censure of Lord Mansfield upon his witty and bitter 'Edict of the King of Prussia' when reprinted in the 'Chronicle,' than indignant that the 'Chronicle' should have 'stripped it of all the capitals and italics that intimate the allusions and mark the emphasis of written discourses, to bring them as near as possible to those spoken.' He thought such appeals to the eye help to raise a writer to the level of a speaker, who has at his command both accent and gesture to point his periods. Franklin did injustice to himself when he fancied he wanted any such mechanical aids. His English had been learnt from the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and the 'Spectator.' It had the force of Bunyan without his ruggedness. It had the serene light of Addison, with tenfold his raciness and vigour. It sparkled with sarcasms as cutting as Voltaire's, but all sweetened with humanity.

If a David Hume might condemn here and there a sprinkling of such words as 'pejorate,' it was not from poverty but from exuberance of diction that Franklin had exposed his vocabulary to criticism. Many of his inventions or adaptations—such as 'colonise'—have been stamped long since as current English. But he did not covet the fame of an inventor, whether in language, in morals, or in politics. In language he was

even a declared foe to innovation. Writing to Noah Webster, in 1789, he protests against the new verbs, 'notice,' 'advocate,' and 'progress.' He had as little ambition to be a classic as to be an innovator in English. He wrote because he had something at the moment to say, with a view to procuring that something should at the moment be done. In religion he confessed to a certain liking for heretics, all of whom, so far as he had acquaintance with the class, he declared were virtuous men. What, however, he liked was not their heresy so much as the spirit of self-sacrifice which made them brave persecution. As a moralist he did not aspire to change the materials with which he had to deal. He was satisfied that men should make something more of their life, as their life was, without expecting to transform them into angels. When he proposed to himself moral perfection, he was conscious that he was aiming at nothing superhuman. He pared his definitions of the virtues he had resolved to practise down to the moderate level to which he felt himself not unequal. If a defect did not appear to be of a nature necessarily to injure a man's self or his neighbours, he was not prepared to banish it as a vice. Humility was one of his virtues. But humility in his sense is not incompatible with a certain intermixture of vanity. 'Most people,' he writes, 'dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore in many cases it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life.' His model of life was adapted rigidly to the ordinary circumstances of humanity. If men seemed in fact to be substantially the better off for indulgence in any particular quality, Franklin complaisantly inserted that quality among his virtues. He was always more ready to admit a new candidate for his Olympus than to risk rejecting an addition to the sum of human happiness. He himself believed in a Providence, and apparently in 'a particular Providence;' but he was not disposed to deny to others the right to disbelieve. When, however, Thomas Paine, whom for his work on Common Sense he had warmly patronised, submitted to him a MS. work against 'a particular Providence,' he earnestly dissuaded its publication. He urged not only the odium it would bring upon the author, but the danger of withdrawing from the weak, the ignorant, the inexperienced, and the inconsiderate, the support which religion affords to virtue. His ideas on the origin of evil were probably not very completely developed. But he thought a Devil very useful for the punishment of criminal wretches who cheated starving orphans of the alms entrusted for their relief. Whatever quality could prove by results that it had contributed to render life more harmonious he was glad to enshrine in his Pantheon, as Romans borrowed foreign gods. His ideal, both in morals, in religion, and even in politics, was purely inductive. He examined life and history to see in what circumstances of belief and education and government men had enjoyed happiness. The same circumstances might not have suited his character; but he was content not to disturb what appeared to suit others.

One province of his nature there was in which, so far as we are permitted to penetrate it, he was not always weighing the dangers of zeal to the evenness of the balance he was constantly engaged in trimming. In natural science he was an enthusiast; but that was a matter for himself and not for the outside world. He just mentions in his Autobiography the fact of his electrical experiments, and 'the rise and progress of my philosophical reputation,' between 1746 and 1753, when the Royal Society bestowed its medal. But his autobiography contains nothing more on the subject, and his correspondence very little. When his views were opposed, he was content to leave them to the judgment of posterity. He writes to an admirer in 1777: 'I have never entered into any controversy in defence of my philosophical opinions. If they are right, truth and experience will support them; if wrong, they ought to be refuted and rejected.' He had been told King George had exchanged the rebel Franklin's favourite pointed conductors for blunt ones. 'If I had a wish about it,' remarks Franklin, 'it would be that he had rejected conductors altogether as ineffectual.' Science was too grand a thing for him to care to confuse it with controversy. He would gaily dispute upon metaphysics and morals and politics, but upon the philosophy of nature never. Though he loved riches reasonably, he would not mix up so sublunary an application of science even as a stove with money. This typical American was so un-American in one respect as to set his face against monopolies in inventions. Yet even his love of science he controlled by the sense of other duties. He earnestly deprecates a friend's design to try a balloon journey across the Channel in 1785 as a risk unfair to his family.

Except in science, so far as direct personal influence over posterity is concerned, Franklin did not go the way to secure it. 'Poor

Richard' was a great power in his own time, for the very cause that the object of his mission was not very sublime. But for the making of a hero and a leader in the ages to come there must be some admixture of divinity. In Franklin's teaching there was nothing but what had been found in human life as it was. The teaching was after all ignoble. The world tired of it when it had come to perceive that the ideal propounded was nothing but ordinary prosaic humanity with something pruned off it. While the teacher survived there was a strength and freshness about his doctrines which came from the man himself, and kept the whole sweet and pure. Whatever his doctrines might be, the man was not ignoble. He was somewhat earthy perhaps, but he was great in himself; he was greater in his power over himself. His fame was common to two continents, and bridged the ocean. If George Washington saved America from being overrun by German mercenaries, and American liberties from being dragged in the mire by the British Parliament, it was Franklin who had made Americans too proud to consent to be slaves; it was Franklin who took the new-born State by the hand and seated it among the nations of the earth.

We have left ourselves space for only a few words on the distinctive characteristics of Mr. Bigelow's picture of Franklin's personal and political career. Mr. Bigelow reminds his readers that seventy-four years ago this Journal censured the want of literary enterprise in the United States of America, and of literary curiosity in the English public, which allowed the works of the 'only' American philosopher to remain dispersed in isolated volumes and the pages of forgotten pamphlets and periodicals. The 'Edinburgh Review' of 1806 could pardon the dearth of English and American enlightenment or gratitude in consideration solely of the greater crime it found reason to charge against the natural heir of Franklin's fame and the Tory Ministry of 1795. Franklin designated as his literary executor the grandson whom he had educated, and whom he loved the more for estrangement through political differences from his Royalist son, who had been Governor of New Jersey under the Crown, and finally became a British pensioner. This grandson, William Temple Franklin, was believed by Jefferson and by many Frenchmen, as well as by the 'Edinburgh Review,' to have abused the trust by accepting a bribe from the British Government to keep from the world, at any rate for many years, the precious papers in his possession. He came from America a few months after his grandfather's death in 1790, for the express purpose of arranging with London booksellers for the publication of the autobiography and other documents. He made continual statements to the effect that he was engaged in the negotiation, yet the work was not given to the world until 1817. The autobiography of Franklin had indeed become famous throughout the civilised world. But it was known only at second hand. By some means or other, which have never been disclosed, a French naturalist, a Dr. Jacques Gibelin, obtained the use of a copy. This copy, which comprises only eighty-seven pages of the 220 of Franklin's manuscript, Gibelin translated into French in 1791. From Gibelin's French it was translated back again into English. 'To this day,' writes Mr. Bigelow, this version 'continues to be republished by some of the largest houses, not only in Europe, but in America, under the impression that it is both genuine and complete.'

Mr. Bigelow thinks he has detected a probable cause of the deferred fulfilment of the commission to publish Franklin's works and of the disappearance of some of them. In a letter now for the first time published to one of Franklin's closest friends, M. le Veillard, William Temple apologises for not paying a promised visit to Paris on business connected with the promised publication, on the plea that he 'could not possibly leave while a business I had undertaken was pending, for which I received a salary, and which, being now completed, affords me a profit of seven thousand pounds sterling.' Mr. Bigelow is incredulous of the reality of a business for which this young man, a stranger to London and an American citizen, could receive a salary so liberal as to secure to him in six months a profit of 7,000*l.* The salary, capitalised in a sum of 7,000*l.*, Mr. Bigelow believes to have been a bribe for postponing a publication which, it might be supposed, would reopen the springs of popular indignation against the folly which had cost Great Britain a splendid empire. The great French war was like a flood. It washed away all memories of those old griefs. In 1817 William Temple Franklin could publish his grandfather's most solemn warnings to mole-eyed British statesmen of 1770 and 1780 without exciting remorseful fears in any politician's breast or risking a claim for the recompment of a fee of which he had not executed the conditions.

Mr. Bigelow is not able to prove his charge to absolute demonstration. But he has established a very strong presumption that Franklin's faith in this William Temple, this adopted child of his old age, was another of the philosopher's 'errata,'

as he would himself have said. Happily William Temple had not much opportunity to try his editorial dexterity on very valuable material. Most of his grandfather's writings had already become part of the national literature, or rather of the literature of two nations. Any tampering with them would have speedily been exposed. It might have been apprehended that he could have attempted emendations with successful secrecy in the autobiography. It is even conceivable that, but for a combination of fortunate circumstances, he might have had both the will and the power finally to suppress a work which, in some particulars, would offend family pride. His grandfather had, however, insured its general safety, and he had himself unintentionally guarded the text from corruptions. Franklin, after writing it in his extreme old age, charged another grandson, Benjamin Bache, to execute one fac-simile, if not two, by means of a copying press, for the information of his Parisian friend, Le Veillard, and his English friend, Benjamin Vaughan. Whether the copy promised to Vaughan was ever made and sent has never been ascertained. The French version of the autobiography, which was published in Paris in 1791 by M. Jacques Gibelin, it is conjectured, may have been rendered from it. At all events, M. le Veillard received his copy. The original, with many corrections by Franklin himself, and eight additional pages which were not reproduced in Le Veillard's copy, descended to William Temple with the rest of his grandfather's papers. Had the edition of 1817 been printed from the original, it would have been impossible to prove that Franklin had not himself made the changes which distinguish that edition from others. It so happens, however, that William Temple, when he was still intending to publish the work with all despatch, had persuaded M. le Veillard to give him his copy in exchange for the original. His motive was the facility the printers would have in printing from the fair copy. The original Mr. Bigelow, while United States Minister in Paris, was so fortunate as to obtain from the representatives of M. le Veillard. On collating it with William Temple's edition of 1817 he detected more than twelve hundred alterations. William Temple, or some literary man employed by him to correct the press, had obviously been offended by his grandfather's racy diction. We give a few alterations merely as samples. 'Sotting with brandy' is rendered into 'drinking of brandy.' 'A very large' library becomes 'a considerable' one; 'dramming' is paraphrased by 'dram-drinking'; 'great guzzlers of beer' is politely softened into 'great drinkers of beer'; 'footed it to London' is turned into 'walked to London'; 'behaved very oddly' into 'behaved himself very extravagantly'; 'with the blessing of God' into 'thanks to Providence'; and 'Keimer stared like a pig poisoned' into the correct and respectable expression, 'Keimer stared with astonishment.'

Franklin's autobiography is one of mankind's greatest literary possessions. General gratitude is due to Mr. Bigelow for presenting it at last in the exact shape in which it issued from the author's memory. At least equal thanks are his right for the loyalty with which he has himself shown the reverence for his subject which he convicts William Temple Franklin of having violated. He has effaced himself, and been content simply to reflect Benjamin Franklin. He has been willing to let the man speak in his own person, and not by the mouth of Mr. John Bigelow. In three volumes all the many sides of the diplomatist, philosopher, moralist, cannot be pictured in full. His scientific achievements, which illuminated every act of his life, appear in these pages only as passing interludes in a busy political career. His State papers, models as they are of lucid argument, are not quoted, but only the conclusions at which they aimed. His system of ethics is revealed by a gleam here and a gleam there. But throughout the work we are conscious of the presence of a living man. At the end of it we feel that we have been conversing with one who did more than all others to rend away the great American colonies from the British Empire; yet we part company with no sense of unkindness towards the author of our loss.

Art. III.—1. *Le Mahométisme en Chine et dans le Turkestan Oriental.* Par. P. Dabry de Thiersant, Consul-Général et Chargé d'affaires de France. 2 vols. Paris: 1878.

2. *Prières des Musulmans, Chinois,* traduites sur l'original en arabe et en persan *Da'aouât el-Moslemin,* imprimé a Canton en 1876. Paris: 1878.

3. *The Life of Yakoob Beg, Athalik Ghazi, and Baudalet, Ameer of Kashgar.* By Demetaius Charles Boulger. London: 1878.

4. *Religion in China.* By Joseph Edkins, D. D. Second edition. London: 1878.

The history of Mohammedanism is a series of surprises. Islam began by astonish-

ing the world in its original outburst, and ever since, from time to time, it has ministered to the Western craving for amazement. Not many years ago people had made up their minds that the religion of Mohammed was passing into its stage of dotage, and that no more advance was to be looked for in a faith that was at last about to verify the predictions of its Christian 'unveilers,' and to die the death of all falsehoods. But more recently, the eyes that were thought to be shut for ever upon the forward march of Islam were roughly awakened to several unwelcome facts about that creed. It appeared from incontrovertible testimony that Mohammedanism was advancing with giant strides in Western Africa at the expense of Christianity, and that Muslim teachers were working a social reform where Christian missionaries had failed. It was discovered that an able resolute man had founded a vast Muslim kingdom between Russia and China, in the very centre of Asia, the cradle of the nations of Christian Europe; and in 1872 an appeal to England on behalf of an important Mohammedan kingdom in Southern China conveyed to Western ears the information that there were villages and towns and districts of Muslims in the midst of the Buddhist and Confucian inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. There are some who would assign to China a great part in the future of the world; and though it is hard to feel much apprehension whilst the empire is in its present divided and exhausted condition, it is possible that, with the help of the fiery religion of the Arabs, the Chinese might be induced to bestir themselves and set out on a career of conquest which should reflect not unworthily the violence and the terror of the first flood of Saracenic invasion. The place of Islam in the future of China must determine in a great degree the place of China in the future of Asia.

There is no religion about which so much is ill-known as Islam. It is hardly saying too much to assert that the barest fundamental doctrines of Mohammedanism are either unknown or misknown by the vast majority of educated Englishmen. University preachers of the highest honours still denounce the creed which teaches *the worship of Mohammed* along with the worship of God! Such ignorance of the essence of this religion is combined with equal darkness in the matter of its extent and present condition. In England, whose 40,000,000 Muslim subjects in India would, if the creed of the majority constituted the State religion, almost make Great Britain a Mohammedan power, the importance of the study of Islam and of the knowledge of its progress and possibilities in the future cannot longer thus be lightly ignored. Mohammedanism is closely linked with the future of India and of China, and through them with the future of Russia and of England. It is, therefore, a fit subject for regret that it should have been left to a French consul to inform us of that which so nearly touches our interests; but, whatever the source, it is the information that we want, and we owe our thanks to M. de Thiersant for the valuable service he has rendered to all whom the present and future condition of Chinese Mohammedanism may concern. He has gathered together a large quantity of really important materials, and his work deserves the careful study not merely of Orientalists and general readers, but of statesmen. It must, however, be admitted that the manner of the work is not so excellent as its intention. The Parisian much-vaunted virtue of conciseness is here conspicuously absent. M. de Thiersant has filled two volumes with the matter of one, and he has arranged the matter in a troublesome and irrational form. He has inserted a number of literal translations of decrees and the like, most of which are identical in purport, and of which one would have sufficed as a specimen of all. He has spread out into a series of chapters the history of Islam in the various provinces in a very unconnected manner, instead of giving a concise chapter on the history of Mohammedanism in all China. And his second volume, containing the ritual and creed, might have been easily and effectually condensed, for the Hanafy doctrine and practice of the Chinese Muslims differ in no essential manner from the orthodox creed in the rest of the Mohammedan world; and the comments and explanations of the Chinese theologians are scarcely worth printing at length. Finally, M. de Thiersant would have done well if he had given the authorities for his statistics, and had, generally speaking, placed the book on a more positive basis as an authoritative exposition of facts. In spite of these defects, 'Le Mahométisme en Chine' is a valuable work, and bears on its surface the impression of fidelity to truth and personal experience.

Those who know anything of Arabian history, or even of the 'Arabian Nights,' will find nothing surprising in the introduction of Islam into China. The trade of the far East passed in a great measure through Arab hands to Syria and the ports of the Levant. In the sixth century there was a brisk commerce between Arabia and the 'Flowery Land' by way of Ceylon; and at the beginning of the Tang dynasty, in the first quarter of the seventh century, the

trade between China and Persia and Arabia was greatly extended. Siraf, in the Persian Gulf, was the entrepôt of the Chinese merchants, who seldom came further west; and here the Arab traders from Maskat and Syria met them and carried their goods on to the next stage. An official journal records a voyage from China to Persia as taking over a year; but the travellers must be admitted to have taken their journey very leisurely. Among the traders who came to China early in the Tang dynasty, i.e. just when Mohammed was preaching to his Arabs, were men from Medina.

'The kingdom of Medina,' says the Chinese record, 'is near that of India; and it is in this kingdom that these strangers' religion arose, which is quite different from that of Fo (Buddha). They eat no pork, and drink no wine, and hold impure all flesh but what they have themselves killed. They call them now-a-days Hoey-Hocy. They had a temple (at Canton), called the "Temple of Sacred Memory," which was built at the beginning of the Tang dynasty. By the side of the temple was a tower, called the "Unadorned Tower," round, and 160 feet high. These strangers used to go every day to this temple to perform their ceremonies. Having asked and obtained the Emperor's leave to reside in Canton, they built themselves magnificent houses, of a different style from the architecture of our country. They were very rich, and obeyed a chief of their own choosing. They were so numerous, and so influential in their wealth, that they could maltreat the Chinese with impunity.'—*Mah. en Chine*, vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

Who these first importers of Islam to China were, their descendants are entirely at a loss to inform us. They were certainly Arabians, for they have left their faces to their posterity; but from what part of Arabia it is perhaps impossible to say. They may have been sent by Mohammed himself in the year when he sent ambassadors to all the great kings to call them to 'the true religion;' or they may have formed part of an expedition of exiles, like those who emigrated, by their Prophet's advice, to Abyssinia. The only thing certain appears to be the early date of their arrival: there were undoubtedly Muslims in China about the end of the first quarter of the seventh century, or at least within ten years after the Hijra.

Who the chief of these men, the first Mohammedan missionary in China, was, is another obscure question. He is certainly a distinct person, about whom they preserve traditions, but he is not easy to identify. M. de Thiersant produces an inscription, dated 1351 A.D. (or rather its Chinese equivalent), which testifies that there was a special apostle sent in early times to the Chinese from Arabia; but the name throws no light on the identity of this apostle beyond the fact that he was a *Sahhâby*, or 'companion' of Mohammed.

'At the foot of the Mountain of White Snows is a very high tower, built by the exertions of a man of the West, under the dynasty of the Ly-Tang. The great saint of the West, Mohammed, whose disciples turn towards the holy stone in praying, sent one of his companions (*Sa-ka-pa*) to China to propagate his religion, some 800 years ago. It took a year and more for this disciple to reach our land by sea; he landed at Canton, and traversed China, and began to establish his religion at Canton.'—*Mah. en Chine*, vol. i. p. 22.

This apostle, variously styled Sarta, Sa-kapa, Wang-ka-ze, M. de Thiersant identifies, but we think on doubtful grounds, with Wahb Abu-Kebsha, a maternal uncle of Mohammed. Whoever he was, it seems clear that this apostle reached China about the sixth or seventh year of the Hijira (A.D. 628–9), where he was graciously received by the Emperor Tai-Tsung, who permitted him to build a mosque at Canton and to practise the rites of the Mohammedan religion. Returning to Arabia in 632, he found his Prophet was dead, and so chagrined was Sa-kapa at this disaster that he went back at once to Canton, bearing with him Abu-Bekr's authorised Koran, and there he died; and thither do many pious Muslims resort each year to pay respect to the tomb of the first Mohammedan missionary of China.

Islam, once planted in the Celestial Empire, speedily grew and waxed powerful. The scanty group of Arab traders settled at Canton multiplied, partly by new arrivals, partly by marriage with the Chinese, and by conversions. In 755 they received a considerable reinforcement in the 4,000 Muslim soldiers who were sent by the 'Abbâsy Khalif, El-Mansûr, to aid the Emperor Suh-Tsung against the rebel Gan Luh-Shan, and who, when they had done their fighting, were permitted to settle in China and take left-handed wives from among the natives. This alliance between the Khalif of Bagdad and the Emperor of China is not so surprising as at first sight it would appear. The two empires were nearer to each other than one is accustomed to think. When, in the first century of the Hijira, the famous Muslim general Kuteyba crossed the Oxus, took Bukhara and Samarkand, and 'carried fire and sword through Kashgar to beyond Kucha,' he was actually on Chinese territory. He sent ten officers of his staff as deputies to the Emperor of China, who should offer

him the friendship of the Khalif, if he submitted himself and paid an annual tribute to the court of Islam, which was then at Damascus; or, in case of refusal, should put before him the alternative of fire and sword, the burning of cities, the slaughter of men, and the enslaving of women and children, throughout the dominions of his Majesty. This audacious message was delivered with the customary *sang-froid* of the Arab. The ambassadors indulged the Emperor with an allegory in dress. The first day they appeared before him in sumptuous attire, perfumed *à ravir*, and, having regarded the Emperor in grave silence, immediately retired. The next day they came in rich garments of a sombre hue, and acted as before. The third day they presented themselves armed cap-a-pe, and wearing an exceeding fierce aspect. The Emperor, who had been at some pains to receive them with honour, could no longer restrain his amazement at this solemn rite, and demanded the reason thereof. 'The first day's dress,' they said, 'is that in which we visit our wives; in the second we go to Court; the third is what we wear when we encounter our enemies.' And then they delivered their message. The Arabian legend will have it that the Emperor was so much struck by the hearing of these men and the boldness of their language, that he loaded them with honours, and cheerfully consented to pay tribute to the distant Khalif. Without committing ourselves to the truth of this conclusion, this much is certain, that the Khalif and the Emperor were ever afterwards on very cordial terms, and were in the habit of sending each other costly presents, and, generally speaking, holding out the right hand of fellowship. The motive for this alliance is easily found in the fact that the two empires were equally subject to the marauding inroads of their common enemy the Thibetans, who lay between the two, and required suppression on both sides if they were to be kept in order at all.

The Arab traders, augmented by the 4,000 military colonists, prospered and multiplied in the land. The only important accession they received from outside consisted in the Tatar and other immigrations which followed the general disturbance of Asia by Jenghiz Khan, and in prisoners of war taken during that period of universal fighting. But internally they grew steadily, and needed little fresh blood from without. Besides taking Chinese women as concubines, they increased their stock by the purchase of Chinese children in times of famine, and these they brought up as members of the Muslim community, and established, when fully grown, on their own account, so that whole villages were formed of these purchased Mohammedans.

'For four centuries these strangers, envied by the natives for their political immunities, enjoyed a thousand facilities for development and for the formation of a populous and healthy community. Forced by their religious law to marry among themselves, they gradually took to them Chinese concubines, and were not slew to lose the diversity of types which distinguished them at the time of their arrival in China; and thus there sprang up a race distinct from the Chinese, and at the same time in no manner recalling its mixed origin.' (Vol. i. p. 48.)

M. de Thiersant's description of this peculiar race agrees closely with those of the learned Lazarist missionary, l'Abbé David, and of M. Dupuis and Mr. Anderson. Of course the characteristics differ somewhat in the different provinces and districts, according as one influence or another has been principally exerted; but, speaking generally, the Arab, Tatar, and Chinese blood which went to make up the people can be traced everywhere, and yet none of the three predominates so as to obscure the others, but rather all three unite in forming a new and distinct type, differing from all others and from its original ingredients. These Chinese Muslims are well-made fellows, of an athletic build, and, though seldom very tall, they are above the average Chinese height, altogether bigger and more muscular than the Chinese. The face is a long oval, with prominent cheek-bones; they have the Arab nose, but slightly sloping eyes that would be almost Chinese save for their fierce keen glance. They wear only a short moustache, and shave the rest of the face. Their Arab lineage asserts itself in the white or green turban, and they carry themselves with the dignified bearing of their Bedawy forefathers. The women are smaller than the men, the hips wide, and the bosom fully developed; their hands and feet very small, in consequence no doubt of Chinese customs; but the lower classes do not cramp the feet of their children after this fashion. The skin of both sexes is either whiter or browner than the olive-yellow of the Chinese; the hair is generally black, but sometimes one meets with a positively blonde colour. In character they are described as gentler and more truthful than the other Chinese. As traders their honesty is above suspicion; as magistrates they are impartially just, and are looked up to with reverence. They are naturally more energetic then other Chinamen, and prefer war and commerce to art and letters. In religion

they are not fanatical, bnt gc so far in the contrary direction that they are willing to snrrender such details in their ritual and creed as may seem offensive to the customs and prejudices of China. They dwell together in singular harmony, like a great good-tempered family, mutually protecting each other, and living in charity one with another and with their unconverted neighbours.

Colonel Yule, in an excellent introduction prefixed hy him to Captain Gill's narrative of his journey to Tibet, which bears the somewhat affected title of 'The River of Golden Sand,' has pointed ont that in Indo-Chinese countries Islam has never assimilated the nationality of those who profess it, as in Western Asia. This is the case in some degree in Java, still more so in Burmah, and most of all in China. The people in those countries professing Islam may be compared to the Ahyssinian professors of Christianity. As we travel further east, the manners, rites, and observances prescribed by the eommon faith are considerably modified.

M. de Thiersant has devoted a whole volnme of five hundred pages to the religion of these Muslims of China—a very needless waste of time and paper, as we think. It is divided into three large sections: (1) dogmatic, (2) moral, (3) ritnal, occnpying from 150 to 200 pages apiece, although each might have heen sufficiently explained in a single chapter of very moderate length. The first part describes the necessary *dogmas* of Islam, as they exist all over the world among the orthodox—complicated and clouded over with the usual refinements and adumhrations of the divines, or snch of them as the Chinese mind affects. The cnrious thing is that these Muslims of China almost all belong to the orthodox sect of the Hanafys, and yet contrive to he tolerant and sociable to their infidel neighbonrs. Orthodox Islam is not wont to be so. Beyond this general fact, that orthodoxy and tolerance are compatihle in Islam, there is nothing to he learned from M. de Thiersant's treatises on God, and angels, and jinn, and prophets, and sacred books, and resnrrection, judgment, paradise, and hell. On the snbject of predestination, however, the extracts from the Tsin-tchen-tche-nan are important, for they show that the dangers of fatalism are clearly comprehended by the Mohammedans of China, and that they can reconcile in their own minds an orthodox belief in predestination with a firm conviction of man's responsihility and freedom of action. Whilst they recognise the doctrine that all the physical facts of the universe are the results of the immutahle decrees of God, they also assert that actions of a moral order hang on the will of man, who is free to choose the good and eschew the evil.

The *moral* law of the Chinese Muslims is more interesting, hecause in it there is more room for the display of national and local pecnliarities. The account of this law, however, in M. de Thiersant's second volume, is indescrihahly tedious. It consists mainly in extracts from Chinese moral treatises, which abound in excellent precepts for men and women's conduct in all relations of life, hnt which do not present any strikingly original thought, and indeed seem to have a special power of giving forth distressingly 'goody' platitudes in a solemn way, which provokes unseemly mirth in the reader. If the Mohammedans of China were all that these moral essays say they onght to be, we should know where to go for a Utopia. They begin with the portrait of an ideal sovereign, who is one with his people, and whom his people worship as the shadow of God, and then proceed to describe the duties of puhlic functionaries; after which family virtues have their turn—the dnties of parents and children, hushands and wives, brothers and friends, all of which are treated with extreme good sense, hut somehow remind us of the copybooks, and do not strike us as likely to he more efficient in their influence than these same instrnctors of our childhood. Then the minor duties of the Muslim are explained—whcre he should dwell, how he must feed, and what he must avoid. This last category includes not merely the ordinary Mohammedan restrictions as to wine and the like, hut also tohacco. The Chinese Muslims, like the Wahhabys, look upon smoking with nnfeigned horror: they say the devil invented it when Nimrod cast Abraham into the furnace, in order to prevent the patriarch from escaping the flames. Opium, however, is not, unfortunately, regarded with such aversion. Dancing is not only forhidden, hut unknown in China. Music, vocal and instrumental, the singing of spiritual psalms and the trolling of profane songs, are equally placed nnder a severe interdict. Images of living things are eschewed, as among all Muslim communities; hut the Mohammedans of China, it mnst he confessed, do sometimes indulge their vanity by getting themselves photographed. Various regulations as to dress, usury, polite behaviour, puhlic prayers, pilgrimage to Mekka, alms, and the like, are included in this part of the work; and these differ in no essential manner from the ordinary rules of all Muslim societies. The truth is, that the mere description of

the Koran law is of no possible use; for the Muslims of China are bound in many things to conform to the ordinary law of the land, whilst in others the regulations of Mohammed are modified by contact with other religions and customs. In marriage, for example, the Chinese law holds good: a Muslim in China can have but one wife, though, with her permission he may take any number of concubines, who act as servants to the chief wife. The good and the bad points of Muslim marriage are traceable in China, with the improvement of the Chinese form of monogamy. The good side is seen in the rareness of illicit intercourse in the case of either sex. The bad side comes out in the degraded views of women which are common to all Mohammedan societies. Among the Chinese Muslims, the chief wife is simply 'la première servante de la maison;' and though she has seldom to complain of harshness or cruelty in her husband, her inferior position naturally produces a corresponding inferiority in character. Generally an affectionate and virtuous wife and mother, she is yet as ignorant as all women must be who are kept down by the low estimation of the men, and she is consequently unfit to train and educate her children in that time of their life which is perhaps the most important for the firm implanting of high principles and an intelligent view of life. Although the sexes are separated in the ordinary Mohammedan fashion (but without the veil), the Chinese wife enjoys much more liberty than her sisters in Egypt and Turkey. Yet this liberty seldom leads to immorality, and the Mohammedan ladies of China, though self-indulgent and given over to opium-smoking, are very reserved and modest in their behaviour. Among the lower classes the women show to the best advantage; they share every labour of their husbands with the utmost energy and devotion, and are rewarded by real affection and constancy. Few men of the working classes have more than one wife; but among the traders and government officials about two-fifths keep a harem of several women. It is a singular fact that it is often the chief wife who urges the husband to take secondary wives (who are simply purchased slaves), either, like Sarai of old, on account of her own barrenness, or because she wishes to increase her domestic establishment; for these concubines are more thoroughly under the control of the chief wife than any other servants could be, and they not seldom suffer many hardships and indignities at her hands. The Chinese Muslim system of one chief wife is certainly an advance upon the system of other Mohammedan societies; but in the matter of concubines, and in the general ignorance and inferior position of women, it tallies only too well with what we know of all communities where the social system of the Koran is in force.

As to the third division of the second volume, concerning the *ritual*, little need be said. The trivial and wearisome regulations as to purifications and prayers, fasts and festivals, and the ceremonies of births, marriages, and deaths, are those observed throughout the Mohammedan world, and it was quite unnecessary to recapitulate them in this work.

The Mohammedans of China are by no means equally distributed over the empire. Of the 20,000,000 Muslims who enjoy the protection of the Emperor, nearly three-fourths are found in the north-west provinces of Kan-suh and Shen-si, and 4,000,000 inhabit (or, we should rather say, inhabited before the massacre of the Panthays) the fertile south-west province of Yun-nan; so that only about 1,150,000 remain for all the other provinces.* The original settlement in the province of Kwang-tung, where the commercial interests common to Muslims and Chinese made a peaceful *modus vivendi* imperative at the beginning, became in later times the scene of the massacre by Huang-chow, which was followed by the migration of the Muslims to the island of Hainan, where their four mosques are still in existence; and Kwang-tung, with its twelve mosques, five of which are in the capital, Canton, itself, now holds scarcely more than 20,000 believers in the creed which the Arab traders brought first to its port, and their numbers are ever on the decrease.

Islam has flourished in China as no other foreign religion, if we except Buddhism; and it is worth while to discover how this has happened. It is not because there is any special affinity between Islam and the state religion of China, although imperial decrees would have us allow a close resemblance between them. It is because the Muslims of China have understood in a very remarkable manner the duties of a minority, and have recognised the hardest necessity of dissent—the necessity of preferring the obli-

* M. de Thiersant gives the following figures for the Mohammedan population of the various provinces. It is much to be regretted that he does not state the source of his statistics.

Kan-suh . .	8,350,000	Shan-si . . .	50,000
Shen-si . .	6,500,000	Hu-nan, Hu-pih	50,000
Yun-nan . .	4,000,000	Sze-chuen . .	40,000
Chih-li . .	250,000	Kwei-Chow . .	40,000
Shan-tung .	200,000	Che-kiang . .	30,000
Ho-nan . .	200,000	Kwang-tung .	21,000
Kiang-su . .	150,000	Kwang-si. . .	15,000
Shing-king .	100,000	Kiang-si . . .	4,000

gations of the subject to the prescriptions of a nonconforming creed. It is really astonishing to read how these Mohammedans of China have brought themselves to give up what was local in their religious ordinances, and to accommodate themselves as citizens to the laws and customs of the Chinese Empire. They have adopted the habits and often the dress of the rest of the people, and have so far softened the intolerance and fanaticism that we are accustomed to regard as inherent in the religion of Mohammed that they are able to live amicably with the infidels, and to regard their Buddhist neighbours with a kindly feeling which it would be hard to find in a mixed community of Catholics and Evangelicals such as some English country towns present for the edification of our modern Gallios. They join in the public amusements, and behave altogether like ordinary Chinamen, only better; and anything that annoys their neighbours, as tall minarets, for example, they studiously avoid.

This loyalty and orderliness of the Muslim population in China has been met by a similar spirit of tolerance and kindliness on the part of the supreme rulers. The Muslims of China labour under no disabilities; they are eligible for all offices; and the intelligent and worthy manner in which they fulfil the duties confided to them proves the wisdom of the sovereigns who did not fear to trust them. The Emperors of China have had no better and abler servants than their Muslim officials; as ministers of State, members of the highest councils of the realm, generals of the Celestial army, and governors of provinces, they have fully justified the confidence reposed in them. The Emperors of China have always impressed upon their subjects the triviality of slight dogmatic differences, provided the religion in question produces good citizens and kind-hearted helpful neighbours; and the Muslims in return have sought to find points in common with Confucianism, instead of differences.

'The Arab religion, says a Chinese writer of the eighteenth century, prescribes for the worship of the Supreme Being that which Confucius ordained for the Chang-ty: it only adds what has been borrowed from Buddhism, concerning prayer, fasting, alms, rewards and punishments after death, and certain rites.'—*Mah. en Chine*, vol. i. p. 54.

The Government has taken the same view of the stranger creed, and many imperial decrees remind the people that Islam only aims at teaching the doing of good and the observance of natural laws and social obligations; and, if it presents some differences from other creeds, these are to be regarded simply as questions of country and custom, best understood by the founder of the creed. An extract from an imperial decree published in 1731, on the occasion of a Muslim objection to an edict respecting cattle, will show the kindly spirit which the Chinese emperors entertained towards Islam:—

'In all the provinces of the empire there have been for many centuries a great number of Mohammedans, who form part of the people, and, like all my other subjects, are my very children. I make no distinction between them and those who do not belong to their religion. I have often received from certain functionaries secret complaints against the Mohammedans, because their religion differs from that of the other Chinese, because they do not speak the same language, because they wear different dresses from the rest: they accuse them of serious disobedience, of stiffneckedness, of a spirit of revolt; and they demand of me severe measures against them. After having examined these complaints and accusations, I have found them groundless. The religion which these Mohammedans practise is that of their forefathers. Their tongue in truth is not the same as the Chinese; but how many dialects are there not in China? As to their temples, their dress, their handwriting, which are not as those of the other Chinese, these things are of no account: they are mere questions of manners. Their character is every whit as good as that of my other subjects; and there is nothing to show that they have a mind to revolt. I will, then, that they be left freely to exercise their religion, which aims at teaching men to do good and to observe their social and civil obligations and duties. Their religion respects the fundamental bases of government: what more should I exact? Let the Mohammedans continue to bear themselves as good and loyal subjects, and my favour shall extend to them as to my other children. From their number have come many civil and military officials, who have attained to the highest ranks—the best of proofs that they have adopted our customs and know how to conform to the ordinances of our sacred books. They pass their examinations in letters like all the rest, and perform the sacrifices prescribed by the law. In a word, they are true members of the great Chinese family, in that they force themselves indefatigably to fulfil their religious, civil, and political duties.' (Vol. i. pp. 155–6.)

So said the Emperor Yung-shing in 1731; and another emperor, regarding Islam in the same liberal light, maintained the doctrine that 'religion is a matter of conscience, which no one has the right to scrutinise.' Many edicts could be quoted couched in the like tolerant spirit, to which, and the appreciation thereof by the tolerated, the Muslims of China owe the peace and tranquillity they have generally enjoyed.

Whenever the Mohammedans have come

into conflict with their neighbours, it has been the fault, not of the supreme government, hut of its lower officials. The mandarins of the provinces not unnaturally entertained feelings of jealousy towards the mixed people of foreign creed who had taken so firm a root in their land, and to whom the emperors showed marks of such decided favour. In the early days of Chinese Mohammedanism the Muslims were too few to resent the petty injuries of these understrappers by force, and in the central provinces the Muslim minority is still too small to he ever on anything but its best behaviour. In the troublesome south-west provinces, however, they sometimes forgot their policy of meek snhmission and conformity, and returned blow for hlow. A slight quarrel between individnals of the different creeds would be followed hy a conflict between the two whole parties, who would take up the quarrel of their co-religionist in the spirit of the Arab avengers of hlood, or the Scottish clans in the good old days. Then would ensue massacres marked with all the cruelty of the Chinese character, added to the ferocity of religious warfare. The long suppression of spiritual rancour perhaps served only to intensify the fury of the fight, and things were done worthy of the hest days of the Albigensian 'crusade' or the inculcation of the 'Thorough' principle in Ulster. In Kwei-chow, for example, in 1860, some litigation hetween a Muslim family named Ma and a Confucian called Tung resulted in a massacre of all the Muslims of the town. The neighbouring Mohammedans came to avenge them, and in turn massacred the whole of the Confucian population. The streets were so full of the dead that, in order to clear a way, they had to pile the bodies one atop of another against the walls of the houses, and the wounded were so entangled among the dead that they could not extricate themselves, and so perished miserahly in the loathly heap. Famine followed hard on the heels of slaughter, and the people were reduced to eating human flesh. To hury dead persons came to be regarded as criminal waste: they ate them. No man dared walk ahroad hy himself for fear of heing devoured hy his hungry townsmen. The luckiest of mortals was he who lighted upon a corpse; he would carefully carry it to a secret place, cut it into convenient joints, dry it in the sun, and store it as the most precious of provisions; the bones went to make soup. Things came to such a pass that human flesh was actually sold in the public markets without a pretence of concealment. Happily, Monsignor Faurie succeeded in patching up the quarrel hefore it went any further, and since then it is said that perfect harmony has reigned in the province between the Muslims and the other Chinese.

In the contiguous province of Yun-nan these things were carried out on a still larger scale. Here Islam was a comparatively late importation, hut since its introduction in the thirteenth century it has marvellously increased, and until the last terrihle revolt the Muslims formed the large majority of the population of the province. Up to the present century they seem to have received the same tolerant treatment as the rest of the Chinese Muslims, and the mineral wealth of the province, together with the trade with Burmah, contributed to hring about the unusual degree of prosperity which the Mohammedans of Yun-nan enjoyed at the beginning of this century; hut the last seventy years have been filled with one long record of troubles and rehellions and merciless massacres. One of the worst of these disturbances took place in 1840, when in consequence of the Muslims having offended two government officials, hy claiming a just deht of one, and refusing to subscribe to a parasol of honour which it was proposed to present to the other, some 1,600 men, women, and children of the Mohammedan population of Momien were hutchered without merey, and the massacre would have been carried out through the rest of the district if the Muslims of the vicinity had not come to the rescue and exacted a terrible vengeance from the wanton oppressors of their co-religionists. But the most deplorahle conflict between the Muslims and their neighhours in Yun-nan—or indeed in any part of China—was that which began in a quarrel hetween some miners in 1855, and only ended in 1874 in well-nigh the extermination of the Muslim population of the province. We have had occasion before to refer to this rehellion,* but M. de Thiersant's account is more detailed than any report we have hitherto seen. The Chinese miners of Lnsun-fu killed a good many of their Mohammedan fellow-workmen; the Muslims retaliated, murdered the Chinese superintendents, who had made themselves detested hy their oppressions; and the struggle began to assume alarming proportions. The Chinese called to their aid the national guard of the department; but the superior courage and solidarity of the Muslims gave the latter the advantage. The Futay, or governor of the province, was appealed to, and he, acting under the advice of a young Tatar, a member of the

* Edinburgh Review, No. cclx.

Academy of the Han-lin, ordered a general massacre of the Muslims throughout the province. Mounted expresses were despatched to the seventy-two districts with instructions to this effect to the principal mandarins. First, three hundred Muslim families of the town of Po-li were surprised by night and hutchered; their houses were sacked and their mosque burnt; then village after village was subjected to the same barbarous fate. A cry of horror rang through the province, and the Mohammedans rushed to arms and collected in vast numbers, thirsting for vengeance, and uncertain of the bare safety of their wives and children. A bold and energetic young military graduate, Ma-hien, took the command of the Muslim army, which invariably gained the victory over the government troops. In despair of reducing the rebels by force, the Futay had recourse to the alternative commonly adopted in China—of offering an amnesty to all the insurgents, and rank to their leaders. Matters were very near being thus arranged, when the news came that seven hundred Mohammeden families had been slaughtered in one town of the province, and that more than fifteen thousand Muslims had been massacred at three other places. When Ma-hien heard this, he ordered out the Futay's messengers of peace, and had them immediately shot; and then he marched with his army from town to town, ruthlessly slaughtering all who had taken part in the massacres, and destroying all that came in his way. He stated to M. Dupuis that on this march he killed upwards of a million Chinese. The provincial government was paralysed, the Futay besieged in his capital, Ma-hien master of the greater part of the province. The central government had its hands full with the Taeping insurrection. There was nothing for it but to make terms. A complete amnesty was granted, peace signed, and Ma-hien raised to the dignity of a Tehintay.

One rebel chief alone refused to accept the terms of peace. Tu-wen-tsiew, afterwards known as the Emperor Suleymân, had seized Ta-ly-fu, in spite of its natural defences of lake and mountain, put the garrison to the sword, and soon found himself commander of an army of 80,000 men and master of the northern part of Yun-nan. He appointed eighteen governors for the various districts of his wide dominion, and, to show that he would have nothing in common with the emperor's subjects, he ordered his followers to wear their hair long. When Ma-hien and his colleague Lao-papa accepted the amnesty, Tu-wen-tsiew flatly refused to have anything to do with it; wherenpon the two leaders of the war renonnced him, and to their desertion is due the fall of Mohammedanism in Yun-nan. At first the nonjuring chief had things his own way. In 1860 he besieged the capital Yun-nan-fu with 100,000 men, and, though he failed to take it, ravaged the country round in the usual fashion of Chinese war. Anderson states that seventy-seven towns were taken by assault, and forty of them absolntely destroyed, whilst the villages and hamlets burnt and pillaged defy calculation. In the first year of Tung-che the Imperial troops regained the command of the territory of the insurgents—or Panthays, as they were called by their Burmese neighbours—and in their turn besieged Tal-ly-fu. For three years they met with repeated repulses, and then raised the siege. A second siege only resulted in a similar retreat, and this time Tu-wen-tsiew retaliated by besieging the capital again, retiring, however, after six pitched battles. In 1870 the governor received orders from Peking to take Ta-ly-fu at all costs; and meanwhile Hi-tay-ly (who was accused of Mr. Margary's assassination in 1875, and owes his present safety to the diversion afforded by the Eastern Question to her Majesty's Government) attacked the other stronghold of the Panthays, Momien. The Muslim general of the earlier campaign, Ma-hien, reduced the smaller places to the Imperial sway.

Ta-ly-fu had been invested two years and more, and most of the besieged were giving up hope and counselling surrender, when Tu-wen-tsiew played his last card: encouraged by the friendly attitude of Major Sladen's expedition, he sent his adopted son, the Panthay Prince Hasan, to implore the aid of the greatest Mussulman power—the aid of England. Prince Hasan escaped from the beleaguered city with a few followers, and, reaching Rangoon, sailed for England. It lay then in our power to decide the future of an important Muslim kingdom wedged in between China and Burmah, where our political influence might have proved useful. 'Unfortunately,' as Mr. Bosworth Smith says, 'the interests of our trade were not sufficiently bound up with the existence of the Panthays to call for any representations on the part of a nation which, in spite of its higher instincts and aspirations, is still above all commercial.'* Mr. Gladstone's Government, influenced by considerations of neutrality, and deceived by reports of a cessation of

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. 2nd edition, p. 30.

hostilities in Yun-nan, received the prince with evasive cordiality; and the Sultan of Turkey, to whom he next applied, could not see his way to improve upon the polite negations of the British Ministry. Prince Hasan, foiled in his hope of succour from Christian or Muslim, returned to perish with his people. Arriving at Rangoon in December 1873, he learned that Ta-ly-fu had been given up by treachery to the Imperial troops, that his father was dead, and the Panthay rebellion stamped out.

In fact, the intercourse between the Panthays and England had so greatly alarmed the Chinese Government that they resolved to throw their whole force into a final effort to crush the Mohammedan insurrection. So fiercely did they press the siege of Ta-ly-fu that the inhabitants lost hope, and at the end of 1872 some officers of the garrison, having opened negotiations with the besiegers, and being supported by the despair of the besieged, publicly insulted Tu-wen-tsiew, and told him he had no alternative but to go out to the besiegers and surrender the town. The chief saw that all was over, and that his influence could no longer restrain the malcontents; he went into his house, poisoned his three wives and five daughters, to save them from the brutality of the conquering army, and then, having provided himself with gold leaf, which he swallowed during the journey, he entered his palanquin, and was carried to the general who commanded the besieging army. Arrived at his tent, the Panthay chief, already dying from the poison, was beheaded. The general concealed his death, and, outwitting the traitorous officers, gained an entry into the city, and, after first decapitating the betrayers, gave the place over for three days to all that the cruelty and license of a barbarous soldiery could devise. Thirty thousand souls were put to the knife. Momien was taken in May; happily its garrison escaped by one way as the Imperial troops broke in by another. By the end of 1874 the rebellion was at an end, and the Emperor once more ruled over Yun-nan. The two Muslim generals who had turned against their own people did not long profit by their desertion. On a trumpery charge Lao-papa was beheaded at the age of eighty-six; and Ma-hien, after having been made a Titay and covered with distinction during the siege of Ta-ly-fu, was degraded, and now lives in Hu-nan, doubtless repenting his desertion of the cause he had once so gallantly upheld. Such was the end of the Panthay rebellion. The country is exhausted, and more than a fourth of its inhabitants have perished or emigrated.

Perhaps the most important province of China, regarded from the point of view of Mohammedanism, is that of Kan-suh in the extreme north-west. It is interesting not only on account of the large number of its Muslim inhabitants—more than eight millions—but also because it formed the meeting-ground between the Chinese Empire and the kingdom of Yakoob Beg, the Atalik Ghazy of Kashgar. Stretching from this province to the northern frontier of Persia is the vast undulating plain of Eastern Turkestan, a great sandy salt desert 3,000 feet above the sea level, but rising gently towards the east, dotted over here and there with oases spread on the banks of the rivers which go to form the Tarim, where dwell the sparse inhabitants of the desert, the Uzbeg tribes, and the 12,000 tents of the Kirghiz, Muslims all, but more by profession than by any specially hearty conviction. This vast country formed part of the Celestial Empire before the ninth century, but subsequently broke away, and for many centuries suffered the miseries of Mongol rule, at the hands of a multitude of petty khâns, of whom Mr. Boulger says 'they possessed scarcely one redeeming quality among many vices.' In 1760, the Emperor of China invaded and subdued it, giving to its two great divisions of Eastern Turkestan and Zungaria combined the name of Ili, establishing a Manchu at Kulja, who, with two councillors and twenty-four residents, assisted by 60,000 troops, ruled the province. An insurrection, beginning at Singan-fu in Shen-si, and spreading to Kan-suh in 1862, in which the Tungani (a mysterious race of Mohammedans dwelling in that region, supposed to be the remnant of the armies of Kublai Khan) were the chief actors, led to the severance of a part of this province and the whole of the government of Ili from the Chinese Empire. Various small Mongol states sprang up on the ruins of this huge sovereignty, and their disunion might have given China an easy task in reasserting its supremacy if a man of singular ability had not joined together the scattered states under his own rule. In 1865 Yakoob Beg, having directed the siege and accomplished the capture of the citadel of Kashgar, having slaughtered the garrison and given over the town to a seven days' pillage by the soldiery, assumed to himself sovereign powers, with the title of Atalik Ghazy; and then proceeded to make himself master of the whole desert plateau, from Asiatic Russia to Thibet, and from Khiva to Kan-suh. A few vigorous measures sufficed to restrain the former rulers of the land, the Mongol Khojas; and, save

for various futile attempts on the part of the Chinese to recover their lost territories, and a certain amount of trouble with his seditious neighbours the Tungani, the Atalik Ghazy enjoyed a reign of moderate tranquillity, and proved himself a just and enlightened ruler. The abolition of the slave trade throughout his dominions is sufficient evidence of his desire to approach the standard of civilised nations. The Atalik Ghazy's power was recognised by England, and, after repeated evasions, by Russia; and there seemed every probability of an enduring Muslim kingdom being established in Central Asia, which might form an important item to be reckoned with in the future positions of China and Russia in the heart of the continent. In May, 1877, however, the Ameer died; and at the end of the year the Chinese troops marched upon Yarkand and Kashgar, and put an end to the hopes that had been entertained for the future of the youngest Mohammedan kingdom. The Chinese Emperor now holds his ancient sway over Eastern Turkestan, but the northern part of the province of Ili, called Zungaria, fell into the hands of Russia, only, however, to be eventually returned to China; for it has recently (August, 1879) been arranged in St. Petersburg to retrocede Kulja, the capital of Zungaria, for 5,000,000 roubles. The Chinese have always demanded the retrocession of this place, which, indeed, was only occupied by the Russians during a period of anarchy, and never fairly belonged to them: nor, indeed, did they pretend to claim it. It is therefore only just that China should recover what she has certainly a better right to than Russia; and, as to the indemnity, which will chiefly go to Russian traders, who claim it on account of losses suffered during the time of anarchy, that is imposed mainly for the sake of saving the dignity of the Czar. It appears, however, doubtful whether this treaty has been ratified by the Court of Pekin.

The part that Russia has played in the politics of Central Asia hardly comes under the subject of this article, and is moreover not yet fully explained. Mr. Boulger has done his best to unravel the diplomatic mysteries of the relations between Russia and Kashgar in his 'Life of the Ameer Yakoob Beg,' but his account, animated as it is by a violently anti-Russian spirit, must be accepted with reserve. As our subject is Mohammedanism in China, and Mr. Boulger's book is mainly concerned with the history of Eastern Turkestan before it again became Chinese, we cannot enter into any adequate discussion of the merits of the work; but it is only fair to say that so far as it touches upon matters connected with the subject of this article, we have always found its information clear and abundant. It is to be regretted that Mr. Boulger has not obtained the services of a duly qualified orientalist to set him right on matters of Eastern scholarship; but faults of translation and spelling are no very serious blots in a work that is avowedly intended to be a popular biography. The book is full of instructive facts: Mr. Boulger has made himself a master of Central Asian history, and his account of Yakoob Beg forms a useful supplement to the works on Kashgaria which we had recently occasion to notice in tracing the history of the revolt of Eastern Turkestan.

Yakoob Beg is dead, but the country he ruled is none the less Mohammedan; and, though exhausted and half exterminated, there are yet millions of the same faith in the devastated provinces of Yun-nan, Kansuh, and Shen-si; and this Muslim population may be destined to mould the future of China, especially if Yun-nan is opened to trade by the route which it was the object of the expeditions of Major Sladen and Colonel Browne and the unfortunate Margary to establish. Twenty million Muslims in a population of four hundred millions may seem overweighted; but it must be remembered that the majority is in a disunited lifeless condition, whilst the minority is filled with an energy and confidence in the future, which the late terrible struggles have only served to strengthen. The Muslims are aware that it is no small thing to have withstood the whole power of a huge empire for nearly twenty years; and they look forward hopefully to a time of assured independence. The Chinese Government, on the other hand, is conscious of the strength of its Muslim subjects, and remembers that the armies of Ma-hien were only disbanded by an amnesty, and not by defeat. Hence the mandarins of the provinces treat the Mohammedans with cautious suavity, as a people on no account to be excited, and the Muslims on their side bear themselves peacefully and right royally, waiting in all patience till their strength shall be restored, and their numbers multiplied, and the Chinese War of Independence shall begin.

'China,' says M. de Thiersant, 'in its present condition, is at the mercy of the first great power whose covetousness its riches may provoke. All who have dwelt in it during the last few years can perceive how this ancient edifice, crannied from base to gables, shakes on foundations which time has undermined. The respect for authority, which,

with love of the family, has hitherto upheld it, has been materially weakened by the endless insurrections which, since Tao-kwang, have reddened the soil. The central Government, without money, and one may say without the power of repression, is at infinite pains to retain the obedience of its four millions of subjects, who lay on its shoulders the blame of the disasters they have brought on themselves. Moreover, it has to reckon with their superstitions and their time-honoured prejudices. In the provinces the governors exhaust every contrivance in order to procure the funds which are required of them every instant from Pekin for the general needs of the State: whence come the traffic of offices, the sale of justice, the arbitrary raising of the customs (of which the collectors absorb the profits), and consequently general discontent, which is fostered by the ceaseless intrigues of secret societies, as well as by the words and writings of the literary men—that frivolous, ignorant, and vain class which takes egoism to be patriotism, and only thinks of upsetting everything, instead of using its intelligence and influence for the good of the country. As to the common folk, in general, given over to its instincts, its passions, discouraged by what it suffers and what it hears and what it sees, it ruminates from day to day on the reports and predictions which are circulated alike in country and town, and trembles as it thinks of the calamities which are in store for it in the future.' (Vol. i. pp. 325–327.)

From an empire such as M. de Thiersant describes there is nothing to fear; *for* it, on the other hand, there is everything to fear. Supposing that the old Chinese fashion of *laisser-aller* undergoes no change, and matters grow worse, disunion and discontent become aggravated, and the Government loses the little strength it has. What then? The Chinese Mohammedans, having recovered the ground they lost in the recent troubles, pluck up heart again and reduce the whole country. The army that could reduce the large province of Yun-nan twenty years ago would, in its developed state, be able to reduce all China fifty years hence if things go on as heretofore. The religious situation in China is so peculiar that it would not be surprising to find the people converted to any new creed. Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism exist side by side, and are equally accepted without distinction by the same individual. 'It is quite a common thing,' says Dr. Edkins, 'for the same person to conform to all the three modes of worship. . . . Any divinity [the governing powers] may wish to have worshipped by the common people will be admitted at once into their pantheon without difficulty. The majority of the inhabitants comply with the worship of more than one religion, believe in more than one mythology of gods, and contribute to the support of more than one priesthood.' Dr. Edkins' conclusion is that China will become Christian; but the reasoning would lead equally well to the inference that it might become Mohammedan. China turned Muslim would be a very different thing from China inspired by no very hearty religious feeling. Four hundred millions of Mohammedans, added to the already large census of Islam, would materially alter the conditions of the European powers; and a Chinese 'holy war' would be a veritable Damocles' sword suspended over the civilised world. Such things may be dreams, but they are not impossibilities; and such a contingency as the revivifying of China by the religion of Mohammed ought to be reckoned with in the future of all European States.

Art. IV.—*The Schools of Charles the Great and the Restoration of Education in the Ninth Century.* By J. Bass Mullinger, M. A. London: 1877.

Modern students recognise with much satisfaction the advantage they have derived from the numerous essays or monographs on special events or combinations in history, which, after being 'crowned' by the great French Academies, have been revised and expanded, so as to become substantial contributions to literature. We have done less in this way at home. Our careless youth are apt to be content to cast their bread upon the waters, and entrust their views on the subject that may chance to interest them to the open pages of a review or a magazine, with little expectation that they will be remembered or referred to beyond the month or quarter following. But it is very certain that the germs of what might have blossomed into works of permanent value have thus got trampled down in the struggle for existence. Modest merit, however great its promise, may require early recognition to bring to maturity the fruit which it bears implicitly within it. The real value of the prize-exercise is, of course, not in the work done, but in the direction it may give to the writer's genius, and the impulse to further improvement upon his early efforts. Many of the clever essays thus encouraged in France by the Academy or the Institute have laid the foundation of a great literary career.

Mr. Mullinger's book on the Schools of Charles the Great owes its origin to the Kaye Prize founded recently at Cambridge

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for the best dissertation on some subject of ancient ecclesiastical history by a 'gradnate of the university of not more than ten years' standing.' The age of the candidates, we may observe, seems to be more nearly defined than the range of subject, for the 'Schools of Charles the Great' can hardly be called strictly ancient or strictly ecclesiastical. Without attempting to define the exact limits of the ancient and the modern, the eighth century may be taken to stand about midway between the two, and the social history of the ninth, as indeed of all other Christian centuries, partakes both of the civil and the ecclesiastical. Mr. Mullinger has moreover extended his subject somewhat beyond the distinct limits of time assigned him. He professes to 'illustrate the connexion' of his subject 'with the commencement of the University of Paris, and of European university history at large,' in three chapters in which he glances at the revival of classical and metaphysical studies in the half-century after Charles's death, with which view he has obtained permission to make some additions to his work since the prize was awarded. This pretension is perhaps too ambitiously announced. Our own limits must confine us more closely. Nevertheless the little volume of 200 pages is a real gem of historical abridgment, and deserves a place among manuals of permanent value for the fulness of its information, the lucidity of its arrangement, its precision of style, and generally for the interest with which it is calculated to invest a byway of history which, though it has been surveyed by a Guizot, an Ampère, and an Ozanam among the French, is obscure at least to English readers, and has been little traversed by them. The writer may justly feel that it serves as a very suitable introduction to the full and important account of early studies at Cambridge which he published a few years ago.

The immemorial rivalry between 'arms and the gown,' or the attractions of active life and intellectual exercises, has been noted from very ancient times. The same races of mankind have displayed at different epochs equal energy in both the one pursuit and the other. The Gauls of old, the French, as we designate a people essentially the same with them in our own day, have exhibited alternately a restless activity both in arms and letters. So it was at the first. Cæsar described the Gauls as the most warlike of nations, a character well attested by the energy with which they had already made the tour of Europe and effected a permanent lodgment even in a corner of Western Asia. But when confined more closely within their own limits they were hardly less active in mental exertion. They were noted as eager and fluent speakers in their popular assemblies; they gave an earnest of their literary instinct by mastering the Greek characters in writing; such was their curiosity that they stopped strangers on their way, and questioned them about foreign parts. When their warlike tendencies were checked by the 'Roman Peace,' their intellectual appetites were all the more excited. The Gauls had fought gallantly for their freedom, but when that was lost they proved themselves singularly patient under the deprivation. The mutiny of their levies on the Rhine was a mere military disturbance; it met with no response from the body of the people; throughout the long period of Roman rule among them, there was no instance of a popular rising against the foreigner. But the Gauls continued to meet in their provincial councils for the transaction of local business; they exerted their natural volubility of speech both at the bar and in their town halls; they devoted themselves from the first to the liberal cultivation of letters. The early emperors founded schools or colleges, doubtless for political purposes, at Bibracte or Autun, at Arles, which rivalled Autun as the 'Celtic Rome;' at Lyons, where rhetoric, we are told, was specially studied, and whence professors of the art were drafted into Britain, and were looked for, as was playfully remarked, even in the furthest Orkneys, the Polynesia of the Roman world. From the second century of our era many of the most eminent Latin writers were natives of Gaul, and made that country their residence. The Western Church, at first confined as a Greek colony to Rome, was soon planted in the broad province beyond the Alps, where it was favourably received, and where several of the early Latin doctors were born and bred. The most curious testimony to the love of letters among the ancient Gauls appears in the allusion of Ausonius to the school of rhetoric and grammar which flourished at Burdigala (Bordeaux) in the fourth century. This, indeed, was but one of many similar institutions established at Clermont, Besançon, Vienne, Toulouse, Narbonne and elsewhere at the same period. But the school of Bordeaux is specially distinguished by the notice which the poet, once its pupil, has given us of many of its professors, who are described, in long succession, as men of genius, learned in all the knowledge of antiquity, and who gained a deserved renown for their ability in imparting it.* One of them in-

* The little book of 'Professores,' in which five-and-twenty of these literati have each a poem

deed, but one only, by name Marcellus, is lightly perstringed as 'prætennis meriti;' but he, it seems, had migrated from Bordeaux to Narbonne. He did not fail, however, to get wealth and honours by his teaching, while his genius, or the reputation of it, secured him a matrimonial connexion with a noble family. Arborius, another of the number, was noble himself, both on the father's and the mother's side. Patera and Phœbicius boasted their descent from noble families of the Druidical priesthood. Glabrio pretended to trace his origin from the ancient Trojans. Their chairs were probably endowed from the municipal funds by the government; the University of Bordeaux in the fourth century was, we may suppose, maintained on the principles of the modern board school; we might even imagine from the silence of Ausonius on the subject, that all denominational teaching was sternly forbidden in it. But though the teachers were not obliged to rely on their personal popularity for their livelihood, it is clear that they might make a very good thing of the fees of the pupils who flocked to them for training in the arts which paid best in after life. Debarred as they now generally were from the pursuit of military fame and fortune, the ingenuous youth of Gaul betook themselves with a light heart to the civil functions, which required an education in speaking and composition, a fund of general information, and, more perhaps than all, an ample stock of rhetorical and poetical commonplaces.

The manners of a period so generally degenerate were frivolous and imitative, and the studies of a provincial society, such as that of Gaul, were perhaps especially so. Literary education was confined to a small range of earlier authors. Virgil and Cicero were no doubt the vernacular classics, their ideas and turns of expression were conned by rote, and great portions of their immortal writings committed to memory, but not without injury to independent thought and invention. It was an age of plagiarism both in art and literature. We may discover in a poetaster such as Ausonius considerable familiarity with the mighty ancients, but without the power of reflecting, however faintly, their resplendent genius. At this period, however, commenced the great struggle between the pagan schools and the Christian. The Church set herself to discredit the pagan learning. While many of the greatest of the early Fathers, and at the same time the most earnest defenders of the Faith, such as Origen, Augustine, and the Alexandrian Clement, were eminent for their study of the poets, orators, and philosophers, it is evident that the ancient classics were regarded with general distrust and jealousy. Not only did men of such intellectual power as Tertullian, Arnobius, Lactantius, and latterly Jerome, pronounce decidedly against the study of them; but the sentence of the Church herself was declared in uncompromising language in the so-called Apostolic Constitutions. 'Refrain,' said that authoritative document, which speaks at least the language of the third century, 'from all the writings of the heathen; for what have you to do with strange discourses, laws or lying prophecies, which turn from the faith the weak in understanding? Will you explore history? you have the Books of Kings; for words of wisdom and eloquence you have the Proverbs and the Prophets; for tuneful strains may you not resort to the Psalms?' To the Pentateuch they refer as the legitimate source of law and of natural science or cosmogony. 'Wherefore,' they add emphatically, 'abstain sedulously from all strange and devilish compositions.' The contention of the ancient Church, that all truth was contained within the four corners of the volume of Holy Scriptures, was retaliated by the Emperor Julian, who, not more unreasonably from his point of view, forbade the Christians to lecture and comment upon Homer, whom the bigots of pagan theology regarded as a divinely inspired teacher of religion and morals. The study of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' as mere human compositions was just as shocking to him as the study of the Bible in a similar spirit is to many among ourselves. We must not judge him harshly for prohibiting the Christians from thus profaning, as he would have said, in their schools the ancient textbooks of all spiritual instruction. They were not forbidden to study Homer under his authorised pagan expounders, but they must not presume themselves to interpret the sacred text to others. How often have similar restrictions upon free thought been imposed, and how near to our own times, when experience, to which Julian was a stranger, has so often proved their futility! It is well to observe, however, that Julian's edict was not altogether approved even by the pagans themselves. Ammianus Marcellinus stigmatises it as 'inclemens, obruendum silentio.' This last of the pagan historians was an honest reasoner, and as a blunt soldier had little sympathy with such refinements. It is cer-

devoted to his praise, ends with a comprehensive summary of the subjects on which they lectured:

'Valete manes inclytorum rhetorum,
Valete doctores probi;
Historia si quos vel poeticus stylus,
Forumve fecit nobiles;
Medicæ vel artis dogma vel Platonicum
Dedit perenni gloriæ.'

tain indeed that the weakness of Julian's character was apparent even to his own pagan contemporaries. The apostate's prominence in history is due far more to the vehement hostility he provoked from the Christians than to the sympathy of the heathen conservatives. Had Julian lived, indeed, his sensitive and irritable temper would not have been long content with the slow and dubious effect of his tentative measures of repression. But his futile career was suddenly arrested, and his policy perished with him. Not so, however, the idea which he had brought so clearly to light of the incompatibility of the new order with the old. The moment was a critical one. Christianity had become recognised in the world as what has been called 'a great fact.' It could not be suppressed, neither could it any longer be ignored. The old and the new faith were, to outward appearance, pretty equally balanced in their power over the human mind, when the question came into debate: Should the new religion triumph and obliterate the ideas on which the whole social edifice had so long rested, 'all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past'? Or should the two make a compromise one with the other, so that the old superstitions, associated as they were with all ancient art and letters, might still retain their influence over the spiritual life, under the veil of a new ceremonial and a new theological nomenclature, as old friends with new faces?

We have seen, however, that by the leaders at least of Christian sentiments the principle of Julian's prohibition was already in a great degree accepted. Ambrose, the most distinguished preacher of his day in the West, had attained popularity as a rhetorician, formed under the ancient methods, before he was suddenly called to the highest office in the Church; but in his writings as a Christian theologian he asserts his intellectual independence of Pagan models. He betrays little obligation to his Pagan masters in matter or language. In his discussion with the Pagan apologist, Symmachus, we feel at once the contrast between the literary style of the first, so to say, of the modern and the last of the ancient orators. Symmachus retains much of the grace and terseness of the ancient eloquence; but there is a frigidity in his polished and balanced periods, as compared with the rude vigour which animates the stiff and clumsy diction of his self-relying antagonist. If Julian had meant that the Christian youth should become practically excluded from the curriculum of ancient training, Ambrose had, as it were, accepted the challenge, and replied to it by showing how independent the Christian spirit might prove itself to be. From that time the doctors of the Church seem to have become conscious of their true intellectual freedom. They set themselves more and more to depreciate and discourage the ancient culture as unworthy of their own superior enlightenment. Then it was that Jerome, who had freely imbibed and enjoyed the spirit of the ancient culture, constrained himself reluctantly, as he himself confesses, to renounce his Cicero and his Terence, and warn the Christian student against them. Augustine was a well-trained classical scholar, but he also withdrew himself from the fascinations of the ancient learning, and his style no doubt gains in energy and freshness from the depth in which its foundations are laid in the language of sacred writ. The first Christian poet, Prudentius, reflects the tone of the golden or even the silver age of Latinity less than his contemporaries, Ausonius or Claudian, both of whom still cling assiduously to the classical models; but in reading him, rude and inartistic as he is, we feel that we are in contact with a mind more original and self-relying than belonged to either of the others.

It was not the bold and independent among the leaders of Christian thought who would really have suffered from the imminent divorce between Christian and pagan education. It was the mass of the careless or indifferent in religion who would have been most affected by the threatened exclusion from a classical training, if it had been actually carried out. But the edict was in fact speedily rescinded. The warnings of the doctors were disregarded, and the intelligent youth of the Empire, Christians though they might profess to be, continued generally to resort, as of old, to the schools of the grammarians and rhetoricians, who expounded to them the ideas of the philosophers and the language of the orators and poets. They continued to load their memories with the verses of Homer and Virgil, and the select few who still retained their unquestioned pre-eminence in the crowd of Pagan versifiers. They drank as deeply as ever of the attractive fables of the ancient mythology, notwithstanding its profaneness and immorality. They still admired, even in that frivolous age, the severe and healthy models of the ancient language, and for this they were content to run the risk of much moral and spiritual contamination. The risk, indeed, may have been practically less than it appears. The experience of the many later ages of classical education among ourselves has shown that, as running waters clear themselves of the im-

purities they carry with them, so the current of the highest ancient literature possesses an innate principle of life and health to counteract whatever evil elements are imbedded in it. The attempt which has been sometimes made by a well-meaning school of thought to teach Prudentius instead of Ovid or Catullus has had little success, and done perhaps no good, while it averted little if any evil.

Thus it was that, despite both Julian's prohibitive edict and the discouragement of the chief Christian teachers, the general education of the Roman people, which was becoming rapidly by profession Christian, continued long to be conducted on the lines laid down by the earlier Pagan schools. Ausonius, of whom we have just spoken, received his education in the middle of the fourth century. He was well born and well bred; he was imbued with the arts and learning of his age; he practised rhetoric and poetry, and obtained high civil distinctions. His compositions betray throughout the thoroughly classical education he had received, his familiarity with the classical models and with the ideas and incidents of Pagan antiquity. It is clear, indeed, that he accepted Christianity as the prevalent faith of the day. The prayer with which he opens his 'Ephemeris,' or 'Journal,' is really a fine rhetorical summary of the leading doctrines of the Gospel, not unworthy to be compared with the Orphic verses and the hymn of Cleanthes; nor does he fail in one or two other places to signalise the Christian festivals with a reverential emphasis. But how lightly his faith sat upon him appears very plainly elsewhere. To the polemics of the time, which gave tone and impulse to political and social life, he is altogether indifferent. Almost in the heat of the great Trinitarian controversy, he is content with a light allusion to the 'Three Persons' in a poem which dilates on the perpetual recurrence of the number three in pagan mythology, such as the three Fates, the three Graces, the three heads of Cerberus, and many others.

'Ter bibe; tres numerus super omnia; ter Deus unus.' (*Idyll* xi.)

But in giving his paternal counsel as to the subjects of his son's educational studies, where we might most naturally expect, at a period of religious excitement, a reference to the sources of spiritual knowledge, he confines himself wholly to matters of secular instruction. His 'Protrepticon' or Exhortation (Idyll iv.) may have a special interest for us in showing what at the end of the fourth century was the education of a Christian child who was to be prepared to walk in the steps of his father the consul and his grandfather the prefect.

'Read,' it says, 'from beginning to end everything that has been worth recording. I will mention a few volumes only: con your Homer; con your Menander; repeat their verses, aye, mouth them out; the act of recitation engages the attention and kindles feeling. Enable yourself to repeat to me and recall to my memory poems and histories, dramas and lyrics, and make me feel young again in hearing the tuneful strains of Homer, the resounding chant of Virgil, the exquisite idioms of Terence. Read with special attention the histories of the civil wars from Sertorius to Cæsar. Such are to be your studies to fit you for public life. You may depend on my counsel, for I have trained a thousand tender minds from childhood to adolescence, and so it was that the emperor fixed on me to be his own son's tutor, and the young Augustus obeyed me and held me higher than himself, and made me quæstor, prefect, and consul, all which you may become one day likewise.'

So purely Pagan, to all appearance, was the higher education of a Christian child, at a period when, if we confine our regards to the ordinary annals of the times, we might suppose that all human intellect was sternly divided between two opposite and hostile camps. But in fact it was not so then, nor has it been so since at some of the most nearly analogous crises of religious history.

The attitude of Ausonius, as an educated Christian of his day, may be fitly compared with that of his younger friend Paulinus, who was also a native of Bordeaux, and who had imbibed his Pagan learning in the same schools. His high connexions and ample means enabled Paulinus to take a prominent position at the bar, and subsequently in public affairs. He too was a Christian by profession, but seems to have held little account of his spiritual privileges in his earlier years. It was not till later that he turned his thoughts to religion, and became perhaps the first recorded example of a 'conversion' in the popular sense. His friend and adviser Ausonius was mortified at this change in his views, and at the sacrifice it must involve of his worldly interests. He addressed him just as a modern poetaster, a star in worldly society, might address a promising young man of fashion who has yielded to the persuasions of the Methodists of his day, and abandoned the secular pursuits in which he was just beginning to cut a figure. He rallies him upon the touch of religious melancholy with which his verses now begin to be clouded, the melancholy natural to the tender-hearted Christian, standing so far apart from the strain of

gentle sentimental reflection which was the utmost point to which Ausonius had himself attained, and in which indeed he had made some little advance upon the harsher Paganism of the olden time. Paulinus was firm, and finally relinquished the career of secular honours; but he lived to become a popular bishop and saint, and showed himself a really sensible man besides, and he has left us a proof both curious and interesting that a Pagan education was not even in that day incompatible with the development of a truly Christian character.

The schools of Gaul in which Ausonius and Paulinus had received their early training were conducted by the grammarians, who taught the letters and sciences of the time; the rhetoricians, who prepared their pupils for the still bustling career of the bar, the foundation of the fortunes of most of the eminent doctors of the age, such as Ambrose and Augustine; and the philosophers, who continued to expound the doctrines of Plato and other Pagan thinkers to benches thronged with Christian students destined for the sacred ministry, without causing any scandal to a church which in its day of triumph could afford to be liberal. So little effect had the prejudices of Jerome and others had in checking the general taste for academic training. The profession of learning, however vain and shallow such learning might be, continued to be in fashion through many generations of the declining empire. From the time when Vespasian first recognised the need of popular education, and founded his chairs at Rome and in other great cities, academical institutions had taken root and continued to flourish. Even in the dark days when society was compelled to struggle for the defence of its frontiers, and when it was exposed to ever-recurring revolutions of court and camp, the attention of the government to this system of general instruction seems hardly to have flagged. If the authorities sometimes neglected to pay the professors their salaries, their pupils did not fail to maintain them. It would seem, indeed, that when the barbarians were breaking into the provinces, and threatening to take the conduct of affairs into their own rough hands, the Romans acknowledged the necessity, which has been felt in more recent times, of 'educating their masters.' Nor were the new-comers loth to accept the boon offered them with such nervous haste. While the elder Valentinian issued a decree to protect Rome from the pressure of too great a conflux of students out of all the provinces, Gratian made special regulations for the endowment of professorial chairs throughout the cities of Gaul. While the Goths, the Burgundians, and the Sueves were forging onwards to the Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone, the schools along their banks opened their arms to receive them, schools in which the classics of the Cæsarean empire might be scanned with the aid of the most recent commentators, such as Macrobius and Servius, and of grammarians or philologers such as Donatus, Charisius, and Priscian. A liberal education continued to cherish all the lights of the age after its own fashion; and this education was still perhaps entirely founded upon the ancient models of Pagan literature.

Such was the liberal provision which Gaul continued to make for the education of Christian youth throughout the fourth and fifth centuries. Of all the imperial provinces there was none in which the ancient language of Rome was so generally or so idiematically used. The influx of the northern tribes, even at full tide, seems to have had little effect in corrupting the literary style of the Gallo-Romans, who still formed the bulk of the population. The conquests of Roman language were always even easier made and longer retained than those of the Roman arms. The language of Rome and the culture of Rome both flourished together beyond the Alps, and together with them was linked the profession of the Christian religion, which found freer scope in that distant province than in the city itself, the focus to the last of expiring Paganism. Gaul abounded throughout this period in Christian writers, both in prose and verse. The prose of the historian Sulpicius Severus, a native of Aquitane, is a lively though an artificial imitation of classical masters. The verses of Hilarius of Arles, of Avitus of Vienne, of Marius Victor of Marseilles, of Paulinus, and more particularly of Sidonius Apollinaris, and somewhat later of Venantius Fortunatus, however deficient both in taste and vigour, still preserve the traditions of the earlier Latinity. The declamations of the panegyrists, such as Eumenius, Pacatus, and Nazarius, are all strongly tinctured with the old academic spirit, betraying some acquaintance with the ancient models, and showing some facility in handling them. It is curious that these writers were generally Gauls by birth, and some or all of them Aquitanians, a race endued, it would seem, from the first with the rhetorical vivacity which we now call Gasconade, with more power of imagination than of action, and with more fluency of speech than either. 'From the first,' says a clever French writer, 'there were Girondins in the Gironde.'

In the cultivation of classical studies at

this critical era of change, we trace more particularly the course of learning in Gaul previous to the Carlovingian epoch. The names of Prosper of Aquitaine, Ennodius of Pavia, Avitus of Vienne, Hilary of Arles, Felix of Clermont, Remi, the founder of the Gallican Church, who converted and christened Clovis, all natives of Gaul, and for the most part resident there, may suffice to remind us of literary traditions which continued to linger there, and of the imperial or municipal schools in which they had been so long cherished. 'The decisive and final overthrow,' says Mr. Mullinger, 'of these traditions in Gaul is to be referred to a twofold influence: an influence from without, the Frankish invasion and conquest; and an influence from within, the rise of the monastic schools under the rule put forth by Cassian.'

As regards, indeed, the first of these reputed influences, we would refer to the persistence of the classical traditions in Italy, and apparently also in Gaul, to show that the effect of the barbarian conquest upon them was slight or at least indirect. The awe which the Gothic invaders learned to feel for the religion of the South extended for the most part to every branch of its civilisation, and to none more than to its literary culture. As long as classical learning continued to respect itself, so long did it command the respect of Burgundian, Frank, and Goth. But notwithstanding the few illustrious names which are connected with it in the fifth and sixth centuries, notwithstanding the honour which was still professedly paid to it in certain quarters, such learning had become more and more circumscribed in its scope, and had degenerated, to a great extent, into meagre and revolting trivialities. It is in vain, we think, that Ozanam strives so pertinaciously to rehabilitate it. We can but partially sympathise in what this zealous apologist calls the great effort of ancient philological science to gather up its strength and pull itself together, so to say, in view of the perilous times which were threatening to overwhelm all the culture of the past ages. He refers specially to the book of Martianus Capella, late in the fifth century, which bears the title, 'De nuptiis Philologiæ et Mercurii,' as indicating the feeling then abroad among the remnant of the lettered classes. This work, more curious than valuable, is written in a mixture of prose and verse, professing to celebrate the marriage of the Pagan god of speech with a nymph whose name, Philology, is invented for the occasion, and who is accordingly represented as a stranger to Olympus. But the oracle of Apollo vouches for her claims to admission, and the celestial gates are opened to receive her. Jupiter, king of the gods, causes the marriage-contract to be read and attested according to the rules of Roman law, and the seven damsels whom the bridegroom offers to the bride for her servants are duly presented. These select maidens are no other than Grammar, Dialectic, Rhetoric, Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy, and Music, the seven liberal arts; the same which had been recognised in the educational systems of the civilised world from the time, it is said, of Philo the Jew; the same which were acknowledged in the next century by Cassiodorus, and which continued to form the double course of the Trivium and Quadrivium in the schools of the middle ages.

'Without dissembling,' says M. Ozanam, 'the viciousness of a composition so *bizarre*, one must acknowledge the boldness of thus combining, as regards its form, all the poetry of the past ages, and in its substance all the erudition of his own. This daring inspiration,' he continues, 'made the fame of the author and the fortune of his book. The great want of the crisis was to reach the imaginations of the barbarians who were destined to fill in due time the revived schools of learning; it was necessary to satisfy the poetical instincts of these men who had never opened a book, but who passed their winter evenings in hearing the songs of their Scalds. How would they have endured a master who should seek to entangle them all at once in the rough places of conjugation and the crooked paths of syllogism? But when the espousals of a god and a mortal were related to them, they lent a docile ear; and when the poet had devoted two chants to the marvel of the divine nuptials, they no longer refused to listen to the seven handmaids who undertook to initiate them in the same number of books into the mysteries of all human knowledge.'

This little work, absurd as its conception may seem, supplied, no doubt, a want of the times, and it continued to be a popular textbook for many ages among the northern nations. We are assured that there was a German translation of it as early as the eleventh century.* It was resorted to, we may suppose, not so much as a scientific treatise on the subjects indicated, as for the amount of facts in learning which it noted and preserved. It was the encyclopædia of declining knowledge. Its materials, we are told, are 'ill selected, ill arranged, and ill digested.' The style is inflated, the language semi-barbarous, exaggerating the faults of the worst writers of the worst ages preceding it, unintelligible perhaps to the monks who employed themselves in copying the text

* Ozanam, 'Etudes Germaniques,' ii. 393.

which they have hopelessly corrupted. The work, such as it has come down to ns, is indeed a monument of the decay of the ancient cultnre, and a token of the ruin to which it was now hastening.

Another monnment of the same kind, and perhaps a still more curious one, is presented in the remains of a writer of the same period, a native of Toulouse, who goes by the pseudonym of Virgilius Maro. We gather from Capella that there was a considerable demand for literary information even at the close of the sixth century; but it is from Virgilius that we may learn something of the kind of information which the teachers had to impart. The author supplies us with a veracious history of the 'grammatic succession.' The first of the stock was Donatns, an old man who dwelt in Troy, who lived a thousand years, who went to Rome, where he was well received by Romulus, and founded a school. There he had a pupil named Virgilius, who wrote seventy volumes on Metric, and instructed another Virgilius of Asia in the mysteries of the Verb. These pupils, it would seem, must have been eqnally long-lived with their first master, for Virgilius of Asia was personally known to our Virgilius Maro, who acquired the knowledge of many astronomical facts from him. But our Virgil's special master was a certain Æneas, whose lessons he was fortunately able to take down in shorthand; from whom he learned, among other things, that about the time of the Deluge there existed a great personage of the name of Maro, 'in memory of whom,' he says, 'he recommended me to assume the same designation: for in me, he was pleased to say, the illustrious Maro shall seem to revive.' If there is any meaning in this wild jumble, it may be conceived that the names here given are symbolical. Toulouse, it is conjectured, stands for the Gaulish Rome, and Rome is of course the second Troy. Romnlus may represent Euric, founder of the Visigothic kingdom. The name of Virgil, so often repeated in the fiction, marks the interest which the Christian ages were beginning to feel in the sage, the prophet, the saint, so to say, who had predicted the coming of the Saviour. Thus we find in history a Virgil deacon of Ravenna, another Virgil archbishop of Arles, a third bishop of Salzburg. Our fanciful grammarian mentions by name many of the chief writers of antiquity, such as Homer, Cato, Terence, Varro, Cicero, Horace, and Lncan; bnt we are not to suppose him to speak, even by rote, of those ancient authors themselves, bnt rather of various living professors with whom he was personally acqnainted, who, after the tasteless fashion of the times, had like himself adopted such illnstrions designations.*

The works which we possess of this Virgilins consist of certain epistles on the eight parts of speech, and of epitomes, or brief summaries of grammatical instruction, of a very meagre description. They are curious, however, for the testimony they give to the disintegration of the classical Latin. They abound in strange words, few of which can be traced to any idiom now known, while many genuine words are wantonly disfigured. Nor was this the incidental corrnption to which all languages are in course of time naturally liable. The learned men of the day systematically perverted their vernacular tongue by substituting pnrely arbitrary vocables for those in common nse, so as to constitute an esoteric or euphuistic language of their own, known, we may suppose, only to the initiated. This literary idiom might remind us of the little language of Swift, or the imaginative prattle of children; something of the same kind as was in nse among the fashionables of the English conrt in the days of Sir Piercy Shafto, or among the French *précieuses* of the Hôtel Rambouillet, bnt it seems to have been taken more seriously and carried out more methodically.† Thus Virgilius tells us that there are twelve kinds of Latinity, meaning that every common word in the language may be represented by twelve several vocables, accord-

* Among his fragments of classical authors Mai has published the remains of Virgilius Maro, from a codex at Naples and other imperfect sources, and has given in his preface a full account of them. The writer is hardly known to us except from his own strange account of himself. There are, however, some verses of Ennodius about him which seem to show that he was not held in very high estimation by his contemporaries.

'In tantum prisci defluxit fama Maronis,
Ut te Virgilium sæcula nostra darent . . .
Captivo stultus gaudet cognomine vates;
Non est Virgilius, dicitur esse tamen.
Cur te Virgilium mentiris, pessime, nostrum?
Non potes esse Maro, sed potes esse Moro.'

† M. Ozanam says: 'Nous serons moins sévères pour ces obscurs grammairiens du sixième siècle et du septième, si nous songeons aux jeux d'esprit qui inaugurèrent le règne de Louis XIV., aux Sapphos, aux Anacréons de l'hôtel de Rambouillet, lorsque Paris s'appelait Athènes, que Vincennes se nommait Venouse, Meudon Tibur; lorsque les précieuses n'avaient plus le parler comme tout le monde, et que les solitaires de Port-Royal exerçaient encore leurs élèves aux formes du syllogisme, à l'aide de ces vers que Gaibungus aurait signés:—

'Barbara celarent Daril ferio Baralipton,
Cesare camestres festino Baroco daraptl.'

Etudes Germaniques, ii. 447.

ing as you would make use of the one kind or the other. These idioms, so to call them, are the Usitata, the Assena, the Semedia, the Metrofia, and so on; and he proceeds to give instances of their respective application. Upon such nonsense it is impossible to dwell longer, though numerous are the writers who are said to have composed in it, under the most illustrious names of ancient literature, whole volumes on grammar, orthography, and versification, all, we should imagine, equally delirious in style and matter. Thus, as regards their matter, Virgilius relates that he was once engaged, along with thirty of these teachers, in treating on the science they practised. The subject of their discussion was the conjugation of the Latin verb. In the conduct of these deliberations, they soon ranged themselves in two sects, the leaders of which—a Terentius and a Galbungus—had passed, it was said, fourteen days and nights in debating the profound question whether the pronoun *ego* had a vocative case, which was at last determined by the sage Æneas, who affirmed it, but only when the word was used interrogatively. This and similar instances are to be found of the studies in which the learned men of the day delighted. The women followed their example, coming, as usual, to the front of a declining literature, and acquired their meed of fame in due proportion. There was among them a Sulpicia, who may have been deemed a worthy rival of the Roman poetess of that name, and another whose appellation, Fassica, we can trace no further, but which became so illustrious that its renown might be expected to endure as long as the world existed.

How far these superficial puerilities extended, or how long they continued in fashion, we have no means of ascertaining. The assumption of fictitious names, as we shall see, was again practised two centuries later. But the witness of Virgilius to the liberality of the Church in preserving the text of some at least of the ancient classics, though confining them to separate shelves or libraries, is of some historical importance. We are still unable to determine any time when the great writings of antiquity were entirely forgotten, even in the darkest ages. The pretence which this writer puts forth, that his secret language was invented to guard the thoughts of the men of letters from the cognisance of their rude barbarian tyrants, can hardly be considered as genuine. At no time did the northern warriors make war upon the ideas of the conquered people; but at the end of the sixth century, at least, they were very fully in accord with them. They embraced the Roman language and letters with the same simple faith with which they accepted the Roman religion and the Roman jurisprudence. It was not from the camps of the barbarians, but from the schools of the monks, that the heaviest blow was struck against the traditions of the ancient learning. The conventual system was brought, with much modification, from the East, and principally by Cassian, who established places of spiritual retreat in Gaul, of which the most noted was the monastery of Lerins on the coast of Provence. From this corner of Gaul the same system was speedily diffused to Marseilles and Arles, and to Luxeuil and Corbey, till it became the national form of Gallish monasticism. The followers of Cassian enforced the duty of labour, and enjoined, at the same time, the cultivation of the intellect; but they took a distaste for the classical studies which were still in vogue among the more secular of their contemporaries. The education which they required was confined to the reading of the Scriptures, with just so much of grammar as was necessary for the exposition of the sacred text, so much arithmetic and astronomy as might qualify for calculating the annual recurrence of the holy days, so much music as might assist or direct the voice in plain song. At all events they allowed no superfluous time for idle self-introspection, which had been the bane of the monasteries of the East. The simple copying of manuscripts was a work of practical utility, which might help to imbue the mind with the first elements of general knowledge, to keep alive a sense of the common interests of all Christian people, and to weld Christendom together in the face of the victorious heathen world. Nor was this educational system wholly stationary. The rule of St. Benedict extended the objects it had in view, and made rapid progress from Italy into the West, and especially in Gaul. The monasteries enjoyed much influence, but they could exercise no authority. The rule of the bishops was now rapidly advancing, and it is not unlikely that from an early period these potentates became jealous of the influence of a system over which they possessed little direct control. They began to emulate the superiors of the convents in the education of youth. A school was established in every cathedral under the bishop's direction; and such schools, placed generally in the larger cities, and with the prestige of the chief pastor of the diocese reflected upon them, obtained, perhaps, greater favour with the clergy and people. The instruction they imparted was not more liberal than that of the others; it was directed more particularly to training for the priestly office, and to

qualifying the pupils for the performance of the services of the Church.*

'In this manner,' says Mr. Mullinger, 'the great revolution was gradually effected. To the municipal school there succeeded the cathedral school; the *grammaticus* of the former was supplanted by the *scholasticus* of the latter; the Christian preacher occupied the place of the professor of rhetoric; the bishop of the church was at once the head of the diocese, the chief magistrate of the city, the guardian of order, the protector of the defenceless and oppressed. Whatever still survived of moral force, of social influence, of capacity for organisation, when the Frank subjugated Gaul, was to be found sheltering in the monastic cloister, by the episcopal chair, or by the altar of the church. The shrewdness of Clovis discerned the opportunity; the religious zeal of the Latin clergy hailed the prospect of a decisive triumph over their pagan or Arian antagonists. Hence the memorable compact, pregnant with momentous consequences, not only to Frankland, but to all Europe, first ratified when the conqueror bent before the cross uplifted by St. Remy at Rheims—the compact between Teutonic might and the aims and theories of Christian Rome.'

This compact sealed, indeed, the most important revolution that can be effected in the interests of education. It transferred the training of youth from the secular to the clerical power. The education of the ancients had been the province of the State; the schools and, if we may so call them, the universities of the Greek and Roman world had been maintained or subsidised by the State with funds imperial or municipal. The instruction they gave had been wholly and simply secular. But the compact of the Church with Clovis completed the change which had been for some time silently in progress; education became no longer the care of the State; it neither served the State nor looked to the State for maintenance. It was taken under the charge, first of the monasteries, and next of the cathedrals; from them it received its scope and colour. Its scope, as we have seen, was narrow, and its colour was simply clerical; but it was the clerical career in those days that alone gave room for all the religious and spiritual ideas of which the age was susceptible. The secular education of the past had given way to the religious education, the idea of which has been so generally accepted as the basis of a liberal training even to our own times.

The decline of letters became now more rapid than ever. Gregory of Tours, in the middle of the sixth century, is both a witness to it and an example of its effects. This writer, the Herodotus, as he has been called, of modern history, if he announces the commencement of a new era in literature, attests even more plainly the utter decrepitude of that which was passing away. Between him and Sidonius there was an interval of forty years in time, but in their language, their style, their conception of the art of composition, the difference is immense. The men may be said to have belonged to two different ages of the world.

'That Gregory's early training included whatever of classic education still lingered in Southern Gaul will scarcely be called in question. His writings sufficiently prove that he had acquired some familiarity with Latin authors: his Virgilian quotations are numerous; and admitting what is perhaps somewhat questionable proof, he would appear by like evidence to have been acquainted with Sallust, Pliny, and Aulus Gellius. But the fatal influences of his time are clearly reflected in his own style of Latinity; in his candid avowal that he is not solicitous to avoid a solecism: in his deferential appeal to the student of Capella's compend, as one who might be regarded as learned in the learning of the age; and in his melancholy statement of the motives which led him to compile his history, in which he exclaims, "Alas, for our age! for the study of letters has perished from our midst, and the man is no longer to be found who can commit to writing the events of the time."'

As for himself, the Latin idiom with which he laboured is disfigured by the grossest elementary grammatical errors; while the barbarisms with which it is blistered are often, as he himself confesses, mere wanton extravagances. So generally has the new ecclesiastical teaching driven the secular learning out of the field! Extremes, we know, often meet, of which fact we may be reminded by the barbarian Chilperic, the son of Clovis, not only composing in this rude age outrageously bad verses himself, but requiring the introduction of new letters into the Latin alphabet; just as the Emperor Claudius had done at the moment when the language had attained its highest pitch of refinement, and the intellect of youth was being forced in schools warmed with endowments. But this prince's freak was mere trifling; it met with no response, nor did it deserve any. The collapse of secular learning became more and more complete. The outward respect which the Merovingian monarchy paid to the Church, to which it had owed the confirmation of its title, though it did not avail to preserve it from gross and rapid spiritual decline, afforded sufficient shelter to its institutions and its fabrics, and some at least of the conventual and cathedral libraries still retained on their shelves a few precious remains of ancient literature, however rarely

* M. Ozanam gives a list of more than twenty episcopal schools in various parts of France under the Merovingian kings.

any individual student cared to profit by them.

In the general confusion of the age which preceded the rise of the Carlovingian dynasty, the spirit of bishops and abbots had become thoroughly secularised, and as they estimated themselves so they were treated by the secular power. The pretended reformation of the Church by Charles Martel was mainly a work of confiscation and spoliation. The Christian hero had defended it against the assaults of the Saracens, but it was by making free use of its accumulated treasures. We may imagine, however, that with the loss of so much of their property and of their political influence, the clergy did not fail to recover some of the spirit of their divine institution. The schools of both convents and cathedrals had suffered together in the general eclipse which the Western Church, especially in France, was then undergoing. But the foundation of the monasteries of Fulda, Corbey, and St. Gall on the borders of German heathenism, had already awakened from long torpor the missionary zeal of the early Christians. The missions sought their strength from the subtle organisation of the Roman see, and their leaders constantly repaired to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul to draw thence courage to support them in the warfare to which their lives were devoted, and in which they were freely sacrificed. These establishments continued for several generations to be the centres of heathen conversion. From them the greater part of Germany received the light of the Gospel, together with the discipline of the Church; but the teachers who went forth from them had taken scant pains to combine secular learning with the simple lessons of the faith, and it was to their vehement preaching, to their devout zeal, to their ardent spirit of self-sacrifice, that they trusted, not in vain, for awakening the imagination of the admiring barbarians. Charlemagne indeed made use of a third and still simpler method of conversion by the sword; but the zeal of the great Christian conqueror was surely political rather than religious. We may in charity doubt whether the monks themselves approved of it, and still more whether the cause of the Gospel truth was thereby promoted. But the famous emperor, who occupies certainly the first rank, if not, as some ardent admirers would contend, the very first place, among the heroes of secular history, was a man of broad views and liberal sympathies; and if he multiplied the numbers of his subjects by the rude methods of war, he set other instruments to work in promoting their culture, and extending to them the happy influences of a peaceful administration.

Great, very great as Charles himself was, as a warrior, a ruler, and a statesman, his greatness appears all the more eminent from the fact that there is little or nothing in the circumstances of the age to which we can trace its development. Charles was self-made. His views and aspirations were all his own. The dominant idea of his career, the revival of the Roman Empire, was his own conception. The Merovingian kings before him had not dreamt of it. Theodoric, the first barbarian king at Rome, had not ventured to aspire to it. It is not to be inferred indeed from this apathy that Western Europe had consciously abandoned the idea which had so long possessed it, that the universal sovereignty of Rome was an eternal fact, which might lie for a time in abeyance, but could never be definitively lost to the world, or merged in the new order of petty provincial monarchies. The rulers of Gothia, Burgundians, Franks, or Lombards, might stand forth as the actual satraps of the ancient Romania which had retreated into the background, but was not the less still dimly apparent to them in the comprehensive unity of the Roman Church. Charles was the first, since the fall of the city, to give embodiment to this idea by boldly associating the empire with the popedom. From him the world received a dual government; a spiritual sanction was given under his auspices to the temporal power, while a temporal safeguard was conferred upon the spiritual. The wars which he prosecuted almost without remission throughout his long career might be justified in his mind by the religious objects which they subserved. Whether he contended against the Saxons, the Saracens, the Lombards, the Bavarians, or the Avars, he might persuade himself that he was really propagating the true and necessary faith, and promoting the interests of the Church and State together. No such idea had entered into the mind of man before; we may imagine what an impulse it must have given his policy, how truly great it must have made him feel himself. But though so constantly engaged in warlike enterprise, the same idea inspired him to devote his extraordinary energies to the consolidation of empire by legislation. He looked to the future as none of the Cæsars had done before him. The jurisprudence of Charlemagne may be traced almost year by year in the capitularies, or rescripts, which issued from his court or camp, by which the barbarian races which had submitted to his sword were brought under a common law, and launched together on the career of social

civilisation. Though the unity of the Frankish empire was soon split up after his decease, its uniformity long remained; nay, in several respects it still essentially subsists. The portions of it which broke off from the Frankland of his successors still retained the impression of his policy. They still maintained themselves against the assaults of barbarian races and of alien religions. The community of sentiment which to this day distinguishes Western Europe from the rest of the world owes its origin most directly to the impress it received from one moulding hand. The functions, and even the titles, of our modern aristocracies, are derived from the institutions of Charlemagne, nor less so the parliamentary guarantees of our popular liberties; for he was as assiduous in the holding of councils as in the planning and direction of campaigns.

But we are at present more particularly concerned with the action of the great emperor in regard to education, which bore no less a part than either his wars or his legislation in fashioning the common culture of his own and later ages. The career of Charles as a promoter of education is inseparably connected with that of our countryman Alcuin; but though he met the English scholar as early as the year 768, the first of his reign, when Alcuin passed through Frankland on his return from a mission from York to Rome, it was not till twelve years later that he renewed the acquaintance, and continued the intimacy and sympathy which ever after subsisted between the two. Alcuin had been a student and a teacher at the cathedral school of York, second only to Canterbury, if not actually superior to it. For the influence of Gregory the Great had been thrown heavily into the scale, against secular learning, which the Church of Augustine had persistently discouraged, while that of Paulinus in the northern diocese had extended to it apparently more favour. The writings of Bede still exist to attest the substantial purity of the Latin tongue as cultivated by a Northern scholar; and the well-known catalogue of the library at York, signalised in some of Alcuin's verses, shows that the ancient traditions still lingered there, however scanty might be the interest they generally retained for the students of the eighth century.* To York Alcuin returned, and continued to learn and teach there, where he was in high favour with the Archbishop Elbert. Charles was now for some years entirely engrossed with his wars against the Saxons and the Saracens. He had successfully defended the Pope against the Lombards, had conferred upon him the temporal sovereignty of the exarchate, and in return had engaged him to crown his son Pepin as king of Italy. In the course of a first and a second visit to the city, which was still the capital of polite letters, Charles's high intellectual powers had acquired a marked direction. He had begun to attach men of learning to his service. His first literary confidant was an eminent Italian, Peter of Pisa. By this man the still more eminent Lombard, Paul the deacon, was recommended to him, and invited to take up his residence in his northern dominions. Whether at Metz or at Thionville, it was probably at the court of the emperor, and in close attendance upon his person, that the cultivated scholar from the south devoted himself to the educational tasks imposed upon him. So far did these tasks extend, that Paul is said to have been employed in teaching Greek to the clergy at Metz;

* This versified catalogue contains the names of the authors specified by the writer, as he says, out of a much larger number:—

'Quod pater Hieronymus, quod sensit Hilarius, atque
Ambrosius præsul, simul Augustinus, et ipse
Sanctus Athanasius, quod Orosius edit avitus;
Quicquid Gregorius summus docet, et Leo papa
Basilius quicquid, Fulgentius atque, coruscant;
Cassiodorus item, Chrysostomus atque Joannes;
Quicquid et Althelmus docuit, quid Beda magister,
Quæ Victorinus scripsere, Boethius, atque
Historici veteres, Pompeius, Plinius, Ipse
Acer Aristoteles, rhetor quoque Tullius ingens.
Quid quoque Sedulius, vel quid canit ipse Juvencus,
Alcimus et Clemens, Prosper, Paulinus, Arator,
Quid Fortunatus vel quid Lactantius edunt:
Quod Maro Virgilius, Statius, Lucanus et auctor.
Artis grammaticæ vel quid scripsere magistri;
Quid Probus atque Phocas, Donatus, Priscianusque,
Servius, Eutichius, Pompeius, Comminianus.
Invenies allos perplures, lector, ibidem,' &c.

It will be observed that he notices first the doctors of the Church and other Christian authors, more Latin than Greek. Trogus Pompeius represents civil and Pliny natural history; Aristotle is cited, we may suppose, for his logic, and Cicero for his technical studies in rhetoric; next to these come a goodly array of Christian versifiers, and Lactantius, graceful alike in verse and prose; of the classical poets he cares to mention three only, and all these are Romans, whatever others he may have passed over; lastly, a more numerous list of grammarians and commentators, whose expositions of the poets were perhaps more diligently studied than the text of the poets themselves. Granted, however, that these and other ancient volumes loaded the shelves of the library at York, it is likely that Alcuin, the most ardent student of his day, was one of a very few scholars who really took advantage of them.

but this may only mean, perhaps, that he assisted them to spell out the sermons or commentaries of the Greek fathers. Nor can we infer from the numerous quotations from the Greek which are found in Alcuin's writings, that that scholar, distinguished as he was, possessed any genuine acquaintance with the language or its literature. He simply borrowed them from the fathers, and especially from Jerome, while his blunders in Greek grammar and orthography betray too plainly how little knowledge he had of his own. The few Hebrew words which appear also in his commentaries may be traced to Jerome.

The first and most authentic account of the life of Charlemagne is that of his contemporary Eginhardt, but this writer concerns himself almost wholly with political and military affairs. The anonymous monk of St. Gall, writing half a century after the emperor's decease, has given us a more interesting account of the great monarch, at least from our present point of view. He commences his work with telling us how, at the moment when Charles began his reign over the West, the study of letters had fallen into the deepest neglect. Then it was that two Irishmen came over by chance into Gaul, men profoundly versed in literature both sacred and profane. Traders they were not, but they went straight into the market-places, crying out, 'Ho! does any one want knowledge?—let him come to us, and take it, for we have it here on sale.' This they said because they observed how the many care more for that which they pay for, than for what they get for nothing. So long did they persist in repeating this chant of theirs that it came at last to the ears of the king, who, insatiable in his love of knowledge, sent at once for the strangers, and demanded the price of their wares. All they required was food and raiment for themselves, and minds disposed for learning in those who resorted to them. Charles hastened to attach the strangers to his own person in the palace; but when he was obliged to go forth campaigning, he put under the care of one of them the children of his nobles and some of the lower classes also. The other he took with him into Italy, and assigned him for his school the convent of St. Augustine at Pavia, and afterwards that of St. Martin at Tours. The one was named Clement, the other was the illustrious Alcuin. On his return the emperor summoned into his presence the scholars of both classes, the richer and the poorer, and found on examination that the inferior set were far the more advanced in their acquirements. Thereupon, 'with all the wisdom of the Supreme Judge,' he set all the poor and learned on his right hand, and made them a complimentary address, promising them, if they persevered in study, wealthy bishopries and magnificent abbeys. Then, turning with a frown to those on his left hand, 'thundering rather than speaking,' he cried: 'As for you, sons of the nobles, delicate and polished youngsters, you repose upon your birth and fortune; you have neglected my injunctions, and surrendered yourselves to idleness. Let others admire you, if they will. I care not for your birth or beauty; nothing shall you ever get from King Charles!' After this exordium the monk proceeds to expatiate on the favour the emperor continued to show to learning, giving divers stories in illustration of it, recording various instances of the rewards he bestowed upon indigent but deserving scholars, and of his justice and sagacity in distributing them. In the examination of his scholars he continued to take a warm personal interest. Of the officials who attended upon him in his chapel there was none directed to point out to the reader of the day, by any mark of ink or even of the nail, the place at which he should stop; but everyone had to be on the alert, and catch the signal which the emperor punctually gave him by a guttural grunt or 'ahem!' At that moment the reader must stop, whether prepared or not, whether he judged the sense complete or the contrary. The monarch had, perhaps, an indifferent opinion of his clerks' intelligence; it is possible that he considered himself to be as much *supra grammaticam* as they were *infra*. It is fair, however, to remark that Charles was generally sensible of his own deficiency in scholarlike attainments. His own early education had been slight enough, and amidst the manifold occupations of his maturer years he found it hard to extend or improve it. If he doffed the iron gauntlet to take up the pen and trace his first literary characters, it is no wonder if his efforts were crowned with imperfect success. He was not aiming at caligraphy, as some of his apologists would tell us, but trying to acquire the first elements of an art which very few laymen, and not all the clergy, of his day had acquired. But whatever might be the extent of Charles's personal attainments in learning, his aspirations for himself, and still more for his people, deserve our warm acknowledgments. The royal duty of educating his people became more and more impressed upon him with every visit he paid to Rome, with every contact he made with the still lingering traditions of the old imperial civilisation. In the year 787 he addressed an encyclic letter to his bishops and abbots, in which he insists upon the study

of letters as only next in importance to the practice of a holy life, urging that the true Christian must please God in his words and speech as in his deeds; 'by his words he shall be justified, and by his words he shall be condemned:' that if errors in language are dangerous, much more so are errors in sense and understanding; that the language of the Holy Scriptures especially requires for its just appreciation a thorough knowledge of the rules of rhetoric and logic. He would have instruction in these fundamental sciences extended to all classes and all ages. He ordains that schools be opened for the training even of children, and that not only the children of serfs, but those of free men, be invited or required to attend them. Splendid were the visions that rose before him of the doctors and fathers whom one generation of the youth of his empire might thus supply. 'Would to God,' he once said to Alcuin, 'that I had twelve such doctors in Frankland as the holy Jerome and the holy Augustine!' 'Be content, sire,' replied his patient monitor; 'the Lord of heaven and earth himself has but two such.'

It was in the year 781, when Charles was in Italy, that he met with Alcuin the second time. The English scholar had come from York, where the fame of his teaching, supported as he had been by the Archbishop Elbert, had attracted students from distant parts, and was now returning with the pallium from Pope Adrian for Elbert's successor, Eanhald. The emperor was soon convinced that he had found the right man to promote the educational work of Peter of Pisa and Paul the deacon, of whom the former was worn out with age, the latter had chosen to quit his service, and had retired to the monastery of Monte Cassino, to write the history of his own countrymen, the Lombards. To the Englishman the Frank was nearly akin, and Northumbria had formed political ties with the Frankish empire. The admiration of Charles and Alcuin was mutual. Alcuin was easily persuaded to exchange his office as *scholasticus* or professor at York for the direction of the school which Charles attached to his own court. He parted from his archbishop on friendly terms, leaving the cathedral school in good hands, and took up his residence under the emperor's wing at Aachen. Both the monarch and the teacher were in the flower of their age, and full of generous sympathy with each other. Charles was distinguished by the favour with which he treated the foreigners whom he attracted to his court for the promotion of his educational projects. He kept many of them about him in the short intervals snatched from his military enterprises, and made their maintenance a charge upon his revenues during his frequent absences. The example may have been set by his father Pepin, but it was by Charles that the School of the Palace was developed into a regular institution. He looked upon the restoration of letters as the means of consolidating the rude forces of the empire which he was acquiring by arms, and he assembled at his court the noble youths whom he destined for office in Church and State, to try their abilities and train their understandings. The students who met in the palace at Aachen were required to look beyond the art of chanting and calculating Easter, or even of conning the lectionaries of the Church services. For the conduct of public affairs it was expedient that they should learn both to talk and write Latin as well as their vernacular German tongue, and Charles attempted, though it would seem unsuccessfully, to establish schools on the eastern borders of his empire for instruction in Greek, with a view to intercourse with the court of Constantinople. The regular education of the youth of the Palace School was derived indeed from the manuals of the grammarians; and Alcuin, whom we are not allowed to credit with any original views, might have been content, as we may judge from his own meagre summaries of the learning of his day, to abide within the lines traced out by a Gregory and an Augustine. It was by the personal influence of the liberal emperor himself that the Palace School was widened to embrace an ampler range of study, and to look beyond the ecclesiastical traditions of the cathedral and the monastery.

'When, however,' to quote Mr. Mullinger again, 'the circle was joined by Charles and the older members of his court, the instruction necessarily assumed a different form. The adult mind can rarely master knowledge after the fashion of more tender years. That wondrous faculty of the youthful intellect which causes it to resemble a capacious carpet-bag in the way in which it receives and retains whatever the instructor may think fit to put into it, disappears as the judgment becomes matured. The memory then refuses to burden itself with facts of which it apprehends neither the importance nor the connexion; and so we find Charles and his courtiers, plying the *vates* from across the Channel with innumerable questions, often blundering strangely and misapprehending widely, but forming a circle which even at this lapse of time it is impossible to contemplate without interest; the monarch himself, in the ardour of a long unsatisfied curiosity, propounding queries on all imaginable topics—suggesting, distinguishing, disputing, objecting—a colossal figure gazing fixedly upon his admired guest, and

altogether a presence which might well have disconcerted a less assured intellect. Alcuin, however, holding fast by his Boethius, Cassiodorus, and Isidorus, is calm and self-possessed, feeling assured that so long as he only teaches what "Gregorius summus" and "Bæda venerabilis" believed and taught, he cannot go very far wrong. Around him, as the years went by, he saw successively appear the three royal sons born in wedlock, Charles . . . Pepin . . . and Lewis. . . . There, again, was Charles's much-loved sister Gisela. . . . Thither also came the last and best-loved of his wives, Liutgarda . . . his son-in-law Angilbert . . . the royal cousins Adelhard and Wala. . . . There, too, were Riculfus, Eginhard, Fredegis'—

the bishop, the biographer, the poet and philosopher. We have spoken before of the strange affectation of a famous alias, so common among the *literati* of an earlier period. The custom still continued or was revived under the eye of Alcuin himself. This scholar and instructor of scholars thus addresses his illustrious pupils in the numerous letters he has left us: Charles under the name of David, Pepin as Julius, Gisela as Lucia, Liutgarda as Ava (Eve); Adelhard becomes Antony; Wala, Arsenius; Eginhard, Beseleel, and so on. He had himself assumed the pseudonym at one time of Publius, at another of Flaccus. Such trivialities might be well suited to the narrow sphere of Alcuin's acute intellect. But if the great hero, patient and scrupulous as he was in all things, and shrinking from no amount or waste of labour in the extension of his knowledge and his intellectual interests, condescended to them, he had the genius to conceive much higher uses for their attainments than his teacher could open to him. We cannot but imagine that it was a relief to him when his teacher became at last weary of his own position, constrained as he was to follow his pupil from Aachen to Metz and Thionville and Worms, and elsewhere, as war or policy required, feeling perhaps that he had nothing more to teach him, and that his spirit was rebuked by the grander spirit with whom he was so closely connected. It was about the close of the eighth century, when this connexion had subsisted nearly twenty years, that Charles graciously conferred upon him the Abbey of St. Martin at Tours, one of his most important and conspicuous ecclesiastical posts, and encouraged him to devote his remaining energies to the maintenance of a model monastic academy.

The site of the city of Tours might seem to have been destined for the capital of the great country which lies behind the natural boundaries of the Alps and the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Its communication with the sea is direct and rapid. The broad basin of the Loire and its tributaries is eminently fruitful. These streams indeed are capricious, and the Loire itself, overwhelming in its volume in spring and autumn, is again in summer drought not always navigable. But its quiet and luxurious abodes are too far removed from the military positions on the eastern frontier to which the eye of the warlike chief of a warlike people must ever be directed. The royal palaces in the Loire valley, at Blois, Amboise, Chinon, Chambord, and Tours, have furnished the kings of France with pleasant retreats; but it has been at Paris, at Soissons, or even in Charlemagne's time as far east as Metz or Aachen, that their government has been permanently fixed. Tours was at this period no centre of political and civil rule, but it was the highest seat of ecclesiastical influence in the Frankish empire. The abbey was the wealthiest of its class, the cathedral the most splendid, and the renown of the saint who was patron both of the one and of the other made them above all others the resort of devout visitors. St. Martin was glorified as the founder of monasticism in Gaul rather than even his master Cassian. Neither St. Denys nor St. Remi had as yet displaced him in the reverence of the Frankish people. The Merovingian princes had placed themselves under his special protection; the Carlovingians continued to send their richest offerings to his abbey; and the kings of France at a still later date were proud to assume the title and wear the vestments of its superior. Already the landed possessions of this abbey extended over whole provinces, but its ecclesiastical influence was still more extensive. Tours had become the metropolis of the Frankish Church.

Fresh from the restraints of the royal residence the new abbot might well rejoice in the career of dignified usefulness which lay before him. Education had been his employment through early and middle life, and he found himself still free to make it the congenial occupation of his few declining years. He opened at once a school for general instruction, and rejoiced to find that his name was an attraction which drew numerous students. After so many years passed on the Continent he still reverted to the library at York as the most abundant store-house of the choicest learning, and he solicited the emperor's leave to send some of his younger monks to England, with a commission to bring to St. Martin's the books, or probably copies of the books, which he deemed the most valuable: 'To bring back,' as he phrased it, 'to France the

flowers of Britain, so that these may diffuse their fragrance, and display their colours at Tours as well as at York;' adding in the same strain: 'In the morning of my life I sowed in Britain, and now in the evening of the same, when my blood begins to chill, I cease not to sow in France, earnestly praying that, by God's blessing, the seed may spring up in both lands.' But Alcuin, it would seem, still looked backwards rather than forwards. His mind reverted to the studies of his own youth, but it did not enter into his views to extend them with the expansion of human thoughts and interests in the train of receding barbarism and advancing culture. His ideas of education had received no development along with the progress of civil and religious society. On the contrary, we cannot but remark in his correspondence a feeling of regret at the time he had wasted in early years on mere secular acquirements. Virgil, once his delight, he now regards as an idle fabulist. He enjoins his pupils at Tours to be content with the sacred poets, the versifiers of Genesis and the Gospels. He rebukes one of his favourite and most accomplished scholars for being more familiar with the twelve books of the 'Æneid' than with the four volumes of the Holy Evangelists. He ventures even to reprove his 'dearest David,' when Charles recurs to him for the solution of some literary questions, savouring, as he says, of the learning of the old School of the Palace which he has now exchanged for the true wisdom of the Church and the Scriptures. He may indeed have disguised, in his communications to the imperial patron of more liberal arts, the restrictions he actually put on the studies of the monastery. 'In compliance,' he says, 'with the royal pleasure,' I shall give to some 'the honey of the sacred writings, shall gladden others with the vintage of the ancient learning, and mete out to a few the apples of grammatical subtlety;' but an incident related by his biographer throws some suspicion on these pretended relaxations. Sigulfus, we are told, along with two others of the younger brethren, endeavoured to carry on the private study of their favourite Virgil. The abbot detected their irregularity, and sternly rebuked it as contrary to his express injunctions. Sigulfus was confounded, and, throwing himself at his superior's feet, solemnly promised to do so no more. After a severe reprimand, the good abbot took him again into favour, and both he and another of his accomplices obtained high praise in later days for their application to sacred studies. But, however narrow were the educational views of the abbot of St. Martin's, the zeal and industry with which he enforced them, and maintained the moral discipline which is the best foundation of all learning, were amply rewarded. They were rewarded by the confluence of students from divers quarters, and from his own beloved England among them, the copious library of York proving less attractive to many Northumbrian scholars than the fame of the most accomplished of tutors. The school of St. Martin's monastery sent forth a succession of teachers formed on Alcuin's model, who set up educational institutions of the same kind throughout France and Germany. Sigulfus and Adalbert perpetuated their master's system at Ferrières. Samuel, bishop of Worms, and Haimon, bishop of Halberstadt, both his pupils, cultivated theology in the schools of their cathedrals. Rabanus Maurus, the most learned and the most famous of all, made the abbey of Fulda illustrious as a nursery of theologians; and his disciples—Walafried Strabo, Otfried, Ruthardt, and Ermenric—carried on the tradition of monastic teaching which they had derived originally from Alcuin at Tours. The descent of this learning may be carried much further down with some increase of development, and sanguine writers have deduced from it, through Lupus Servatus, Rémi of Auxerre, Odon of Cluny, Drogon, Roscelin, and Abelard, the birth of the University of Paris.

With the learned of his day, most of them his own pupils, at Fulda, Corbey, York, and Tours, Alcuin maintained a large correspondence; but among his letters many are addressed to the princes and princesses of the court at Aachen, full of exhortations to peace and amity, and his communications with Charles himself on the duties of rulers and the liberties of the Church were frank and outspoken. Nor did he suffer thereby in his generous patron's favour. Charles had ever held the city of Tours in high esteem on account of his illustrious saint. For the sake of his friend the abbot, he took it into still greater favour. He confirmed to it the riches it had accumulated through the liberality of former devotees, and gave it a charter of exemption from taxes, 'for the salvation of his own soul and the increase of his kingdom.' He continued to multiply its possessions till a population of twenty thousand slaves or serfs, and not less than sixty thousand dependents of all kinds, were gathered round the abbey in a territory as large as a modern department. But the lands of St. Martin were not confined to this locality. They extended in a long line from Tours to Aachen itself; so that the abbot might, if he chose, rest every night,

on his journeys from the monastery to the royal residence, within domains of his own. His course would lead him along the bank of the Loire to Ferrières-en-Gatinais, thence to Troyes, to Nogent-sur-Marne, to Choisy-sur-Aisne, to Corbey and St. Servais, in all which places were abbeys dependent on their mother church at Tours. On the approach of death, he was allowed to assign these various monasteries to his most cherished pupils, which done, he resigned his own position as their common superior, and died, as he had ever wished, on the feast of Pentecost, in the year 804.

We may draw our remarks on the schools of Charlemagne to a close with another quotation from our author's lively sketch :—

'Europe's lofty beacon (*Europæ celsa Pharos*), as Alcuin on one occasion styles Charles, continued to shine over Frankland for ten years after Alcuin himself was no more. Neither family bereavement nor the declining fortunes of the empire appear to have diminished the ardour with which the aged emperor still pressed on internal reform, discussed knotty questions in theology, or pursued his literary researches. He gave to the Western Church the grand strains of the *Veni Creator;* his autocratic decision (a trait which reminds us somewhat uncomfortably of the Merovingian Chilperic I.) inserted in her symbolum, in defiance of Leo III., the fatal *filioque;* while, if we may credit Theganus, the last days of his life found him correcting (probably by the aid of Clement of Ireland's superior Greek scholarship) the Vulgate translation of the Gospels.'

It was thus that the foundations of revived education were laid in the eighth century at the critical epoch of the foundation of the revived Roman Empire. The chief point to which we would direct our readers' attention is, that this foundation was first laid in the teaching of religion, and was placed mainly in the hands of the priestly orders. Charles himself was not insensible to the value of education for the service of the secular government, and gave his warm encouragement and even his personal attention to the means by which it might be advanced and extended. The School of the Palace was essentially a revival of the imperial education instituted by the Cæsars of old. We forbear to enter upon the period when both these institutions flourished side by side under Louis the Pious, Charles's son and successor; when they reached for a brief period to a development of brilliant promise; when, on the one hand, the professional training of the clergy was more fully and more widely enforced, and, on the other, the claims of a higher philosophy were recognised together with a more liberal appreciation of the old classical models. But these hopeful days were too soon overclouded. The empire of Charlemagne broke up in utter confusion. Wars and revolutions unsettled men's minds and diverted them from all thought of spiritual or intellectual occupation. The incursions of the Northmen followed, and the destruction of the once honoured abbey of Tours was but one of a series of similar disasters. Three or four centuries were yet to elapse before the foundations of education could be again cleared for the superstructure which has since been reared upon them, for the theological seminaries of our mediæval cathedrals, for the disputations in our early universities, for the endowment of our colleges and hostels, for the grammar schools under the control of the bishop or the abbot; again, for our free schools specially exempted from it; and lastly, for the model towards which we seem to be now impatiently tending, when the clerical element shall perhaps be excluded from the direction of popular education.

Art. V.—1. *The Racehorse in Training, with Hints on Racing and Racing Reforms.* By William Day. London: 1880.

2. *History of the British Turf, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By James Rice, Barrister-at-Law. In two volumes. London: 1879.

3. *The Racing Calendar for the Year* 1879: *Races Past.* By C. J. E. and J. P. Weatherby. Vol. 107. London: 1879.

4. *Ruff's Guide to the Turf.* Winter Edition, 1879–80. London: 1879.

The Turf has had the misfortune of late to attract in a more than ordinary degree the attention of Parliament and the press. The Jockey Club too, by which the racing world is chiefly governed, is criticised with unsparing severity, and various faults incidental to a sport which has developed from a simple and enjoyable pastime into a gigantic system of gambling are attributed to the Club's want of firmness and promptitude, although, it must be confessed, not always logically or with good reason. Within the last eight years an Act has been passed for the repression of certain phases of turf gambling, and for the licensing (which will probably end in the suppression) of race meetings in certain localities; nor is it unlikely that Parliament may be compelled, or at least urged, to take speedy action with a

view to putting down, wholly or partially, the enormous system of 'speculation' which, during the last fifty years, and more particularly during the last twenty years, has been engrafted on the pastime of horse-racing. All real friends of the turf, men who race only for pleasure as well as those who are desirous of improving our breeds of horses, are agreed in opinion that racing is now largely overdone. In many places the meetings of recent years have unfortunately become a nuisance of a very aggravated kind, the easy access afforded by our numerous railways having facilitated the movements of bands of insolent roughs who disturb the neighbourhood and interfere with the course of sport. Even the repose of Newmarket has recently been broken by persons intent on robbery or other crimes, who intensify the bad repute in which racing is held by a large number of excellent people.

That racing, largely fed by the gambling element, to which it is on all sides exposed, is increasing to an uncalled-for extent, becomes apparent from the turf statistics of 1879, although these are not in some respects so heavy as those of some preceding years, several of the more abject gate meetings having been abandoned. It appears, however, that from February to November inclusive, a meeting held in January being also taken into account, there were held 271 race meetings of all kinds. The number of stakes raced for was 2,920, and the meetings occupied in all 478 days of racing. The horses contending for the various prizes numbered 17,446, the same animal, however, taking part in many of the contests. In the two kinds of racing, flat racing and steeplechasing probably 2,500 different horses would run; one horse ran thirty times in the course of the season, and many of the competitors on from five to sixteen occasions. The value of the stakes raced for in 1879, including cups and plates, was not far short of half a million sterling, the largest amount paid at any meeting being at Ascot, where the stakes in money reached the handsome sum of 26,617*l.* The most valuable race of the year was the Derby, which exceeded by a trifling amount the sum of 7,000*l.*, consisting of the money paid by the namers or owners of the horses.

In the matter of the larger stakes the racing of 1879 gave to sixteen noblemen and gentlemen the chief profits, the total sum of their winnings being 166,463*l.*, or about a third part of the half-million sterling which has been mentioned. The largest amount won by any one of these gentlemen —the result of twenty-nine races—was 26,366*l.*, the lowest amount being 5,092*l.* No winning account of less than 5,000*l.* is included in the above computation, although there were probably three hundred winners of sums varying from five thousand to fifty pounds. As regards the highest of the above amounts, it has been exceeded, we may state, in some previous years; the largest winner in 1877–78, the same nobleman in both years, pocketing 34,378*l.* and 37,378*l.* respectively, whilst the value of the stakes won by him in 1879 was 23,528*l.*, and in the five years from 1875 to 1879 his total earnings amounted to 126,799*l.* These sums represent the greater prizes of the turf. In thirty-five races in 1879 the stakes were over 1,000*l.*, in eleven the sums gained were over 2,000*l.*, and in three races over 6,000*l.** The blanks of racing are numerous indeed. In the annual tables of statistics presented to readers of the sporting journals, sums are named as won by owners of race-horses, which would not pay the fees of the jockeys who rode them, coupled with the travelling expenses of the animals engaged; whilst it is probable that many good sportsmen only tried their fortune to draw blanks.

In the volume of the 'Calendar of Racing for 1879,' issued by Messrs. Weatherby, who represent the business department of the Jockey Club, various additional statistics are brought together. The Calendar deals, however, only with races run on what is called the *flat*, steeplechasing records being dealt with separately. The number of horses engaged in flat racing only in 1879 was 2,113, each of which, as has been already stated, ran one or more times; the value of the stakes is represented at 380,699*l.*, being less than the amount previously given, which includes stakes for steeplechasing. It can also be ascertained from the Calendar that the produce of 2,995 brood mares in 1879 added 1,855 youngsters to the racing stock of the country. The number of races run on the flat during the last five years has been as follows:—In 1875, 1,909; 1876, 1,907; 1877, 1,639; 1878, 1,699; 1879, 1,626; showing a considerable decrease since 1875.†

These figures show the magnitude to which the pastime of horse-racing has at present attained, although the amount paid

*These statistics are derived from the 'Sportsman' and the 'Sporting Chronicle' newspapers.

† In 1849 the number of horses that ran on the flat was 1,315, and in 1859 the number had increased to 1,645; so far back as 1822 the horses competing numbered 988. In the year 1863 the number of races brought off on the flat was 1,668, and in 1864 only 1,514.

down in stakes, large as it is, does not convey a correct idea of the expenditure incurred in racing, or the very large amounts of money which are annually betted against the chances of particular horses winning any given event, estimated, as will presently be seen, at the prodigious sum of 5,000,000*l.* Only a very small percentage of the two hundred thousand persons who annually visit Epsom to view the struggle for the Derby, or who see the races run at Ascot or Goodwood, have even a rudimentary idea of what is required to be done before the actual work of racing can begin. The spectators of a horse-race—we speak of the majority—go simply for the sake of enjoying a holiday, and care for nothing but what they see, having no desire to penetrate behind the scenes. A race, however important and exciting it may prove, is quickly over, and, in most cases, at once forgotten, except by those having a pecuniary interest in the result. The ordinary spectator of a horse-race, such as the Derby or Royal Hunt Cup, is like a child taken to a theatre. The gorgeously appointed and glittering pantomime, for aught the child knows, may have fallen from the clouds ready prepared; the happy little one, wonderstricken at what is before him, knows nothing of the toil which its preparation has caused, or of the condition of the hundred people who have for weeks been engaged in preparing the spectacle. Much after the same fashion the business of the turf, which culminates at stated intervals in a Derby or St. Leger, or in the running of some great handicap, is very onerous, as all in the secrets of a training establishment can tell. None but those familiar with the business of the turf can possibly know the terrible anxieties which beset a popular trainer of race-horses, especially when the patrons of the stable are addicted to heavy betting, and, as the phrase goes, 'stand to win a fortune' on a particular horse. To keep the animal in good health demands the trainer's unceasing attention; to see that its food and drink are properly supplied and of the best quality, that its gallops are carefully regulated, that it is warmly housed, and that no improper person obtains access to the stable, are duties which must be performed with unvarying regularity and unceasing watchfulness. Though a trainer be ever so lynx-eyed and vigilant, he will sometimes be baffled, and may awake some morning near the day of the race to find all his hopes frustrated by a villainous conspiracy. A Derby favourite has before now, despite the care of the trainer, been rendered *hors de combat* by being 'got at' in the stable, no one at the time being able to tell how; its water may have been poisoned, its food adulterated, the blacksmith may have pricked it in shoeing, its stable attendant may have been bribed to administer some noxious substance to the animal, or it may fall into a trap dug for it on its training ground. A few hundred pounds paid for the exercise of a little villainy offers a wonderful incentive to the inventive power of a professional or other turf conspirator.

Only one horse can, of course, win the Derby in any one year—and for that race it must be nominated when it is a yearling—but the same animal may also gain for its owner two or three of the other great races, the stakes of which represent a little fortune of twelve or fourteen thousand pounds. It is quite possible for the same horse to win the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and St. Leger; indeed, that feat has been accomplished more than once, and, not to speak of the value which would attach to the horse able to do so much, the united stakes usually represent a large amount of money. In 1879, these stakes represented respectively sums of 6,250*l.*, 7,025*l.*, and 6,525*l.*, or a total of 19,800*l.* The chance of winning amounts like these is doubtless the reason why such high prices have of late years been paid for yearlings. Were a horse, costing as a yearling, say, five or six hundred pounds, to prove successful in winning any two of the great races, its owner, if so disposed, would perhaps be able to sell it for a matter of 10,000*l.*, with the view of running it for cups and then using it at the stud. Curiously enough, however, although men are found, year after year, to give large prices for yearlings, comparatively few of these expensive purchases ever win an important race. In the year 1876, eighteen yearlings brought a total of 26,950 guineas; in 1877, twenty-one of the yearlings sold realised 30,720 guineas, and in the year following 20,800 guineas was realised by fifteen animals. In 1879 the following sums were realised by the seven yearlings which brought the highest prices—2,200, 1,500, 1,400, 1,300, 1,000, 1,000, and 1,000 guineas respectively—while fourteen others were sold at sums of 500 guineas and upwards*—the sires most

* The average prices obtained for yearlings during the last year or two have not been large, so that one or two of the public breeding studs, despite the big sums given upon occasion for particular horses, notably Maximilian and Blue Blood, for which 4,100 and 3,000 guineas were paid, and a few others for the sums we have named above, have ceased to carry on business. In five sales which took place from 1866 to 1868.

favoured in the prices brought by their stock being 'Doncaster,' whose prodnce averaged 536 guineas; the prodnce of 'Wild Oats' 487 guineas per head, of 'Cremorne' 453 guineas, of 'Hermit' 455 guineas, 'Queen's Messenger' 443 guineas. The stock of other sires also realised fair averages. It would doubtless prove interesting to follow the fortnnes of these animals, and to note how few of them recoup their purchase-money, coupled with the cost of their keep, as well as their travelling and other expenses. A fashionably bred yearling, costing, say, a thousand guineas, will not be trained, travelled, and jockeyed for a less snm than about 300*l.* per annum. Can it be wondered at, under such circumstances, that nearly all sportsmen require to gamble in order to pay the heavy bills of their trainers and the accounts of their jockeys? In one fashionable stable two owners have sixty-eight horses in training, many of which are heavily entered for future stakes of every description; and if the patrons of the stables have to disburse a sum of 20,000*l.* per annnm in training expenses, they will be getting off for a moderate amonnt. There is, however, a *per contra* in this case as the two gentlemen alluded to won in the course of 1879 the handsome amonnt of 30,000*l.*, and may therefore have profited to the extent of 10,000*l.* sterling by their racing transactions; what they may have won or lost in betting is, of conrse, their own bnsiness. The gambling incidental to the tnrf will be considered before concluding our remarks.

The business of racing includes, of conrse, the breaking in and training of the horses. On the skill with which this is accomplished depends much of the success of the animals during the racing season. Some racing men incline to the belief that the best horses are those which are privately bred by their owners, and that, in consequence, the days of large breeding studs for the purposes of public sale are numbered; but there are still about a dozen specnlative breeding stnds in England, kept np at considerable expense, and introdncing to the turf every year a large number of highly bred horses, the greater number of which are sold by auction. A yearling racehorse, at the time of its purchase, may look the picture of health, be exceedingly 'bloodlike,' and possess all the characteristics of a valuable animal, but before it has been three months in training it may be found utterly nseless for racing pnrposes; so that investing a sum of money in blood stock for the turf is very much like buying a lottery ticket. The horse which some years ago was bought as a yearling for 4,100 guineas has probably not yet earned in stakes much more than the interest of the money paid for it. Some trainers are particularly fortnnate with yearlings entrusted to their care, and are able, as a rule, to bring them, as soon as they are fit to race, to the various meetings at which they have engagements, trained to perfection. Others again, less able in the conduct of their business, or perhaps not so fortunate in the speed or stamina of the animals entrusted to them, do not make so good a show with their horses, and consequently are not looked upon with the same favour by the racing commnnity. It is never difficult to win a race with a good horse, if it be properly prepared for the struggle and be well 'placed;' but many capable judges of horseflesh think that horses are occasionally what may be called 'overtrained,' and that, in consequence, when the hour of contest arrives, they are compelled to succumb to some more robnst rival. Many trainers have acqnired fame in their business from ability to train a horse to win the Derby or St. Leger; others devote their time and attention to the preparation of horses for short races or great handicaps, whilst a third class keep to steeplechasing. It forms no part of our intention to describe at present the economy of a training stable, but enough has been said to indicate that the office of the trainer is not a bed of roses. The rising trainer of the period is a man of some education and intelligence, a contrast in many respects to his predecessor of fifty years ago, who was usually a groom and nothing more; the trainer of to-day knows something of the anatomy of the horses under his care, and is familiar with them in health and disease. He reqnires also to attend to their commissariat, and generally to administer his establishment, which may be large; he is probably the master of thirty or forty lads whom it is difficnlt to keep in order, and at the same time, if his is a pnblic training stable, he may have the hard task of reconciling the interests of half a dozen exacting masters, all desirous that their horses should quickly make their mark in the annals of the turf. One or two trainers

the following average prices were realised by yearlings bred at Middle Park—445*l.*, 324*l.*, 446*l.*, 360*l.*, and 295*l.* respectively. At the sale of the royal yearlings at Hampton Court in 1879, the twenty-six yearlings disposed of realised about 142*l.* each; the lots of other breeders, however, realised better averages in the course of the season. The royal yearlings, when disposed of in the year 1837, yielded for colt foals 1,471 guineas, and for filly foals 1,109 guineas, there being thirteen of the former and eighteen of the latter, so that the average was considerably below one hundred guineas.

also keep racehorses on their own account, which is to be regretted; gentlemen who pay some hundreds or perhaps thousands a year in training expenses do not like to be beaten by their trainer's horse, despite the fact that all may be square and aboveboard.

These observations are amply confirmed by an able publication from the pen of Mr. William Day. In his recent work, 'The Racehorse in Training,' will be found the results of experience gathered during a period of thirty years spent in the management of a great training establishment. Of all men, Mr. Day is entitled to speak with authority on questions of racing, as he may be said to have been born, as he certainly was bred, to the business. During his early youth he was a trusted and much-employed horseman, at a time when it is now affirmed that 'the silks and satins of the turf' were worn by giants—at any rate, by jockeys who are now looked back to as having been at the very front of their calling. Those who desire to know what a practical man has to say for and about the business of his life—that business being the preparation of horses for the purposes of racing—cannot do better than peruse Mr. Day's volume, which has been published at an opportune time, and is replete with trustworthy information on all the vexed questions incidental to modern horse-racing, conveyed in good style, without the use of the slang terms which most writers on sporting subjects seem to think necessary. A full half of Mr. Day's book is devoted to the consideration of the best modes of preparing horses for the racecourse, excellent advice being offered as to the purchase of 'yearlings,' the construction of stables, as well as the best modes of feeding, grooming, and exercising the high-mettled and high-priced horses which compete for the prizes of the turf; the remainder of the work is devoted to the exposure of abuses and the advocacy of certain reforms.

Trainers of racehorses are in general, notwithstanding the numerous insinuations which are frequently made against them, men of fair integrity of character. No doubt they sometimes make mistakes in their judgment of horses as regards powers of endurance and speed; and many critics who write in a hostile spirit fail to remember that a trainer is, after all, but a servant, not always allowed by the owners of the horses he trains to exercise his own judgment. Both owners and trainers may have at times a fortune in their grasp without knowing it. Horses, upon which at first very little store has been set, sometimes prove of great value, able to win important stakes, and afterwards bring large sums of money for use at the stud. To be in a position to inform his employer how best to 'place' his horses, so that they may win, constitutes one of the chief merits of a trainer. It is not, for instance, wise to enter a slow plodding horse to take part in a short-distance race, where speed is the chief requisite; nor, on the other hand, is it of any use entering a horse, suitable for a brilliant dash along a five-furlong course, in such races as the 'Goodwood Stakes' or the 'Cesarewitch' handicaps, which can only be won by animals of great staying powers—in other words, by horses possessed of rare stamina. Some owners and trainers of racehorses have such a happy knack of 'placing' them that they win half the races for which they are entered. A gentleman possessing a stud of only half a dozen racehorses will often have a larger winning account at the end of the year than an owner of perhaps four times the number, because he knows better what to do with them, so that, by winning a few races, they may at least pay for their keep, if they do not earn a profit.

Men possessing big studs strive to win the larger stakes; but as these are fewer in number and attract more competitors than smaller races, the chances of success are proportionately lessened. But when a 'City and Suburban' or 'Cesarewitch' is won, the money earned even in stakes is well worth adding to the owner's bank account. A few followers of racing lay themselves out to win cups or similar trophies, which are competed for on every principal racecourse; they would rather see their sideboard ornamented with a handsome cup than win a great handicap. Other racing men, again, care nothing for cups; it is money, and money only, they want; the horse to them is a mere instrument of gambling. As may be gathered from the statistics already given, there is a very large number of horses either engaged in racing or being prepared for the turf; it would probably not be an exaggeration to say that, of all kinds and ages, there are not less than ten thousand thoroughbred animals, some of which are of great value as stallions and brood mares. In 1879 fifteen such horses were sold for 24,370 guineas, or an average of something like 1,625*l.* each; and if the ten thousand horses of every kind, estimated as being used or being prepared for racing purposes, were to be valued at 200*l.* per animal—which is not by any means an extravagant price—the blood stock of the country would represent a sum of two millions sterling. Trainers entrusted with the care of such valuable property require

to be men not only of intelligence, but of strict integrity.

The jockey of the period is nowadays an important factor in every race, and quite a 'personage' besides, especially the successful and consequently the fashionable jockey. Of late years the chief 'mannikin' is said to have earned the income of a bishop. For the winning of an important race his employer may perhaps present his jockey with a thousand pounds sterling, whilst a legion of admirers and followers will lavish upon him presents of the most varied and wonderful kind. It has been calculated—and the calculation, there is reason to believe, is a moderate one—that a jockey in good employment will receive from persons 'backing his mounts,' in voluntary offerings, double the amount of his fees. A year or two since a comparatively nnknown jockey received anonymously a sum of 500*l.* for obtaining an unexpected victory in a certain race which it was thought would not be won by the horse he rode. There are jockeys and jockeys, and a good horse, it may be said, will, for the moment at any rate, convert a mediocre horseman into a famous rider, and one well-run race may procure for him a steady flow of business. There are, however, 'boys' who, like the present chief jockey, rapidly develope a natural talent for the art of riding, and whose services on the occasion of an important race are eagerly competed for, whilst the frequency with which these lads bear off the honours of the turf testifies to their ability. The leading jockey of the period has won over a thousand races within the last five years. There are not on the turf at present more than a dozen persons who can be designated as first-rate jockeys, but the one alluded to stands out from his fellows as a master of his art.

The nominal fee of a jockey, as fixed by 'the rules of racing,' is five guineas for riding a winning horse and three guineas for riding a horse which proves unsuccessful. To the ordinary run of jockeys the fees named are usually all that are paid on ordinary occasions, but for riding in important handicaps horses which have been backed in the betting ring to win large sums of money special bargains are made, so that any jockey with a little ability has the power of earning quite as good an income as the colonel of a regiment of dragoons. A jockey of repute, who is brought down special to a country meeting, will have as large a retainer as a popular counsel in an important case, besides being probably 'put on' to win in a bet or two a large sum, if the horse he rides proves successful. Upon a late occasion, when a Newmarket jockey was brought down special to the North of England, his fee is said to have been fixed at one hundred pounds in addition to his travelling and living expenses, whilst he was 'put on' to win a couple of hundred if he won the race, which he did. Several of the more able jockeys are retained at considerable salaries to ride only for certain stables when such stables have a competing horse. Some jockeys serve more than one master, each master paying a good wage in addition to fees and special allowances. We have no means of knowing the exact number of jockeys—the names of those who have taken out licenses not being yet published—but in 1879 upwards of 120 different 'boys' figured in the flat races of the season, their mounts ranging from 1 to 568; the twelve leaders in the business of horse-riding had in all 3,589 mounts.

As illustrative of the wages of jockeyship, it may be stated that the chief jockey must have earned in 1879, at the nominal fees already named, the handsome amount of 2,000 guineas; in his case the income named is really 'nominal,' if presents flow in at the rate which has been already indicated, and retaining salaries are as large as they are reputed to be. The jockey who was so fortunate as to win the Derby was presented—so it was rumoured at the time—with a cheque for 1,000*l.* by the owner of the horse, and the presentation of large honorariums to a successful jockey is now by no means uncommon. The nominal fees of the twelve leading jockeys of 1879 would amount to over 12,000*l.*, or at the rate of a thousand pounds for each of them, and, at a very moderate computation, their fixed allowances, perquisites, and presents would run the amount up to 35,000*l.*, of which the share of the leading jockey would probably be over 6,000*l.* Jockeys are now licensed. It has been found necessary to license them because of the misconduct of some of their number in keeping racehorses and making heavy bets. These lads are very liable to be seduced from their allegiance to their employers, to be corrupted in fact by the offer of large sums of money to betray the secrets of the stables in which they are employed, or to take means to ensure that a given race shall be lost by them instead of being won. In consequence of their being exposed to such temptations jockeys are lavishly rewarded; if a betting man knows he will have to pay 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.* if a given horse wins a particular race, what signifies the expenditure of a few hundreds to ensure that the race shall be lost, and that he will not have to pay! It simply

comes in the end to a game of brag between certain evil influences and the employer of the jockey. When a man wins 50,000*l.* in bets over a popular handicap or other race, he gives his jockey 1,000*l.* or 500*l.*, but the jockey may have refused as big a sum offered him to 'pull' his horse, and so lose the race. Happily, there are not a few thoroughly honest horsemen on the turf at the present time, men whose integrity is beyond dispute. Unthinking, volatile lads are sometimes, however, spoiled by success, and go to 'the bad,' as it is called, from being so much flattered and treated. In minor turf circles the minor jockey is just as much a god as the fashionable horseman is in higher grades of social life. The times are changed since the period when a jockey was simply a livery servant, and thought a present of a guinea from a satisfied master was a matter of great moment.

Mr. Day condemns the system of giving lavish presents to jockeys; he maintains that whatever power a jockey may possess, or however brilliantly he may exercise it, so long as he receives the regulation fee, he is well and fairly paid for his services. 'I should have little faith,' says the astute trainer, 'in the honesty of a jockey whose moral rectitude' stood on such slippery ground 'as the expectation of gratuitous, and in reality unearned, money.' As an illustration of how the old school of racing men dealt with the riders of their horses, he says:—

'What would the jockeys of to-day think of a present offered them like the following, and for similar services? After winning the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, and the Newmarket Stakes for the Duke of Grafton, the jockey was requested to attend at the lodging of Lord G. Fitzroy (the Duke's brother), who wished to make him a present. His lordship, after descanting on the jockey's virtues as a man, and his ability as a jockey, finished a diatribe of about half an hour's duration, by taking from his writing-desk a purse, and saying, "In the Duke's name and for him, I present you with two new five-pound notes on the bank at Bury St. Edmunds, and beg you will take care of them." This was rather a different method of appreciating or rewarding talent than is customary now, and yet they had honest jockeys, and good ones too, in those days.'

The business of horse-racing is brought to a focus at a particular place on a date determined upon. At that place the officers whose duty it is to carry out the business are all in attendance. Different race meetings are differently constituted. The meeting at Goodwood, for instance, is held by the permission of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, on the property of that nobleman; the royal meeting at Ascot is carried out under the auspices of the Master of the Queen's Buckhounds. Other race meetings are promoted by joint-stock companies, such as those held at Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and elsewhere, many of which are very profitable to the shareholders. The races which are run at Newmarket take place by authority of the Jockey Club. The business of racing is regulated at most of the meetings by an official who is known as 'clerk of the course.' He is a person of great importance, and may perhaps be the lessee of the course, grand stand, and all other appurtenances requisite for carrying on the meeting. On whatever footing any individual of the class may carry on business, the clerk of the course, speaking generally, is the mainspring of the whole adventure. It is the interest of this official, from whatever source his remuneration may be derived, to crowd his programme with as many races as it is possible to get through, and to hold meetings as often as possible and on as many days as sport can be provided. The clerk of the course is usually aided by a 'clerk of the scales,' on whom devolves the important duty of weighing out and weighing in the jockeys, before and after a race is run, and seeing that each carries the exact weight, neither more nor less, apportioned by the handicapper. This person must keep his eyes open while engaged in the performance of his duties; otherwise he may become the victim of a tricky jockey or owner, who has some object to gain by perpetrating a fraud—it has more than once occurred that the scales have been tampered with. At some meetings the judge himself officiates at the scales, and takes care that the weights are respected. At small meetings the judge, in theatrical parlance, 'doubles' many parts, acting both as handicapper, or adjuster of weights, and clerk of the scales as well. The handicapper is a most important personage at all race meetings, it being his duty to adjudicate the weights to be carried by the horses entered in the different handicaps and other races. The success of all race meetings is largely dependent on the knowledge and ability of the person engaged as handicapper, because owners and trainers are very jealous and exacting, as well as quite able to detect at once and resent, by the withdrawal of their horses from any given handicap, any instance of favouritism. No handicap is thought to be successful unless more than half of the horses entered are permitted to accept the weights conferred upon them; sometimes, however, although a

handicap may be remarkably well constructed, and every horse have a fair weight attached to its chance, the acceptances, for various reasons, may be exceedingly small. It has been suggested in turf circles, in order to ensure equality in adjusting the weights for all the more important handicaps, that a public handicapper ought to be appointed by the Jockey Club, and perhaps this will some day be done. In a handicap the weights are adjusted to the supposed capacity of the competitors, a wide range being sometimes taken by the handicapper —5 stone 7 lb. being the lowest weight apportioned to any horse, the highest weight being perhaps as much as 9 stone 4 lb.

The starter is another important racing functionary; without such a personage no meeting, indeed, could be held. It is his business to start the horses which are to compete in the race. The duty of the starter, more particularly when there is a large field of young horses (two-year-olds), is very difficult to perform satisfactorily, especially in cases where the race falls to be run over a short distance. Starters require to be men of firmness and decision of character, as they may have at times more than thirty jockeys under their command, each eager to secure some advantage at the start; some of these lads are mounted on unruly animals, while others of them goad their horses into fury for the sake of delaying the start, until the jockey of the expected winner is beaten by cold and fatigue even before the race is run. The starter has necessarily a great deal in his power, and instances are known of such officials having favoured a particular horse by allowing it to obtain what is called a 'flying start,' or some other advantage; as, for instance, a start effected when a number of the jockeys might be unprepared for the signal.

The starter officiates at one end of the course, the judge at the other. The judge ought to be a person of rare integrity, and, so far as can be known, the present racing judges are men of respectability in their calling. Not only the integrity of the judge, but his powers of observation, are of the utmost importance; from his fiat there is no appeal, his judgments are final and irrevocable, and on some of them there may be hundreds of thousands of pounds at stake; the winning of large amounts of money may only be accomplished by a couple of inches—a nose; in the slang of the turf a horse is sometimes said to win or lose a race by 'the skin of its teeth.' It occasionally happens that a race is so nearly what is known as a dead heat, that persons express themselves dissatisfied with the verdict of the judge, and assert that the second horse won the victory. Again, a race is often so close that the leading jockeys are themselves ignorant which horse has won till the number of the winner is hoisted on the indication board. When a large number of horses start for a short race, half a dozen of them will sometimes run so evenly and be so close together, that it is very difficult indeed for the judge to say which animal arrived first at the winning post. A novice in the judge's box during an important race would be a misfortune for all concerned, because, even in the case of a very obvious blunder, the official may insist on his verdict being correct, for, as has been stated, there is no appeal from it.

Besides these important officials there is a little army of money and check takers, doorkeepers and clearers of the course, dressed in uniform at some of the meetings. The Cerberus who watches at the entrance gate of what is called Tattersall's Ring is an old *habitué* of race meetings, and is supposed to know by head mark every person who comes into the paddock, and especially those who have the right of entrance to the sacred enclosure devoted to the members of Tattersall's, which is reserved for the *crème de la crème* of the turf world, no payment being able to secure admittance for any but the 'right sort' of people.

Any exposition of the business of horse-racing which did not contain a few words regarding the 'tout' would certainly be incomplete. The 'tout' as known to the racing world, is a person who makes it his business to collect and disseminate information about the various horses in training. One tout may have several masters, each paying him in some shape for his work, one or two in hard cash weekly, others by giving him a smaller or larger sum of money when they back a winning horse from the information which he supplies. Clever horse-watchers earn a good deal of money, so many gamblers being anxious for speedy information as to the condition and prospects of important horses. At almost every training-ground in England there are touts, and very little can take place with regard to the stud of horses in training which these persons do not themselves witness or hear of. An early telegram of a trial won, or of the breakdown in a trial or at exercise of a particular horse, is of great importance to a turf gambler, as the money market is so sensitive that the odds laid against a horse change with great rapidity whenever there is a rumour for or against its chance. The tout is up with the sun to witness the morning gallops of the horses; from a considerable distance perhaps, but

armed with a powerful glass, he sees all that takes place, and before breakfast will have despatched half a dozen telegrams to intimate that all is well with the favourite, or that the second favourite has pnlled up lame, as the case may be. It is doubtless difficult enough, on a training grounnd where fifty or sixty horses may be at work, to determine for what particular race certain animals may be in training, but the tout is eqnal to the occasion, and some of them are able to name the winner of an important race while yet a large price may be obtained against its chance in the betting market.

An enormous revenue is derived from the stands, paddocks, and rings at a popular centre of racing. Every inch of ground is turned to account in some way or other, either for stands, paddocks, waiting-rooms, lavatories, or refreshment bars. At some meetings the charge for entrance is very heavy, and the cost of private boxes and other conveniences exorbitant—the result being, of course, a plethoric income to all more immediately concerned in the venture. As has been stated, certain race meetings are now nnder the control of companies organised for the purpose; as an example, Epsom racecourse, on which the Derby is run, is leased from the proprietors of the ground by the Grand Stand Company, which derives a handsome return from the fees of all kinds charged for admission to the grand stand and its appurtenances, as well as for portions of the ground let for stands and booths, and from a toll exacted from the nnmerons vehicles which bring companies to witness the great race. Yet the men who run their horses in the Derby Stakes have themselves to provide the funds by which the winner is rewarded, probably as mnch as 6,000*l.*, the owner of each of the competing horses paying 50*l.* for the entry. Horses entered for the race, but which do not start, pay half that amount. The running of the Derby is probably the means of putting into the pockets of the company or companies, if there are more than one, a snm equal to the prize earned by the winning horse. The great race meetings held at Manchester are conducted on what is called the 'gate-money' system, a certain sum by way of poll-tax being exacted from every person entering the race-ground, whilst other and higher charges are made for access to various stands and enclosures. The authorities of the Manchester race meetings, unlike the authorities at Epsom, are very liberal in giving large amonnts of added money to certain races; to one race alone they add a sum of 2,000*l.*, and they are about to inangurate a new contest, to which they will add 1,000*l.* It has been computed that at Manchester on some of the race days, fixed for the Whitsnn holidays, as many as 80,000 persons have paid for admission to the race-grounds sums varying from sixpence to a guinea.

Different race meetings have their varied characteristics. The Derby day, for instance, is, even in the busy metropolis of London, observed as a holiday. To witness the race for the Derby is a perennial ambition of large masses of the population. Even the House of Commons adjonrned for many years to witness what Lord Palmerston called our 'Isthmian games.' A highly salaried clerk in a great London warehouse resigned his situation because he was not allowed to go to the Derby. The meeting at Epsom is not a fashionable meeting, in the sense of being patronised by the best society. It is to Ascot and Goodwood the ladies of the British aristocracy look forward as pleasant places of reunion previous to the close of the London season. At Newmarket, again, racing has always presented itself in a more business aspect. Racing there has never been looked upon as a show; in fact, it is evidently with reluctance that various concessions have lately been made to the pnblic by erecting a new stand and re-arranging the refreshment department of these meetings. A day or two before the commencement of a race meeting the horses which are to compete begin to arrive in the neighbourhood. In the early morning hours the various trainers are to be seen trotting and galloping their long strings of horses on the racecourse, giving them what students of the sport call a 'pipe-opener.' A regiment of touts will be found in attendance, taking notes of the morning gallops; racing reporters will also be present—the one to telegraph his opinion of the chances of the different horses to his employer, who probably bets on the information thus received; the other to write an account of what he witnesses for the newspaper on which he is employed. It is wonderful how large a number of persons turn out at an early hour to witness the morning performances of the horses. Owners and trainers are there, of course, as well as many of those motley hangers-on who haunt the different racecourses.

Newmarket is the capital of turfdom; in England it is known as 'head-quarters,' and is the nominal seat of the turf parliament, represented by the Jockey Club. There are thirty-one different racecourses on Newmarket heath, ranging from a little over a furlong to the Beacon Course of four miles, while in the course of the year seven meetings take place, at which more than 200 races are annually decided. In 1879 the number

of races run at Newmarket was 236. Newmarket, as well as being the head-quarters of the turf so far as the sport of racing is concerned, is also the chief resort of the trainers and likewise of the tonts, many of the principal racing stables heing at that place. The Jockey Cluh heing an eminently private and conservative hody, none hut the stewards and chief members know anything of its financial position, except the fact that it is supposed to he wealthy. A portion of the revenue of the cluh is derived from what is called 'the heath tax,' which yields four guineas annually for every horse trained at Newmarket, and there will probably be altogether abont a thousand of these animals in training at that place. One guinea is also exacted from the owners of every horse trained elsewhere which comes to compete in races run at Newmarket. A tax of two guineas is likewise levied for such yearling horses as are broken in on the heath, while there are other sources of revenue, such as a charge for vehicles coming on the heath and the overplus ohtained for horses sold out of selling races, which it is nnnecessary to particularise.

The Jockey Club is an association of kings, princes, peers, and esqnires. Exclusive of members of the Royal Family, the membership embraces no less than forty-four peers. It is on conditions laid down by this hody that the husiness of horse-racing is chiefly carried on. The Jockey Clnh administers the 'rules of racing,' which it also makes and alters from time to time. The powers of the Jockey Club as exercised hy the stewards—who are, for the time being, the executive of the hody—are exceedingly despotic. Without their sanction racing cannot anywhere he carried on, hecause, unless a race meeting he advertised as under the sanction of the Jockey Club—or at least nnder the rules laid down by that institution—all trainers, jockeys, or horses taking part in it would be disqnalified from competing at Newmarket or any other race-ground where the rules of the cluh are recognised and acted upon. All offences against the laws of racing and the practices of the turf, written or traditional, are taken cognisance of by the Jockey Club, and the stewards of that body form the trihunal before which they are adjudicated. The 'rules of racing,' as passed by the Jockey Cluh, are carefully devised: they appear to provide for every possihle contingency that may arise in the course of racing. The management of races, as well the powers of the stewards at all race meetings, are duly defined; the periods of the year during which racing may go on (that is, flat racing) are fixed, corrupt practices are condemned, the fees to be paid to jockeys are specified, and the mode of a jockey's engagement pointed out. As to the entering of horses for selling races there are ample details, whilst the rules as to ohjections and dead heats are plainly laid down.

Some of the matters, however, on which the Jockey Club have framed regulations, are not always snccessfnlly dealt with, despotic as are the powers of the hody. One of the high crimes and misdemeanours of the turf is 'watching a trial,' hut the trials of raceborses previous to an important race, somehow or other, always beeome pnhlic—even in the face of the stringent rule which lays down that if any person he found watching a trial, or he proved, to the satisfaction of the Jockey Club, to have employed any person to watch a trial, or to have ohtained surreptitiously information respecting a trial from any person or persons engaged in it, or in the service of the owner or trainer of the horses tried, 'every person so offending shall he warned off Newmarket Heath, and other places where these rules are in force.' The consequences of being warned off Newmarket Heath are fatal to the offender as a racing man or votary of the turf, for, so long as his disqualification continues, 'he shall not be qualified to snhscribe for, or to enter or run any horse for any race, either in his own name or in that of any other person.' Another clause deals with any person who may corruptly give or offer any money, share in a het, or other benefit to any person having official duties in relation to any race, or to any jockey, and metes out to such offender the same punishment, as also to any of the officials or jockeys accepting such money.

There are numerous other stringent rules and regulations, designed to prevent or punish fraud in connexion with racing; but these it is scarcely necessary to recite here, as these examples are sufficient to show the powers possessed hy the Jockey Club in all matters pertaining to the turf. The clnb takes no cognisance of disputed bets, nor does it in any way recognise betting; but there is no douht that some of the rules of racing have heen made in favour of hetting. Of what consequence would it be that the result of a trial shonld he known, were it not that it would prevent the owner of a horse from ohtaining the best price if his horse won the trial, or hedging his money to advantage if it lost? If there were no betting, it would not be necessary to bribe a jockey or any other official in order to obtain information. If owners of racehorses never hetted at all, but simply ran against each other for the stakes of the different races, there would be no need for many of the clauses in the rules of racing which the

Jockey Club has devised. Few men, it has been said, are able to maintain a stud of horses without the aid of their betting book —not that they are always successful in winning their bets, but they obtain a chance of winning a large amount, and that kind of speculation fascinates the majority of the owners of racehorses.

There are very few outside the range of racing circles who have any knowledge of the enormous sums of money which every year change hands in the betting ring or at Tattersall's and the numerous turf clubs throughout the country. Most people have heard or read in the newspapers stories about betting on the Derby, or about the getting up of Derby 'sweeps,' and that kind of gambling. Of sweepstakes on the Derby there will probably not be less than two or three thousand drawn before the day of the race in London, the sums subscribed varying from a shilling to a guinea—a few even of larger sums—and the total amounts will in some instances reach a thousand pounds. Abroad, in India, California, Canada, Australia, and other countries, there are also Derby sweeps, for which thousands of pounds are subscribed. But there are other races on which there is a still greater amount of gambling; and when it is taken into consideration that in the period from February to November there is racing for four hundred and seventy-eight days—several meetings, that is to say, taking place on the same day—and that, in round numbers, 3,000 races are run in the course of the season, it will be at once apparent that there is no lack of opportunity for what, in some quarters, is called 'speculation.' No means exist by which the figures of turf gambling can be ascertained with any approach to perfect accuracy, but guesses of the extent to which the 'speculation' is carried on have been frequently hazarded. It has, for instance, been stated that a million sterling will change hands every year on the racecourse alone on half a dozen of the classic races, including the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby Stakes, the Oaks, and the St. Leger. The sum named, we should say, is probably within the mark, although nowadays long prices cannot be obtained against the favourites or most likely horses to win these races, because of their qualities being previously ascertained in other contests, seeing that most of them have been at work as 'two-year-olds.' At Doncaster, where the St. Leger is annually decided, there were four days of racing during last September, on which—exclusive of the great race—thirty-two contests took place, the number of runners being 218, or, with the St. Leger horses, 235. Probably some who peruse these remarks may think it an exaggeration, but it may be set down that as much as half a million sterling would be the amount to which bets were made in the St. Leger week on the racecourse at Doncaster. At the Doncaster meeting it is calculated that there are from four to six hundred bookmakers, big and little, hard at work within the rings during the four days; and it is well known that very heavy betting takes place on the Champagne Stakes, the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and the Portland Plate. The more extensive bookmakers will enter bets to the amount of a few thousands in their books in a couple of minutes, and the crowd of smaller men will be booking the odds to two, five, ten, and twenty-five pounds as hard as they can write the names and figures; whilst an army of small bookmakers outside the ring will be sacking crowns and half-sovereigns with wonderful industry. At the same time, betting on all the races run at Doncaster, great and small, will be going on over the country, especially in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, for considerable amounts; and all the year round the game continues with more or less intensity.

Taking it for granted that 1,500*l.* only is risked by betters on each of the small races run during the season, and that there are, say, 2,600 such races, the total sum risked will amount to nearly four millions sterling. To that sum must be added the money which is risked on the larger races. On some of the popular betting handicaps, such as that run at Lincoln at the opening of the season, the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, the City and Suburban at Epsom, the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, the Northumberland Plate, the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, the Ascot and Goodwood Stakes, the Liverpool Cup, and the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire run at Newmarket, quite a million sterling will be represented. To say that a sum of five milions is annually risked in the turf market for the purposes of betting seems like wishing to play on the credulity of the public, but there are good reasons for believing that the amount is probably understated. It must be kept in mind, in trying to arrive at a fair estimate, that betting is going on all over Great Britain every day, and in such races as the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire as much as from thirty to a hundred thousand pounds has gone into the hands of the owner of the winning horse. When three years ago (1876) the horse 'Rosebery' won, it was matter of common report that his owner had gained, by bets alone, a hundred thousand pounds.

To say that the horse was backed by the general public to win half as much more is well within the truth; and 'Rosebery,' although the winner, was not the only horse that was heavily backed for the race. 'Woodlands,' the first favourite, which came in second, and 'Hopbloom,' were also largely supported. Twenty-nine horses ran for the Cesarewitch in 1876, and all of them would be backed to win at some kind of price. The price of the favourite, 'Woodlands,' at the start for the race was at the rate of 4½ to 1; in other words, to win a sum of 45*l.* by the success of that particular horse, the better required to risk a sum of 10*l.*, which, of course, as the favourite was beaten by 'Rosebery,' he would lose. The betting against 'Rosebery' (the winner) was at the rate of 100*l.* to 14*l.* Large sums of money are daily remitted to English betting men now resident in Boulogne, who bet on all the great handicaps and classic races. There are at least four English betting men in the French seaport, all doing a good business by correspondence, one or two of them, perhaps, making a book to lose 10,000*l.* on some of the big handicaps. As a general rule, the bookmakers have in the end by far the best of the bargain; for although fifty horses may be backed for a handicap or other race, only one can be successful, and the money for which all the others are backed is, of course, won by the persons who laid the odds—of whom there are over two thousand now at work, some betting to half-sovereigns only, others laying the odds to hundreds of pounds.

We have purposely dwelt at length upon the incidence of betting because 'betting is the curse of horse-racing,' an evil which continues day by day to grow with what it feeds on. Had it not been that men could bet on the races, the kind of meetings which some three or four years ago took place in the vicinity of London would never have been heard of. They were simply traps baited for persons who had money to spare for gambling purposes. We do not say that all meetings which took place were of the same character, but many of the races run at these suburban saturnalia of rogues and roughs were utter shams; it being a foregone conclusion that some altogether unexpected horse should win, thus allowing a certain class of persons, who were privy to the arrangements, to bag good sums of money. If we are not mistaken, the Jockey Club, by raising the value of the stakes to be run for in certain races, did good work, both to the turf and to the community, in putting down some of the more abject of these gate-money gatherings.

The reason why there is such a vast amount of gambling in connexion with the turf is not far to seek. The followers of horse-racing have engaged in a pursuit they are not able to follow without assistance—that is to say, it does not pay to race as a business, probably not above twenty persons being able in the course of a season to clear their liabilities by means of their winnings. If there be, as we have calculated, ten thousand horses, of all ages, available or in preparation for racing, hurdle-jumping, and steeplechasing (including sires and dams at the stud), it is obvious enough that the mere interest on the capital sum invested on their purchase must amount to a large sum of money; at five per cent. on two millions sterling it would amount to 100,000*l.*, and the bare keep of these ten thousand horses, as represented in their housing, food, and grooming, cannot be set down at a less sum over head than 60*l.* per annum, which represents 600,000*l.* All these horses are not, of course, engaged in racing, but we have seen from the statistics already given that probably as many as 2,500 competed in the flat races and steeplechases of 1879. The expenses of entering, travelling, and jockeying these animals for the various races in which they contend may fairly be estimated as being about two hundred and fifty pounds over head, which amounts to 625,000*l.* or a total of 1,225,000*l.*, for which a series of races are provided, the stakes of which amount to about 500,000*l.*, and the larger portion of which sum is subscribed by the owners of the horses which run for the contest in question. The keeping of a stud of racehorses is a much more expensive matter than persons who are not familiar with the affairs of the turf will credit. The gentlemen who in the course of 1879 won only a few hundred pounds in stakes, if they owned more than a couple of horses, would be losers, unless they were able to balance accounts by means of their bets, except, of course, in those instances—not uncommon on the turf—where men run horses to lose instead of win. It is a most dishonourable practice, but there are persons who are not averse to 'milking' their horses, as it is termed, or rather to 'milking' the public by means of some of the animals they enter for the different races.

There are now hundreds of race-going bookmakers for the tens there were thirty or forty years ago. Large numbers of petty tradesmen, taking advantage of the facilities given by the railways, leave their business for a time, and 'make a book' at some of the race meetings. The bookmaker, if he is prudent, sober, and industrious, is almost

sure, in the course of ten years, to earn as much as will make him an independent man for life. It is, of course, the gamblers who give such men their fortunes. The chief bookmaker of the period—a man who will bet, if occasion offers, in literal tens of thousands—is reputed to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in saved money. It may safely be affirmed that not ten men in a hundred, of all the backers of horses who find their way to the turf, can maintain themselves or make a little money at the game; yet thousands upon thousands annually try their luck. They have no chance, however, against the professional better, the man who lays the odds; ninety out of every hundred of the combatants are simply contributors to his exchequer. Of late years much has been both said and written against the system of betting in ready money, and it is, we believe, 'illegal,' in some way, to table the stake beforehand. We cannot bring ourselves to approve of gambling in any shape, either on the turf or anywhere else, believing that society would in every way be better if there were no such modes of speculation; but we cannot see the logic of preventing betting for ready money, and, by inference, encouraging betting on credit. If the one system is bad, the other is worse. When betting originated, both betters deposited their stake in the hands of a third party, who paid the united amount to the winner. Betting is now a business of such vast magnitude that such a simple mode of procedure cannot be adopted. Would that it could! If a man were compelled to deposit his stake every time he made a bet, he would be more cautious in betting. 'Put me down the odds to a monkey!' (500*l.*) is easy to say, but it is not so easy to pay, and, were it to pay at the moment, the chances are that 'no monkey' would be put down. It requires no argument of ours to prove that betting and gambling of all kinds are detrimental to the moral wellbeing of a nation, and ought to be suppressed with a high hand wherever and whenever it is possible; but legislation which forbids money to be betted in ready-money crowns, and encourages it in sovereigns betted on credit, is a way of using the power of the law which is certainly not logical.

Reverting, in conclusion, to the powers of the Jockey Club, we have no hesitation in saying that the members do not rise to their position. The institution undoubtedly possesses the power of so regulating horse-racing as largely to abate this nuisance of gambling, which is now eating into the turf like a cancer. Why, for instance, are the entries and weights for handicaps which cannot be run till the months of April or May published in January and February? Simply to admit of gambling? The members of the Jockey Club cannot directly interfere in such matters, but surely in this respect they can set their own house in order, and then insist upon the horses of other people being also cleansed. It may be said without fear of contradiction that the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are the two greatest gambling races of the year. They are run at Newmarket under the auspices of the Jockey Club, the names of the horses entered to contend in these races are in the hands of the public shortly after Midsummer, by the time the St. Leger is set to be run the weights are published and the acceptances known, but these races are not run till the middle and end of October. By such an arrangement the Jockey Club ministers to the gambling which is the chief feature of modern horse-racing. Here is a matter, it will be at once seen, for which the club could with a breath provide a remedy. Is there any reason but that we have indicated, why the entries and weights and acceptances for any handicap should take more than a fortnight to arrange?

There is another much-needed reform which is obviously well within the powers of the Jockey Club, and which indeed must be near at hand, namely, the discontinuance or abolition of 'the child jockey' in handicaps. The kind of race indicated, 'the handicap,' admits, as has been already explained, of the running together of horses of all ages and of both sexes, and to enable the animals to compete on terms of equality they are handicapped, i.e. weighted, according to their supposed *form*. So that all horses are treated on terms of equality, any scale of weights might be adopted, and therefore it may be asked, 'Why should it be necessary to end the scale of weight in a handicap at 5st. 7lbs.? Is there any reason for such an absurd weight being awarded to a horse that has reached its third year? We think not, and we are not singular in our opinion that the lowest award in any handicap should not be less than seven stone. Mr. Day, we are glad to see, is on our side, and he backs up his opinion by quoting that of the late Mr. John Scott, the celebrated trainer of Malton. Mr. Day remarks:—

'As I have previously demonstrated by examples, children cannot manage the horses they ride, and they are driven all over the course, and often out of it, and galloped twice the necessary distance before the race. Indeed, I fearlessly assert, that if there is one

mistake greater than another, it is the adherence to the present ridiculous system of assigning such low weights to horses of all ages in handicaps. Nothing craves a more speedy remedy, and that remedy, to be effectual, should be the addition, not of a few, but many pounds. . . . The late Mr. John Scott strongly advocated that the weights should be raised; and no one was likely to know better than a person with his vast experience, or to give a more candid opinion. If the recognised standard for two-year-olds is 8st. 10lbs., and if early in the spring they can and do carry this weight (which in handicaps is sometimes increased to 9st. 12lbs.), why cannot all of them carry it in the following year? A 7st. minimum would put the good three-year-olds over two miles and a quarter in the autumn at 9st. 10lbs., and the old horses at 11st.—a difference of 2st. 10lbs. between the best and the worst of the three-year-olds, and of four stone between the highest and lowest of all ages—a difference much the same as that now existing. I think that few will disagree with me in the conclusion that a horse that cannot win with such weights is not good enough to keep in training. Indeed, it has become an absolute necessity, and notoriously so, that in fairness to owners, and in the best interests of the turf, the scale of weights should be raised and the courses lengthened.'—Page 200.

These remarks may be commended to the notice of the Jockey Club, while as a matter of fact it may be stated, with regard to two of our most popular handicaps, that they have been won oftener by horses above 6st. 7lbs. than by horses weighted below that figure; the 'Cesarewitch' has been won upon sixteen occasions by horses carrying from 5st. 3lbs. to 6st. 6lbs., and upon twenty-five occasions by horses with imposts ranging from 6st. 8lbs. to 8st. 5lbs. As to the 'Cambridgeshire,' it has been won on fifteen occasions by horses with weights under 6st. 7lbs., and upon twenty-six occasions by horses carrying weights ranging from 6st. 9lbs. to 8st. 9lbs. We have not space in which to transfer to our pages the many sensible remarks made by Mr. Day on the subject of jockeys and the adjustment of weights. His argument in brief is, and we agree with him, that it would be better for all concerned if racehorses were to be ridden by men rather than young boys. When that comes to be the case, we shall probably hear less of the preposterous bribery which is involved in the system of giving presents of money and expensive jewellery to young lads who have, at their age, only a hazy notion of their value and usually squander their gold and notes in betting and other questionable ways. The appointment of an official handicapper by the Jockey Club, and acting altogether independently of the owners or lessees of racecourses, would be a fitting corollary to the reform in weights which we recommend.

There are other obvious remedies which the Jockey Club might easily devise for turf grievances. The 'welsher,' for instance, the man who makes bets in ready money without the remotest intention of paying them, might be abolished by the very simple plan of licensing the honest bookmaker who pays when he loses; a ticket or badge worn on the sleeve of his coat would at once denote the authorised speculator. There are economists and publicists who say that the spirit of gambling is so inherent in the people that it will never be put down; and that, if betting on horse-racing were to be abolished, some new form of gambling would at once take its place, and that, therefore, betting should be tolerated and licensed. It may prove so. The haste among all classes to acquire riches is rampant; probably fifty commercial men out of every hundred are seeking a short cut to fortune, either in the produce market, or on the Stock Exchange, or on the turf. We have shown, we think, by our facts and illustrations, how few succeed in finding fortune on the racecourse, unless they take to bookmaking or dishonourable courses. This may be assumed as certain—that to attain success on the turf by fair means requires the same qualities of mental ability and bodily activity which would ensure prosperity in any other walk of life. At all events, fortunes, except in rare instances, will never be made by haphazard gambling, and we should be glad to see horse-racing in its best aspects flourishing without the adjunct of the bookmaker. If the bookmaking interest cannot be stamped out, then the Jockey Club must be asked to do the next best thing; the members of that body will have ultimately so to regulate the sport as to conserve all that is good in it, by throwing out or reducing in magnitude its worst elements. But they should remember that reform is most powerful when it begins at home.

ART. VI.—1. *A Contemporary History of Affairs in Ireland from* 1641 *to* 1652. Now for the first time published. With an Appendix of Original Letters and Documents. Edited by JOHN T. GILBERT, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., &c. Vol. I., Parts 1 & 2. Dublin (for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society): 1879.

2. *The Embassy in Ireland of Monsignor*

G. B. Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo in the years 1645–1649. Published from the original MSS. in the Rinuccini Library, by G. Aiazza, Librarian. Translated for the first time into English by Annie Hutton. Dublin: 1873.

3. *The History of the Warr of Ireland from* 1641 *to* 1653. By a Britisb Officer of the Regiment of Sir John Clottwortby. Edited, with Preface, Notes, and Appendix, by E. H. Dublin: 1873.
4. *Spicilegium Ossoriense.* Being a Collection of Original Letters and Papers illustrative of the History of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the year 1800. By tho Rigbt Rev. Patrick Francis Moran, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. Dublin: First Series, 1874; Second Series, 1878.
5. *An Historical Account of the Macdonnells of Antrim.* By Rev. George Hill. Belfast: 1873.

Few episodes in our history bave caused more discussion or roused livelier animosity than tbe Irish Rebellion of 1641, not only on account of its intrinsic importance, but because it exercised a powerful influence over the great constitutional struggle of the seventeenth centnry. The book of which the title heads tbis article casts a flood of light on the subject. It contains a narrative of the events from 1641 to the end of 1648, written immediately after they occurred, and called an 'Apborismical Discovery of Treasonable Faction.' The MS., which is unique, has lain nnpublisbed, thougb not qnite unknown, ever since, and has passed tbrough several hands to a safe resting-place in Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Gilbert does not profess to know tbe writer's name; but internal evidence shows that he was an ardent Catbolic, and a native of Ireland of mixed race. He makes an ostentatious display of learning, beading eacb chapter with an 'aphorism,' often drawn from such little-read autbors as Procopius and Velleius Paterenlus. Mr. Gilbert, however, detracts from the merit of this erudition by remarking that most of the aphorisms are taken at second band from a compilation by Sir Robert Dallington. The author sbows an acquaintance witb continental writers, but scarcely any with the literature or the laws of England. His love of Horace does not always prevent bim from being obscure in the effort to be brief. His great bero is Owen Roe O'Neill, to wbom be dedicates the book nnder tbe name of Don Eugenius, bnt wbom he afterwards usually calls General Neyll, or tbe Catholic General. The end of the dedicatory epistle is a good specimen botb of bis style and of his opinions:—

'And as the young Maccabæus, fighting for God's cause, received as he thought in a dream, by the hands of Jeremias, the holy prophet, a golden sword, in the delivery whereof said, "Accipe sanctum gladium, munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel," so did you, type and presentative of that Machabæus, receive, not by a dream, or vision, and by the hands of the prophet, but verily and really by the hands of God's superintendent and viceregent in this sublunall Jerusalem, a costly sword, as a gift immediately from the visible steerer of Peter's navy. This, sir, is the justice of your cause, the equity of your warfare, and the antiquity of your regal claim, which no other nation under the cope of heaven, that we know, can brag of so long continuance in actual possession, as your predecessors, hard upon 3,000 years, except ninety-nine years, which is between the styling Henry VIII. King of Ireland, and the beginning of the new war 1641, as above mentioned, and that same not without claim. To set out your encomies to the world's view by such an unpolished pen (as mine is) were rather a temerity in me than anyway suiting to your greatness and worth.

'All the best sort of antiquarists and historiographers do hold you for blood no less than royal, in behaviour a prince, in arms Mars, in bounty Alexander, in wisdom Solomon, in faithfulness David, in learning Euclydes, and in languages Gaolglas (the Erse Cadmus); in saying only Don Eugenius O'Neyll is praise enough, as comprehending all the former epitomes. Live then in heaven, the earth being not worthy of such a masterpiece, to get your journal, a crown of glory for your religious intentions, which is the daily desire of, sir, your most humble and faithful servant, 'P. S.'

The fancifnl reference to Henry VIII. shows that the lawyers were rigbt in advising him to assume the regal title; in those days a divinity bedged the very name of king. The writer's great aversion is Ormonde; but he has venom to spare for everyone wbo opposed O'Ncill or the Nuncio, not excepting the orthodox Clanricarde.

Tbe 'Aphorismical Discovery' was known to tbe omnivorous Carte, bnt failed to gain bis approbation; for be says it is 'wrote with so mucb partiality, fnry and virulence, and contains throngbont it such notorious falsehoods, even in the relation of the same facts whicb are mentioned and related otberwise in the nnncio's Memoirs, tbat I could make no use of it, because it deserved no credit.' * There is a good deal of truth in this criticism. Our author was employed by Owen Roe as secretary, and says that he was a soldier and an eye-witness. It will therefore be pretty safe to trust bim where O'Neill's army is concerned, but his authority

* Preface to Carte's 'Ormonde.'

must give way to the nuncio's in matters of policy. We must also remember that O'Neill was one of the most reserved of men, and is not likely to have confided his motives to noisy and intolerant partisans.

Giovan Batista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, was sent by Innocent X. to Ireland, where he arrived just four years after the outbreak of the rebellion, and where he remained until after the death of Charles I. The history of this mission was published at Florence in 1844, from the original compiled under the direction of the nuncio's brother, and is extremely valuable for the information it contains as to the policy of Rome and the position of the Church in Ireland. Until the spring of 1647, Rinuccini's main correspondence was, nominally at least, with Cardinal Pamphili, the Pope's nephew. The cardinal became a layman in order to marry an heiress; but the nuncio's piety stood the test, and considered the proceeding 'worthy of the highest praise, since his Holiness has accepted his resignation,' and hoped 'that by thus providing for the succession of his family the life and happiness of his Holiness may be secured.' After this the chief recipient of his confidence is Cardinal Panzirolo (or Pancircolo, as Ranke calls him), Secretary of the Congregation. The translation of this book apparently leaves little to be desired, and is very readable; but there has been careless editing, either in Florence or Dublin. Thus the Italian editor is called Aiazza on the title-page, and Aiazzi in the preface. The dates connected with the voyage to Ireland are hopeless. Rinuccini says he sailed on Monday, October 18th, 1645, made land for the first time on Saturday evening, and went ashore on Sunday. Immediately afterwards he says land was discovered and touched on the 21st and 22nd (pp. 80–84). The difference of style will not help us here. The last sentence of the king's French letter to the nuncio seems impossible to construe, though the meaning may be guessed (p. 104). In passing through cipher it may have undergone the fate which sometimes befalls foreign telegrams. Carte had access to, and frequently cites, a MS. at Holkham, copied from an original still preserved in Italy, which contains the substance of these memoirs; but some discrepancies may be detected. Thus the nuncio's important report on the state of Ireland is placed by Carte at May 3, 1646, whereas in the 'Embassy' it is dated March 1.

The 'Warr of Ireland' is a short account of events, many of which were witnessed by the writer, who seems to have been a soldier of the Dalgetty type, more zealous for the laws and usages of war than for king or Parliament. The original is lost, but appears from internal evidence to have been written between 1682 and 1685, and the history is not therefore strictly contemporary. The transcript printed from it has been pronounced by experts to date from 1756 or thereabouts, and is preserved at Clongowes Wood College along with copies of the famous 'Macariæ Excidium' and of the 'Description of Ireland,' anno 1598, written in the same hand. We believe it is no secret that the editor's initials are those of the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S. J., who has also published a 'Description of Ireland.'

Bishop Moran's very valuable collection of documents includes several of great interest connected with the rebellion of 1641, drawn chiefly from Roman archives. The editing is excellent, and the work must be of great use to historical enquirers. An elaborate account of the 'Jesuit Missions in Ireland from 1641 to 1650' is likely to be one of the most generally interesting of these papers.' *

By his wholesale disturbance of titles and his despotic behaviour generally, Strafford increased discontent, and not only among the despoiled natives. No one felt safe, for he contrived to insult and oppress 'all that most illustrates the contemporary annals of Ireland, the venerable learning of Usher, the pious integrity of Bedell, the experienced wisdom of Cork, and the early virtue of Clanricarde.'† But though he excited general hatred, the strength of Wentworth's hand was such that he was able to repress the elements of disorder. He raised an army, consisting principally of Catholics, which would have been used against Scotland, and ultimately, though the intention was not actually proved at the trial, against England also. The strong hand was suddenly withdrawn, and the plan for transferring the soldiers to the service of foreign princes was not carried out. A crowd of hungry men trained to the use of arms, though not actually armed, were let loose upon a society with the structure of which a majority had no sympathy. Owen O'Neill, who was in Flanders, longing for an opportunity to interfere in Irish affairs, soon heard the news of the partially abortive rising, 'upon receipt of which the said colonel was in a great rage against the discoverer (O'Connolly), and said he wondered how or where that villain should live, for if he were in Ireland sure they would pull him in pieces there, and if

* Spicilegium Ossoriense, 2nd series, p. 43.
† Hallam, 'Const. Hist.,' chap. xviii.

he lived in England there were footmen and other Irishmen enough to kill him.' * It was less than eight years since another Irish colonel, Walter Butler, had assassinated Wallenstein. The insurrection was quite certain to be attended with great barbarity; for, as Ranke puts it, 'the motives of the Sicilian Vespers and of the night of St. Bartholomew were united.'†

Events had placed the gentry of the Pale in a position of extraordinary difficulty. Many of them were probably aware of what was impending, but as a rule they took no part in the outbreak, feeling instinctively that, though religion might bind them to the Irish for a time, nothing could really obliterate the distinctions of race. Ambrose Bedell often heard the Irish say to the Old English:—'You churls with the great breeches, do you think, if we were rid of the English, that we would spare you? No, we would cut all your throats also; for you are all of one race with the other English, though we make use of you for the present.'‡ Nor had they much to expect from the Parliament, should it prove too strong for the King. Their first impulse was to offer their services to the State, and ten peers did so in person, demanding arms to defend themselves. Five hundred pikes and muskets were grudgingly given to Lord Gormanstown, whose lands lay near the Ulster frontier, none to any of the others, who, seeing that they were not trusted, retired to their country houses and waited upon events. On December 3 the Lords Justices sent letters to the nobility of the Pale, desiring them to come to Dublin within a week to confer upon the state of the kingdom, a summons which only three obeyed. Of these one was George, sixteenth Earl of Kildare, whose family a century before had been the greatest stumbling-block of English governors. The policy of educating the great men in England had so far succeeded. Kildare was a Protestant, and of two evils he chose what seemed the least. Shortly afterwards that very castle of Maynooth which had been defended so stoutly against Henry VIII. was taken and plundered by the Catholics. The other Lords of the Pale protested their loyalty, but declared that they had reason to distrust the Viceregal Government, and that they preferred to give advice from a safe distance. Outrages on both sides followed in quick succession. On December 11 a deputation from the Ulster Irish met seven lords at the hill of Crofty in Meath, and Lord Gormanstown demanded for what cause they came armed into the Pale. Roger More answered that they had taken the sword only for freedom of conscience, equal rights for Irishmen as for Englishmen, and for the maintenance of his Majesty's prerogative, which they understood was abridged. Much writing and talking ensued, but the result could not be doubtful. Unable to support or to trust a government controlled by Puritans, the unlucky descendants of the Anglo-Norman conquerors were forced into the arms of the Irish; but oil and vinegar were not less capable of fusion, and the hostile ingredients were always asserting themselves.

While the Lords of the Pale were making up their puzzled minds, the flames reached Munster, which was under the presidency of Sir William St. Leger, an able officer, but too exclusively devoted to hanging as an instrument of government. The Butlers were divided by religion from Ormonde, but they and other old English families might perhaps have remained quiet had the Lord President been conciliatory. Philip O'Dwyer, whom he had called traitor, raised the standard of revolt in Tipperary; and Ormonde's uncle, Lord Mountgarret, and his cousins, Lords Ikerrin and Dunboyne, having declared themselves, that county and Kilkenny were soon in Catholic hands. The Boyle family held their ground stoutly at Lismore, Youghal, and Bandon, causing Cromwell to remark that the Irish could never have rebelled had there been an Earl of Cork in every county. Lord Inchiquin, known to fame as 'Murrough of the burnings,' was vice-president of Munster, and made a strong stand in Cork and Limerick. Lord Barrymore was the only one of the old Munster nobles who took the Protestant side. The virtuous Clanricarde, who has been by very general consent pronounced one of the most faultless characters of any age, was governor of the county and town of Galway, and by his exertions peace was at first maintained in Connaught. The ferocious O'Flaherties, for deliverance from whom the citizens of Galway were accustomed to pray, were in full rebellion in Connemara, but they were too poor and too far off to have much influence on the contest.

The county of Leitrim differed from the rest of Connaught in having undergone a plantation. A considerable slice of the ancient Brefny had indeed been reserved to the O'Rourkes, but they could not be pleased

* Information of Henry Cartan, Quartermaster to Colonel O'Neill's regiment. Gilbert, p. 398.

† History of England, Oxford translation, vol. ii. p. 287.

‡ Carte, book iii.

to see the fairest portions of their former principality in the hands of Scotchmen.

'These fertle fields, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;'

and he was ready to get them back if he could. Of the settlers the most considerable was Sir Frederick Hamilton, of the house of Abercorn, who was at Londonderry when the rebellion broke out, and who immediately started for his strong castle at Manorhamilton, attended by only a dozen servants. By carrying two lighted matches apiece, and by freqnently blowing trnmpets, the little party were mistaken for a troop, and were nnmolested on their night march through the monntains, a few Scots stragglers joining on the road. Hamilton reached home with twenty men, after killing a few rogues. Connor O'Rourke, who held the office of sheriff, was friendly at first, bnt after a few days Hamilton's own Irish tenants deserted him, and he was practically besieged with some fifty Scots. The investment being careless, they made many successful sallies, and hearing that some English had been slain at Sligo, Sir Frederick had a high gallows erected ontside his castle, upon which eight ont of twenty-four prisoners were hanged in retaliation. A list is given of fifty-six prisoners, inclnding one woman, thns summarily disposed of in fourteen months. Little regard was anywhere paid to sex during this horrible war, nor did women always show it themselves. During an ambuscade in Westmeath, contrived by one of the young Dillons, a few peasants with spades and other rude weapons,

'with the femineau sex followed . . . the women were not idle, the ascending vapour of their liquor caused them to be somewhat bloody. As many as they found tumbling (though striving to get npon his legs) did dash out his hrains with stones, and though their skulls mortered to powder, never thought them dead enough; twenty-three were killed and one escaped.' *

Incursions were made into the surrounding conntry, and men, sometimes women too, were killed in their beds. Battles took place under the walls, Lady Hamilton coming ont and serving food and wine to the soldiers. On July 1, 1642, the daring Hamilton entered Sligo, bnrning the abbey with the friars in it, except two who were killed in their cowls running out, and it was 'confessed by themselves we destroyed that night 300 souls by fire, sword, and drowning, to God's everlasting great honour and glory and our comfort.' Three weeks later the journal has some bitter strictures on Sir W. Cole for leaving Hamilton to his fate, or sending him snch help as Dr. Barkley, who annoyed Sir Frederick by his meddling, and behaved 'more like a devil than a dean,' encouraging the soldiers to murmnr against the strict discipline maintained. The dean probably got on badly with his host, who was a zealous Covenanter. The great want of the garrison was salt, their raids securing an abundance of other provisions. On one occasion Hamilton caught a girl, and sent her to the rebels with a letter from his Irish soldiers, to which all the signataries are Celts, who call the rebellion barbarons, abominable, and detestable, and the Irish leader, Lucas Taafe, 'a lowsy lord's son.' They revile their countrymen for 'blowing away the powder, blest and sent by the Pope to other purpose than to shoot at our colonel's castle from the top of Benbowe—once more farewell and be hanged.' Letters, sometimes threatening, sometimes coaxing, were received both by Hamilton and his wife, often referring to former friendship and protesting loyalty and patriotism. To one of these the following uncompromising answer was sent:—

'Your loyalty to your king, your faith to your friends once broke never more to be trusted by me, but revenged as God shall enable the hands of him who was loving to your loyal predecessors, whose curse will contribute to your destruction, for extinguishing the memory of their loyalties. Thus I rest with contempt and scorn to all your base bragges. Your scourge if I can, 'F. H.'

The Irish failed to take his castle, and Hamilton lived to carry his grievance against Cole to the English Parliament. Dr. Cnrry compared his cruelties to those of Sir Charles Coote.

One week after the outbreak Owen O'Connolly himself brought the news to the Parliament at Westminster. Immediate steps were taken for sending relief, and enongh money to provide for the defence of Dublin was despatched at once. The king was in Scotland, but retnrned to London in less than a month; it was more than two before he took the nsual step of proclaiming the insurgents rebels, specially directing that no more than forty copies of the proclamation should be printed.* It was even reported in foreign Catholic circles that he had forbidden tho Irish to be called rebels, saying they were only conspirators—a nice distinction indeed.† Four days after the pro-

* Gilbert, p. 59.

* May's 'Long Parliament,' pp. 152 and 406, ed. 1854.

† Spicilegium Ossorlense, vol. i. p. 257.

clamation Charles paid his fatal visit to the House of Commons. Does his slowness to take a more direct course lend any strength to the suspicion that he had secret dealings with the Irish army?

It is well known that Sir Phelim O'Neill exhibited a royal commission with a great seal attached, and historians have generally taken for granted that the document was an impudent forgery. The only real authority for so considering it is the statement of John Kerr, Dean of Ardagh, who deposed in 1681 that he had heard Sir Phelim confess the cheat on his trial in Dublin in 1652, the very year in which Kerr was ordained priest.* Kerr's deposition may be read in Nalson, and the question turns very much on his credibility or accuracy; for, with the Glamorgan correspondence staring us in the face, there is no denying that the king was capable of giving such a commission as the rebel leader professed to have obtained, and equally capable of disavowing it afterwards. The dean's evidence, which has some contemporary confirmation, goes to show that the commission was under the great seal of England; whereas Sir Phelim's proclamation of November 4, 1641, declared it to be under the great seal of Scotland, which could be of no force in Ireland, but which was easier to get at and to explain away afterwards. Mr. Burton gives many cogent reasons for supposing that the point is at least arguable, and to his pages the reader is referred.† Spurious or genuine, O'Neill's commission was not the only one that did duty in the early days of the war; for Lord Muskerry, at a time when he was actually in rebellion, produced one to St. Leger, which gave him authority to raise 4,000 men for the king. If this was a forgery, it was at least a skilful one; for St. Leger believed it to be genuine, and he must have seen many such documents.‡

Help came slowly from England, and it was nearly six months after the outbreak before Ormonde, with 3,500 men, was able to meet Mountgarret with 8,000, 'who, without difficulty, choosed to be looser himself in that game, than his nephew not to be victor in this his first action.'§ Mountgarret is likely to have done his best; but it is very possible that many Butlers of humbler rank disliked bearing arms against the head of the house of Ormonde, to which they and theirs had been accustomed to yield all the reverence due both from a tribesman to his chief, and from a feudal vassal to his superior lord.

Two days after Mountgarret's defeat a Scottish army landed at Carrickfergus, under the command of Robert Monroe, acting as lieutenant to the elder Lesley; and throughout the war this force maintained a separate existence, corresponding pretty closely to that of the Scots colony in Ulster. The Estates offered 10,000 men, but the English Parliament was afraid of their gaining too great a mastery, and about 4,000 only actually landed, a force which was afterwards considerably increased. Leven soon afterwards came over himself, but did nothing worthy of his reputation; and that stout old campaigner, Sir James Turner, speaks of his proceedings with much contempt:—

'The Earl of Leven got himself an errand to go to Scotland, and so gave an everlasting adieu to Ireland. The most remarkable thing he did in the time of his stay was, that he took 2,500 lb. sterline to himself, which the Parliament of England had sent to the officers of his army for waggon money. And truly this earl, who lived till he was past fourscore, was of so good a memory, that he was never known to forget himself, nay, not in extreme age. . . . The earl of Leven's actions made not such noise in the world as those of General Lesley.' *

Monroe was honourably distinguished by the substitution of regular warfare for the barbarous guerilla contest hitherto maintained, and he must share the praise with Owen O'Neill, 'who both gave fair quarters like soldiers, and halted those inhumane acts before done.'†

Towards the end of July, 1642, Owen Roe O'Neill, accompanied by some good officers and with a cargo of arms and ammunition, arrived in Lough Swilly. This favourite hero of a lost cause was Tyrone's nephew, and, having been educated in the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, had served Spain with much credit against the French, and had been entrusted by Urban VIII. with money to equip a frigate for the Irish expedition. The struggle created intense interest abroad, and Colgan, the hagiologist, wrote from Louvain to Wadding at Rome, estimating the Irish army at 80,000 or 100,000, which must be considered an exaggeration if an army means armed men: 'Sed laborantes penuriâ armorum, pulveris tormentarii, tormentorum et similium apparatuum ad tale bellum necessariorum.'‡ Colgan thought that if the Irish had supplies

* Cotton's 'Fasti,' vol. iii. p. 103.
† History of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 344. Ed. 1876.
‡ Smith's 'Cork,' from a MS. at Lismore, vol. ii. p. 118. Ed. 1750.
§ Gilbert, p. 30.

* Quoted by Hill, p. 262.
† Warr of Ireland, p. 9.
‡ Gilbert, p. 407.

they would soon finish the war, and the sanguine exile's only fear was lest any truce should be made, without which his correspondents assured him the English had scarcely any hope of reducing the island. Irish friars had not yet learned the lesson which Runjeet Sing laid so much to heart, that it was England's invisible strength which was most to be feared. The English Government were fully aware of Owen Roe's design, and the Channel was closely watched; but he avoided the danger, 'coming by sea from Dunkirk by Denmark, gave a wheel about Scotland, taking on his way two prizes.'* He at once assumed the command of the Ulster army, which had dwindled under Sir Phelim's management to 1,500 foot and eight or nine troops of horse. Sir Phelim was as anxious as other O'Neills had been for supremacy in Ulster, and was so ill-advised as to assume the title of Tyrone, to which he had no sort of hereditary claim, and which he was obliged to abandon on the appearance of his kinsman, with whom he never co-operated cordially. The new general wrote to Lesley to ask him whether he was for king or Parliament, a friend or an enemy. If the latter, he advised him to use his sword for the defence of Scotland, and not to shed the blood of innocent men who had never hurt him. Otherwise, he said, 'I will use my uttermost endeavours against you (though unwilling), and do confide in God Almighty, who knows the justice of my cause and the injustice of yours, as he gave me the victory over you one day in Germany, as you should remember yourself, if you do not too-too much halte [*sic*], his Divine Providence will be pleased to make me an instrument of lessening you by your head,' &c. According to the 'Aphorismical Discovery,' this letter frightened Lesley out of Ireland.†

After the first surprise, six months' constant fighting had not improved the position of the insurgents, who felt the want of some central authority. The clergy naturally took the lead, and a provincial synod met at Kells on March 22, 1642, under the presidency of the titular primate, Hugh O'Neill. The war was declared just, and the faithful were exhorted to aid it. Thomas Dease, titular Bishop of Meath, a learned canonist and a witty poet, who had honourably distinguished himself by trying to save his Protestant rival's library, refused to attend or to send a proxy, and ordered his clergy not to obey the synod. Dease lived in the house of Lord Westmeath, head of the great family whose founder married Hugo de Lacy's sister, and received as her dowry the broad territory of Delvin. The peer, who was very old, supported his guest, and, on their refusing to justify themselves or to recant, both were excommunicated. Afterwards a young Cistercian, Fr. James Nugent, was sent to preach at the poor old lord, and we are told with such effect, that he called the bishop Satan, and desired the monk to 'get a whip and absolve him . . . which was done incontinently.'* The Nugents were thus reduced to a proper state of spiritual subjection, but Dease continued contumacious, and remained Bishop of Meath in the eye of the Holy See until his death in 1657.

On the 10th May following, what purported to be a national synod met at Kilkenny, and was attended by nine prelates, four bishops' proctors, and sixteen abbots and other dignitaries. An oath of association was agreed upon, it was resolved to ask aid from foreign princes, and a national assembly was convoked for the following October. A provisional government under Mountgarret's presidency was formed to act in the meantime.

Before the appointed date the English civil war had begun, and on the day after Edgehill Thomas Preston, Lord Gormanstown's brother, landed at Wexford. He brought with him a considerable military reputation, which he was not fated to increase in Ireland, two 20-gun frigates, and half-a-dozen vessels laden with ammunition and with a train of artillery. For some time supplies continued to pour in from France, and Carte says that no less than 20 shiploads arrived about this time. The Irish soldiers in the French service had been generally discharged, and men and officers flocked homeward. Had the Irish been united, they must have taken Dublin, where the English garrison, whom the king could not help and the Parliament would not, were in want of almost every necessary.

Eleven spiritual and fourteen temporal peers and 226 commoners constituted the assembly, which met at Kilkenny, and which, being nominally in the king's interest, disclaimed the now dreaded name of Parliament. There was, moreover, a Protestant Rump existing in Dublin, which was, no doubt, the legal Parliament, and Kilkenny was full of lawyers. The most important act of the assembly was to appoint a supreme council, which formed the Catholic executive. The oath of association which formed the bond of the confederacy is thus given by Belling:†—

* Gilbert, p. 43. † Ibid. p. 45.

* Gilbert, p. 36.
† Vindiciæ, chap. i.

'I, N. N., swear before Almighty God, his angels and saints, that I will defend the liberty of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith, the person, heirs, and rights (*jura*) of our most serene King Charles; also the legitimate immunities and liberties of this nation against all usurpers and invaders at the risk of all my fortunes and of life itself.'

The longer English form of oath preserved* by Walsh is essentially the same, with the additional nndertaking to obey the Snpreme Council, and not to make terms without its consent. Both forms provide for the free, bnt not necessarily for the open, exercise of the Roman Catholic faith. The second form also promises to maintain the essential laws of Ireland, 'and the lives, just liberties, possessions, estates, and rights of all those that have taken or shall take this oath, and perform the covenants thereof.' Thus was Catholic rule established in Ireland.

Magna Charta and the laws of England were to be the fonndation of the Irish Constitntion, and an elaborate system of local government was devised. Preston was appointed general for Leinster, and Owen Roe for Ulster, and, to avoid exciting jealonsies among the Munster nobles, the command in that province was given to a gallant old soldier, Colonel Barry. Connanght was assigned to Colonel John Bourke, until Clanricarde could be indnced to take charge of it. Dissensions soon sprang np at Kilkenny, the rift within the lute being caused by the same difficnlty which sent the young man away sorrowfnl. Catholics had become impropriators of chnrch lands as readily as Protestants, and they had not the slightest intention of disgorging. The Benedictines were told that existing settlements and contracts conld not be distnrbed. The provincial of the Angustinians was hissed ont of the House because he threatened to withdraw beyond sea nnless the possessions of his order were restored.

For a confederacy whose chief business was likely to be fighting, the choice of a standard was of some importance, and Bishop Moran has nnearthed some interesting particulars from the Wadding papers at Rome. The national green may perhaps be derived from tho order that on the right of each flag should be the cross of Ireland, 'in cnjns circnitn color ruber in campo viridi.' Under the cross was 'Long live King Charles,' and above 'C. R.' and an imperial crown. The flags themselves were of all colonrs, bearing fignres and mottoes or texts from Scripture, which sometimes involved political allusions. Thns the red ones bore the name of Jesns, with the text, 'In the name of Jesus every knee shall bow;' this was to refute the Act of Parliament against genuflexions. On the silver ensigns was an armed knight setting fire to Calvin's Institutes, and the words, 'Thus let heresies perish.'*

About the time of Preston's landing Ormonde was created a marqnis and Lieutenant-General for the King, independently of the Lords Jnstices and of the phantom Lord Lieutenant in England. Henceforth he was the nnquestionable representative of the king in military matters, and the royalism of the Catholic armies was subjected to a severe strain. The Lords Justices inclined to the Parliament, but the army was entirely Ormonde's, and a committee of the Houses who visited Dublin were obliged to leave the capital in his hands. Early in 1643 he received the king's anthority to treat with the rebels, a name which the Council of Kilkenny indignantly repudiated, and, fearful lest the priests should oppose all overtures, he requested that laymen only should be deputed to confer with him. Extremes met in this strange contest, and the Pnritan Lords Justices, fearing lest Ormonde's and Preston's armies might both be made available for the king's service in England, were as mnch against a truce as the Romanist hishops. Under these circumstances the negotiations lnng fire, hostilities were renewed, and Ormonde, falling upon Preston at New Ross, defeated him ntterly. The Catholic historian, who is ready to cry treason at every disappointment, declares 'Preston either drunk, a fool, or a traitor.'† He was simply an incompetent general.

Three months after this, Owen Roe O'Neill was defeated at Clones by Sir Robert Stewart. He had great difficulty in provisioning his men, and was obliged to wander ahont with herds of cattle, and the nomad herdsmen of Ulster, who, under the name of *creaghts*, were so important in the Elizabethan wars. These drovers were accompanied hy their 'women and children, so that nothing could be seen or heard bnt cows and running.' His panegyrist says that he was persuaded to fight against his own opinion by a council of war largely composed of native chiefs. The British officer, however, says distinctly that O'Neill was surprised.‡ The Irish Cunctator, as he has been well called, probably learned here the weak points of his men, and persevered until he had trained them into a formidable

* History of the Remonstrance, First App.

* Spicilegium Ossoriense, 2nd series, pp. 17, 18.
† Gilbert, p. 62.
‡ Warr of Ireland, p. 29.

army. The Ulster men lived hard, loved fighting, and cared nothing for money; and their leader was able to expand or contract his forces at will, as he had food and powder to give them or work for them to do. In Scottish warfare Highland armies were equally ready to disperse, but no general was ever able to reassemble them as easily as O'Neill reassembled his Irishmen.

The low state of the Confederates' fortunes helped on the truce, which was concluded for one year on September 15, 1643, on the basis of *uti possidetis*. This armistice foreshadowed the final defeat of the Catholic cause; for two years war had failed to secure the principle of a full toleration, and the original enthusiasm was cooling. When fighting stopped, jealousies developed rapidly. Pier Francesco Scarampi, an Oratorian, had been sent over by Urban VIII. to guard the interests of the Church, and the native Irish party, who cared nothing for the English Crown or Constitution, gathered eagerly round him. Scarampi and his followers, with a true instinct, opposed the truce, but the Anglicising party, as usual, carried their point.

The real gainer by the Cessation, as it was called, was Ormonde, who yielded nothing of importance, and was too badly supplied to carry things with a high hand. He now sent about 4,000 men to England, who were required to take a special oath both to the king and to the Church of England. Monk was one of two officers who refused the test, but he was not deprived of his command. The Parliamentarians gave out that the newcomers were bloody Irish papists, but Clarendon says there was not an Irishman among them. After some trifling successes they were routed by Fairfax at Nantwich, and the diversion had no effect on the main issue. Monk was among the prisoners, and after a decent interval took service with the Parliament. The confederated Catholics, though nominally in arms for the king, refused to send him succours into England. It was certainly not their interest that he should be too triumphant; on the other hand, they should have striven to prevent his being crushed. They failed to attempt this, and English and Irish cavaliers were thus trodden down in detail.

The expedition into Scotland, contrived by Antrim at the suggestion of Montrose and with the help of Daniel O'Neill, and sanctioned both by Ormonde and the Kilkenny Council, had no better ultimate success; but it has furnished our history with one of its most picturesque pages. Antrim, whom Clarendon and Carte describe as of small capacity and inordinate vanity, had come to court early in life, and his handsome person had captivated Buckingham's widow. Having run through most of his wife's fortune, he fell back on his immense Irish estate, and at the beginning of the rebellion made a feeble attempt to stand neutral. Having suffered two imprisonments at Monroe's hands, he gave up this idea, and offered to raise men for the king's service in Scotland. He fancied that the mantle of the Lords of the Isles had fallen upon him, and that he was destined to curb the usurpers of Inverary. On arriving at Oxford in December, 1643, this visionary, whose duchess had a good deal of influence, naturally fell under Montrose's ascendency, who saw in him the very man he wanted. The king could give neither men, nor money, nor ships; but he was still the fountain of honour, and he made Antrim a marquis, encouraging him to hope for the duchy of Argyll when the hated Campbells had been got rid of. He received a commission to treat with the Confederates, and Daniel O'Neill was sent with him to prevent his uncle, Owen Roe, from making difficulties, and to supply the address and resolution in which the new marquis was considered deficient. This able and versatile intriguer, whom Ormonde was particularly fond of, was to be rewarded by the post of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber which he coveted, and may have hoped to recover part of the estates out of which Scottish settlers had swindled his grandfather. Antrim went to Kilkenny, and received a lieutenant-general's commission from the Supreme Council, who offered to provide arms for his men. Daniel O'Neill's diplomacy did much, for Owen Roe made no objection to recruits being drawn out of his province, and Ormonde pledged his own estate to the shipmasters for transport. After many bickerings Waterford was chosen for the place of embarkation, and about 1,600 men ultimately landed in Argyllshire. It was in this body of 'Irishes' that Dugald Dalgetty held a major's commission. The chief command was held by Alaster McDonnell, son of Col Kittagh, or Two-handed Coll. Alaster himself was often called Colkitto, and will be to the end of time, for the name is embalmed in Milton's sonnet as one of those words which 'would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,' and it is also applied to him by Scott, Clarendon, and Carte. He was correctly called Mac Col Kittagh, and the prefix was easily dropped. The family historian * is jubilant at having caught Mr. Burton tripping by confusing the personal and the local and

* Hill. p. 83.

calling him McDonnel of Colkitto. Some English writers, it seems, have not unnaturally spoken of him as a Colonel Kitto.

The Ulster contingent shared in all Montrose's victories from Tippermuir to Kilsyth. Shortly after the latter fight, Alaster himself left Montrose, and, returning after a time to Ireland, fell in battle on the Englishman's Hill near Mallow. The author of the 'Aphorismical Discovery' says very positively and with great circumstance that he was murdered after quarter given, but Rinuccini says distinctly that he refused quarter.* Seven hundred of his men remained behind in Scotland to furnish victims for the carnage of Philiphaugh. It is not likely that many escaped, for the camp-followers were massacred promiscuously, the preachers looking on and blessing the work. Even the prisoners were ordered by Parliament to be executed 'without any assize or process, conform to the treaty betwixt both kingdoms passed in act.'† Both English and Scotch Parliaments had passed ordinances directing no quarter to be given to Irish papists. The explanation of these barbarities is that English Protestants then looked upon Irish papists as Chatham did upon the Red Indians—hellhounds of savage war. The feeling extended to those who employed such auxiliaries, and Montrose did nothing to modify public feeling on the subject.

On September 15, 1644, Cardinal Pamphili was elected Pope by the name of Innocent X., and the confederates sent Richard Belling to congratulate him and to beg his aid. The emissary, who is now best remembered as author of the 'Vindiciæ,' was a good lawyer and an accomplished scholar, and had lately borne arms with credit; but he belonged heart and soul to the party of the Old English, and the Irish hated him.

'A tode in faction and a creature of Ormonde . . . went to Rome, where he was received with more honour than worthy of, got rich presents from his Holiness, and other princes and prelates . . . got 30,000*l.* for the furtherance of the Catholic war of Ireland . . . with what he got for his own particular use, addressed his course for Paris, and meeting there the banished Queen of England, gave her the said sum, all this by his own acknowledgment.'

His father had been Provost Marshal, 'a perjured enformer, whence sucked the blood of thousand innocents in Ireland, you should not marvel how impious soever this his brood be. What then would you expect at the hands of a child of such a father other than tricks, perjury, craft, collusion and treachery?'* After hearing Belling, Innocent determined to send a nuncio to Ireland, who with higher rank should have larger powers than Scarampi could pretend to. Belling was bitterly opposed to the appointment, and his friends at Kilkenny said that they wanted money, but no nuncio. Some of them asked Scarampi if it was intended to set up anything like a legatine court in Ireland, and on receiving an affirmative answer, declared that they would not put up with it.† A Spanish subject was first chosen by the Pope, but to spare French susceptibilities, he finally decided upon Rinuccini, who was a Tuscan by birth.

By his secret instructions‡ the nuncio was directed to assure the Queen of England and her 'powerful favourite,' Lord Jermyn, of the Pope's perfect goodwill, and to persuade her that Catholic support was absolutely necessary to the falling cause of royalty.

'IV. The queen thus convinced, it will be useful to discover dexterously who has influence and authority over the Marquis of Ormonde, and, if he is dependent on the queen, to procure from her some letter . . . that if unwilling to give up Ulster and Dublin . . . openly into the hands of the Catholics . . . he may at least secretly assist them . . . and may defer to her wishes, as he certainly will do if he has the good of his country at heart, for he is Irish, and by some thought to be a Catholic in secret. . . .

'V. Interviews with the queen must be private, and so rare that the queen may not suspect their object, she being surrounded by heretics, both Protestant and Puritan. . . .

'VI. . . . Guard against the many English Catholics at the court, whose zeal for the faith is not ardent enough to bear with pleasure of the victory gained in its cause by the Irish, on account of the natural and undying hatred between the two nations. . . .'

Once in Ireland the nuncio was to keep near the more zealous ecclesiastics, but, if possible, not to arouse the suspicions of the Ormondists.

'XIV. Let him promote the interests of the Catholic religion in such a manner as to show he considers it one with the English Crown. . . .

'XV. Stimulate the Catholics to concord . . . assure all who are in possession of ecclesiastical property that it will not be taken from them. . . .

'XIX. . . . Defeat with subtle industry the machinations of certain royalists . . . who are desirous that the queen shall proceed to Ireland. . . .'

* Gilbert, p. 174; Embassy in Ireland, p. 336.
† Hill, p. 105.

* Gilbert, p. 79.
† Embassy in Ireland, p. 436.
‡ Ibid. p. lii.

The king and queen were to be called npon to revoke all penal laws against Catholics, to abolish the oath of supremacy, to declare Catholics eligible for all civil and military employment, and to conclnde no treaty with Parliament until articles to the foregoing effect had been ratificd. As the Pope was nnable to maintain an army of 200,000 men in England, it was hardly worth while for him to insist on snch conditions, in order to scenre which 'all the fortresses in Ireland must be put into the hands of English and Irish Catholics, because, without some such pledge, their Majesties' promise cannot be depended on.' The character of Charles I. had been correctly gauged at Rome.

Rinuccini reached Genoa on April 15, 1645, where he was entrusted with the golden rose for the Qucen of France, but with instructions not to present it unless he was sure that it wonld be well received—an assurance at which he never arrived. He stayed a fortnight at Genoa, and was received with great honours by Doge and Senate, the question as to whether he was 'a nuncio of a crown' having been decided in the affirmative. This is probably the only occasion in history on which a foreign power officially recognised the separatc existence of Ireland; for Rinuccini was not sent to the viccroy, bnt to the confederacy, who claimed viceregnl authority. Irish monks cheered the unncio on his way through the South of Francc, but many of their sanguine reports were nnfounded. At Lyons he received scant courtesy from the cardinal archbishop. Belling joined him on his arrival in Paris, and English and Irish Catholics flocked round him at once. At his andience the queen showed herself favonrable to the Irish, but Mazarin, who was always in agonies lest he should be committed on the wrong side, did little to speed him.

Negotiations with Henrietta Maria werc carried on chiefly through Belling and an Irish pricst named O'Hartigan. Jermyn, whom the 'Aphorismical Discovery' calls the qneen's minion, throughout appears as her chief connsellor, and had several interviews with Rinuccini; bnt her personal attitnde was one of distrust. 'She spoke hardly of the Irish in this late rising, stigmatising them as rebels, and declaring that she would not acknowledge or reccive me as nnncio, becanse my mission is to a rebellious people.'* All his endeavours failed to impress upon her that the Catholic was also the royal cause, and 'she complained loudly of the Irish, and among them of O'Hnrtigan and the secretary (Belling), who from the first made use of the Catholic religion in general as a pretext to throw off their allegiance to the king, that they did not wish to make peace with him unless they saw it to be nnabsolute necessity, and were always addlng new petitions, and more exorbitant than the last: on these two particulars she insisted with vehemence, and that they had dared to tell her that they would fight against the king to the last drop of their blood, if they did not obtain what they desired, and similar complaints.'*

There was also a question as to whether the nuncio had a right to remain covered before her, and it was feared that if he conceded something to her forlorn condition, the French Court might take advantage of it. In the end no interview took place. It was proposed in the queen's interest that half of the money given by the Pope should be given to the English Catholics; bnt Rinuccini successfully combated this scheme, which would have lessened the importance of his mission. A sum of 20,000 scudi,† spent in mnnitions of war, was indeed entrusted by Innocent to Sir Kenelm Digby for service in England, and that ecccntric genius was accused of culpably misapplying part of the money.

Rinnccini remained more than three months, though ordered to make all haste, and allowed himself to be made the dupe, or at least the victim, of Mazarin's dilatory policy. The cardinal had already promised the Irish 24,000 crowns, and offered 5,000 more for the hire of vessels, which Rinnccini preferred to spend on the purchase of two frigates. Twenty-five thonsand was paid after much haggling, 'that is,' said the nnncio, 'according to his reckoning, 5,000 for the ships and 20,000 for a donation, although I saw that the two sums should have amounted to 29,000.'‡ This money, with three or four pieces of cannon and the empty right of hoisting the French flag at sea, appears to have been the extent of the help received from France. The Government had tired of insular politics, finding that large sums previonsly sent to Charles had been wasted. The amount sent from Rome to Ireland through the nuncio seems not to have exceeded 30,000*l.*, but he sometimes raised money on credit, and he spent the revenues of his own see. It may be doubted whether the material help which Rinuccini gave was not too dearly bought by the dissensions which he caused.

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 40.

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 50.
† Ibid. p. 560.
‡ Ibid. p. 58.

Rinuccini left Paris at the end of August, 1645, hut six weeks elapsed hefore his emharkation. On the eve of his departnre from the capital he sent a letter to the Council of Kilkenny, regretting that he was delayed hy the difficnlty of finding a safe passage. He was all anxiety to be with them; for

'ex illâ siquidem die, quâ inspirante cœlitus Deo, Summus D. N. imbecillitatem meam ad onus hoc evangelicum destinavit, mirum dictu est, qnâ ratione ex Italo in Hibernum repente mutatus, res vestras, ecclesiam vestram, istum ipsum erga fidem Catholicam animorum vestrorum ardorem, et ipse non minus ardens sim amplexatus.' *

This hyperhole was not precisely suited to charm Mountgarret and Preston, who, though good Catholics, did not consider themselves Irish at all. Rinuccini did indeed espouse the Irish canse in the stricter sense, and fonnd, when he held the Celtic nation, that the winning cards were, after all, in other hands.

The nnncio did not escape a sharp reproof from Rome for lingering on the road, and it was snggested somewhat ironically that he might send the money to Scarampi, if himself ohliged to delay still further in France. Thns urged, hnt not withont misgivings, he sailed from Rochelle accompanied hy Belling and other Irishmen, and with a great qnantity of stores. From Monday to Friday they were tossed abont, and on the latter day were chased hy two vessels. The Irish on hoard knew that they were commanded hy a Puritan conntryman of their own, who would not respect the golden lilies npon which Mazarin had set snch valne as a protection. Dreading to fall in Plunkett's hands, they made great efforts and succeeded in distancing him. 'It was noted . . . that the vessel was dedicated to St. Peter . . . and truly I see the hand of the Saint in the miraculons issne of this pnrsnit.' † The real cause of the nnncio's escape was a fire in the enemy's galley. ‡

The nuncio had considerahle difficulty in making the coast of Ireland, bnt at length on Saturday evening cast anchor in Kenmare Bay. The date, as has been before pointed out, is rather hard to fix, hut it was about the middle of Octoher, 1645. The pious nuncio was particularly pleased at certain chronological coincidences. The day on which land had been seen was that which the Chnrch of Fermo held sacred to St. Mahel, one of the eleven thousand virgins. The day following was that on which the martyrdom of Philip, Bishop of Fermo, was celehrated. Belling regretted having missed Waterford, where prepared demonstrations awaited them; but Rinuccini rejoiced at having heen ohliged to land in a remote corner and to lodge in a cowshed, and saw some similitude to the 'great work of the Redemption first annonnced to shepherds and begun within the walls of a stable.' * Yet he elsewhere censures the Irish for their proneness to believe in vain prophecies.

The people flocked ronnd the nnncio, and a volnnteer hody-guard escorted him to the neighhourhood of Millstreet, where he was met hy some troops of horse sent hy the Kilkenny Council. The principal officers were Lord Netterville and Ormonde's brother Richard, whom Rinuccini at first extolled as an excellent Catholic, hnt afterwards reviled when he found that he was no nnncionist. Thus conducted, the nnncio, who was astonished at the roughness of the roads, a reproach from which Munster is now pretty free, hronght baggage and stores safe through the mountains to Limerick, and after a few days' rest entered Kilkenny with great pomp The inhahitants flocked ont to meet him, the clergy assemhling in great nnmbers at St. Patrick's Church, and the magistrates heing in waiting at the city gate. Wearing the pontifical cape and hat, Monsignore rode to the cathedral, 'a distance perhaps not less than that of the Via Lnngara at Rome,' the citizens walking bareheaded in the rain and carrying a canopy over his head. At the door of St. Canice's the aged hishop, David Rothe, author of the 'Analecta,' received the procession, and, after offering the aspersorium, led Rinuccini to the high altar, and made a speech there. The nuncio pronounced a solemn benediction and granted the promised indulgences, and then there was another oration. The reception hy the Snpreme Council, which was arranged hy Belling, seems to have heen not altogether satisfactory to Rinuccini, who notes with displeasure that Mountgarret, though he rose from the presidential chair, did not move forward either at the reception or at the leave-taking. On the other hand, he records with evident satisfaction that his seat of red damask embossed with gold was handsomer than the president's, and equally central.

The constitntional guardian of the Chnrch of England wrote to the nuncio, desiring him to place implicit confidence in his agent, the Catholic Glamorgan, hoping that, thongh the first, this wonld not be the last of his letters addressed to a Papal representative, hnt that he might one day be ahle openly to

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 68.
† Ibid. p. 82.
‡ Castlehaven's 'Memoirs,' p. 62. Ed. 1815.

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 84.

declare his goodwill. * On arriving at Kilkenny, in August, 1545, Glamorgan fell into the hands of the clerical party, and when Rinuccini arrived there he fonnd that a treaty had heen already concluded. By this document the Roman Catholics were to have the public exercise of their religien absolntely uncontrolled hy the Protestant Estahlishment, all the churches, with the tithes and glebes wbich they had at any time possessed since the onthreak, and all others not actually in Protestant hands. Catholics were to be eligihle to all offices, and all penal laws against them were to be repealed. The effect of all this would have been to confine Protestantism to tbe towns in military occnpation of the Protestants. Glamorgan covenanted with the Confederates that he should not be bound to force his Majesty's will, promising to persnade him, if possible, without letting him know the conditions agreed on. The Catholics contracted on their part to send 10,000 men to the king in England, which were to be under Glamorgan's command, and to be kept together in one hody. Knowing what the king might he expected to grant, tlie Confederates were soon in a position to treat witb the Lord Lieutenant, who offered to leave points of religion to the king, for they knew that these had already been practically decided in their favour.

It is, of course, now beyond controversy that Glamorgan had all the powers to which he pretended; that he continued after the exposnre to treat with the Confederates in the king's name, who disavowed him publicly and encouraged him privately; and that the agent's loyal devotion prevented him from using the proofs which he possessed of his principal's perfidy.† The king wrote to the Pope and to Cardinal Spada as well as to the nuncio, and it was probahly the first of these letters of wbich Glamorgan showed Rinnccini the hack—'a quarter of a sheet, folded in the smallest possihle compass, and directed to his Holiness thus, "Beatissimo Patri Innocentio Decimo."' ‡ Both letters were dated October 20, 1645, and expressed the fullest confidence in Glamorgan. But, pnblicly disowned as he was, it is not snrprising that Glamorgan effected nothing, nor was his political skill on a par with his mechanical and philosophical acuteness. Belling, who had fnll opportunities for stndying him, says he was 'levior homo, ac infirmior quam cui res tanta committi dehuisset.' § His countess was an old love of Ormonde's, to whom sbe not unnaturally attrihnted her hushand's misfortunes. Being in his company afterwards, when they were hoth exiles in France, she cnt him dead in sucb a way as to attract marked attention. 'Really, madam,' said Ormonde, who never lost his presence of mind, 'this would have trouhled me eighteen years ago,' and passed on to some more complaisant lady.

Besides the treaties with the viceroy and the secret agent, a third was being negotiated at Rome between the Papal Court and the queen's resident, Sir Kenelm Digby. The articles, of which a copy was forwarded to Rinnccini, were net signed hy Sir Kenelm, and were rejected hy Henrietta Maria herself, hut are interesting becanse they show what an independent Irish kingdom under Papal patronage would have been like. * So far as religion goes, they may be snmmarised under the following heads:—

1. The establishment of the Roman Church, with all its possessions, the monastic lands, 'which it is pretended were conceded to the present possessors hy Cardinal Pole,' and the sees actually in the hands of the king's heretic snbjects being reserved for the consideration of the Irish Parliament, whicb was to be at all times frec and independent of the Englisb Legislatnre.

2. The aholition of all penalties and disahilities affecting the Catbolics both in England and Ireland.

3. The viceroy and other principal officials to be Catholics, and all strong places, incln-ding Duhlin, to be placed in Catholic hands.

4. The king to join with the Catholics in driving out the Scots and Parliamentarians.

In short, Catbolicism would have been established, and Protestantism barely tolerated, in Ireland. In consideration of the foregoing the Pope was willing to give a considerable sum of money, and the Confederacy were to send to England an army of 15,000 men 'under Catholic ehiefs,' who were to have unlimited power over it. The Indicrous inadequacy of the means to the end does not seem to have struck the officials of the Curia. While the nuncio waited for the original articles, which were never executed, and for Sir Kenelm Dighy, who never came, the Confederates prepared to treat with Ormonde in spite of his most strenuons efforts.

On Marcb 28, 1646, the Lord Lieutenant adjusted his terms with Muskerry and four otber commissioners, Clanricarde and Dighy heing among the witnesses. All matters of religion were left in abeyance for the king's decision, except that Catholics were not to

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 104.

† The whole story may be studied in Lingard, Appendix to vol. viii., note P. P. P.

‡ Embassy in Ireland, p. 103. The twe letters are in Lingard.

§ Vindiciæ, ehap. v.

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 573.

be required to take the oath of supremacy. The Irish engaged to send 10,000 men to England before May 1, and the treaty was not to be published till then, nor at all unless the men were sent—a failure which was to release both parties from their engagements. No Irish army did go to England, and the sole result of a treaty which took a year to negotiate was a loan of 3,000*l.* to Ormonde for the defence of Dublin, and of 300 men to Digby for the defence of Scilly, whither the Prince of Wales had fled. That able and versatile but unstable politician, whose restless activity almost equalled that of Mordanto, had not yet joined the Roman communion, and Rinuccini habitually calls him the heretic Digby, in distinction from Sir Kenelm the Catholic. His object was to get the prince to Ireland, where he probably hoped to have the management of him, though Ormonde and the nuncio were both opposed to the plan. Charles had left Scilly before his arrival, and he followed him to Jersey, where he was better provided with counsellors, all of whom wished him to go to France. Foiled in his first object, Digby hurried off to Mazarin, and got 10,000 pistoles out of him, more than he had ever given to the Confederates. Thus provided and armed with both the queen's and prince's instructions, he returned to Ireland after only ten weeks' absence. Ormonde, on learning that the king was a prisoner with the Scots, and not a free agent, and that he had the entire confidence of the royal exiles, hesitated no longer to publish the peace, and the ratifications were exchanged on July 29.

The following account of 'colloguing' Digby will be interesting to many not specially concerned with Irish history:—

'A public traitor against his Majesty, though goshope (gossip) to Ormonde, now by the Lord Lieutenant is commanded for France, to work some other treason with the poor queen, by the mediation of my Lord German (*sic*), that her Majesty's favour might not be wanting in any occasion. Digby had great interest in her, did persuade her what he pleased (notwithstanding the publicity of his former treason against his Majesty); he gave out that he was agent from the Confederates and the rest of the kingdom of Ireland by royal consent, whereby he entered unto the favour of Cardinal Mazarine, Prince Counsellor to the Christian Majesty, who was highly devoted to the Confederate Catholics of Ireland, in pursuance whereof made up the matter of 10,000*l.* sterling, to be given to the said Catholics, as a gratitude of their Catholic intentions, to enable them in their holy war, and thinking Digby to be truly and really agent, commanded him to carry the said sum of money to the Confederates as aforesaid. Digby . . . landed in Waterford with the money, where presently commanded carriage, with the said money, to Dublin to Ormonde, himself departing from thence to Kilkenny, where arriving was bountifully entertained, and more like a prince than a subject received by the Supreme Council such smiles and jollity showed for his safe arrival, that a dull man might understand that what was done against Clanmorgan's (*sic*) person and commission by the surmishes of this Digby was not only grateful unto them, but their proper act. Likely this man had some letters from Cardinal Mazarine to the Supreme Council, setting forth his donation, for what intention bestowed, and promising future more ample gifts, if the present well employed, but none such came to light, but rather money and letters were shifted between them and Ormonde.'*

The author has no language too strong to abuse those who thought well of Digby, and even considered his services more important than those of Owen Roe.

The peace was proclaimed at Kilkenny in spite of the clergy, who meditated an interdict; but at Waterford and Limerick Ulster was unable to do his office, and at the latter place narrowly escaped death at the hands of the mob. The Limerick rioters were headed by one Dominick Fanning, who seems to have been an impracticable agitator such as Ireland still knows only too well. Fanning afterwards perished miserably, having surrendered to Ireton's soldiers after he had been refused food or shelter by his own wife. Loyalists of both creeds were willing to accept Ormonde's treaty; but the clerical party had been emboldened by a great military success, and were less inclined to moderation than at any former time. On June 5, 1646, Owen Roe had defeated Monroe at Benburb, on the Blackwater, six or seven miles from the spot where his uncle had overthrown Marshal Bagenal forty-eight years before. The Scots, who were superior in all arms, had the wind in their favour; but O'Neill restrained his men until the evening, when it had fallen a good deal—a remarkable phenomenon, which the nuncio does not fail to note as miraculous. Before the final charge the general made a short speech to his men, reminding them of their wrongs, of their ancient lineage, and of their just cause. 'Your word,' he said in conclusion, 'is *Sancta Maria;* and so in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, advance, and give not fire till you are within pike-length.'†

The author of the 'Aphorismical Discovery' gives a long oration, stuffed with allusions to Cain and Abel, Plutarch and

* Gilbert, p. 118.
† Warr of Ireland, p. 47.

Polybius, Hannibal and Scipio, the Emperor Gratian and the Maccabees, which we may be sure are his own and not his hero's.* The Irish all confessed before the battle, and the nuncio observes that certificates of confession were furnished by O'Neill to the General of the Observantines,† who accompanied the army. Monroe thought the 'Lord of Hosts had a controversy with us to rub shame on our faces, as on other armies, till once we shall be humbled,' &c. The British officer, who is not given to the supernatural, thinks the Scots were tired with long marches, and moreover used broad-headed pikes, 'which are the worst in the world. Withal, to my own knowledge, the soldiers, I mean some that were not strong enough in the British army for his pike in a windy day, would cut off a foot, and some two, of their pikes—which is a damned thing to be suffered.' Besides all this the Scots did not expect the Irish to fight, and security makes carelessness. Monroe's intention, had he won the battle, was to have marched to Kilkenny and dictated terms there, and Rinuccini unjustly suspected that he had a secret understanding with Ormonde. O'Neill withdrew into Cavan to watch the progress of the obnoxious treaty, and the greatest victory ever gained by an Irish general in Ireland had scarcely any permanent consequences.

During the long negotiations between Ormonde and the Confederates, Inchiquin had been acting in Munster with little reference to either of the nominal governments. As Lord President in virtue of a parliamentary commission, he turned all Irishmen out of Cork, Kinsale, and Youghal—he an O'Brien—and Muskerry was sent to check him, a task which he performed unwillingly. Rinuccini followed the army, and heard the news of Benburb at Limerick. Returning to Waterford he held a synod, in which all who adhered to Ormonde's peace were declared perjurers and worthy of excommunication.‡ During the nuncio's absence, Ormonde was invited to Kilkenny, and marched southward with 2,000 men. He made no political impression, and, learning that Preston and O'Neill were secretly combining to intercept him,§ was glad to reach Dublin by a hurried flight, and soon afterwards sent commissioners to treat with the Parliament.

Rinuccini re-entered Kilkenny in triumph, and O'Neill encamped near the town. Most of the Council were imprisoned, and a new one was appointed from among the nuncio's adherents, consisting of four priests and eight laymen,* who immediately chose him president, and took an oath pledging themselves to procure the full establishment of their Church in Ireland. Rinuccini appointed Glamorgan general of Munster in place of Muskerry, intending to make him Lord Lieutenant afterwards, and the poor man boasted that he would soon drive Inchiquin out of all the sea-ports. Glamorgan also took what was in fact an oath of allegiance to the Holy See and the nuncio, the only witnesses being Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, Ormonde's rancorous foe and libeller, and Robert Nugent, Provincial of the Jesuits.†

After many delays the nuncio succeeded in getting the combined armies to march against Dublin; but the jealousy between Preston and O'Neill continued unabated, and Rinuccini did not improve matters by dividing the funds at his disposal very unequally between the two generals. Ormonde devastated the environs of the capital, to make it harder for his assailants to live. Lady Ormonde and other ladies of rank carried baskets of earth to encourage the workmen who were employed to strengthen the fortifications. The Lord Lieutenant had raised about 27,000*l.* on his own estate, and his resources were exhausted. O'Neill and Preston had 16,000 foot and 1,600 horse, and, had they been on good terms, might have taken Dublin by a sudden attack. But they were bold only in words, demanding the surrender of Dublin and Drogheda, but taking no steps to enforce the demand. Ormonde could neither grant their terms nor resist their arms, and he sought help in vain from the Ulster Scots. He decided at last to admit a body of parliamentary troops who had arrived in Dublin Bay, a course to which he was partly forced by the clamour of the citizens. No sooner did the news reach the Irish camp than O'Neill collected his men by firing a cannon, threw an extempore bridge over the Liffey at Leixlip, and withdrew through Westmeath into Connaught. The Ulster leader always acted independently of the Council, and showed very little real respect to the nuncio, who distrusted him profoundly. But he allowed his soldiers to call themselves the Pope's and the Church's army. 'The result is,' says Rinuccini, 'that whenever the Ulster soldiers (barbarous enough by nature, although good Catholics) perform any act of

* Gilbert, p. 111.
† Embassy in Ireland, p. 174.
‡ Brennan's 'Ecclesiastical History,' p. 459. Ed. 1864.
§ Castlehaven, p. 68.

* Spicilegium Ossoriense, 2nd series, p. 28.
† Carte.

cruelty or robbery, the sufferers execrate his Holiness and me, and curse the clergy whom they consider the patrons of this army.' *

The Commissioners in charge of the small parliamentary force, the mere news of whose arrival was enough to disperse the Irish army, were unable to come to terms with Ormonde, and retired into Ulster, where the Scots denied their men admission into Belfast or Carrickfergus. Clanricarde tried to bring about an understanding between Ormonde and Preston, but found the latter so untrustworthy that he forgot his accustomed serenity and called him traitor. Proud, quarrelsome, and incapable of holding his tongue or concealing his emotions, Preston's religious feeling or superstitious fear kept him in subjection to the nuncio, and he was again induced to act nominally as O'Neill's colleague. Having exhausted every military and financial expedient, Ormonde was forced to make the best terms he could with the Parliament, admitted their garrison, and on July 28, 1647, 'having left the regalia to be delivered to the Commissioners, went on board Captain Matthew Wood's frigate, attended by the prayers of the distressed clergy, great numbers of whom, with their wives and children, had been kept from perishing through want by his and his lady's bounty, and landed on August 2, at Bristol.' †

After the siege of Dublin had been abandoned, the Confederate General Assembly, consisting of about 300 members, met at Kilkenny. 'The session commenced,' says Rinuccini, with all those signs of discord and intrigues which generally reign in such meetings, and consequently there was great danger of rupture between the clergy and their adherents, and the Ormondists who promoted or treated of peace.'‡ The old Council were released with tempers not improved. Belling declared that the Pope had told him in Wadding's presence that the Irish might as well make what terms they could, and put up with a secret, if unable to obtain a public, guarantee for religion. The nuncio said that if the Pope had so spoken it was owing to Belling's false report, and that, since he had had Scarampi's better information, he had given totally different orders. While constantly professing that the Catholic cause was the king's, Rinuccini would certainly have liked to place Ireland under the Pope's protection. In this he had all the Irish nobility against him. There was also a French party in constant communication with the Prince of Wales. The agents of the Most Christian and of the Catholic King were naturally opposed, and both more anxious to secure Irish recruits for their masters' armies than to increase his Holiness's temporal power. Rinuccini could not even get the old question of investitures decided in the Pope's favour; for the Irish laity, led by Glamorgan, pertinaciously refused to do anything derogatory to the royal authority.

Inchiquin was practically unopposed all this time, for the Irish army declined Glamorgan as a commander because he was an Englishman. Many of the officers were Muskerry's connexions, and took his part, though the nuncio hated him for his partiality to Ormonde. Warned of Rinuccini's designs against him, Muskerry hurried to Clonmel, where the adjourned session was being held. The nuncionists declared he should not take part in a discussion in which he was personally interested. Professing to fear, perhaps really fearing, violence, he hurried off to the army, the larger half of which received him gladly and deposed Glamorgan. Next day the restored general occupied Clonmel with his troops, and, according to Belling, showed his magnanimity by refusing to punish opponents.* Neither by Glamorgan nor by Muskerry was any effectual resistance offered to Inchiquin's bloody progress.

Relieved from the incubus of O'Neill's alliance, and more inclined to fight him than the Parliamentarians, Preston lay inactive in the Pale with 8,000 men, and on August 6, 1647, allowed himself to be attacked near Trim by Michael Jones and 2,000 of the garrison of Dublin. Preston managed to get his horse into a narrow lane, and his foot into some very tall corn, while he posted his reserves too far off, and in such a way that they could not see the front. Jones took full advantage of these blunders, and the Puritan veterans, used to victory and believing themselves the favourites of Heaven, advanced steadily to the attack. A butchery rather than a battle followed, nearly half the Irish army being killed, while Jones's loss was trifling. The principal resistance was offered by a regiment of Scots islemen, under a Glengarry, who refused quarter and fell fighting bravely. Over 100 officers, all the colours, baggage, and stores remained in the victors' hands, and their neighbours forced the Catholic citizens of Dublin to join in the illuminations. Jones refused to make anything like a triumphal

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 283.
† Carte, end of book iv.
‡ Embassy in Ireland, p. 244.

* Vindiciæ, chap. v.

entry, lest it might look like taking credit for what was due to God alone.

A few weeks after Preston's defeat Inchiquin took Cashel by storm, and atrocities were committed which give the affair a bad eminence even in this dreadful war. Rinuccini was at Galway, and feared to have his retreat cut off; indeed he thought it probable that Kilkenny itself might fall. Suddenly the victorious Inchiquin turned back into Cork, and overthrew Taafe's division at Knockinoss. Owen O'Neill remained the only defence of the Confederates, and made his dispositions so well that Jones was closely shut up in Dublin for many months, during which the citizens could sometimes see 200 Irish watch-fires at once. After his victories Inchiquin took offence at some proceedings of the Parliamentary Lord Lieutenant Lord Lisle, or he may have been really alarmed at the lengths to which the party were going; at all events he began a correspondence with Ormonde.

For a moment the Confederates had breathing space, but they feared their protector almost as much as their assailants, and O'Neill was even suspected of wishing to make himself king. So bitter was the feeling that he refused to attend the assembly, saying that his life would not be safe there.* The prevailing distrust was much increased by the appearance of a book called 'Disputatio Apologetica,' which had been printed at Lisbon by Cornelius Mahon, an Irish Jesuit. Mahon advised his countrymen to drive out all the English, whether heretics or not, and to elect an Irish Catholic king, Owen Roe being of course the only possible candidate. The gentry, and especially the lawyers, of the Pale had never at any time dreamed of disputing the sovereignty of the English Crown, and regarded Mahon's doctrine as rank treason. Rinuccini, who could never respect, nor perhaps even understand, the opinions of others, says their anger really arose from the fear of losing the monastic lands. The 'Disputatio' was burned by the hangman at Kilkenny, and every procurable copy destroyed by order of the Council, who employed the renowned Peter Walsh to preach nine sermons in refutation of it. John of Portugal, the first king of the restored monarchy, severely prohibited the work as derogatory to a brother sovereign, and it probably contributed a good deal to the confusion of the nuncio's plans.† When he was at Galway, Clanricarde, who was above all things loyal, studiously avoided paying him any attention, and he thought it prudent to abstain from presenting a complimentary brief which the Pope had sent to the Western chief.*

The year 1648 was miserably occupied by the struggles of the expiring Confederacy. Much as he had distrusted O'Neill, Rinuccini had now no praise too high for him, and indeed he was his only support. The Council determined to treat with Inchiquin, and to accept his aid against the Parliament, whereupon the nuncio excommunicated all who should receive the truce, and laid an interdict on the towns and districts favourable to the Confederates. Glamorgan left the country in company with Leyburn, an English priest in Henrietta Maria's service who had long been a thorn in Rinuccini's side; but the absence of two troublesome people did not make peace. Some of the clergy even had the courage to oppose the Pope's representative. Thus John Bourke, Archbishop of Tuam, who probably sympathised with Clanricarde as head of his clan, broke into the collegiate church at Galway through a hole in the roof, and celebrated mass in defiance of the nuncio, who was practically besieged in the town and unable to communicate with Kilkenny. In the latter town great congregations frequented St. Canice's to hear Peter Walsh, whose Franciscan cord hung somewhat loosely about him, thundering against the interdict.† There was even an attempt to obtain a decision of the Sorbonne against its validity. Rinuccini proposed that Walsh should be called before the Inquisition. The aged Bishop of Ossory assumed an independent position, and some other bishops were no less hostile to the nuncio. The Provincials of the barefooted Carmelites and of the Jesuits counselled disobedience. The disciples of Loyola have not seldom held that they best performed their peculiar office of defending the Papacy by declining to obey the Pope's orders, and a mere nuncio could expect no better treatment. Preston, whose hatred for O'Neill at last overcame his respect or fear of the nuncio, declared that he considered his censures invalid, and that he would pursue the Ulster general until one or other fell in single combat. Ten peers and many important gentlemen subscribed a sworn undertaking to adhere to the original oath of association, and to suppress, at the hazard of

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 339.

† Gilbert, pp. 667, 739; Embassy in Ireland, p. 321; Walsh's 'Remonstrance,' 2nd part, section 22; Clarendon, 'Ireland,' p. 55.

* Embassy in Ireland, p. 323; Spicilegium Ossoriense, 2nd series, p. 23.

† Gilbert, p. 274.

their lives, all who stood in arms to oppose it. They appealed formally to his Holiness against 'the excommunication issued forth by the Lord Nuncio and four bishops.' * Ormonde landed once more at Cork, and was practically appointed Dictator by all but the Ulster army, which was too weak to offer serious opposition, even though swollen by many deserters from Preston. O'Neill himself made polite overtures to Ormonde, professing to believe that he was ready to give full satisfaction to the Irish Catholics, and that his goodwill had hitherto been neutralised by his want of the necessary powers. The Lord Lieutenant's answer was cautious and cool, and he does not fail to notice that 'the nuncio is a foreigner.'† Then came the execution of the king, and Rinuccini was glad to escape from a country where he had met with nothing but disasters which even his admirers can hardly say he did anything to avert.

Early in March, 1649, the very 'San Pietro,' from the omen of whose name the nuncio had gathered such comfort three years and a half before, carried him, defeated and discredited, to the coast of Normandy. From Orleans he wrote to the General of the Jesuits, complaining of Malone, the Irish Provincial, and summing up the situation thus:—

'The Catholic Confederation is under the power of a heretic; Munster is in possession of a Calvinist; the Protestant bishops and parish priests are already preparing to take possession of the ecclesiastical income. If these continue, the kingdom will be lost, and on Father Malone and his associates will lie the greater share of the blame.'

In another place he says:—

'It may be by the will of God that a people Catholic only in name, and so irreverent towards the Church, should feel the thunderbolt of the Holy See, and draw upon themselves the anger which is the meed of the scorner.'

Poor Ireland! it is hard that this, of all crimes, should be laid to her charge.

Scarcely had Rinuccini departed when the coming giant's shadow was cast over the land. Too late the voice of controversy was hushed; a hasty and imperfect union of discordant elements was powerless to stay Cromwell's iron hand; and to the last a large section of the clergy hated their rebellions flocks more even than the Puritan conqueror. O'Neill was spared by an early death from witnessing the ruin of all his hopes. In the face of every discouragement Ormonde supported the falling cause to the latest possible moment, and then withdrew to await better times, leaving his brave wife in Ireland to collect what the victor's clemency allowed her to save from the wreck of a great estate. Clanricarde remained to see Ireland completely subdued, and died young in England, unmolested by the wise Protector, whom he left apparently at the height of his power. The restless Inchiquin escaped to the Continent, where, among many strange adventures, he was captured by Algerine pirates, and released at the instance of the English Council of State, from whose arms he had fled. Broghill prepared after the death of Charles I. to espouse his son's cause, but was gained over by Cromwell, became his trusted lieutenant, and lived to play the part of an Irish Monk. Monroe, who had by marriage acquired a considerable estate in Ulster, was treacherously given up by his own officers to Monk in 1647, and spent five years in the Tower under what was practically a sentence of death. It is said that he was there frequently consulted by the Protector. Afterwards he was allowed to compound for life and property, and died in bed at his house in Down near the end of Charles II.'s reign. Preston to some extent redeemed his fame by a gallant defence of Waterford against Ireton; he died abroad soon after the Restoration.

Lord Clarendon was of opinion that in dealing with the Irish rebellion Rome had forgotten her accustomed cunning. If this be the case—and certainly nothing could have been more unsuccessful than her policy—the chief blame must fall upon Rinuccini, who had great discretionary powers. Being very overbearing and too careful of his official dignity, he had not the suppleness necessary for a diplomatist. Everywhere he was inclined to stand upon his strict rights, forgetting the extraordinary country to which he was accredited. He made no friends, for he trusted no one. Not a single layman had his good word for long, and even of clergymen he changed his opinion, according as they opposed or supported him on particular occasions. He could not brook independence among laymen or ecclesiastics. At Rome he was accused, perhaps wrongly, of personal ambition, but of personal vanity he certainly had a full share. Like Bacon and some other eminent men, he thoroughly enjoyed the outward trappings of his office, and there is something almost oriental in the importance he gives to points of etiquette. It evidently gave him intense pleasure when a doge

* Walsh's 'Remonstrance,' First Appendix.
† Gilbert, pp. 751, 754, 756.

advanced four steps to meet him, when his chair in a council of state was more ornate than the president's, when noblemen came four miles out of town to greet him, when devout citizens carried a canopy over his head on a wet day. On the other hand, the least appearance of neglect is noted with nervous minuteness. Evidently a very bad judge of political forces, he was elated by transient successes, and learned little wisdom from rebuffs and failures. His superstition caused him to register coincidence and omens with a childish particularity. With all this he was a thoroughly pious and sincere priest, and took great pains to use his patronage well. He was careless of money, and freely spent all that he had to further his mission. A model archbishop, he lacked almost every qualification for a statesman.

Ormonde was a born politician, thoroughly suited for the part which he had to play. He began by bearding Strafford, but with characteristic caution kept the law on his side, even when he appeared to be transported with anger. To be loyal was his birthright, the distinguishing mark of a long line of able and magnificent ancestors. But he was no mere cavalier partisan, the conception of law being quite as familiar to him as that of royalty. He was a sincere Anglican of Laud's school; and that prelate, who has been accused of undue leaning to Rome, is entitled to the credit of so distinguished a pupil. Men urged him to play the part of Henry IV., and not lose Ireland for a mass,* but he never wavered. Rinuccini tried to shake his resolution, but with little hopes of success, for he knew that Ormonde had declared it impossible to believe in transubstantiation or in the Papal supremacy—matters which have at all times presented difficulties to many worthy men. Peter Walsh, whom he protected and sheltered in his own house, never dared to attempt his conversion until James II. was on the throne, and he received an answer which did not encourage him to repeat the experiment. Ormonde was thoroughly tolerant for his time, but never willing to place his own church in a position of inferiority to that of Rome. Acting up to the traditions of his family, he made the English connexion a first principle in Irish politics, and this is the real reason why he was so much hated by the forerunners of the modern nationalists. The king to whom he felt loyal was the King of England, and he preferred even the rebel Parliament to an Irish state under Papal patronage. He spent his last shilling in maintaining these views. Ormonde had extraordinary presence of mind, and never forgot himself in any way; he was perhaps rather cold. A very fair general, though not brought up to war, he kept an army together under the most desperate circumstances, and was victorious against ordinary enemies. To say that he was overthrown by Jones and Cromwell is only to say that he had not the genius to make raw levies, ill paid and disunited, equal to the best troops in Europe. Facts forbid us to call him, with Bishop French, the 'unkind deserter of true friends.' But neither are we obliged to accept Carte's panegyric unreservedly. He was not a hero, but he was an extremely able and serviceable man. It cannot be fairly said that he ever postponed his duty to that keen sense of interest which he certainly possessed. Historical characters have sometimes been ticketed, in Homeric fashion, as the contentious man, the politic man, and so forth. Ormonde might be distinguished as the patient man, and for a statesman it is not the worst title to fame.

Owen Roe O'Neill, who in many ways resembled his uncle Tyrone, had nothing of the traditional Irishman about him. Haughty and reticent even to moroseness, it was impossible to cajole him, and his nephew Daniel, one of the cleverest intriguers of the time, was obliged to confess himself baffled by 'that subtle man.' Though he could never be induced to bind himself rashly, it is allowed by general consent that his promises were sacred. When it suited his purpose, he was ready to treat with Ormonde, and invariably addressed him with the respect due to the king's lieutenant; but he was never his tool. The treacherous attempt to cut off the marquis between Kilkenny and Dublin forms no exception, for he had nothing to say to inviting him, and had a right to take advantage of the opportunity. Neither had he any objection to be on friendly terms with Jones or Monk, or even to help them, in consideration of indispensable supplies. In all such negotiations his immediate aim was to keep his army together; but it is not easy to say what was the ultimate object of his ambition. Indiscreet partisans might present him a kingly crown, but he was far too wise a man not to refuse it. Ormonde, and Clarendon who wrote under his influence, thought O'Neill had some hopes of making a separate peace, regaining the estate of his ancestors, and obtaining religious liberty for his immediate adherents. To look upon Ulster as a separate principality, and to be prince in it, had been the policy of his uncle and of his great-uncle Shane, if indeed Tyrone and his

* Spicilegium Ossoriense, 1st series, p. 370.

nephew were really the descendants of Con Bacagh and not of the Dundalk blacksmith. Others suppose that O'Neill lived in hope of foreign intervention, or that he expected, at the worst, to carry an unbroken army into the Spanish service. Of his talents as a general there can be no doubt; and though the progress of his army was said to resemble that of a horde of Tartars, this must in fairness be attributed to the wild Ulster pikemen rather than to their leader. Having no regular supplies, he was obliged to live on the country, and could not afford to emulate the illustrious captor of Drogheda, who hanged men for stealing chickens. O'Neill's letters, of which a great number remain, are those of a soldier and a gentleman. Had he lived he might have prolonged the war, though he could hardly have altered the event. He must always have a high place among those who have fought bravely in a hopeless cause. It is possible to take the Parliamentary side in the great quarrel, and yet to sympathise with those who struggled vainly for what, after all, was civil and religious liberty. The men of that age could not receive the truth; but we should be able to see over the mist of prejudice and fanaticism which grossly closed them in.

If any lesson is to be learned from history, that of the Irish rebellion teaches us that our two islands cannot permanently maintain a separate political existence. Supreme power must reside somewhere, and Ireland has never been in a position to keep order for herself. From the arrival of the first man-at-arms under Henry II. to the final conquest under William III. successive waves of invasion brought each its tribute of dissension to the ill-fated land. Religious differences were added; but they did not obliterate the distinctions of race, and those adhering to the old faith have ever been divided among themselves. In the days of Rinuccini, at the time of the Remonstrance, during the discussion of the Veto, at the present day, the priests have always taken the popular side, sometimes leading, sometimes following, the people; while the aristocracy have been loyal subjects first and Irish Catholics afterwards, and have in consequence lost all control over the masses. It is the overpowering strength of Great Britain which keeps the lesser island from becoming a prey to anarchy. For good or evil, let us hope for good, the destinies of the two countries are indissolubly united.

Our readers will at once perceive the motive which has led us to revert to this passage of our history at the present time. We have been informed by high authority amongst the partisans of Home Rule that their ultimate object is an Irish Parliament, which would be, not, like the Irish Parliament of 1782, a Protestant body, but on the contrary an assembly four-fifths Roman Catholic. It is needless to point out the consequence of a Catholic House of Commons in Ireland opposed to a Protestant House of Peers and a Protestant British Parliament. Such a House of Commons would be in great measure returned by the priests, and subservient to them, as they are subservient to their Church. Home Rule, therefore, means simply Catholic rule in Ireland.

ART. VII.—*Lectures and Essays.* By the late WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD, F.R.S. Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and FREDERICK POLLOCK, with an Introduction by F. POLLOCK. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1879.

THE volumes now before us are extremely welcome. Not only is their intrinsic interest great, but their interest accidentally is still greater. The late Professor Clifford was a very remarkable man, and he was remarkable for two reasons—first, for the genuine eminence that was due to his own genius; secondly, for the imputed eminence that was due to the admiration of his friends. For the first of these we entertain all respect, and we shall speak of it in respectful terms; but we do it no wrong if we say that it is altogether dwarfed by the second. Professor Clifford has grave claims on our attention, and not only does this view of him in no way detract from these, but in some ways it very largely increases them. If we study a man because we think him really great, and desire to understand the exact quality of his greatness, we shall, without doubt, be doing a very important thing. But if we study a man mainly because he has been thought great by others, we may be doing a thing that is no less important, although in a somewhat different way. If the interest in the former case is more intense, in the latter it is more extended. A genius, as a genius, represents himself, and nothing more than himself. A man, as thought to be a genius, represents the judgments of those who have thought him one; and the less solid the ground that this opinion rests upon, the more significant does the opinion itself become. We cannot be sure, for instance, that a man is a judge of poetry because he takes pleasure in reading 'Hamlet;' but we can be sure he is not a judge of poetry if he

takes pleasure in reading Martin Tupper. If we pass from poetry to philosophy, the matter is yet plainer. We may assent dutifully to profound truths without being ourselves profonnd; hut we shall not emphatically endorse superficial falschoods without being ourselves ignorant and superficial.

Let us now pass at once to Professor Clifford, and see the application of these remarks to him. His most obvious claim to notice was his great power as a specialist. He was a mathematician of a very high order, and, speaking merely of the outward events of his life, it was as a mathematician that his career was successful. But besides his mathematical powers he had a wide and accnrate grasp of physical science generally; and he had a singular facnlty, also, of imparting clearly whatever he knew clearly. In this way he became, very early in life, a powerful and prominent figure in the world of scientific thinkers; nor, as we read his lectnres, and reflect upon his personal character, can we at all wonder at the high position he occupied. But this position could hy no means content him; he could not but look fnrther. The scientific world, as compared with the world in general, was really, he saw, only a limited *coterie*, limited not only in point of numbers, but in point of the questions with which it was supposed to husy itself. How absorbing and vast these questions were no man knew better than Clifford, but he knew also that there was another question beyond them, to which they were all subordinate. This, in his own language, was the question of 'right and wrong;' or, in other words, the question of how to live and what ends to live for. This was the only enquiry, he said, that concerned all of us; and it was further the supreme concern of each. Man is born to act, not to think and to know. Know and think he must, and he must know and think accurately; but this as a means only, not as an end. 'Our interest,' Clifford said, in speaking of the physical sciences, 'lies with so much of the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and to intensify our pious allegiance to the fathers who have gone before us and the hrethren who are with us; and our interest lies with so much of the future as we may hope will be appreciably affected by our good actions now. Beyond that, as it seems to me, we do not know, and we ought not to care.' It was his ambition, therefore, to emerge from the domain of specialists, and to become a power in the domain of practical life. Ho was not content with being an instructor of students; he proposed also to he a leader of men. Nor was his ambition here of at all a limited nature. He saw the disorder of the world, its painful perplexities of thought, and its chaos of conflicting motives, and he sought in the midst of this to inaugurate a new order, and by entirely new means. His schemes were co-extensive with the whole of human life. There was no force of passion or of faith, of self-approval or contrition, of joy or pain, with which he did not consider himself well qualified to deal. This assertion may at first sight appear startling; and doubtless, made hluntly, it would have startled Clifford himself. But we shall see very shortly that it is neither more nor less than the truth.

It must not he supposed, however, that Clifford's practical schemes and teachings at all superseded his more special studies. The former, as he conceived them, were but the fulfilment of the latter, and it was mainly the latter, he thonght, that made him fit for the former. He did not say that scientific knowledge was inferior to practical knowledge, but that practical knowledge must be made scientific. 'What,' he asked, 'is the domain of science? It is all possihle human knowledge which can rightly he used to guide human conduct.' And when knowledge, with a view to such guidance, had been enlarged and sifted hy scientific methods, a complete revolution, he conceived, would take place in the whole of it. In this revolution, as we have said already, he aspired to play a prominent part. What was the part he actually did play in it is what we propose to enquire in the present article. Of his merits as a professor we shall say but little. We shall confine ourselves to considering how far those merits had fitted him to he an instructor of the world in general.

Now, our own verdict is that they had not fitted him at all; nor should we consider him in this capacity as worth discussion if it were not for one reason. That reason is the reverence that has been given him in England hy those of his own way of thinking; and these are none other than that school of science and of progress which at the present moment has secured the ear of the world. If, therefore, in Clifford's writings we find hut little of the sort of wisdom we are speaking of, we shall find what has passed for wisdom with those who pass for wise; so much so that in the volumes now before us we seem to have a reflection of the state of philosophical knowledge and practical sagacity amongst those who conceive themselves now to he the high-priests of humanity and the directors of human destiny. Similar reflections may, of course, be found elsewhere; but we donht if we can find any so complete, and we may add, so flattering,

as here. Clifford was in every way fitted to be a representative man, in virtue alike of his strength and weakness, his breadth and narrowness, and also of his character, his education, and the general tenor of his life.

It is to this last subject that we now propose to proceed, as, in considering his general teaching, it will throw much light on the matter. It is his own observation that one of the chief steps in psychology was 'Hartley's idea of *mental chemistry*.' We are ourselves about to act on an idea somewhat similar, and apply to Clifford's life what we may call biographical chemistry. We will explain our meaning further. The practical teachings of Clifford, like those of his school in general, have been given to the world as the first fruits of a new era, and they are supposed to be based on reformed methods of study. We, on the contrary, conceive their origin to be entirely different. We conceive them to have nothing to do with reformed methods, or to be at best connected with them in a very secondary way. We believe them to belong almost exclusively to the old order of things, and that the true explanation of them is to be found not in the matured theories of their advocates, but in their early education, the circumstances of their lives, and the moral atmosphere they breathed while their characters were in the process of formation. We believe, in other words, that these teachings represent not the voice of science, but the voice of a certain section of society, remarkable in practical matters for amiability, simplicity, and prejudice, and, above all, for religious feeling. Nothing, we think, would show this more clearly than the examination we are about to make of the life of Professor Clifford. This, for our present purpose, need be only a very simple one, and Mr. Pollock's brief memoir will supply us with nearly all the materials that are requisite.

William Kingdon Clifford was born in 1845 at Exeter, where his father for a time was one of the chief booksellers, and afterwards, on retiring from business, a respected and active magistrate. The first fifteen years of his life Clifford passed in his native city, and received the best education that its schools could offer him. Towards the end of this period he showed marked signs of ability. He distinguished himself in the university local examinations, and in 1860 he went to King's College, London. It was here that, for the first time, his special powers developed themselves, and he was recognised as a mathematical genius of peculiar promise. He remained at King's College for three years. Towards the end of that period he went up to Cambridge, and gained a minor scholarship at Trinity College, and in 1863, at the age of eighteen, he began his life there. Here he gained a reputation of a somewhat varied kind, not only as a thinker and a student, but also as a successful gymnast; and his biographer tells us of him that, of all public testimonies to his merits at Cambridge, a paragraph in 'Bell's Life' was the one that pleased him best. The regular course of reading that is marked out for undergraduates seemed to him at once narrow and narrowing, and, though anxious for a good degree, he could not resist endangering his best prospects by straying in search of knowledge far beyond the appointed boundaries. In this way, from an academical point of view, much of his time was completely wasted; and yet such were his talents and so great his powers of work, that at the end of his fourth year he came out Second Wrangler, and was also second Smith's prizeman. In the next year, when he was but twenty-three, he was elected a fellow of his college. Two years later he took part in the English Eclipse expedition, and saw something of foreign travel, both in its pleasures and its hardships. Another year passed, and he was elected Professor of Applied Mathematics at University College, London. He was now only twenty-six, and in another three years, when he was still short of thirty, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society. In the following year he married, and, so far as we can presume to judge, all life seemed to be growing bright for him. But the promises of the future were too soon to be blighted. His assiduous work, in which he never spared himself, had been too much for even strength like his, and he had hardly been married a year before signs of pulmonary disease were observed in him. So grave did these appear, that he was obliged, though with extreme reluctance, to accept a six months' holiday, which he spent in Algiers and the south of Spain. This rest, for the time, was of great benefit to him. He returned to England much recruited, and, though still considered by the doctors extremely delicate, he continued for a year and a half longer a life of intellectual labour. By-and-by, however, a relapse came. He was working hard at the time, and he still refused to spare himself. At the same juncture, his father died, and the shock of this loss was a fresh and severe strain. Every circumstance seemed to combine against him, and his own restless mind, which was more than ever occupied with work, was his worst enemy. His weakened system could bear up no longer, and his doctors now warned him that he was in a state

of imminent danger, and that he must at once leave England. In the April of 1878 he and his wife started for the Mediterranean. Four months of travel again brought their benefit, and the invalid returned in August seemingly much better. The improvement, however, did not last long. In a few weeks he again overtried himself, a relapse took place, and 'from that day,' says his biographer, 'the fight was a losing one.' All that could be done for him his friends did, and through their solicitous counsels, and, we believe, attended by some of them, he again tried what a milder climate could do for him, and sailed for Madeira at the beginning of last year. But it was all in vain. He gained nothing more than a two months' reprieve, and on March 3, 1879, he died.

Such is the rough sketch of Clifford's life in its main outer incidents. His inward history we shall consider presently, but there is a certain tribute due to him which we shall first pause to pay. If we think of Clifford himself as a private character, the principal task before us is a singularly ungrateful one. It is a task that will consist of entirely adverse criticism. Clifford, as in a few moments we shall have to look at him, will be not a private character, but a public teacher, and we shall see him in this capacity as one of the bitterest and most unflinching opponents of everything that in general the world calls religion—a contemptuous and obtrusive denier of God, of soul, and of immortality. And we shall further see him as replacing the denied doctrines by others which, tried by his own canons, we shall show to be entirely baseless. But just as his merits as a man must not blind us to his faults as a teacher, so his faults as a teacher must not blind us to his merits as a man. The two in his case seem eminently separable, and we desire as distinctly as we can to separate them. Nor must anything we shall say presently about the former he held to indicate that we doubt or forget the latter. Of a man's intellectual eminence there is perhaps no worse judge than an admiring and affectionate friend. To a man's personal excellence there can be no better witness. And as to Clifford's private character, it seems that all his friends were agreed. Rarely, we fear, can it fall to the lot of anyone to inspire an intimate circle with such a deep and tender regard as Clifford did. Clifford's own circle indeed, as his biographer tells us, was composed for the most part of what we may call kindred spirits, and his extreme opinions, which he never disguised from anyone, could be no offence to them, as to outsiders they could not fail to be. But even such outsiders were partly disarmed of their anger by the truthfulness and the severe simplicity of this blunt atheist. Mr. F. Pollock's memoir is not remarkable as a piece of biographical art, nor do the somewhat puerile profundities and the occasional fine writing he indulges in enable us to think highly of his philosophical or literary powers. But the affection he expresses for his friend is a fact of real significance, and the details of that friend's character, which he gives us with a touching tenderness, we may receive with implicit confidence—a confidence all the greater because the language used is so moderate, and no attempt is made to disguise certain slight imperfections. Thus both in manner and dress we gather that Clifford was generally uncouth and careless, and his laughter especially knew no conventional restraints. His humour, too, would seem to have been somewhat cumbrous, though much admired by the society in which he lived. Such defects as these, however, are only trifles, and by many of his friends they were probably thought merits. What we wish here to dwell upon are his deeper and rarer qualities. As a friend he was genial and unselfish, and, above all, constant and genuine. Even his enmities and disapprovals were softened by a natural charity, and, if he met his worst foe suddenly, his first impulse would have been to shake hands with him. As a companion he had many endearing qualities. In his eagerness in his own pursuits there was something catching. He forced his friends to share it, as if by some happy magic, whilst he was equally ready himself to feel with them in turn. 'But the real expression,' says Mr. Pollock, 'of Clifford's varied and fascinating qualities was in his whole daily life and conversation, perceived and felt at every moment in his words and looks, and for that very reason impossible to describe.' If we may be allowed to cite a valuable private testimony in corroboration of this remark, we may add that so keen an observer as Lord Houghton has, in our hearing, spoken of Clifford in almost exactly the same words; and after two such witnesses we need seek for no other. Truthful, affectionate, laborious, self-denying, and devoted, the moral life of this professing atheist may indeed put to shame not a few professing Christians. Mr. Pollock says further that it is a 'rebuke' to the defenders of Christianity. This, however, is a very different statement, and, as we shall see presently, an altogether untrue one.

Of Clifford's special abilities as a mathematician and a professor this is not the place to speak critically. To do so would be an impertinence in every sense of the word; the more so, since, to use Mr. Pollock's language,

'the task will [probably] be undertaken shortly by competent hands, and in a more appropriate connexion.' All praise and honour, however, that the most partial judges can award him, we may here take for granted. Our present province lies wholly apart from theirs; and no criticisms of ours will gainsay their sentence.

Let us now return to what is of more direct concern to us. Let us return to Clifford as a teacher on practical matters—as a typical spokesman of our modern ethical atheism—and see what was his inward history, and how his opinions formed themselves. He was, as we have seen already, born in a cathedral town, and the first fifteen years of his life were passed almost under the shadow of the cathedral towers. Nor was this an outward fact only; it corresponded in his case, as we shall see was natural, to an inward one. Those were the palmy days of the Anglican or High Church party. It was then a real power in the English world of thought; much of the intellect of the country was attached to it; and at Exeter especially, under the celebrated Henry Phillpotts, its influence over many minds could hardly fail to be prevalent. In Clifford's case this influence seems to have been heightened by every circumstance. His father, in his business capacity, dealt largely in devotional books and bibles; and his high character and his superior position thus specially connected him with the ecclesiastical body. He was, indeed, pre-eminently a churchman's bookseller. At the back of his shop, under a glass case, stood a model of the west front of the cathedral, exquisitely carved in rush pith, the work of one of his own family, and regarded with a double reverence, both for the skill displayed by the artist and the character of the edifice represented. Such were the circumstances that surrounded young Clifford during the first fifteen years of his life—years in which the mind is open to all impressions, and which determine, more than any others, the feelings, if not the thoughts, of a man. And of Clifford it would have been said by a High Churchman that these early years did their best for him. His natural character was, it seems, deeply religious, and he grew up a devout and earnest Anglican. Nor did the faith of his boyhood desert him when he went to London, and must have been brought into contact with other ways of thinking; nor did it fail him even during his undergraduate course at Cambridge. Despite all the new knowledge that his scientific studies brought him, he still believed his Bible; he still revered his prayer-book; and a crucifix, as we have been told by one who knew him, hung on his bedroom wall, when he was first a fellow of his college. But about this time, as we gather from Mr. Pollock, an inward change was beginning in him, and the theology to which he had hitherto trusted began to seem vulnerable to his maturing powers of criticism. But his religious faith was as yet in no way weakened, only his belief in a certain Christian position. All truth must, he believed, be in harmony, and science and history he believed to be a part of truth; but he was growing convinced that science and history were not in harmony with the Anglican theory, and all his problem now was to find a religious system with which they should be. The direction his thoughts took will surprise many. They turned, not, as might seem natural, to the rationalising or the Broad Church School, but to the Church of Rome itself. Nor was this, in Clifford's case, any idle dallying. He set himself to study the Catholic theologians; he acquired some real knowledge of St. Thomas Aquinas, and used all his ingenuity and his scientific acquirements in defending the Catholic position. In his views at this time there was nothing of the spirit of compromise. He maintained to the fullest the authority of religious dogmas, and he held that they should be received implicitly without demand for proof. Such truths, he believed, were beyond scientific proof, and were only apprehended by man through 'a special theological faculty, or insight.' 'And he actually,' says Mr. Pollock, 'defined superstition as "a belief held on religious or theological grounds, but capable of scientific proof or disproof."'

'When or how,' says Mr. Pollock, 'Clifford first came to a clear perception that this position of quasi-scientific Catholicism was untenable, I do not exactly know.' We may ourselves, remark, however, that it could not have lasted for more than two years after his having gained his fellowship. 'But I know,' Mr. Pollock adds, 'that the discovery cost him an intellectual and moral struggle, of which traces may be found here and there in his essays.' According to the same authority, this profound change of view was accomplished gradually, and 'without any violent reaction, or rushing to the opposite extreme.' On such matters Mr. Pollock has a right to speak with confidence, but we have reason to think that he is here perhaps mistaken. A story is told of Clifford, by one who knew him at this time, which would lead us, on this matter, to an exactly opposite conclusion. Clifford, as we have said already, had been wont to keep a crucifix in his bedroom, we believe for devotional purposes. One morning this revered symbol was found inverted, and placed upon it was a Phrygian cap of liberty. For the truth of this story we cannot ourselves vouch,

but the source it came from seemed to us to be trustworthy; in itself it does not look like an invention, and it is also in harmony with many subsequent facts which Mr. Pollock himself tells us, and which Clifford's own words bear witness to. Whether this crisis in his opinions, however, were thus focalised or no, the forces that prepared and completed it were of course at work silently before and after. It would seem that when he gained his fellowship he entered on a new stage of mental excitement and activity; and we can see plain signs of this in a paper on 'Mental Development' which he read that same year before the Royal Institution. The paper in itself is not very remarkable, except as an example of his extreme clearness of style, and as an indication of the studies that were now engaging his mind, and undermining his old convictions. We see how he was assimilating the various teachings of science, and how he was pondering in especial over those of Darwinism. But his activity did not end here. Side by side with this quickening interest in the physical side of things, an interest sprang up in metaphysical questions also, and he began to study eagerly Spinoza, Hume, and Berkeley, to which he added, as we have seen already, the philosophy of the Catholic Schoolmen.

Such seems to have been the state of his mind during the two years of his residence as a fellow at Trinity, and the twenty-fourth and the twenty-fifth of his life. There is something touching and of great interest in the picture of this young and eager don, with such earnest and ingenuous purpose and such rare powers and perseverance, thus painfully fighting his way towards what he thought the truth, as a larger social and a larger intellectual horizon were at the same time opening out before him. However sudden may have been his final break with Christianity, the beliefs with which he sought to replace the loss took some years in settling themselves; and, in spite of whatever Mr. Pollock may say, Mr. Pollock's own statements show that there was at first something 'extreme' in them, which Clifford afterwards modified. Thus he was inclined at first to think that he had found in the doctrine of evolution something that far more than made up for what he lost in theology. He rushed from the sorrow of loss into the joy of discovery. 'For two or three years,' says Mr. Pollock, 'the knot of Cambridge friends, of whom Clifford was the leading spirit, were carried away by a wave of Darwinian enthusiasm; we seemed to ride triumphant on an ocean of new life and boundless possibilities.' Like most other young men in the same stage of development, Clifford turned his thoughts towards the politics of republicanism. He conceived an enthusiastic admiration for Mazzini; he read and quoted the poetry of Mr. Swinburne, and thought 'Songs before Sunrise' some of the wisest and most precious poems ever written. All this was bound up closely with his scientific theories; and Mazzini he regarded as the priest, and Mr. Swinburne as the prophet, of evolution. He seems indeed, at this time, to have worked himself into a feverish and artificial state of excitement about the prospects held out to him by his new view of things. 'Shall there not,' he wrote in a notebook during his later days at Cambridge, 'be a new revelation of a great and more perfect cosmos, a universe fresh-born, a new heaven, and a new earth? *Mors janua vitæ;* by death to this world we enter upon a new life in the next. . . . The new incarnation may need a second passion, but evermore beyond it is the Easter glory.' The main definite idea that was embodied in this excitement was 'a conception,' as Mr. Pollock puts it, 'of freedom as the one aim and ideal of man. . . . It included Republicanism as opposed to the compulsory aspect of government and traditional authority in general, but was otherwise not bound to any particular theory in politics. Indeed it forbade binding oneself irrevocably to any theory whatever; and the one commandment of freedom was thus expressed: "Thou shalt live and not formulise." . . . "There is one thing in the world," Clifford wrote at this time, "more wicked than the desire to command, and that is the will to obey."'

But this stage of thought was only a passing one. When he quitted Cambridge, at the age of twenty-five, and removed to London as a professor at University College, his views upon such subjects began slowly to be changed and modified; and he was probably aware himself that they were not yet determined, since for five years longer he never gave them publicly any direct utterance, or began his ministry of practical teaching and prophecy. During these five years, indeed, he published but six essays, and the subjects of them were remote from common life, although, in reality, closely connected with it. In the February of 1870 he delivered a discourse before the Royal Institution on 'Theories of the Physical Forces,' which was printed in the 'Proceedings' of that body. He delivered a lecture at Manchester two years afterwards on 'Atoms,' and, six months later in the same year, another lecture before the British Association, at Brighton, on the 'Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought.' In March, 1873, he

again lectured before the Royal Institution, his subject this time being 'The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences;' and in 1874 he lectured on the 'Beginning and the Ending of the Earth,' and on the 'Connexion of Mind and Body.' In these discourses, as their several titles denote, what he mainly aimed at explaining (and he did this with a most admirable lucidity) was the chief conclusions that modern science had come to concerning the constitution of matter, the history of the material universe, the connexion of the brain with consciousness; and further, though in a less successful and more faltering way, the nature of scientific knowledge as a whole, regarded from a metaphysical stand-point. But he touched only here and there, far off and indirectly, on such questions as morals and religion, and the practical hopes of the human race. Signs, however, are not wanting that it was to these questions he was gradually leading up, and that it was on these that he was preparing himself to speak before long with authority.

It was during this period, as his biographer tells us, that his philosophy, as distinct from his science, took its final shape, and the lectures themselves show us how continually his mind was dwelling on it. We find him not only dealing with atoms, with heat, with the structure of the nervous system, but with object and subject, the Me and the Not-me, the existence of necessary truths, and the uniformity of nature in the case of conscious action. More than this, too, we find that he has been busy with history, and that he has been endeavouring diligently to discover in it his philosophy teaching by example. Everywhere there is a sound of active mental preparation, and we feel that the forces are being massed for some more practical purpose. He is placing and pointing his artillery, that he may command human life. He defines progress for us, and tells us it is the same thing as science. He gives the general history of 'light and right' during the past two thousand years; how these existed for eight centuries on the shores of the Mediterranean, till, under the blighting influence of the Church, they 'went into abeyance,' and there ceased to be such a thing as 'goodness' in Europe—or would have ceased, had it not been for Arab or for Jew, who saved the sacred treasure from the rage and hatred of Christianity, which was nothing, in Clifford's judgment, but a power of 'disease and delirium.' Human history, he tells us, is the history of the progress of man; 'the progress of man is one with scientific thought;' for nearly 'twenty-two centuries,' he adds, the upward life of humanity has depended on one sacred book for its chief 'guide and encouragement,' and this is not, as is commonly supposed, the Bible, but the Propositions of Euclid. The meaning of all this we shall see presently. As yet he had not expressed it plainly. But he comes nearer to practical questions in other places. In 'Body and Mind' we see that the questions of 'fate and free-will,' of immortality, and of responsibility, are pressing close upon him; and in 'The First and Last Catastrophe,' in which he deals with the age and the duration of the earth, he does actually utter his first words of preaching. Towards the end of this lecture he says that the greatest of all our interests is bound up with the 'consciousness that exists upon the earth,' and that corresponds, part for part, with the brain of the organised being. For all organised beings on the earth, some day or other, there is in store a final destruction, and for those who can see the force of scientific evidence the conclusion seems inevitable that all human consciousness will be finally destroyed with them; and 'it is a very serious thing,' says Clifford, 'to consider that not only the earth itself and all that beautiful face of nature we see, but also the living things upon it, and all the consciousness of men and the ideas of society which have grown up upon the surface, must come to an end. We who hold that belief must just face the fact and make the best of it. . . . Do I seem to say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"? Far from it. On the contrary, I say, "Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together."'

The year in which these words were written may be said to have closed Clifford's period of mental preparation. The year following, he made his first appearance as a professed authority on the most momentous and profound questions; and he began his utterances with no uncertain sound. A book had appeared about this time, called 'The Unseen Universe,' the work of two eminent men of science, who sought by certain ingenious theories to reconcile modern materialism with Christian theology, and especially to find a place in it for the belief in our personal immortality. The publication of this work loosened Clifford's tongue, and set free the thoughts and feelings that had been so long gathering. And what seems to have excited him in it was not the method of the authors, but their aims—the special doctrines which they were desirous of defending. Since, five years ago, Clifford had been studying Aquinas, a vast change had indeed come over him. Then, if he must lose religion, the loss would, he felt, be

a heavy one. Even fifteen months ago there seemed to him a profound sadness in it. But now his mood was different. What we saw him once regretting, we now find him hating. He can hardly speak of a Christian doctrine except in the language of parody; he seems nervously anxious to be as offensive as possible, and his voice seems to vacillate between a sneer and a forced giggle. Towards the end the note changes somewhat, and the young professor of thirty concludes with this awful warning:—

'"Only for another half-century let us keep our heavens and hells and gods." It is a piteous plea; and it has soiled the hearts of these prophets, great ones and blessed, giving light to their generation, and dear in particular to our own mind and heart. These sickly dreams of hysterical women and half-starved men, what have they to do with the strength of the wide-eyed hero, who fears no foe with pen or club? . . . That which you keep in your heart, my brothers, is the slender remnant of a system which has made its red mark on history, and still lives to threaten mankind. The grotesque forms of its intellectual belief have survived the discredit of its moral teaching. Of this what the kings could bear with the nations have cut down; and what the nations left the right heart of man by man revolts against day by day. You have stretched out your hands to save the dregs of the sifted sediment of a residuum. Take heed lest you have given soil and shelter to that awful plague which has destroyed two civilisations and but barely failed to slay such promise of good as is now struggling to live among men.'

Having thus traced Clifford's opinions up to the time when they took their final consistency, we will now examine in detail what his formed system was. Ultimately and essentially it was a practical, an ethical system; but the ethical part of it rested on three others, which we may call, with sufficient accuracy, the physical, the metaphysical, and the historical; and these, as treated by him, we will now consider separately. Numerous and diverse as are the details of all three, for Clifford their primary outcome was one very simple message—there is no God, no soul, no future life. We say this is what he learned from them primarily; because in a secondary way he looked to science doubtless for many conquests over nature that would ameliorate man's condition, and to history for many lessons that would guide his conduct, in addition to that general system by which religion was to be superseded. But to destroy religion—that soiling power, that grotesque threatener of mankind, that awful plague, that portentous phantom, the offspring of disease and hysteria—to destroy this, and to leave the ground clear for what was better, seems to have been the first personal anxiety of Clifford with regard to his own inner convictions, as well as the first practical step in the general reconstruction of thought. That Clifford's conversion to unbelief was genuine it is not possible to doubt. He yielded with sorrow and reluctance to what he thought overwhelming evidence. But he seems subsequently to have been conscious that the peace bought by the victory was not proportionate to the pain he had endured in gaining it. A vague misgiving seems still to have haunted him, that the religion he had rejected might, after all, be the true one, and that the sufferings he had undergone might be sufferings in the cause of falsehood. That he respected these misgivings, or seriously entertained them, we do not for a moment mean. We mean the exact contrary. He resolved not to entertain them; he resolved to despise them. He regarded them as the voices of an intellectual tempter whom it was his business to exorcise; but still they were there with their disturbing whisper, continually forcing him to exclaim, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' There is reason to believe that this was the case from the evidence of certain of those who knew Clifford. But, even were evidence of this kind wanting, the same fact might, we think, be gathered from his writings. In physics, in metaphysics, and in history, underlying all his other interests, there seems to have been a nervous, half-unconscious, and almost instinctive watchfulness over every alleged fact and every theory, to see whether, directly or indirectly, it would give the least assistance to theology; and if it would do this, Clifford was prepared to reject it. It is this, we think, that accounts for the bitterness that is so often traceable in his writings. He is still afraid that he may have scotched the snake, not killed it; and he is perpetually stamping on it, to make sure that it shall not revive.

This is least manifest in his dealing with physical questions, but even here it is distinguishable. Of his physical creed we need not speak at length, because he had himself little to do with elaborating it, and its outlines are also familiar to the world at large. Clifford was not, nor did he profess to be, a specialist in any department of physical knowledge. But he was a diligent and accurate student of all the best authorities, and he could often explain experiments and discoveries more clearly than could the discoverers and experimentalists themselves. But though, in his knowledge of the detailed facts of the physics, he was thus far removed from the lay world in general, the most mo-

mentous lessons that those facts seemed to teach bim were only those that the lay world could appreciate ; and these, though, as we bave said, familiar now to most of ns, it will be well to state briefly. In the first place, then, all nature is uniform. There has never been in it anywhere any breacb of continuity ; and it follows from this—the following are Clifford's own words—'that tbe state at this moment of any detached fragment [of the universe], say a particle of matter at tbe tip of my tongue, is an infallible record of the eternal past, an infallible prediction of the eternal future. . . . As the bistory of eternity,' he adds, 'is written in every second of time, so is the history of tbe universe written in every point of space.' Its history as a whole, our own limited powers bave not permitted us to discover. It is, bowever, self-existent. It has been tbe work of no conscious intelligence ; and, so far as we know, *design* is altogether peculiar to the animals living upon tbe earth. Consciousness cannot exist without a brain; and the only rational conception of an intelligent Deity would oblige us to suppose the whole nniverse to be a brain. But in this case, Clifford argues, God could know nothiug of bnman actions, and he could ouly influence the course of events by his weight. Any such notion as this, however, we may set aside. 'The universe,' he says, 'is made up of atoms and ether. There is no room in it for ghosts.' But though certain facts about the constitution of matter generally are all we can arrive at when dealing with the remoter distances of time and space, with regard to our own system, and especially our own planet, we can speak with more confidence. It is this last that most nearly concerns us; and 'what we know with great probability,' Clifford says, is this. Between one and two hundred millions of years ago, the earth was a liquid in a state of intense heat, but in a constant process of cooling. About thc date just indicated 'there was,' Clifford says, 'a catastropbe, which induced a new rate of cooling;' and we 'come to a time when the eartb began to assume its present state.' The immcnse distance of that time from our own it is hard for ns to realise ; but we may gain some better notion of it if we represent as a single year, the six tbonsand years for which it is commonly said that man has possessed a bistory, and then say that the time we are speaking of was abont eighty or ninety years ago. If Adam had been born in the April of 1879, the present earth wonld bave been born abont the end of the last century. At that date tbere would have been upon its surface no life, no soul, no consciousness—neither thought, nor emotion, virtue, or bnmanity. But Clifford agrees with Dr. Tyndall in saying tbat there would have been 'the promise and the potency' of them all. Whatever it may be that we commonly call matter, all that we call spirit was then potentially contained in it ; and about the date just indicated the first beginnings took place of what now is human life—took place by spontaneous generation. We may refuse to believe this, and say that life came from elsewhere. But whenever Clifford contemplated this only possible alternative, 'an invariable monitor,' he said, 'of which I can give no rational account, invariably whispers "Fiddlesticks!"' We think, from bis own point of view, he does himself here injustice, for his arguments in favour of spontaneous generation are extremely able, and display no small amount of clear thought and acumen ; and we think he might bave accounted for his monitor very rationally indeed, regarding life only in its first and most simple beginnings. His beliefs from this point were the beliefs now so widely current. By some process or processes of evolution, amongst which the survival of the fittest was an important, though not the only element, life grew more and more complex, more and more organic, more and more conscious, until at last, from some non-human parents, the first human beings appeared on the earth's surface. A high scientific authority in Germany maintained that this last and central doctrine was not yet proved, and that we had no right to teach it, as yet, as true. This seems to have exercised Clifford's mind considerably, and his last literary work was an answer to it, which is for many reasons very instructive. Clifford said in that answer that it was quite true that we were not certain of the truth of the doctrine in question, but then, further, we were not certain of anything; and he contends that the evidence as to the descent of man is really as cogent as that for tbe descent of other animals. He argues this point with great ability. Bnt the details of the argument are not our concern here. What we want to call attention to is the degree of certainty which Clifford claimed for the above doctrine as a whole. And it is important to notice this, because not only in the essay to which we are now alluding, but continually elsewhere throughout his works, we find him insisting on the extreme modesty of science, so different from the arrogance of theology. 'We must recollect,' he says, for instance, quoting Professor Huxley as an exponent of his own opinions, 'that any human belief, however broad its basis, however defensible it

may seem, is, after all, only a probable belief.' And he is constantly asking us to notice how he always prefers to use the word 'probable' rather than 'certain.' But should anyone in this matter really take him at his word, and believe that practically he was in the very least uncertainty either as to the truth of the above-mentioned doctrine, or more particularly as to the descent of man, his answer, he informs us, would be this: 'Don't be so silly; I have no patience with you.' Indeed, as to his meaning, he is yet more explicit; and he tells us, in so many words, that when our physicists modestly say they are not certain that man was descended from not-men, and that these not-men were descended from unconscious and inorganic matter, they mean that they are a great deal more certain of the fact than any of us can be as to the taking of Plevna by the Russians. They mean that they are more 'cock-sure' in their doubts than the generality of us are in our certainties.

Such in rough outline being Clifford's physical creed, and such the doubt or certainty with which he held and taught it, let us next consider his metaphysical creed, not forgetting how greatly it is to his credit that he saw the necessity for any metaphysical creed at all. He has arrived, let us remember, from the lifeless and uninhabited earth, at the human race, and at human consciousness; and now comes a question which, though historically it is the last, yet logically is the first of all. What is consciousness? or rather, What is knowledge? Unlike the majority of modern men of science, Clifford saw that the methods which are commonly called scientific, though they might rear up a vast superstructure of knowledge, yet left the foundations of it to take care of themselves, and that it was possible, unless these were looked to, to undermine them completely. He saw that all material analysis of the universe, all discoveries as to the connexion of mind with brain, and all theories of sight and of sensation, and the getting together and transmission of various kinds of knowledge, might, from one point of view, be plausibly proved worthless, and be robbed of all the meaning they were supposed to have. Let us trace all existing things to atoms, and out of the movements of these atoms trace the body and brain of man, yet from one point of view we have made no advance whatever. The question still remains, what are these atoms? If from one point of view consciousness is produced by them, from the other they are the creations of consciousness. If we can think of mind only in terms of matter, we can think of matter only in terms of mind, and it seems that outside our own consciousness nothing exists at all.

'If I consider merely my own feelings,' says Clifford, 'and ask what evidence they give of anything beyond them, it seems to me that I must answer no evidence at all. . . . If I say that such and such things existed at some previous time, I mean that, if I had been there, I could have perceived them. If I say that there is hydrogen in the sun, I mean that, if I could get any of that gas, I should be able to burn it in oxygen, and produce exactly the same impressions on my senses as those which, in the aggregate, I call water.'

It is true that these words betray a certain vacillation of thought, which is not confined to this special passage. But they show us quite sufficiently that the initial problem in question was fully perceived by Clifford. If we say that an atom is the ultimate unit of things, we mean by an atom something that, were our senses fine enough, would exist for us as an individual feeling. And Clifford saw that it was needful to maintain science as something more than the analysis of the feelings of the individual. The progress of philosophy in this respect, Clifford said, began with Berkeley, 'who established, in a security that has never yielded to attack, the subjective character of the world of phenomena: that this world I perceive *is* my perceptions, and nothing more.' But besides these perceptions, said Berkeley, there is also a spirit, a *me* that perceives them. And 'to get rid,' says Clifford, 'of this imaginary soul or substance was the work of Hume.' The next important step was made by Mill, who defined more completely the views of Hume, and explained by the law of association how we come to believe in the external world. After Mill came Mr. Herbert Spencer, who combined the analysis of mental action given by the association theory with 'the analysis of nervous action supplied by the histologists,' proving that the evolution of mind 'proceeds *pari passu*' with the evolution of the organism.

'Here, then,' says Clifford, 'is the great advantage of Mr. Herbert Spencer in the study of both orders of facts. He can make any step in analysis of the one help in analysis of the other. And accordingly he has carried both to an extent that leaves all previous investigators far behind. But you will see at once that we must look at the question of idealism from the physiological point of view. And accordingly he considers that there *is* something different from our perceptions, the changes in which correspond in a certain way to the changes in the worlds we perceive. He thinks, however, we can never know what it is; and he says—" . . . The antithesis of subject and object, never to be transcended

whilst consciousness lasts, renders impossible all knowledge of that ultimate reality in which subject and object are united." . . . Mr. Spencer attempts to make my feelings give me evidence of something that is not included among them. A careful study of all his arguments to that effect has only convinced me over again that the attempt is hopeless.'

Though Mr. Herbert Spencer has failed, Clifford tells us that he can himself succeed. 'Can we,' he says, 'get out of our hobble and arrive at real knowledge derived from external experience, from *messages*, and not from *imagination?* I think we can.' But our knowledge, he warns us, will be of the nature not of certainty, but of inference; and inference depends on a something that is not inferred itself. It depends upon one grand assumption, and that assumption is the uniformity of nature. And why, Clifford asks, do we assume that? 'I cannot,' he answers, 'give you a logical reason for believing it, but I can give you a physical explanation of the fact that we all do believe it. We believe,' he says—and it will be well to quote this passage *in extenso*—

'we believe a thing when we are prepared to act as if it were true. Now, if you and I had not habitually acted on the assumption of the uniformity of nature from the time when we could act at all, we should not be here to discuss the question. Nature is selecting for survival those individuals and races who act as if she were uniform; and hence the gradual spread of that belief over the civilised world.

'This uniformity may be merely a uniformity of *phenomena*, a law relating to my feelings. So long as I only am concerned, it seems to me that the idealist theory is perfectly sufficient. It is quite capable of explaining *me*, but when *you* come into the question it is perfectly at a loss. . . . I do believe that you are conscious in the same way that I am; and once that is conceded, the whole idealist theory falls to pieces. For there are feelings which are not my feelings, which are entirely outside my consciousness; so that there is at least an external world. But let us consider now in what way we infer it; why do I believe that there are feelings which are not mine? Because, as I belong to a gregarious race, the greater part of my life consists in acting upon the position that it is true.'

Clifford wrote this as early as 1873; but the views just stated he seems never to have changed subsequently, though he invented, is, in fact, little more than a statement of the case as it was represented by the ministerial for the sake of accuracy, a new piece of terminology. 'Things presented in my consciousness, phenomena, I propose,' he says subsequently, 'to call *objects*,' whilst '*your* feelings, which are not, and cannot by any possibility become, objects in my consciousness,' but which 'are inferred, and in the very act of inference *thrown out* of my consciousness, recognised as outside of it, as *not* being a part of me, I propose to call *ejects*.' Making use of these terms, Clifford proceeds to point out how the belief in the existence of ejects profoundly modifies the object. He takes a table for instance, and shows how complex our conception is of it—how it is a conception of 'a table as an object in the minds of men . . . an indefinite number of ejects, together with one object, which the conception of each eject more or less resembles.' This complex conception he calls the 'social object,' and we gain the impression of its *externality* by this 'sub-conscious reference to supposed ejects.' But Clifford warns us not to think that our argument has brought us too far. Our impression of the 'outness' of the social object thus accounted for does not enable us to argue that there is anything 'outside of my consciousness except the minds of other men.' This all-important step yet demands to be taken. We arrive at this by observing 'the correspondence or parallelism between mind and body.' Mind, or consciousness, is an exceedingly complex thing. It is not a unit, as thinkers used to suppose. Mind, consciousness, or a sense of personality, consists of 'a stream of feelings so compact together that at each instant it consists of (1) new feelings, (2) fainter repetitions of previous ones, and (3) links connecting these repetitions.' Now we know from the highest scientific authorities that 'the complexity of consciousness is paralleled by complexity of action in the brain,' and there is reason to believe that 'as consciousness co-exists with complex brain motion, so elementary feeling co-exists with elementary brain motion.' From this, Clifford argues, it follows that elementary feeling does not imply consciousness, but that without consciousness 'a feeling can exist by itself.' He continues thus:—

'If that doctrine be true, we shall have along the line of the human pedigree a series of imperceptible steps connecting inorganic matter with ourselves. To the later members of that series we must undoubtedly ascribe consciousness, although it must of course have been simpler than our own. . . . As we go back along the line, the complexity of the organism and of its nerve-action insensibly diminishes; and for the first part of our course we see reason to think that the complexity of consciousness insensibly diminishes also. But if we make a jump, say to the tunicate molluscs, we see no reason to infer the existence of consciousness at all. Yet not only is it impossible to point out a place where any sudden break takes place, but it is

contrary to all the natural training of our minds to suppose a breach of continuity so great. . . . There is only one way out of the difficulty, and to that we are driven. . . . As the line of ascent is unbroken, and must end at last in inorganic matter, we have no choice but to admit that every motion of matter is simultaneous with some ejective fact or event, which might be a part of consciousness. . . . From this follow two important corollaries. (1) A feeling can exist by itself, without forming a part of consciousness. It does not depend for its existence on the consciousness of which it may form a part. Hence a feeling (or an eject-element) is a *Ding an sich*, an absolute, whose existence is not relative to anything else. *Sentitur* is all that can be said. (2) These eject-elements, which correspond to motions of matter, are connected together in their sequence and co-existence by counterparts of the physical laws of matter. . . . That element then,' Clifford proceeds, 'of which, as we have seen, even the simplest feeling is a complex, I shall call *mind-stuff*. A moving molecule of inorganic matter does not possess mind or consciousness, but it possesses a small piece of mind-stuff . . . and, when matter takes the complex form of a living human brain, the corresponding mind-stuff takes the form of a human consciousness, having intelligence, and volition. . . . The two chief points of this doctrine may be thus summed up:—Matter is a mental picture, in which mind-stuff is the thing represented. Reason, intelligence, and volition are properties of a complex which is made up of elements themselves not rational, not intelligent, not conscious.'

So far as he was himself concerned, Clifford looked on this theory as his own; but he not only tells us that, after it dawned on him, he learned that several of his friends had arrived at something similar, but he adds, in another place, that it now was no mere guess or conjecture, but the view at which all the greatest thinkers had arrived and were arriving; and he intended to have included it in a book to be called 'The Creed of Science.'

We will not at present pause to criticise but will pass on first to the remaining parts of his system. Thus far he has derived living and conscious man from inanimate and unconscious matter, and has explained what that matter is, and the process of its transformation. If this account be true, it follows without saying that all knowledge is derived from experience, and cannot possibly have any other source—not the experience of the individual only, but the slowly acquired and transmitted experience of the race. Clifford saw, however, that there was one great difficulty in the way of this theory, and that was the necessity and the universality of the truths of geometry. Having spoken of the various ways in which these have been explained, 'it seems,' he says, 'to me that the Kantian dilemma about universal propositions is just as valid now, in spite of these explanations, as it was in his time. . . . Either I have some source of knowledge other than experience, and I must admit the existence of *à priori* truths, independent of experience; or I cannot know that any universal statement is true.' Now experience, Clifford says, *must* be the only source of knowledge, for if it were not, the evolution theory would be found inadequate; 'so that I am driven,' he continues, 'to conclude in regard to every apparently universal statement, either that it is not really universal . . . or that I do not know that it is true.' He was well aware that this alternative presented many apparent difficulties, and that these were not to be removed without much intellectual labour. But the way out of them, he conceived, had been at last discovered by certain modern Continental speculators, whose opinions he embraced with enthusiasm. This school has sought to effect a complete revolution in our conception of geometrical truths. Its position is that these are neither necessarily nor universally true now, and that in the remoter past they may not have been true at all. There may be triangles whose angles do not equal two right angles; there may be converging parallel lines; there may be two straight lines that enclose a space. The change in scientific ideas indicated by these startling doctrines is, says Clifford, 'of transcendent importance,' and for this reason: 'it is a change in our conception of the cosmos. Were the Euclidean assumptions true, the constitution of the universe, at an infinite distance from us, would be as well known as the geometry of this room . . . so that here we should have real knowledge of something at least that concerns the cosmos, something that is true throughout the immensities and the eternities. That something Lobatchewsky and his followers have taken away. . . . The knowledge of immensity and eternity is replaced by a knowledge of Here and Now.' And thus, Clifford argued, we have no knowledge that the evolution theory will not account for, and, as a supposed corollary, we have no reason for believing in an immaterial soul, and no parallels by which to illustrate and support a belief in a theological intuition.

Let us now pass on to Clifford's doctrine of the human will. 'The mind,' he says, 'is to be regarded as a stream of feelings which runs parallel to, and is simultaneous with, the action of that particular part of the brain in which the cerebrum and the sensory tract are excited.' The body, of which the

brain is a part, and on which its action is dependent, 'is a physical machine, which goes by itself according to a physical law, that is to say, is automatic. An automaton is a thing which goes by itself when it is wonnd np, and we go by ourselves when we have food.' Were other men not conscious, we might regard them as 'mere machines;' bnt, as a matter of fact, they are machines attended by conscionsness—they are conscious automata. Clifford here anticipates the objections, that if we are automata, we have no freedom of will and no moral responsibility. But with both of these he makes short work indeed. So far from the doctrine of automatism being a denial of the doctrine of free will, it is, he says, the only accnrate expression of it. An automaton, he says, is the exact opposite of a pnppet. A pnppet reqnires to he pushed or pulled hy wires, and an automaton goes by itself. People only object, Clifford thinks, to the doctrine of hnman automatism because they are thinking of automata that have been made by man with certain definite intentions, and whose whole action is determined by a person ontside; but the race of human automata have collectively made themselves. And this, he says, pnts the two cases on an entirely different footing. For the will to be free, we need no doctrine of the creation of energy in the brain; we need not believe that in the movements of the brain-molecnles the nniformity of nature is even infinitesimally violated. If we want to know what free will is, says Clifford, Kant is the man to tell ns; and free will, according to Kant, is that property which enables ns to originate events independently of foreign determining causes; 'which, it seems to me,' proceeds Clifford, 'amonnts to saying precisely that we are automata, that is, we go hy ourselves, and do not want anyhody to pnsh or pnll us.' With similar facility he goes on to show ns that exactly the same conclusion is contained in the doctrine of responsibility. 'If,' he says, 'there is a certain point where the law of cansation does not apply, where my action does not follow by regular physical causes from what I am, then I am not responsible for it, because it is not I that do it. So yon see the notion that we are not automata destroys responsibility.' Clifford, however, does not end here, but adds this significant sentence:—

'Moreover, if we once admit that physical causes are not continuous, but that there is some break, then we leave the way open for the doctrine of a destiny or a providence outside of us, overruling human efforts, and guiding human history to a foregone conclusion. . . . I do think that if it is right to call any doctrine immoral, it is right so to call this doctrine, when we remember how often it has paralysed the efforts of those who were honestly climbing up the hillside towards the light and right, and how often it has nerved the sacrilegious arm of the fanatic or the adventurer who was conspiring against society.'

Having carried our survey of Clifford's views thus far, we are now, as the above sentence may suggest to us, in a position to enter npon a new part of them—the historical. We include in history not those times only of which we have written records, hut those times also which are sometimes called pre-historic; for in these were first shaped the beginnings of that society against which the fanatics of theism have so often conspired, and we can nnderstand society only by a study of the first beginnings of it. Thus out of historical knowledge springs directly ethical knowledge, or the knowledge of right and wrong. It is the opinion of Clifford's school that up to a very recent date the whole civilised world has been in error on these matters—completely in error theoretically, and in very grave error practically. The cause of this confnsion has been the theories of theology, which represented ethics as resting on a completely false foundation; and this confusion it is that Clifford's school have undertaken to dispel. For the source, it tells us, of our moral rules and obligations we must look to no superhuman lawgiver. Morality is nothing if not hnman. It is nothing bnt the necessary cause, accompaniment, and condition of the gradual evolution of society. It is, in other words, the condition of co-operation; and co-operation has been imperative on man for two reasons—first, because of the struggle for existence; secondly, because men are gregarious animals. The human struggle for existence was at first not a strnggle of individual against individnal so much as a struggle of tribe against tribe. The original savage, says Clifford, being little able to reflect, was probably not possessed clearly of the conception of his individual self. He was, however, preyed upon perpetually by unreflecting and immediate desires; and thus his conception of self was not only less used and developed, 'hnt was also,' says Clifford, 'less definite and more wide.' He found that the satisfaction of his immediate desires depended on the strength and well-being of his tribe; and thus this external object, his tribe, became associated with all his pains and pleasnres, and was identified by him with himself. 'Now the tribe,' says Clifford, '*qnâ* tribe, has to exist, and it can only exist by aid of snch an organic artifice as the conception of

the tribal self in the minds of its members. Hence the natural selection of those races in which this conception is most powerful.' Bnt, along with this kind of primeval progress, something else also was in process of development; and that was the conception of the individual self, not as identified with the tribal self, hut as distinguished from it. Thns gradually there were developed in the individnal two rival selves, each of which 'became fixed as a specific character in the constitntion of social man.' The quality or disposition in an individual which gives his individual self the snpremacy we now know under the common name of selfishness; while the quality or disposition which gives his tribal self the supremacy is called hy Clifford *piety*. Man had by this time grown a more or less civilised heing; and his actions had lost much of their instinctive character, and had become to a great extent calculating and deliberate. The result of this progress was to increase the power of selfishness as the rival of piety, and to prodnce what we now know as the conscious moral struggle. Piety, therefore, says Clifford, had to he 'encouraged,' and it was encouraged hy 'the common approbation of individual acts,' regarded as good for the community; and natural selection in the long run has preserved those tribes which have approved of the right things—namely, those things which at that time gave the trihe an advantage in the struggle for existence.

'And now,' says Clifford, 'let us take the man who habitually does such things as are advantageous for the tribe. Such a man the tribe cannot fail to approve of; and the pious or tribal self of each member of the tribe says to such a man "I like you." This is moral approbation. But let us take another case. Let us suppose a man has done something that is obviously harmful to the tribe, owing to his selfishness having got the better of his piety. By-and-by his piety reasserts itself, and the man says "In the name of the tribe, I do not like this thing that I, as an individual, have done." . . . This self-judgment in the name of the tribe,' Clifford proceeds, 'is called Conscience. If the man goes farther and draws from this act an inference about his own character, he may say "In the name of the tribe, I do not like my individual self." This is Remorse. . . . In a mind sufficiently developed to distinguish the individual from the tribal self, conscience is thus a necessary result of the existence of piety; it is ready to hand as a means for its increase.'

Thus far, however, Clifford admits that he has only accounted for conscience in its elemental form. If we wish to understand the present moral nature of man, we must consider how society has used the feelings of the individual as a means for its own preservation. In our present state of development the moral sense has become purely intuitive; conscience gives us imperative orders, assigning no reasons. Now how has this come ahout? It has come ahont in this way. Conscience in the individual, at this stage of man's development, represents not the experience and wisdom of the individual, but the inherited wisdom of the tribe, which has been ingrained in the individual, not only through natural selection and the survival of the fittest, hut hy the two following processes, of which one is direct and the other indirect. If a man offends, the tribe may directly express its disapproval by killing the man, or inflicting on him some material punishment; or else it may pnnish him indirectly, by pouring ont its anger and contempt upon his selfishness, until his own pious self takes part with the tribal judgment, and endorses the condemnation that is thus passed upon him. Finally, to these processes we must add a third, which is a union of the former two. 'Self-judgment,' says Clifford, 'in the name of the tribe, becomes associated with very definite and material judgment hy the tribe itself;' and thus the motive power of conscience is 'strengthened to an enormous degree,' and its decisions are guided and made definite by the definite nature and occasion of the public penalty.

Such, then, is the natnral history of the growth of conscience, which Clifford thinks amply sufficient to explain it in its present condition. And from this explanation of it he thinks we arrive at a clear notion of what we mean by moral responsibility. We are morally responsible, he says, 'when we can be punished for doing wrong, with approval of the tribal self,' he the punishment either our own self-condemnation or the condemnation or the punishment of us by others. And 'responsihility,' says Clifford, 'implies two things—(1) The act was a product of the man's character and of the circnmstances, and his character may to a certain extent be inferred from the act; (2) the man had a conscience which might have been so worked upon as to prevent him committing the act.'

And now comes the grand conclusion to which the ahove views lead us. The old conception of virtue was an entirely wrong one. It was not only not the trnth, hut the direct denial of the truth. According to the old theory, we were to be virtuous, because we owed a debt to onrselves or to the God who made ns, and for whose sake we were hound to keep ourselves pure. But according to the new theory we owe our-

selves nothing. Self-improvement, as self-improvement, is a vice, and not a virtue.

'There are,' says Clifford, no 'self-regarding virtues. The qualities of courage, prudence, &c., can only be *rightly* encouraged in so far as they are shown to conduce to the efficiency of the citizen; that is, in so far as they cease to be self-regarding. The duty of private judgment, of searching after truth, the sacredness of belief which ought not to be misused on unproved statements, follow only on shewing of the enormous importance to society of a true knowledge of things. And any diversion of conscience from its sole allegiance to the community is condemned *à priori* in the very nature of right and wrong.'

Such being the case, Clifford looked on what is commonly called history—that is, such history as is derived from written records—as the above philosophy teaching by example. For him such history was the history of the true view of things, obscured by superstition and misconception—sometimes more obscured and sometimes less—and ever struggling to break through what obscured it. So far as in the present volumes he appeals to past events, he appeals to them only to bear him out in his ethical and non-religious theories, and to show that these at last are gaining their final victory, and are ushering in a new era. And what is the result? Clifford was prepared to tell us.

'The dim and shadowy outlines,' he says, 'of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "*Before* JEHOVAH *was*, I AM!"'

And now let us enquire finally what Clifford's practical preaching was to this new age which he conceived himself, amongst others, to be inaugurating. What was it that he tried to make the men about him do, and that he concluded they would do? In the first place, as we have seen already, he said to them: Don't think about saving your own souls. They are nothing to you. Don't think about any duties to a superhuman deity, for there is no such being, and, even if there were, you could have no duties towards him. These two beliefs have been the source of half the evil that is in the world. In the second place he said to them: Instead of your own souls and your God, you must put society. At present you must put the special community to which you happen to belong, and by-and-by, when you grow more and more instructed, you must learn to include in that community all the human race. And how are you to serve the community? and what is to be the result of your service? You are to serve it by striving after 'increased efficiency, each of you in your special work, as well as in the social functions which are common to you all. You must strive each of you to be a better citizen, a better workman, a better son, husband, or father.' And if you do this, all of you, the community of which you are each of you a part will through all the coming generations grow healthier and better; it will go from strength to strength, and will by-and-by reach heights of which we have hardly a conception.

The progress of the community, then, being the end of all individual action, how are we of this generation to adapt our means to the end? 'Such adaptation,' says Clifford, 'may be produced in two ways that we at present know of—by processes of natural selection, and by the agency of an intelligence in which an image or idea of the end preceded the use of the means.' Now, natural selection is the work of nature. The individual teacher has nothing to do with that. His sole concern lies with the intelligence of those he addresses. And not only is it this only that he can work upon, but it is this that for the future must be the chief force at work. Progress hitherto has been largely unconscious. Men thought indeed they were going in one direction, but natural causes have been really taking them in another. But now a change has come. The world is being baptised into a new life. The real meaning of the moral sense is at last discovered, 'and it must,' says Clifford, 'be directed for the future by our conscious discovery of the tribal purpose which it serves.' 'Conscience,' he repeats again, 'is the voice of man within us commanding us to work for man.' And thus the work of the preacher and the teacher is twofold; he has in the first place to direct this conscience, and in the next place he has to strengthen it, and to give force to its mandates.

Clifford's premature death has, of course, left his practical teaching incomplete. He has indeed accomplished with sufficient clearness the first of the two tasks just mentioned, but he hardly had time to do more than touch explicitly on the second. He has told us that the great work of each of us is to make our piety overcome our selfishness, and that the object of our piety is the social organism. But how this piety for the future is to be strengthened in its hard

struggle with its enemy he has only given us hints here and there by the way. His views, however, on this matter we can arrive at pretty clearly, and of all his views they are perhaps the most significant. We will speak of them presently; but first of all let us look back on the other parts of his system, the main outlines of which we have now glanced at.

It is true that in these there is nothing that, at the present time, can be very new or startling to any of us. But, as assimilated and expressed by Clifford, we have thought the modern system well worth considering. Amongst our scientific thinkers he was a man of unusual culture, as well as of unusual ability; and the weakness of the theories he advocated, and the insufficiency of the training he had received, are best visible in a man who naturally was so highly gifted.

Of his views on physical science there is obviously no need to speak. He was simply here an intelligent disciple of others, whom we have no call to criticise. But what we do propose to examine is the methods by which he proposed to place this physical science on a firm philosophic basis, and to reconcile its teachings with the verdicts of our moral consciousness. And first let us consider how he deals with the first of all questions—the existence of an eternal world. Its existence, as we have seen, he conceived he had established, and that he had set right on this point all former philosophers, from Berkeley to Herbert Spencer. And it must be admitted that in his views and in the exposition of them there are displayed great ingenuity and great power of thought. But when we come to examine the final upshot of them, we shall find that they all end in nothing. He succeeds with extreme skill in travelling round a circle, and in the end he finds himself just where he started. And, curiously enough, in one place he admits this himself. We can only, he maintains, free ourselves from the position of absolute idealism by our belief in what he calls 'personal ejects;' and why, he asks, does he believe in these? why does he believe that there are feelings which are not his own? 'Because,' he answers, 'as I belong to a gregarious race, the greater part of my life consists in acting upon the supposition that it is true.' This is literally the only answer that he gives to the great question; and he gives this not hastily, but with all deliberation, and he leads solemnly up to it, as a piece of profound wisdom. Now what does this sentence amount to? To believe that there are feelings which are not his own is the same thing as to believe that he belongs to a race. The question then, that he is really asking is, 'Why do I believe that I belong to a race?' And his only answer is, 'Because I belong to a gregarious race.' But this is not all. In another place precisely the same question is again asked by him, and what he says there is very different and far more to the purpose. 'How,' he says, 'this inference is justified, how consciousness can testify to anything outside itself, I do not pretend to say. I need not untie a knot that the world has cut for me long ago. . . . The position of absolute idealism may therefore be left out of count, although each individual may be unable to justify his dissent from it.' Now let us suppose this last statement true, and we have one thing to observe that Clifford seems altogether to have forgotten. It may be quite true that the belief in question is not only inexplicable, but indubitable; but we by no means have disposed of it by admitting that. According to Clifford's philosophy all knowledge is based on experience; if he cannot maintain that position, his whole system falls to the ground; and here we find him, apparently quite unconscious of the results of it, not admitting only but proclaiming that the one fact of our daily life, on our knowledge of which all other knowledge is based, is a fact that no experience could have taught us, and that we must have learned it from some other source.

It is true that, granting the existence of the personal eject, Clifford deduces with much ingenuity from it the existence of ejects that are not personal—in other words, the inorganic universe. But here again, in spite of all his skill, his reasonings prove useless. They depend, as we have seen already, upon his theory of the nature of things in themselves. And what does this theory amount to? Ingenious as are the means by which he arrives at his results, the results when arrived at are crude and puerile to an almost inconceivable degree. 'The thing in itself' is, he tells us, elementary feeling, mind-stuff, or quasi-mind; and this is known to us as matter. With every moving molecule of matter there moves also a small particle of mind-stuff which is attached to it. Now, not only must it be obvious to anyone at all trained in philosophical thinking that this theory leaves time, and still more plainly space, entirely unaccounted for; but there is a further and yet more obvious objection to it, which has not escaped even his own enthusiastic biographer. This theory, which Clifford flattered himself was a new form of monism, is in reality nothing but the dualism it was intended to

replace; only he chooses to call matter 'mind-stuff,' and he chooses to call mind 'consciousness.' His theory, he tells us, rests on the doctrine that there can be feeling without consciousness, a statement to which it is impossible to affix any meaning whatsoever. The old-fashioned dualism was the statement of a mystery, but it was the statement of it in intelligible language. Clifford transferred the mystery from the statement to the way of stating it; and instead of simplifying a fact, he merely made his language meaningless.

But the confusion in his philosophy becomes most apparent, and is of most practical importance, when he comes to treat of mind and body in connexion with human automatism and the freedom of the will. It would be hard to imagine, were the fact not before our eyes, that any man of Clifford's powers should have shown himself, on a point like this, so utterly incapable of clear and coherent thought, or of seeing steadily for a moment what is the real point at issue. As a specimen of his philosophical manner, we may first notice how he prepares the ground for himself. 'The will,' he says, 'is not a material thing. It is not a mode of material motion. Such an assertion belongs to the crude materialism of the savage. The only thing that influences matter is the position of surrounding matter, or the motion of surrounding matter;' and thus he lays down, as if to close the question for ever, 'if anybody says that the will influences matter, the statement is not untrue, but it is nonsense. . . . It is a combination of words whose corresponding ideas will not go together.' Anything more utterly false, and we may add foolish, than this, it is not easy to imagine. That will should influence matter may or may not be a possibility; but it is the expression of a distinct belief, and of a belief that is held by a very large number of people. One important example of it is the belief that God orders the world; and Clifford not only holds that to this proposition a very distinct idea can attach itself, but an idea that is so powerful as to be of the utmost practical danger. There is another answer to him that is even more near to hand. He says that to say matter influences will is not untrue, but nonsense. But let us take the converse of this proposition; and that, as he would be the first to admit, is not only not nonsense, but it is true. Give a man wine, and you nerve his will to fight. Give a man more wine, and you put his will to sleep for a time. Stab him in the heart with a dagger, and you extinguish his will for ever.

It is perfectly true, however, to say, that for will to influence matter is, on Clifford's theory, impossible. On that theory, consciousness is nothing but a passive spectator, and the will itself is nothing but a fiction. The strange thing is, that Clifford himself neither admitted nor saw this, but thought he could show, on the contrary, not only that will was a reality, but also that it was free. And this brings us to the climax of his philosophical confusions. 'That man is a free agent appears to me obvious, and that in the natural sense of the words. We need ask for no better definition than Kant's: "Will is a kind of causality belonging to living agents, in so far as they are rational; and freedom is such a property of causality as enables them to be efficient agents independently of outside causes determining them; as, on the other hand, necessity is that property of all irrational beings which consists in their being determined to activity by the influence of outside causes."' Now this, no doubt, at first sight sounds well enough; but it seems to have escaped Clifford that these words of Kant belonged to one philosophy, and that in being transplanted to another they become nonsense. We need not pause to point out that, in the first place, will, in Clifford's system, is emphatically not a kind of causality at all. All we need remark upon is the use of the words 'outside causes.' Now, according to Clifford, an outside cause is any cause outside 'my consciousness;' and if there is one thing that his theory teaches more plainly than another, it is that men cannot be 'efficient agents independently of outside causes;' nay, more than this, they cannot be agents at all. 'I believe,' says Clifford, 'that I am a free agent, when my actions are independent of the circumstances outside me.' But this, according to his theory, no man's actions ever are. So far from our being independent of such circumstances, we are entirely at the mercy of them; we are like 'all irrational beings,' as described by Kant; 'we are determined to activity by the influence of outside causes.' In fact, the distinction between outside cause and any other kind of cause is here a wholly false one. Clifford says we are free because 'we go of ourselves, we do not want anybody to push or pull us.' Now of course, in a certain sense, we 'go of ourselves,' just as a tree does; but the direction in which we go, if it cannot be said to be determined by anyone pulling us, is determined by countless other things attracting us; and so far as freedom goes, and so far as *outsideness* in the matter goes, there is nothing to choose really between propulsion and attrac-

tion. I place three children on a stage, telling them not to move of themselves, but to allow me to push and pull them as I please, and I then make them perform certain evolutions. The children, in so far as these movements are concerned, are merely marionnettes or puppets. Clifford himself would have maintained that they were not free agents. Supposing, however, I knew the nature of the children sufficiently well, I could, by a certain arrangement of sweetmeats or other attractive objects about the stage, produce exactly the same movements, and I should be able to predict them with exactly the same certainty. The children in both cases would have been equally at my mercy; nor would it make the least difference in the present argument whether the cause that determined them to activity were my hand or a sugar-plum. That there is an accidental difference between the two cases is true enough, but the difference is only an accidental one. The action is in one case accompanied by the feeling which we call volition, and in the other case it is not. According to Clifford and his school, there are really but two kinds of action, each of them equally inevitable and equally necessary—action in which we are propelled, and action in which we are attracted; and what Clifford means by will, or by free will,* is nothing but the consciousness of being attracted, not propelled.

From this subject we pass to one directly connected with it, to the conscience and moral responsibility; and we shall find that precisely the same confusion exists in Clifford's mind here. 'In order,' he says, 'that a man may be morally responsible for an action, three things are necessary:—(1) He might have done something else; that is to say, the action was not wholly determined by external circumstances, and he is responsible only for the choice which was left him. (2) He had a conscience. (3) The action was one in regard to the doing or not doing of which conscience might have been a sufficient motive.' Now, from our point of view, all this is completely true; but that point of view is not Clifford's. All through this there runs a conception that in Clifford's system is totally inadmissible. He is perpetually presupposing the presence of some mysterious force whose existence he has already denied—some force that need not follow the uniformity of nature—some *fatis avolsa potestas*. He betrays this in his use of the words 'might have been.' But in his system such a mood of the verb has no place at all. Nothing might have been but the things that have been; and were it not for the limitation of our own knowledge of details, we should see that it was as absurd to say a man might have acted otherwise than he did act, as to say that a stream might flow up a hill.

Still, however this may be, it will be said, and said truly, that conscience is a fact, and the sense of responsibility is a fact; that no theories can take them away; and that, by the bestowal of praise and blame, the conscience may be trained, just as a warped piece of timber may be straightened, so as to be of better service in the future, no matter what our views are as to what might have been in the past. But even here the old difficulty clings to us; for, useful as moral blame might be, we shall see that the above view of things must, if it were ever fully adopted by us, completely paralyse our powers of blaming. Clifford says very truly that our right, or, in other words, our ability, to award blame, is in proportion to the presence or the absence of extenuating circumstances. When a man, for instance, has so strong an inclination to drink that we cannot conceive any conscience strong enough to overmaster it, he is not any more responsible for drinking than he would be for coughing if his glottis were irritated. 'But if it is conceivable,' says Clifford, 'that a very strong conscience fully brought to bear might succeed in conquering the inclination, we take a lenient view of the fall, but we shall still regard it as a fall, and say that the man is responsible.' Now between the two classes of actions which Clifford means to indicate there is indeed a difference; but he has quite misconceived its nature. The difference has no reference to the past or to what might have been, but to the future and what we conceive will be. According to Clifford's theory, we are not justified in blaming a man because he has acted in one way when he might have acted in another, but because, if we blame him for what he has done, he will be less likely to offend in the same way again. If we adopt this view, however, there is one point to remember. The blame in this case would be as desirable and as beneficial as in the other, but we shall find ourselves unable to award it. As Clifford himself tells us, blame diminishes as extenuating circumstances multiply; and, on Clifford's theory of human action, every offence has not only extenuating circumstances, but circumstances that are completely exculpating. It is impossible for the worst of men to commit an action which the best of men

* According to Clifford's theory, to call the will free is only a piece of tautology. In the only sense in which the will is ever free, it is always free.

nnder like circnmstances wonld not have committed likewise.

We might dwell, did space permit us, on certain further results of the theory we are now considering. We might show how the logical resnlt of it must he, that, if we are any of us responsihle for anything, we are responsihle not for our own sins, hut for the sins of others, and that of those others the two most important parts are our fathers who are dead and our children who are nnborn. But this particular matter wonld involve a long discussion as to the meaning of words and the associations they carry with them. It is more to our present purpose to note what we were before speaking of—the way in which Clifford has confused the perception that a thing wonld be desirahle with the assumption that it would he possible; for it is this confusion that is most typical of his school, and which runs through all their more immediate preaching as to general human action, and through all their prophecies as to the future that is before humanity.

This leads us to approach the matter from a slightly different point of view. The end and object of our existence is, we have seen, to promote the progress of the community, and this progress is to be effected through the education and the intensification of the conscience. Clifford, it will be seen, here agrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer. Conscience, as conceived of hy him, is an inherited tribal instinct traversing the individual appetites. Its voice is an instinctive voice, and its biddings, as Clifford expressly says, do not rest, in the individnal, upon their true reasons. But what he and his school propose to do is to alter this state of things; they propose to make conscience rest its biddings on their true reasons, and guide them 'hy a conscious discovery of the tribal purpose it serves.' But they forget that in doing this they are putting conscience in an entirely new position. Its instinctive character disappears; nay, more, as conscience it ceases to exist. It dissolves itself into the ordinary intellectual judgment as to the means towards an end, the end in this case heing presupposed the most desirahle. And thus the prohlem for the prophets of progress is not how to strengthen conscience, hut it is simpler and more direct. It is how to strengthen our conscions devotion to the community, so as to make it more and more dominant over our conscious devotion to ourselves.

And it is the difficulty and even the nature of this problem that Clifford and his school seem entirely to overlook. They imagine that their system will leave them the old power of conscience intact, and that the changes of view that they introduce will only add to it. But they forget one thing. They are right, on their own grounds, in calling conscience instinctive, inasmnch as its hiddings do not rest on their true reasons; hut they do rest on reasons, even though the reasons be not true. It is only through an assignment of reasons, through a statement of facts, and the drawing a conclusion from them, that conscience has the smallest power of enforcing its orders. This reasoning may he sometimes more articnlate, and sometimes less, hut it is always there; and one of the propositions contained in it is a personal menace to the individual. It not only gives an order, but it gives a curse or a hlessing, and of one or other of these it foretells the sure fulfilment. It is, as Cardinal Newman has said, not only a king, hut a prophet and a priest likewise. The truth of this statement, be it remembered, is quite independent of any theological doctrine. As a doctrine it may he true or false, bnt it certainly is true as an analysis of what conscience has been felt to he hy the common consciousness of the mass of conscientions men. Now, according to Clifford's theory, conscience must he powerless as a king, and an impostor as a priest and a prophet. All its influence is, in fact, founded on a false prestige; and what Clifford and his school have fondly and foolishly imagined is that they can destroy the prestige and yet retain the power. They imagine they can remove the fnlcrum, and yet employ the lever.

The same singular oversight, the same inahility to grasp one entire side of the question, is to he found even more plainly when Clifford deals with Christianity as a fact in the history of progress. The Jews, he informs us, were an eminently conscientious race, hecause of the difficulties with which, as a trihe, they had to contend in the struggle for existence; and that struggle was successful because their conscience was rightly informed.

'The moral teaching of Christ,' says Clifford, '. . . is the expression of the conscience of a people who had fought long and heroically for their national existence. In that long and terrihle confliet they had learnt the supreme and overwhelming importance of conduet, . . . the weakness and uselessness of solitary and selfish efforts, the necessity for a man who would be a man to lose his poor single personality in the being of a greater and nobler combatant—the nation. And they said all this, after their fashion of short and potent sayings, perhaps better than any other men have said it before or since. It was this heroic people that produced the morality of the Sermon on the Mount.'

This morality it is that is the one thing of value in Christianity; and this Clifford is confident that the world will go on practising with ever-increasing diligence. But of how the world has been induced to practise it in the past he says nothing, he thinks nothing. The importance of the part played by the ideal of Christ—of a Christ either divine or deified, an object at once of love, of worship, and of imitation—seems to have altogether escaped him. Study of history, observation of life, and ordinary common sense, seem alike to have left one half of his mind a complete blank; and whilst speculating on what would be good, if men were to do it, he has forgotten to consider for a moment what it is likely that men will do.

As a parallel to his above account of the origin of Christianity, we may mention his account of the Reformation in England, which is equally ludicrous in the ignorance and the naïve arrogance it betrays. The cause of the event in question was, he says, simple and single. It was none other than our great characteristic as Englishmen; it was 'the principle which forbids the priest to come between a man and his conscience.' Any statement more utterly false than this it is hardly possible to imagine. The English Reformation, as every schoolboy knows, was at first a political event, not a religious one; and the hatred of priests as priests, so far from being a cause of it, was only a late and a long delayed result. Mr. Pollock himself is obliged to admit that Clifford studied history poetically, not scientifically. We should ourselves prefer to say that he studied it in the spirit of prejudice rather than in the spirit of poetry; and, when we say that the examples we have just adduced are fair, if not favourable, specimens of his historical criticism, the verdict will hardly be thought unjust. On whatever period he touches, his treatment of it is the same. Nor, when we consider his case, is this much to be wondered at. Of historical knowledge he had evidently only smatterings, and even these were fragmentary and disconnected; and he went to these smatterings, as he himself almost acknowledges, with the determination to make them bear witness to foregone conclusions, of which the most important was that all goodness was of purely human origin, and that the chief enemies of goodness were priesthoods generally, and the Christian priesthood in particular. We are far from attributing such a procedure to any dishonesty in Clifford's mind, but wonder certainly arises that to an honest man such a procedure should have been possible. The answer to this is to be found, we think, in that fault of Clifford and his school we were just now indicating, their utter want of any practical knowledge of human nature. Men and women, with all their complex motives, were not, to Clifford, realities. Simple, upright, and prejudiced in a certain way himself, he imagined that the great mass of human kind would be simple, upright, and prejudiced, just as he was. And the little esoteric ambitions and contempts of the common-room or the lecture hall, he mistook for the emotions and aspirations of the human kind in general.

And this is what we meant when we said that Clifford's teaching was to be best understood through his biography. Not only, as we have seen already, will his theory of things not hold together for a moment, but it is utterly unfit for any practical application. Considering Clifford's genius, such a result is singular; but we conceive it to be explained thus. Clifford's views of life and his desires to influence men were not what they were because he was an accurate thinker or a student of science or of philosophy; they were what they were because he came of the Christian middle class of England, and because every thought and every feeling he possessed was steeped in the beliefs and the sentiments of that class; and when he tells us about the nobleness of humanity and the grandeur of our Father Man, the emotions expressed are not the result of his scientific observations or of his later experiences, but they are the echo or the survival of emotions that had been ingrained in him at his mother's knee or under the arches of Exeter Cathedral. Clifford, as a practical preacher, as a dealer with his brother men, differed little in his knowledge and his feelings from an ordinary Bible-reader. What he did differ in from the Bible-reader was that the latter retains the original theoretical framework of his feelings; whereas Clifford had removed this, and was obliged to supply another. That he failed to see how unsound that other was theoretically, and how inefficient practically, can be explained also by an appeal to his life. His feelings seem, in reality, to have been the thing that guided him; he was determined that his non-theistic theories should support these, and therefore any non-theistic theory that seemed to support them he was ready to accept as sound. Whilst as to the practical side of the question, just as his bringing up had made him deeply religious, and had left his morality, when his religion went, strongly touched with emotion, so had it left him unversed in the ways of the world at large; and whilst endowing him with what, as a

private character, we must call a beautiful innocence, it had left him in what, as a public teacher, we must call a fatal ignorance.

If what we have said applied to Clifford only, it would hardly perhaps have been worth saying; but, as we have observed already, it applies not to Clifford only, but to the whole modern school. If, as many think, that school is a really formidable foe to religion, it will be at any rate some comfort to know that it will certainly not destroy religion by replacing it. Its prestige, further, will be rendered less formidable if we reflect on how one of its best instructed and most gifted spokesmen has exhibited himself in these two volumes as hopelessly untrained in philosophy, hopelessly ill-read in history, and without the smallest grasp of that refractory human character of which he boasts that in the future his school will have the sole guidance.

Art. VIII.—*A History of the Reign of Queen Anne.* By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., Historiographer-Royal for Scotland. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1880.

The death of Queen Anne is one of the events in English history that have graved their mark most deeply on the popular memory; and, whether in jest or reproach, it is still spoken of every day by hundreds who certainly could not tell offhand who Queen Anne was, where she reigned, when she lived, or when she died. But the termination of this Queen's reign carries us back to that momentous time when, notwithstanding the often confirmed Act of Settlement, the succession to the English crown was tottering in the balance—when, until the new king was actually proclaimed, no one could say, with certainty, whether his name would be George or James; whether it would be the herald of liberty and religion, or of tyranny, superstition, and civil war. One is apt to forget that Queen Anne was barely fifty years of age when she died. If the Stuarts had had the vitality of the Guelphs, she might have lived and reigned for another quarter of a century, and the history of England would have been materially changed.

To the student of history, however, the reign of Anne has, throughout, an interest at least equal to that of its closing scene. That, indeed, was a formidable crisis; but for years before, wars, victories, and defeats, foreign negotiations and domestic intrigues, party contests and religious intolerance, the working out of great constitutional problems, the Scotch Union and the establishment of the kingdom of Great Britain, and a magnificent literary period, form the groundwork of a story at once important, instructive and picturesque—a subject tempting to the novice as well as to the veteran; in the treatment of which, however, experience has shown that the risks of failure far outweigh the chances of success. It is thus that we have so many histories of the reign of Queen Anne: Chamberlain, Boyer, Oldmixon, and Somerville, in the last century—all careful painstaking men, without a glimmer of genius—have attempted to write the annals of this romantic reign; then we have Lives of Marlborough, Lives of Bolinghroke, and a crowd of other less pretentious and less weighty volumes. But of all these, few can be read with any pleasure, and those few with but little profit.

Had indeed life and health been spared to Lord Macaulay, we should have had such a history of this period as would have made it practically impossible for any future writer to attempt it. Macaulay's intimate acquaintance with it, in its several phases, was equalled only by his power of artistic arrangement, and his skill in the manipulation of words and sentences. That he would have given us a great work, we cannot doubt. But with all his splendid qualifications for the task, Lord Macaulay had also certain prejudices which would have seriously detracted from the value of his work; and amongst these we should more especially reckon his intense hatred of the Duke of Marlborough. It is too well known that he has almost exhausted the virulence of the English language in his account of various passages in Marlborough's early career, and poured forth his wrath in pages that are not the less unjust because they are surpassingly brilliant. If we may judge from these of what would have been written of the time when Marlborough stood out in solitary grandeur, the foremost figure not in England alone, but in Europe, we may console ourselves that the book was prematurely closed; that our great national hero—great with all his faults—has not been pilloried to all time, with less compunction than if he had been a dead pole-cat to nail on a barn door.

It was not till after the death of Lord Macaulay that Lord Stanhope determined to continue his 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht,' backwards to the accession of Anne; and his history of her reign was published in 1870. A Stanhope might naturally enter at great length into the history of the war, and especially of the war in

Spain; but military history and vivid description were not points in which Lord Stanhope was fitted to excel, and his Reign of Queen Anne has rested principally on the former reputation of the author. There was still therefore a blank in our historical literature, which the Historiographer-Royal for Scotland has now endeavoured to fill. Dr. Burton's known ability as an expounder of history and an unraveller of knotty problems had led us to an eager expectation of the work, on which, it was publicly announced, he had been engaged for many years. And this expectation was not unmixed with curiosity; for whilst, on the one hand, it seemed peculiarly fitting that the history of the Union should be told from an imperial point of view by one who had already so well described it from the provincial, on the other we could not but notice that, after a long literary career, during which he had confined himself closely, if not exclusively, to the domestic history of Scotland, he was now venturing on new ground. With every disposition to give his work a favourable reception, it must be confessed that it is deficient in proportion and in completeness.

The book is divided into twenty chapters of about equal length; of these, one is headed 'The Religious World,' and two 'The Sacheverell Commotions;' one is on International Difficulties—that is, between England and Scotland; one on the Union; and two are devoted to Marlborough's campaigns. These extended over nine of the most brilliant years in our annals, broke the threatening despotism of France, and, for thirty years to come, rendered her powerless for evil. The Union was an event in our national life little less important than the Norman Conquest. Sacheverell's trial, on the other hand, lasted but a few weeks; and was in truth a tempest in a tea-cup. To treat the three subjects at the same length would seem a serious failure in historical or even artistic skill, and we must accept the work, not as a complete history of the period, but rather as the endeavour of an acute and trained intellect to throw light on certain very important, but less popular, phases of it.

As such, Dr. Burton's work is entitled to our consideration. He has, for the first time, brought to light the Godolphin papers, acquired by the British Museum about ten years ago, a collection which, he tells us, is specially rich in materials suited to his purpose; not so much in what are properly termed State Papers, of which 'we may conclude that all of any importance or significance during our period are already published; but in the private correspondence of statesmen and other eminences, private correspondence on affairs of State.' Aided by these, and by a wide acquaintance with published material, the book, within its peculiar limits, could scarcely fail of being both interesting and instructive; but we regret that so much sound learning and diligent research should be somewhat clouded by a style which is uncouth, often to the verge of affectation. It is not easy to pardon such sentences as, 'The achievements on the banks of the Maas were significant vindications of sanguine prognostications;' or, 'They (the shoeblacks) brought on themselves the name of "the blackguards," thus contributing its most powerful appellative to the vituperative nomenclature of the English language.' In some places the book bears strange marks of carelessness. The word 'incompatibility' is spelt 'incompatability;' the Empress Maria Theresa is called 'Theresa Maria,' and similar oversights are not infrequent in these pages.

To the careful reader, a more serious fault is the utter want of chronological arrangement. The story ranges wildly through the whole period, or outside it, without any guiding clue; there are no sign-posts, no dates in the margin, very few in the text, and on those few no reliance can be placed. We are told, for instance, that war was proclaimed on August 4, 1702; it was, in fact, proclaimed on May 4. We are told that Prince George died on October 28, 1710; he died, really, in 1708. Others somewhat similar, such as the name of Catinat for Tallard (i. 302), Toulon for Nice (ii. 74), Tromp for De Ruyter (iii. 129), might almost lead us to fancy that, whilst studying the literature of the age of Anne, the author, like the philosophers of Laputa, has accustomed himself to the attendance of a flapper, in whose occasional absence his hand ceases to control the vagaries of his pen. But we have said enough on such points; it is more congenial with our humour, as well as with our high sense of Dr. Burton's merit, to discuss the matter rather than the manner of what he has written.

Upon her accession to the throne on March 8, 1702, Anne's immediate inheritance was war with France, which was declared a few weeks later, at once by the Queen, the Emperor, and the States-General, the 'Grand Alliance' having been concluded by her predecessor. Then, as ever since, it was fiercely disputed whether 'the balance of power' in continental Europe is any concern of insular England. A large and strong party was averse from any interference in the affairs of Spain or France; and the British taxpayer, caring little for the point at issue in the succession to the Spanish throne, did care a very great deal for the certain in-

crease of taxation which would follow on a renewal of hostilities. The merchants of London or Bristol were, however, able to take a lively interest in the political question, when it was once brought home to them that the extension of Bourbon rule included also the command over their foreign trade; that the Spanish market was already lost to them; that Portugal was bound by treaty to share in the commercial policy of Spain; that the Spanish Netherlands, Italy, the Indies, and Spanish America were all closed; and that Holland and Germany would be equally so, if overpowered by France. But while the statesman and the capitalist were moved by such considerations, to the country party and the people at large the cause of quarrel was the recognition, by Louis XIV., of the son of James II. as King of England. It is difficult to understand this recognition, unless we accept the proverbial maxim that whom the gods would undo they first madden. It has indeed been ascribed to the influence of Madame de Maintenon, who fostered the Stuart cause as that of the true religion. But more probably Louis was led to believe that, by disbanding her army, England had rendered herself powerless; that she had been unable to oppose his entering on the Spanish succession; that she would be equally unable to avenge the indignity offered to the Act of Settlement; and that he might thus, with impunity, stand before Europe as the champion of the rights of kings and of the Catholic faith. He had not taken into account the strength of the popular feeling. The violation of the Treaties of Partition had scarcely moved the pulse of the people of England; the news that the French king had acknowledged the pretended Prince of Wales—born of a warming-pan—as King of England, roused the fiercest anger through the length and breadth of the country, for the moment united all opinions, stilled the jealousies of party, and made war inevitable.

Yet France was by no means prepared for such a struggle. The previous war had exhausted her resources, which a four years' armed truce had by no means re-established. In 1697 the drain on her population and finances had reduced her to a condition in which peace was absolutely necessary. Internal traffic was stopped; the roads had fallen into decay; the bridges were in ruins. Foreign trade was at an end; and with the closing of the market, manufacturing industry had ceased. It was roughly estimated that the population was reduced by one-fourth, and that of the survivors one-tenth were in a state of beggary; in support of which it is stated, as a particular case, that of 700,000 forming the population of the financial district of Rouen, there were not 50,000 who could buy bread, or who had beds to sleep on. Louis, however, refused to believe in the terrible destitution, or that the reports were not exaggerated. He was willing, indeed, that France should repose, but repose in arms. The war might at any time recommence. He was bent on pushing his claims on the Spanish succession; by negotiation, if possible; if not, by the last argument of kings. The Emperor, on his side, with powerful and opulent allies, was averse from the peace which would share it with his wily adversary. His objections, however, had been overcome, and Europe had entered on that breathing time, so soon to be interrupted by the deaths of the King of Spain and of the deposed King of England; by the French king's recognition of the Pretender; by his acceptance of the Spanish will in favour of his grandson. When, on the eve of the declaration of war, Louis' most bitter and determined enemy was suddenly taken away, the accident seemed to bode well for France: it was, really, the most untoward stroke of fate. Good soldier as William was, his death opened the way to the career of one vastly his superior in the art of war. Of this, however, Louis was happily ignorant; it appeared to him that not only had the allies lost their most dangerous general, but also that the tie between England and Holland was necessarily loosened. He made therefore an effort to secure the Dutch, which Dr. Burton thus describes:—

'He addressed their High-Mightinesses the States-General in a tone of friendly patronage, shading off into occasional menace. They had shown an ungrateful unconsciousness of the favours he had conferred on them. But the past would be forgiven if there were amendment in the future. They had heretofore been under restraint; they were now free to choose their course, and recover the place they had forfeited in his countenance and friendship. Let them make their choice—quiet and liberty under his august protection, or war and ruin. This was one among the many insolences that seemed to do as much for the subsequent humiliation of the proud king as his reverses in the field. The Estates answered him in proud defiance. They pushed home the dubious references to a state of coercion, accepting them as referring to the loss of their illustrious chief who was King of Great Britain. His memory was fresh, not as an oppressor who had thwarted the national aspirations, but as a friend who had fostered and given power and shape to them; and it was utterly to mistake the nature of their constitution to doubt that they had ever been less free than they had been when visited by their great calamity. They were invited to send a representative to the Court of France.

They thought this a needless ceremony; all questions must now abide the issues of war.'

Thus the war began, actually with the siege of Kaiserswerth by the allies, and, on June 10, with the French dash at Nymeguen, a strong and commanding fortress, which Dutch economy had left unarmed and without a garrison. But the Earl of Athlone—Ginkel—in command of a division of the allied army, was able to interpose his force; and though very inferior in numbers, he retreated on Nymeguen, which he occupied. The French spoke of this as chasing the allied army under the guns of the fortress: the allies could more correctly describe it as the baffling of the French attempt on Nymeguen. A few weeks later Marlborough entered on the command, and began a career of conquest and victory which has but few parallels in the history of war. It has been said of him, as was first said of Alexander, and afterwards of the Black Prince, that he fought no battle which he did not win, sat down before no fortress which he did not take. The same has since been again said of the Duke of Wellington; and, without pausing to enquire how far it was absolutely true in any one of these instances, we know of no other general to whom the saying could possibly be applied. Such unvarying success speaks of higher qualities than those of the mere commander. It speaks of the calm dispassionate judgment, quick to decide on the possibilities of any undertaking, as well as of the skill rightly to conduct the execution of it. It speaks also of the excellence of the tools with which they had to work, and persuades us that the quaint and bombastic pride of our fathers was not altogether wrong when it boasted that of all ancient heroes, Hercules, or Alexander, or Miltiades, none could compare with the British grenadier, at sight of whom

> 'The God of War is pleased, and famed Bellona smiles.'

We are, however, frequently reminded of the fact that comparatively few of Marlborough's soldiers were English. This is undoubtedly true: at Blenheim, where the allied army was about 52,000 strong, there were not more than 10,000 English; and this proportion was probably never much exceeded in any of Marlborough's battles. None the less, we think the sense of the country was not wrong in speaking of the army as English, and in holding that the victories were England's. It was not only that a very large part of the army was paid or subsidised by England, that its head and chief was an Englishman, that without Marlborough the coalition would inevitably have fallen to pieces; but that the English soldiers were, physically at least, superior to their fellows, that the English regiments quickly became distinguished from all others by their steadiness and discipline, and, by their example and the confidence which that example gave, supported and strengthened the whole. The continental armies were not yet levied by conscription, and their ranks were filled, literally, with the dregs of the population. Dr. Burton is mistaken in supposing that the conscription existed in France under Louis XIV.; it was introduced by the French Revolution. In material comfort, and in the bone and muscle which good feeding gives, the English peasant was very far in advance of the peasant of either France or Germany.

At the peace of Ryswick the English army had been disbanded. Of the soldiers who had fought under William, only 10,000 were kept with the colours; and the number was afterwards reduced to 7,000. When war again broke out, the work of recruiting had to be begun anew. No doubt many of the old soldiers fell in at the first beat of the drum; we have no means of saying how many; but to those who have once grown familiar with the sound there is in it an attraction impossible to resist; and the men who had fought not ingloriously at Steinkirk and Landen, or who had stormed the palisades of Namur, were not likely to be less alive to its magic. But to raise recruits by tens of thousands was then, as it always has been, a task of great difficulty; and though some were obtained from the debtors' prison, some few also from the felons' gaol, the number of these was both absolutely and relatively small.

The large towns had not yet received that impulse which has since spread them over so much of England; manufactures had not increased the country's wealth, at the expense, it is to be feared, of the stature, and lungs, and muscles of the working class; agriculture was still the principal industry; and, from mere force of numbers, the ranks of the army must have been mainly filled with agricultural labourers. Vagrants and vagabonds, peasants of doubtful character, lads in trouble or crossed in love, country bumpkins—such as Farquhar has described pocketing the queen's picture, set in gold, and bearing the posy *Ca-ro-lus*, the Latin for Queen Anne—fellows with heavy hands and stout hearts, even though their heads might be of the weakest, made up the staple of the recruits, were forthwith shipped off to Flanders, and from the drill sergeant's crucible were turned out the finest soldiers that the world had seen—men that not only

could, but did, go anywhere, and do anything that was required of them.

Although Dr. Burton has allotted but a small proportion of his work to military operations, he appears to us to relate them with truth and spirit. He has evidently visited the spots famous for the great battles of the war; the lines of Schellenberg, the field of Blenheim, the woods which screened the advancing forces at Ramillies, have never been described with more effect or precision. These, in fact, are the most graphic pages of his book; and the details more interesting to a military student may be found in Coxe's 'Life of Marlborough,' and in the magnificent publication of General Pélet's campaigns of the War of Succession, in eleven quarto volumes, which we owe to the French Government.

Of the wonderful man who guided the allied armies to victory, space would fail us, did we wish to speak at fitting length. The savage attack of Macaulay, the no less savage attack of Thackeray, has stamped the weak points of Marlborough's character deep into our memories. It is not possible for anyone to forget the blots which they have shown us through a too powerful magnifying glass—to forget that love of money was with him, more even than with most men, a spur to action, to enterprise, and to genius; that in an age when every politician was a jobber and intriguer, he too jobbed and intrigued; that when every man in office endeavoured to secure his career and his life against the possibilities of revolution, he too did the same, with greater audacity, with greater genius, perhaps even with greater wickedness than others. But when all is said that can be said, with the allegation of the treachery at Brest fresh in our memory, we still maintain that, throughout, Marlborough's treasons were offences against the king—James, or William, or George—not breaches of his allegiance to England. How thoroughly the age could and did discriminate, we may judge from the words attributed to Admiral Russell, himself as double-dealing a traitor as any of his contemporaries. 'I wish'—he is reported to have said to the emissary of the banished monarch—'I wish to serve King James. But do not think that I will let the French triumph over us in our own sea. If I meet them, I fight them—ay, though his Majesty himself should be on board.' And on this followed the battle of Barfleur and the destruction of the French ships at La Hogue. Some such treason was that of Marlborough. That, throughout the reign of William, he had correspondence with James, we know; we know, also, that towards the end of Anne's life he was in friendly correspondence with James's son; and that, even during the time of his greatness, he was careful to show him all possible respect. In this he was craftily providing for possible changes which he could not control; as his brother, the admiral, might have said, he was laying out an anchor to windward. But the idea of treason, such as we now understand it, is untenable. The treason that, irrespective of words written or spoken, in deeds took such form as Blenheim or Ramillies, that captured towns by the dozen, overthrew the marshals of France one after the other, and annihilated the French armies as fast as they could be levied—such treason is not hateful to us; and when our soldiers again stand face to face with those of our country's enemies, we can wish them nothing better than to have at their head another such traitor.

But even Marlborough's military genius has been pressed into the service against him. He has been accused of needlessly prolonging the war in order to win, not so much glory, as the emoluments which accrued to the commander-in-chief. Of this we do not believe a word. Marlborough's greed for money was no doubt great, and his emoluments were enormous. It was stated that his legitimate income, during the later years of his command, amounted to upwards of 54,000*l.*, and this was no doubt largely increased in many unacknowledged ways. Such sums must have been a powerful temptation to an avaricious man; but there is no evidence that he yielded to it, and his most private letters to the Duchess repeatedly convey his ardent desire for peace and a home life. Again, it has been bitterly enough alleged and frequently repeated that he fought the battle of Malplaquet for no military reason, but solely in order to strengthen the hands of his party at home. The facts lend no support to such an assertion. More than two years before, he had written that if the French put themselves on the defensive, 'we shall be under a necessity of opening the campaign with the siege of Tournay or Mons.' The operations which he had thus sketched out for 1707 were, in fact, those of 1709.

When the campaign opened, the French army, under Marshal de Villars, had taken up an entrenched position between Douay and Bethune, so as to oppose any contemplated invasion of France on that side. Against this the allied generals made a feint, intending, possibly, to push it into an attack, should it appear feasible; but when Villars, to strengthen his defences, had denuded Tournay of half its garrison, they suddenly

swept round and invested that place. Villars, whose army was largely composed of newly raised men, made no attempt to relieve it, and, believing that the ultimate design of the enemy was to enter France, continued strengthening and extending his lines. After about a month, Tournay capitulated; the citadel held out a month longer, when it too surrendered, and the allies immediately pushed on towards Mons. If Mons fell, the French position was turned; and Villars, in council with Boufflers, who, though his senior, had volunteered to serve under his orders, determined to move for its protection. Of Villars's advance Marlborough and Eugene had immediate knowledge. They went to meet him, and on September 9 the two armies were in front of each other. It is said that Marlborough wished to engage on the 10th; but the Dutch deputies were opposed to his doing so, and Eugene declared in favour of waiting till the full strength of the army came up from Tournay. The French were equal in numbers to the allies; but Villars judged that defensive war was his proper strategy, and took advantage of the delay to entrench his position, in which he waited the attack. 'We have still to fight against moles,' growled our soldiers, as, with unpleasant memories of the siege of Tournay, they advanced against the enemy on the morning of the 11th. The position was strong, and gave confidence to the new levies of the French, who fought with determination, and were not driven out till after a bloody and obstinate battle, in which, through the untimely impetuosity of the Prince of Orange, the loss of the allies was considerably in excess of that of the French. Villars, who was himself seriously wounded, wrote to the king: 'If God, in His goodness, should vouchsafe to us to lose such another battle, your Majesty may consider your enemies annihilated.' Marlborough took a different view. 'God Almighty be praised'—he wrote to the duchess on the evening of the same day—'it is now in our power to have what peace we please; and I may be pretty well assured of never being in another battle;' and, two days later, to Mr. Stanhope, the English Minister at the Hague: 'I hope it will conduce to the putting a speedy and happy issue to the war, to the general satisfaction of all the allies.' He immediately laid siege to Mons, which the French, now under Boufflers and Berwick, were unable to relieve; it capitulated on October 20, and, the weather having set in very wet, the army went into winter quarters.

The events of the campaign had thus closely followed the forecast of the French standing on the defensive, which Marlborough had made nearly three years before; and we cannot but judge those writers to be still ignorant of the circumstances, who repeat the allegation which a shameless and virulent party spirit made at the time. It had been decided that the war was to be continued; and on that decision Malplaquet followed in necessary course. If, therefore, any blame attaches to Marlborough for fighting at Malplaquet, it is really for his share in the rejection of the overtures made by the French king during the early months of 1709. And it is of this that he has been most seriously accused. The abortive negotiations, known as the Conferences of the Hague, which were followed in 1710 by the Conference of Gertruydenberg, have thus a very important bearing on our estimate of Marlborough and the war policy of which he was the agent; and we cannot but regret that Dr. Burton has judged it consistent with his idea of a history of the reign of Queen Anne to pass them over with a bare mention.

In truth, these Conferences were the most important diplomatic incidents in the whole course of the war. The details given us in Torcy's Memoirs are extremely interesting, and we hold that it was a fatal error on the part of the allies not then and there to have concluded a peace which would have secured to them everything worth fighting for. The fact is that Louis, compelled to admit, even to himself, the pressure at once of the war, of a most severe winter, and of a starving people, had endeavoured to obtain at least a breathing time, and had attempted, in the first place, by particular negotiations and concessions, to detach the Dutch from the alliance. In vain. During the preceding forty years the Dutch had too often felt the heel of the French king to be disposed now to loosen the death-grip which the allies had fixed on him. They would stand or fall with the common cause. The petty German States were equally firm. The Emperor, represented by Eugene, would have nothing short of the abdication of the Spanish throne by the Duke of Anjou. The English were steadfast and true. The French had, in the previous summer, attempted an invasion of Scotland in support of the Pretender; and Marlborough was instructed to insist, in addition to the joint demands, on the recognition of Queen Anne and the Protestant succession, on the sending the Pretender out of France, and on the demolition of the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk. These points were conceded, and the further conditions were none of Marlborough's; neither

was it on them that the negotiation broke down, but on the demand of the Allianee that the Freneh king should advise his grandson to leave Spain, and even, in ease of necessity, turn the armies of France against him. That was a humiliation to which, as M. de Torcy fairly warned the Allies, Louis XIV. neither could nor would submit, and he did not submit to it. But that Marlborough strennously endeavoured to carry the negotiations to a successful end is indubitable. He protested his sincerity—too vehemently, thought De Torcy. He was profuse in his good wishes to France and the Chevalier; he endeavonred to persnade De Torcy to accept the terms; but he would give up nothing. Personally, indeed, he held that the demands on the French king as to the French prince being forced to leave Spain were—not excessive, bnt—needless. On May 27, he had written to Mr. Stanhope:—

'We still may meet with some difficulties abont the Duke of Anjou's evacuating Spain; but when the Freneh have delivered us all the cautionary towns, aad complied with everything else on this side, we shall have the better end of the staff, and be more able to force them.'

And in a private note to Godolphin, of June 16, just before the negotiations were broken off:—

'I have as much mistrust for the sincerity of France as anybody living can have; but I will own to you that, in my opinion, if France had delivered the towns promised by the preliminaries, and demolished Dunkirk aad the other towns mentioned, they must have been at our discretion, so that if they had played tricks, so much the worse for themselves. But I do not love to be singular, especially when it was doing what France seemed to desire.'*

He insisted, therefore, on the demand. 'Be assnred,' he said to De Torcy, 'that you mnst yield to ns every single portion of the Spanish monarchy.' De Torey, or rather the Freneh king, nrged by exaggerated reports of Marlborough's besetting infirmity, attempted to bribe him. He offered him two millions, nay, four millions of livres, for more favonrable terms. The insult did not distnrb Marlborongh's outward eqnanimity, and does not seem to have affected his conduct one way or the other. His slanderers have said that he would have liked the money well enough, bnt it would not have compensated him for his appointments; we kaow of nothing which shows that Marlborough would not have preferred the interests of his country to any bribe the Freneh king could have offered. That eveatually the negotiations hroke down, that Lonis refnsed to eomply with the demands of the allies, and that the war resumed its course—these are the crimes of which Marlborough has been accused, without, so far as the circumstances are before us, the shadow of a reason.

But, to understand the virulent hate with which Marlborough was pursued, it is necessary to examine into the relations of the great political parties, the keynote to the whole political system during the reign of Anne. In this Dr. Burton has, we think, missed his opportunity. He does not seem to have grasped the national importance of these party squabbles and party intrigues, nor to have realised the power which backstairs influences may have over a queen, herself the head of the Government, when that queen is a weak-minded yet obstinate woman. He has thus passed slightly over the intrigue by which Abigail Hill—whose name has engrafted itself on the English language as the synonym of a waiting-woman—supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough in the Queen's favour; and refuses to admit the share in that intrigue which has been commonly attributed to Harley. He says:—

'It is not easy to pronouace on the charges against Harley, but they certainly bear faint resemblance to the tone of his general character. He was in most things a man scrupulous ia his actions, whatever his thoughts may have been. He was generally trusted, and if there was aaything to suggest misgivings it was in the impenetrable reserve that, even when the haze of inebriety loosened his tongue, sometimes in a wildish manner, about trifles, enabled him to keep dead silence on affairs of moment. His inscrutability let imaginations and tongues loose on his character aad actions.'

And again:—

'That Robert Harley was by nature a cunning maa, aad in practice what is colloquially called a tricky maa, or a trickster, is a doctrine as deeply rooted in historical opinion as the military skill of Marlborough and the oratorical accomplishments of Boliagbroke. It is useless to contradict the opinion, because it cannot be disproved. But a consciousness of this opens up the question, how far the opinion, so confidently adopted, is capable of proof, since it is the property of a wisely cunning nature to keep the nature itself a secret?'

This craving for exact evidence in matters of historical research may easily be carried too far; and is, in the present instance, as unreasonable as it is to throw doubt on that 'mysterious glory' which haunts Bolingbroke's reputation as an orator, because 'we are not able to test the accuracy of the en-

* Coxe's 'Life of Marlborough,' vol. ii. p. 409. (Bohn's Edition.)

logiums on his speeches, since not a genuine morsel of them remains.' Bnt the same might be said of most of the great parliamentary orators of the last two centuries; and we incline to believe that we have, in fact, the same kind of evidence as to Bolingbroke or Harley that we have as to Marlborough. We have the evidence of those who were tricked or deluded by the one, of those who listened with rapt attention to the other; and what further evidence have we of Marlborough's genius than the testimony of the people he saved or of the foes he overthrew? The Duchess of Marlborough has herself left us a detailed account of Harley's tortuous and slippery ways, which is either true or a jumble of stupid and unmeaning falsehoods; bnt the duchess was far indeed from being a stupid woman, or one likely to tell falsehoods without an object; and Ralph, the pamphleteer, who undertook to answer her, could only say, 'That Mr. Harley made use of the Heifer occasionally, according to the phrase of those times, is, I believe, scarce to be disputed.' Macaulay has summed up his description of Harley with the opinion that he was 'a dull puzzle-headed man,' a character not out of keeping with his having abundance of that low cunning which would consider the intrigues of the palace backstairs a triumph of statesmanship. We are, therefore, quite ready to adopt the received opinion that it was this intrigue which rendered Harley unacceptable to Marlborough and Godolphin; which led them to insist on his resignation of office, for which the discovery of his clerk's treason lent a colour; which thus rendered Harley in turn more bitter and more cunning, and finally enabled him to break down the long and glorious ministry of which Godolphin was the nominal head.

This, however, was only the climax. There is no doubt whatever that the Government had been gradually losing its hold on the affections of the people; that after the battle of Ramillies, May 23, 1706, the peace party, originally consisting of the ultra-Tories, had received and continued to receive large accessions. It was argued that the aggressive power of France was broken; that the question of who should rule in Spain was of no importance in England; and that the continuance of the war would serve no English ends. The war was, no doubt, oppressive, and just at that time was especially so felt by reason of the stagnation in trade and of 'the losses that had been sustained at sea by inefficiency of convoy.'

These had been considerable, and were by no means the only instances of the mismanagement and misconduct of naval affairs. The navy, in regard to which the country has always been most sensitive, was the weak point of the Godolphin administration, although, in fact, it was to a great extent beyond the control of the ministry. For on the accession of the Queen, her husband, Prince George, had been appointed Lord High Admiral; and he continued to hold the office until his death in 1708. Prince George was a good-humoured, easy-tempered man of neither parts nor energy, in whose hands things were left to shift very much for themselves, or were driven this way or that according to the caprice of the moment, or the passing influence of one or other of his advisers. And his rule at the Admiralty began with a shame and disaster unparalleled in our annals, for which, indeed, he was in no way responsible, but which none the less throws its darkening shadow over his period of office.

On the threatened outbreak of hostilities in 1701, Vice-Admiral Benbow had been sent, for a second time, to the West Indies, in command of a large squadron. In August, 1702, 'being informed that M. du Casse —the French admiral—was gone to Cartagena and bound thence to Porto Bello, he resolved to sail to that coast with two third and four fourth rates, and on the 19th, in the evening, discovered ten sail near Santa Marta. Standing towards them he soon found the greatest part were French ships of war.' So says Burchett, who was at the time Secretary to the Admiralty. Dr. Burton's account is enriously inaccurate, not only as to the nautical details, but as to simple matters of fact. August, for instance, cannot, with any propriety, be called winter; nor can Santa Marta be said to be among the West Indian Islands. That Benbow, on making out the enemy, steered towards them and engaged, but was not supported by the ships of his squadron, and was left almost by himself, is too sadly true. But Dr. Burton has missed what is the most extraordinary feature of the case—that the action did not end, as he implies, at nightfall, but continued, off and on, for six days, during which Benbow hung on to the enemy, vainly trying to shame the captains of his ships into doing their duty. It was not till the sixth day that Benbow was wounded; that the captains assembled on board the flagship—the 'Breda'—and advised him against continuing the fight; and it was after this meeting that, in a last attempt, the 'Breda' was disabled, when the French retired leisurely and unopposed. On returning to Jamaica Benbow ordered a court martial to be held on the several captains of the squadron. One of them died before the trial; two—Kirby and Wade—were sentenced to be shot, and were

shot; one was cashiered and sentenced to be imprisoned dnring the Queen's pleasnre; the others were suspended. The admiral himself died of his wound on November 4. Dr. Bnrton finds it 'difficnlt to avoid a snspicion that the mntineer captains were Jacohites, plotting to place their vessels in the hands of France.' For this there are no gronnds whatever; nor does Camphell, to whom he refers, suggest it. What Camphell does say is that

'the admiral was an honest rough seaman,' and had treated 'Captain Kirby and the rest of the gentlemen a little hriskly at Jamaica, when he found them not quite so ready to obey his orders as he thought was their duty; and this it was that engaged them in the base and wicked design of putting it out of his power to engage the French; presuming that, as so many were concerned in it, they might be able to justify themselves, and throw the blame upon the admiral, and so they hoped to be rid of him.'

And we believe this to be the real explanation of this disgraceful affair. The fact, as it appears to ns, is that Benbow's ohstinate plnck and death have veiled his faults; and we can conceive Kirhy and the other mntineers, who were men of good family, to have been intensely irritated hy their admiral's disregard of the ordinary courtesies of society. Neither can we think that Benbow was free from blame in his condnct of the action; for, finding, as he certainly did on the second day, that his captains were cowards, mutineers, conspirators, or traitors—it matters not which—it was his duty to supersede them; 'he ought,' Bnrchett thinks, 'to have snmmoned them on board his own ship and there confined them, and placed their first lieutenants in their rooms, who would have fought well, were it for no other reason than the hopes of heing continued in those commands, had they survived.' That the French have spoken of this as a hrilliant action and a glorions victory, is to us a small matter; had it been so, our shame would have heen less. But, snch as it was, the advantage was undoubtedly theirs, and we cannot deny, though we may try to explain away, the fact that Benhow was heaten off hy Du Casse. *

Still, neither the appointment of Benhow nor of his captains was the work of Qneen Anne's Admiralty; and in Enrope the naval war was not at first nnsatisfactory. The projected attack on Cadiz, in 1702, failed rather throngh the incompetence of the Duke of Ormonde in command of the land forces; and the failure there was hidden in the success at Vigo, where the hrilliant achievement of Hopson threw a lustre over his plebeian name. Bnt the havoc wronght by the storm that 'o'er pale Britannia passed,' on November 26–7, 1703, came more directly home to the knowledge and feelings of the people. Afloat, as ashore, the destruction was such as in England had never been heard of. Ships of the line, torn from their anchors, were tossed on the heach as if they had been so many cock-hoats; 'the coasts,' says Chamberlen, 'were, in a manner, covered with the wrecks of ships.' Dr. Bnrton, whose account of this 'egregiona elemental riot' will scarcely he accepted hy our meteorologists—has given us an interesting letter from Sir George Rooke, from the Hague, till now unpuhlished.

'The storm,' it says, 'drove the "Vigo," "Rochester," "Swan," and "Newport," with about twenty of the transport ships, ashore in the country, where some of them will never get off. It put the "Vigo" upon the west pier-head at Helvoetsluys, when the men had just time to save their lives, and down she sunk. The rest of her Majesty's ships are got off and safe. . . . The poor Prince of Hesse Darmstadt has lost all his servants but five, and all he has in the world, in a ship driven out of the Downs and lost upon the Ely Island [Heligoland], on the north coast of this country.'

Parliament hastened to send an address to the Queen and to vote supplies for replacing the lost ships; hut there are always many to whom a misfortune is a fault, and amongst these the hlame of the disaster fell on the Admiralty.

We are now accnstomed to refer to the capture of Gihraltar, in 1704, as the principal snccess won hy our sailors during the War of the Succession; but at the time, this, thongh really a dashing enterprise, was thought little of, whilst the hattle off Malaga, now harely remembered, was spoken of in terms of very exaggerated praise, and rated far ahove Blenheim by the opponents of the Government, who insisted on Rooke's name being joined to that of Marlborongh in the vote of thanks. It was prohahly this exaggeration which cansed, hy a pardonable reaction, the hattle of Malaga to be lightly esteemed and then forgotten; for the hattle itself was a creditahle affair; and though the French, hy the skilful use of defensive tactics, then, as many times afterwards, preserved themselves from ront, they were so far worsted that they retired to Toulon without making the intended attempt on Gibraltar. Had the English been defeated, Gibraltar wonld certainly have heen recap-

* 'L'Amiral du Casse, Chevalier de la Tolson d'Or.' Par le Baron Robert dn Casse. 8vo. Paris: 1876.

tnred: it must, therefore, he considered the prize of victory; and it remained, as it still remains, with the English.

But after the check which the Freuch fleet then sustained, it became the naval policy of France rather to prey on English commerce than to eontest the seas with eqnal forces, so that while our grand flects, under Shovel or Leake, were all-powerful in the Mediterranean, small French squadrons and isolated cruisers, issning from Dunkirk, St. Malo, or Brest, were the scourge of the Channel. Of these cruisers and corsairs there were three—Bart, Forbin, and Duguay-Tronin—who won a distinct reputation in France, where they are still acknowledged as typical naval heroes. Forhin was a man of good family, elaiming kindred with the Scotch house of Forbes, and a trained officer of the king's navy; but his career had been, throughont, wild and adventurons, if we may believe even a fraction of the memoirs written from his own notes. Bart and Duguay-Trouin, on the other hand, began life as merchant seamen or privateers, and received a royal commission only at an advanced period. But all were undeubtedly men of ahility and enterprise, thongh, from the nature and manner of their warfare, their successes were for the most part achieved against mere merchant ships, or convoys of very inferior force. Still, these successes were more than respectable, including—as they did on May 1, 1707—the capture, by the sqnadron under Forhin, of two ships of 70 guns, and a large number of merchant ships whieh they were unable to protect; or an affair such as that on October 10 of the same year, when a squadron, consisting mostly of frigates and smaller vessels, commanded by Forbin and Duguay-Trouin together, attacked a fleet of some 130 merchant ships under convoy of two ships of 80 guns, one of 76, and two of 50; a force which should, and with due care might, have repelled the joint attack of all the French ships of war or privateers in the Channel. But they allowed themselves to be scattered and destroyed piecemeal. The two 50-gun ships and one of the 80's were captured; the other 80 was set on fire and blown up; the 'Royal Oak,' of 76 guns, having again, as on May 1, the questionable fortune to escape. It was thus, for once, not altogether without reason that on November 9, in the debate in the House of Lords on the state of the Navy, Lord Haversham said: 'Yonr disasters at sea have heen so many, a man scarce knows where to begin. Your ships have been taken by your enemies, as the Dutch take yonr herrings, by shoals, upon your own coasts; nay, your Royal Navy itself has not escaped. These are pregnant misfortunes, and big with innumerable mischiefs.'

Lord Haversham's statements eould not be controverted: the eonvoys of merchant ships were notoriously ineffective; and no brilliant success showed that the country was, in any other way, well served afloat. Ships were bnilt freely; it appears that between 1702 and 1712—we believe, indeed, before 1709—forty-seven ships of the line were built to replace the sixteen that had been lost, captnred, or destroyed. So far the administration was abundantly effective; bnt there were continnal complaints that these ships, when in commission, were never in the right place, so that, with a navy nnmerically far inferior, the French were still able to appear at their points of attack in snperior force. It was said, too, that in 1708, when it was known that the Pretender was going to attempt a landing in Scotland, Sir George Byng had so posted his squadron off Dunkirk as to permit the French nnder Forbin to slip out and reach the Forth, in time, too, to have landed their men and stores, had they been met, as they expected, by a responsive population. That Byng followed close in their wake, hnrried them ont of the Firth, and captured one of their ships, seemed a small thing in comparison with his having permitted them, in the first instance, to leave Dunkirk. In fact, the naval operations throughout—the relief of Barcelona in 1706, or the destruction of some twenty of the enemy's ships of war at Tonlon in 1707—were important in their results rather than brilliant in the popular estimation; whilst the capture of convoys in the Channel, the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel among the Scilly Islands, or the appearance of a hostile squadron on the coast of Scotland, were to every petty sqnire or to every shopkeeper in the country so many convincing proofs that the navy of England was 'in a parlous state.'

To others capable of taking a wider view of passing events, the course of the war in Spain seemed eminently unsatisfactory. It was Spain that the qnarrel nominally most concerned; it was to Spain that very large numbers of English soldiers had been sent; and nohody could hear that King Charles was a whit nearer being acknowledged by the Spanish people than he was at the beginning. In Catalonia, or in the heart of the army, he might masqnerade as a monarch and assume the airs of an autocrat; hut throughout the peninsula he was nothing better than one of a hated swarm of invaders. The army, too, was nnfortunate in its generals. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, the Earl of Galway, Stanhope or Staremberg, though men of courage and condnct, were

all utterly wanting in genius; whilst the Earl of Peterborough, with all the brilliancy, had the eccentricity of a meteor, and was as little to be relied on; nor was he much regretted when he disappeared, after capturing Barcelona, scouring the country at the head of a few irregulars, quarrelling with everybody round him, and interfering in everybody's business—as when, years before, whilst serving as a lieutenant on board the 'Bristol,' he wished to usurp the chaplain's duties and preach the Sunday's sermon.* Of his German colleague, Prince Lichtenstein, he wrote, his character 'is such as would scarce be believed were it not so universally known. His falsehood, his pride, his greediness for money, I shall not so much insist on; but his meddling with everything and understanding nothing must bring us to ruin.' The Spaniard, the Conde de Cesuentes, fares no better at his hands; he is described as, 'in a word, the Lord Pembroke of Spain, a Spanish bully without any experience of business, having no money, but all the pride of his country.' We may gather that he was no more backward at speaking than at writing his opinion.

'Peterborough,' wrote Godolphin to Marlborough, in August, 1706, 'has written a volume to Mr. Secretary Hedges. It is a sort of remonstrance against the King of Spain and his ministers in the first place, and secondly a complaint against all the orders and directions sent from hence, and as if he had not authority enough given him either at sea or land. In a word, he is both useless and grievous there, and is preparing to be as troublesome here whenever he is called home.'†

We think that Peterborough is, in popular estimation, a much-overrated man. In sudden and bold enterprise he has rarely been equalled, never perhaps surpassed; but for the carrying out of lengthened operations and the dull necessities of routine he was altogether unfitted. Dr. Burton has well described him as 'a man who could be of no use unless he had absolutely his own way;' and again as one whose 'motions and achievements have a close analogy to those of a clever stage manager.' His art of war was 'the playing off of hoaxes or practical jokes on a great and bloody scale; a thing that may be done once or twice while there is surprise, confusion, and ignorance. . . . . But no one makes real progress in life by such tricks, and so Peterborough did not succeed in establishing a dynasty,' or, in fact, 'in anything save furnishing the world with a brilliantly acted romance.' He owed much of the reputation he acquired in the Spanish war to the inimitable pen of Defoe, who gave to our literature in the 'Memoirs of Captain Carleton' the most brilliant narrative of that war, and a work of fiction which imposed on Dr. Johnson himself as a veracious history. When Peterborough left, the prospects of the allies in Spain were sufficiently dark; they rapidly became worse; and though the war, with varying success, dragged along for years, they never recovered from the defeat at Almanza on April 25, 1707.

There was thus, scattered through the country, much discontent with the conduct of the war, as well as much dissatisfaction at its continuance. But to those of high rank, who considered the offices of the State as to some extent their birthright, the all-pervading influence of Marlborough had become a personal and by no means disinterested grievance. It was perhaps natural that he should have the entire control of the army; but under the weak and indolent Prince of Denmark, Marlborough's brother, Admiral Churchill, was, or was supposed to be, virtually the head of the navy. At the Treasury, Godolphin was bound to him by very close family ties; the principal Secretary of State, the Earl of Sunderland, was his son-in-law; and, more than all, the Duchess of Marlborough was the friend and confidante of the Queen, over whose weak mind her strong intellect and commanding temper tyrannised rather than ruled. But the effect of all this was that the prizes at the disposal of the Government fell to the partisans of the house of Churchill, and those outside that family circle felt aggrieved and injured at their exclusion. When, therefore, it was understood that the Queen, supported by Mistress Hill, now Lady Masham, and by Harley, was rebelling against the tyranny of the too powerful Duchess, the sympathies of the malcontents were at once enlisted in favour of the rising party, who, so far at least as their chiefs were concerned, claimed to be Tories, mainly because their adversaries were known as Whigs; and were in favour of a peace because their adversaries were the advocates of a war policy. These gave vigour and impulse to the old genuine Tory party, who, from conviction, favoured the pretensions of the exiled House of Stuart, and loathed the war, whose every success rendered a counter revolution more and more improbable.

Things were in this state, tending to produce that even balance between contending parties which is destructive to efficient government, when the ministry—or rather Godolphin, contrary to the wishes of his col-

* 'Diary of Henry Teonge,' November 3, 1678.
† Marlborough Despatches, vol. iii. p. 125 *n.*

leagues—determined on a measure which would test their relative strength by ensuring the fullest possible muster of their opponents. This was the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell for preaching and publishing a sermon in which the doctrine of non-resistance was put prominently forward, and—by implication—the principles of the revolution were condemned. Somers, perhaps the truest Whig of the party, would have let this pass unnoticed; Marlborough would have let the law take its ordinary course, that Sacheverell be tried before one of the judges and sentenced to stand in the pillory or to pay a fine. Godolphin, urged, it may be, by personal feeling, unwisely insisted on the impeachment; and Sacheverell was therefore formally impeached before the House of Lords 'of high crimes and misdemeanours.' In the account of this celebrated trial Dr. Burton has put out his full strength; but whilst we acknowledge the interest of the narrative, we cannot but think that he has overrated the importance of its subject, and, from an artistic point of view, has erred in treating it at such great length. In a few words the case was this. On November 5, 1709, Dr. Sacheverell, a man of fair fame as a pulpit orator, was appointed to preach the anniversary sermon in St. Paul's. This he did on the text, 2 Corinthians xi. 26, 'In perils among false brethren.' The false brethren were, according to the preacher, those who, with the Government, supported 'occasional conformity,' which he characterised as 'this scandalous fluctuation and trimming betwixt the Church and Dissenters,' as 'spiritual legerdemain,' 'fallacious trickery and double dealing' which would necessarily 'eradicate all the principles of truth and honesty or piety out of men's minds.'

But the burden of offence is to be found in such sentences as these:—

'The grand security of our government, and the very pillar upon which it stands, is founded upon the steady belief of the subject's obligation to an absolute and unconditional obedience to the supreme power in all things lawful, and the utter illegality of resistance on any pretence whatsoever. . . . Our adversaries think they effectually stop our mouths when they urge the Revolution of this day in their defence. But certainly they are the greatest enemies of that and of his late Majesty, and the most ungrateful for the deliverance, who endeavour to cast such black and odious colours upon both. How often must they be told that the king himself solemnly disclaimed the least imputation of resistance in his declaration, and that the Parliament declared that they set the crown on his head upon no other title but that of the vacancy of the throne.'

For promulgating such opinions, Sacheverell was impeached; and during three weeks the case was argued before the House of Lords, from February 27, 1710, to March 20—not October—when the question was put as to whether Dr. Sacheverell was guilty or not guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours, and was answered in the affirmative by a majority of sixty-nine to fifty-two. The next day judgment was passed. The preacher was suspended for three years, and the printed sermon was ordered to be 'burnt before the Royal Exchange in London, between the hours of twelve and one, on Monday, the 27th day of this instant March, by the hands of the common hangman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of the City of London and the two sheriffs of London and Middlesex.' Considering the formidable and weighty apparatus that had been set in motion for the trial, the punishment was generally thought to be trifling. It has been said that the Government was deeply mortified. Dr. Burton, writing with a familiar knowledge of the Godolphin papers, says, 'I have noticed no stronger symptom of this than a slight growl from Godolphin;' but some expressions in Godolphin's published correspondence go rather beyond this. On March 20, writing to Marlborough, he says: 'It is very well the session is so near an end; for otherwise the folly of some few, and the villany of a great many, would make things extremely uneasy.' And again on the 21st: 'All this bustle and fatigue ends in no more but a suspension of three years from the pulpit, and burning his sermon at the old Exchange. The conjunction of the Duke of Somerset and Lord Rivers with the Duke of Argyle and his brother, the Earl of Islay, has been the great occasion of this disappointment.'*

But the real significance of the affair, and it was great, was that it marked the decline of the ministry, or—as Boyer puts it—'the impotence of the Whig party.' The Queen, too, was said to have felt injured by the tone in which her succession had been spoken of. As far as her weak intellect was capable of entertaining a principle, she believed in the divine right by which she ruled. Resistance might, under the circumstances, be lawful against her father; against herself it would be a damnable sin. And yet these rude Whigs had spoken as if she had come to, and now sat on, the throne by the mere favour of the Parliament. She was a Stuart, the sister of the exiled Prince; and though her affection for him was but feeble, her dis-

* Coxe's 'Life of Marlborough,' vol. iii. p. 25.

like to the very name of Hanover was strong. If James would bnt avow himself a member of the Chnrch of England, the detested German might he kept out of the country. She does not seem to have been aware that this condition was peremptorily rejected by the Pretender himself, who refused to change his religion for a crown; and in the later years of her reign the Queen was certainly favourahle to a second Stnart restoration. There could be little difficulty in it, if only the administration was in friendly hands; bnt, nnder a Whig Government, nothing could he done. Snch ideas, carefully nursed hy Lady Masham; such argnments, urged in a proper way and at the proper time, confirmed her antipathies and won her assent. Within six months she wrote to Godolphin, abruptly dismissing him from office; she would not even see him. 'I desire,' she said, 'that instead of hringing the staff to me, yon will break it;' and the letter, dated Angust 7, was sent the following day hy a servant in livery.

So ended the Godolphin administration—an administration which during eight years had splendidly, and for the most part nohly, upheld the interests of England on the Continent; hy a wise and liberal policy at home had soothed the fury of rcligious strife; and by its system of finance had preserved the sympathy and snpport of the great merchants and capitalists throughont a period of great difficnlty and taxation. Dr. Burton goes so far as to assert that Godolphin was 'the greatest master of finance and pecuniary economy that ever held rule in Britain;' hnt he only supports this opinion hy a reference to the 'Calendar of Treasury Papers,' recently pnblished.* We cannot accept so broad a statement withont mnch fuller evidence, which we do not find in these volnmes. The trath we believe rather to be that Godolphin adopted the Dntch system of carrying on war hy loans, and was the chief fonnder of onr National Deht; and after his fall it was fonnd that the 'Tallies' (as they were called) to the amount of ten millions were unprovided for, and that the naval and military contracts had been made on ruinous terms. But Godolphin's most solid claim to our respect and esteem is perhaps the having carried throngh the union with Scotland—a union so thoronghly perfected that it is now only hy an effort we can conceive a time when the English and the Scotch were two peoples with opposing interests or even with opposing armies.

From the accession of James I. to the throne of England, a nnion—a complete incorporation—was a favonrite project of that sovereign; it had been revived after the Restoration, and in 1670 commissioners, on the part of Scotland, were appointed to discuss it. Still the jealonsies between the two peoples continned, not indeed so strong as, four or five centuries earlier, they had been between the rival seaports of England—between Yarmonth, for instance, and the Cinque Ports—hnt different in kind, as recognised hy law, and as based on differences of customs dues. Snch jealousies and rivalries, however, frequently strained the relations hetween the two countries; and all who merited the name of statesmen had gradually formed the resolve that they mnst be pnt an end to. The commercial and financial ruin which fell on Scotland by the failure of the Darien Expedition confirmed this. The capital subscribed, 220,000*l.*, when compared with the very limited wealth of the conntry, has been estimated as eqnivalent to more than twenty millions at the present time. It had been vain, hefore the expedition was fitted out, to show that it was about to violate all geographical, commercial, or international laws; it was equally vain, after the disaster, to show that it could have had no other end. It was forgotten that Admiral Benbow, hy his decisive action at Cartagena in 1699, had prevented the Spaniards from crushing the infant colony; it was only remembered that the English capitalists had withheld their money, and that the English Government had withheld its snpport. The feeling ran extremely high; nor was it altogether unanswered hy that of the London merchants, and more especially of the East India Company, whose privileges had heen set at nonght, and whose monopoly was to he invaded. These they were determined to support; and a Scotch vessel, the 'Annandale,' hound to the East Indies, which pnt into the Thames, possihly from stress of weather and need of repairs, was arrested at the suit of the East India Company. It is said that, in order to avoid any violation of the Company's privileges, it was intended that she shonld retnrn to Scotland, where she wonld he independent of the English monopoly, and commence her voyage from thence. Of this, however, there was no evidence; and as she had been entering men in the Thames, the presnmption was rather that she was on the point of sailing direct for the East Indies. She was accordingly,

* We have had the curiosity to peruse this volnme of Treasury Papers. It contains proof of Godolphin's assiduity in attending to the current business of the office, but none at all of financial ability.

after a full hearing, condemned. The Scotch were intensely exasperated, not only by the loss, which was considerable, but by what was held to be a national insult. Whilst they were still breathing vengeance, a ship named the 'Worcester,' homeward bound from the East Indies, was driven by foul weather into the Forth, and was there seized by way of reprisals. The 'Worcester' did not belong to the East India Company, but to a company of 'interlopers;' bnt this did not, in the opinion of the Scotch, make any difference. As Dr. Bnrton describes it—

'The affair was not a paltry rivalry among trading companies. The seizure of the "Worcester" was a blow dealt by Scotland against England. It was essentially a *casus belli*, taking that definition in its exact sense, not as a ground for declaring war, but as an act inferring the existence of war—an act such as a nation does not commit unless it is already virtually at war, whether the war has been declared or not.'

Bnt, independent of the national question, a new complieation arose. One of the Scotch company's ships, commanded by a Captain Drummond, which had sailed for the East Indies some two or three years before, had not returned. Nothing certain was heard of her, and it was said—probably as a random guess—that she had been taken by pirates, and Drummond and the crew murdered. Some of the 'Worcester's' sailors, in their cnps, had been heard to talk hig and boastfully—as drunken sailors will still do—of wild adventure and license in foreign parts. A suspicion arose that the 'Worcester' was really a pirate; and, after a preliminary investigation, her captain, Green by name, and fourteen officers and men of the ship's company, were brought to trial 'for the crimes of piracy, robbery, and murder.' The only positive evidence against them was that of two negroes; but on this, corroborated by the drunken talk of the seamen, the accused parties were, with one exception, severally fonnd guilty and sentenced to be hanged. There was no proof that any mnrder or even piracy had been committed; it was suspected at the time, it was known afterwards, that Drummond and his fellows were living ashore in Madagascar; but this was considered irrelevant. On pressnre from England the execution was postponed for a few days. But the mob of Edinburgh insisted on jnstice being done; they would listen to no reason, and wanted no evidence. On April 11, 1705, the day appointed for the execution, the conncillors and magistrates met in great perplexity: the people were flocking together from all quarters and seemed to threaten a dangerous tnmult. Lord Seafield, the Chancellor of Scotland, wrote to Godolphin that

'after we were some time in council, we came to be convinced that there was no possibility of preserving the public peace without allowing some that were thought most guilty to be executed; and therefore Captain Green, Captain Madder, and Simpsone, the gunner, were condescended upon, and we reprieved the rest to the 19th instant, and appointed a full council to meet on Tuesday preceding.'

The execution of these three men pacified the mob, and the rest were shortly afterwards discharged from prison.

More than a year before this, the Scotch Parliament had passed an Act for the security of the kingdom, providing that, if the Queen died without issue, her successor in Scotland shonld not be the same person chosen to succeed her in England, unless 'there be such conditions of government settled and enacted as may secure the honour and sovereignty of this crown and kingdom . . . from English or any foreign influence.' This of itself had established a conviction that something definite must be done, and at once; bnt the cruel murder of Green and his subordinates hastened the conclusion. The Queen sent a pressing message to both Parliaments, and, notwithstanding mnch obstruction and many delays, a joint commission was appointed, which met in London for the first time on April 16, 1706. It was at their second meeting, on April 22, that Mr. Cowper, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in England, formally proposed 'that the two kingdoms of England and Scotland be for ever nnited into one kingdom by the name of Great Britain, that the United Kingdom of Great Britain be represented by one and the same Parliament, and that the snccession to the monarchy of the United Kingdom be'—in few words—according to the Act of Settlement. The Scotch Commissioners had some intention of proposing a federation rather than a union; but the English declared for the union, and nothing bnt the union. Unless that was agreed to, they would have nothing more to say to it. The Scots yielded, and on the day following—St. George's Day—accepted the Lord Keeper's proposals. On this solid basis the negotiation stood, though many matters of detail had to be settled—details of trade, taxation, customs, privileges, monopolies, and these were troublesome and difficult: details of the nnmber of members in the nnited Parliament: details also of heraldic hononrs, of the great seal, of the royal standard, of the national flag; bnt

these, with a vague recommendation, were left to the Queen's pleasure. Finally, everything was arranged; the articles as agreed to were signed by a very large majority of the Commissioners of each nation on July 22, and, having been laid before the Queen, were submitted to the national Parliaments, in the first instance to that of Scotland.

There they were discussed, article by article. There was undoubtedly in Scotland, at that time, a strong feeling against the Union—fortunately in the minority, but still a minority both large and popular. It included the whole Jacobite party, of all shades of opinion, who saw that with the acceptance of the Union and the English Act of Settlement the possible chances of their prince beyond the sea would be almost annihilated. It included, again, the whole crowd of political jobbers and intriguers, whose vocation and opportunities would be done away with; and it included all those well-meaning but ignorant persons who fancied that the union of the two countries would be the destruction of Scotland's individuality and independence, or, with Lord Belhaven, in a still wilder flight, thought they saw 'our ancient mother, Caledonia, like Cæsar, 'sitting in the midst of our Senate, ruefully looking round about her, covering herself with her royal garment, attending the fatal blow, and breathing out her last with a *et tu quoque mi fili*.' This was an appeal to the outside populace, rather than to the House, which laughed at it. But in the country at large it produced a powerful effect, and stirred up the agitation of numbers who had been taught all their lives long to suspect the English, and to fear them most when offering gifts. All this was not able to upset the treaty, but it succeeded in modifying several of the articles on points to which the English seem to have attached little importance, whilst the changes soothed the jealousies or suspicions of the Scotch. And when the treaty was sent up to London, the ministers, in bringing it before Parliament, insisted on its being read as a whole: they would have no discussion of its clauses; it must be passed or rejected as it stood. It passed, and on March 6, 1707, received the royal assent. Boyer adds that the Duke of Marlborough, 'taking notice of the good humour Parliament was in,' thought it a proper time to get the confirmation of a grant he had lately obtained from the Queen of the royal mews, near Charing Cross, 'where a square was designed to be built to bear his Grace's name.' The House, however, notwithstanding its good humour, negatived the motion, and what might otherwise have been 'Marlborough Square' is now distinguished by the Nelson column, and bears the name of Nelson's greatest victory.

It is not, however, to be supposed that with the passing of the Union all opposition to it ceased. In England, indeed, it was quietly, perhaps contemptuously, accepted; but in Scotland the feelings of the people had been too violently excited. Everyone will remember how the Wizard of the North, the embodiment of the old traditions of his country, has represented Andrew Fairservice as imputing 'the accident of one of the horses casting his shoe to the deteriorating influence of the Union;' to which the Bailie, flourishing on 'the sugar and tobacco trade,' could only reply: 'There's naething sae gude on this side o' time but it might hae been better; and that may be said o' the Union.' And far beyond mere sentiment, the interests of the Jacobite party were too seriously at stake. It was resolved that a last effort should be made; and it would have been made in 1708, had not the too careful nurture of their prince guarded him against the ills of childhood, only that he might be laid up with the measles in his twentieth year, and at the most critical period of his life. The delay which the sickness caused rendered the plot nugatory, and an attempt which might have been most dangerous failed at the very outset. Still the agitation was kept up; and five years afterwards it was endeavoured, by an extraordinary coalition between the Jacobites and Whigs, to bring about a repeal of the Union by a vote of the United Parliament. It was on June 1, 1713, that the Earl of Finlater —himself a Whig, father of that Lord Seafield who, as Chancellor of Scotland, had had so great a share in bringing about the Union—after recapitulating sundry grievances, moved for leave to bring in a bill 'for dissolving the Union, securing the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover, and preserving an entire amity and good correspondence between the two kingdoms;' and, what now seems more extraordinary still, the motion was negatived only by a majority of three. Since that time the question has not been raised in Parliament; but two years afterwards the claims of the Pretender and of Scottish independence were defeated at Sheriffmuir, and finally crushed, thirty-one years later still, on the blood-stained heath of Culloden.

When Godolphin broke the white staff, the Treasury was put in commission. Harley was Chancellor of the Exchequer; St. John, a so-called Tory, but at that time in all strictness a follower of Harley, and who had made common cause with him on his being

ousted from the Godolphin Ministry, was Secretary of State. The conduct of affairs thus came into the hands of two men—the one with the head of a pedant and the soul of a chambermaid, the other with a brilliant genius, a handsome person, fascinating manners, a snake's tongue, and a devil's heart—who were able, in the short space of four years, to inflict deeper wounds on the honour of Great Britain than has ever been possible for any other ministers since the Revolution. Dr. Burton seems to consider that the collection of the Harleian manuscripts and the Harleian pamphlets gives Harley a claim on our esteem. We accept and value these gifts, but we should sink ourselves to the level of some of his contemporaries were we on that account to veil our contempt for the giver. Of St. John—Viscount Bolingbroke, as he presently became—a renegade alike to his party, his country, and his God, it is difficult to find words to express our loathing and detestation. If he had had convictions, no matter how false we esteemed them, we might have condoned some of his offences; but it is impossible for anyone who gives even a slight examination to the story of his career, to form any opinion but that his only political creed was his personal advancement, his only moral creed was his personal gratification.

The new Ministry had come in as the representatives of the peace party, and on that account, as well as for their own personal aims, it was incumbent on them to take measures to end the war as soon as possible. Secret negotiations were therefore entered on early in January 1711, and were continued for months without any of the Allies being cognisant of the fact. But here again we find Dr. Burton greatly at fault in dealing with some of the most curious diplomatic transactions in our history. The Dutch, who in the conferences at the Hague two years before, had honestly refused to entertain any proposals made to them alone, were assured over and over again that England would not treat separately, but at this very time these secret and independent negotiations were going on, without any regard to the interests of either Holland or the Empire. Meantime, during the summer of 1711, the war dragged along without profit, but not without cost. On the change of the Ministry, Marlborough had been personally requested by the Queen to retain the command of the army; and he had consented to do so, on the understanding that the Duchess was to retain her appointments at Court. To this Harley was disposed to agree. He wished to follow a conciliatory policy. To his timidity and cunning it seemed prudent to stand well with both parties; and Marlborough, if pushed too far, might be a dangerous enemy. But St. John, with a keen sense of former benefits, was determined to break down the Marlborough interest, and in this he had an eager and capable assistant in Lady Masham. In January the Duchess was abruptly dismissed from her offices, and the Duke, deeply hurt, resolved to throw up the command. He yielded, however, to the persuasions of the Pensionary Heinsius, of Eugene, his colleague through so many years and in so many glorious actions, of Godolphin, and of numerous other friends at home and abroad. He again took the field; but his forces being weakened by the withdrawal of some 5,000 English troops, and the recall of Eugene with the Austrians on the death of the Emperor, nothing was done except the capture of Bouchain, which thus, as Bolingbroke was pleased to remark, cost the country some 7,000,000*l.*

It is useless to enquire whether more might have been done if Marlborough had been honestly supported by the Government. In point of fact, he was not. Lady Masham was anxious to push her brother, Brigadier Hill, on to distinction; and this Brigadier Hill's very moderate abilities rendered difficult. She had already obtained for him rapid promotion from the Queen, in defiance of Marlborough's objections; she was now anxious to obtain for him an independent command. For this purpose an expedition was sent against Quebec. When she proposed the scheme to Harley, he refused to have anything to do with it; she had recourse to St. John, who eagerly seized the opportunity of ousting his colleague and ingratiating himself with the favourite. Between the two the expedition was planned. The ships, the officers were chosen; Rear-Admiral Sir Hovenden Walker appointed to the command; his instructions given to him on April 11, 1711; and all 'without so much as consulting the then Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, either as to the fitness of the ships appointed for the expedition, or the nature of the navigation.' So says Burchett; and further, that, on the contrary, the design on which the ships were bound was industriously hid from them; and that it appears from some letters to Sir Hovenden Walker that

'a certain person seemed to value himself very much that a design of this nature was kept a secret from the Admiralty, who, had they been consulted, would not, I am apt to think, have advised the sending ships of eighty and seventy guns to Quebec, since the navigation up the River St. Lawrence was generally esteemed to be very dangerous.'

And that storehouse of iniquity, the Bolingbroke Correspondence, shows us that this 'certain person' was St. John. Dr. Burton has told us how 'at Boston, the expedition was afflicted by one of many blunders;' that 'provisions were not obtainable, as no notice had been given of the needs that had to be supplied;' but he does not say that, by this blunder, the expedition was detained for six weeks, or that the 80-gun ships were found to be too big, and had to be left behind. He has attributed the failure altogether to the calms, gales, and fogs, which baffled the navigation, not in any degree to the ignorance with which the expedition was planned, or the delay which the neglect to send timely orders to Boston had entailed; and he draws the inference that although the failure 'is often cited as the result of appointing to a position of heavy responsibility one having influence at Court, instead of a man whose qualifications have been tested,' as the case really stood, 'Jack Hill had no opportunity either of ruining the expedition or promoting its object.' But the details of the expedition were certainly not planned by St. John and Lady Masham. We know in fact that they were, to a great extent, suggested by a Colonel Nicholson, who had commanded the land forces engaged at the capture of Nova Scotia the year before; nor can we doubt that Hill was called into council in framing the instructions, and so far had the opportunity of at least assisting in the ruin of the expedition.

And this was the one undertaking of the war for which the new Ministry was distinctly responsible. For the rest, Marlborough was so hampered that nothing was done. He was naturally annoyed; we may believe that, independent of personal reasons, he was indignant at the shameful neglect of the public interests. The preliminaries of peace, privately agreed on between St. John and De Torcy, had been hastily signed as soon as the former received the news of the Quebec failure. These had been obtained by the Emperor's ambassador, Count Gallas, who, in the hopes of frustrating them, had them published. They were such as the war party did not, such as no one who held the honour of England as the first article of his political creed could, approve of; and when, on December 7, the Queen, in opening Parliament, announced that 'notwithstanding the arts of those who delight in war, both place and time are appointed for opening the treaty of a general peace,' the Earl of Nottingham moved, as an amendment to the address, to insert a clause to the effect 'that no peace could be safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe if Spain and the West Indies were to be allotted to any branch of the House of Bourbon.' In the debate on this resolution, Marlborough took occasion to say that 'he could by no means give in to the measures that had lately been taken to enter into a negotiation of peace with France;' and that he was of opinion that 'the safety and liberties of Europe would be in imminent danger, if Spain and the West Indies were left to the House of Bourbon.' Finally, the amendment was carried by a majority of 61 against 55. This defeat filled the Government with terror and alarm. It was for some days a question whether they could remain in office; whether they might not be impeached. If so, their secret and traitorous dealings with the Court of France and the Pretender would necessarily be divulged. The lives of the traitors trembled in the balance. Harley, now the Earl of Oxford, a coward as well as a knave, was paralysed; but St. John, amongst whose many splendid natural gifts was numbered undaunted courage, rose above the danger. By a stretch of the royal prerogative, such as has never since been equalled, he swamped the hostile majority in the Lords by the creation of a dozen new peers: 'if these are not enough,' he said, 'we'll make a dozen more.' But they were enough, and the House accepted the Queen's unfavourable answer to the address.

The alarm which the Ministers had suffered, determined them to break the power of the Opposition. Of this Marlborough was the undoubted head. The amendment to the address was believed to be entirely his work; he had spoken on it, strongly against the Government. It was said that, out of his enormous wealth, he had made it worth the while of some of the poorer or more greedy lords to vote against the Government. Now that they, in turn, had a majority, they would crush him; they would deprive him of all his offices; if possible, they would disgrace him. An examination into the accounts of the army showed that Marlborough had regularly received from the contractors large sums, which, it was alleged, were of the nature of extortion. He explained that these sums of money, paid by the contractors, were, and always had been, the recognised perquisites of the Commander-in-Chief, and that they were in fact secret service money. The explanation was not accepted, and the report was laid before the House of Commons; whereupon the Queen, in order that the affair might be considered without prejudice, dismissed him from all his employments. There was some

talk of impeaching him. But the object of the Government had been attained; and any further process would be certainly troublesome, and possibly dangerous. The accusations died away as soon as they had served their immediate purpose. That, both at home and on the continent, Marlborough had dispensed large sums for secret service, there can be little doubt. In an age when venality was the rule, he would not have had the success he so uniformly had, if he had clung to his money with the miserly grasp that has been so often described. But that, in these matters alleged against him, his hands were clean, according to our present standard, it would be impossible to maintain. That, according to the standard of his own age, no one thought any the worse of him, is sufficiently evident by the course of his life for the ten following years, and the national mourning at his death.

But with the fall of Marlborough in 1712, the Government was, for the time, secure. And so, between useless war and disgraceful peace, the year dragged along. The false and crooked policy of St. John—created Viscount Bolingbroke in July—has often been described. During a long life he professed himself, in turn, as belonging to every party, and every section of every party, which agitated the government of England, Whigs, Tories, or Jacobites; he was Secretary of State for the Queen of England, under two governments; and in France he was Secretary of State for the Pretender. But by every party to which he joined himself, by every government of which he was a member, he was known and hated as a traitor, even whilst the fascination of his manners made him tolerated, and the splendour of his genius made him admired. But of the many infamous actions which disgraced his life, the negotiations which prefaced the peace of Utrecht were the most infamous. It is not that we doubt the advantage of peace to England. As an abstract rule, peace is always better than war; and at that time the country was, in a measure, exhausted by a war which had lasted, with little intermission, for five-and-twenty years. It is not even that we doubt the necessity of acquiescing in the Bourbon rule in Spain. That was an established fact, which the course of events in Spain had confirmed, which the altered conditions of the Empire rendered almost advisable. But as to the details of the treaty there can be little difference of opinion; as to the manner in which the peace was concluded there ought to be none. It is here that we are most distinctly at variance with Dr. Burton. His account of these negotiations is very short, but it gives us the idea of his having examined them in a very cursory manner; it is, in fact, little more than a statement of the case as it was represented by the ministerial majority in the House of Commons. Dr. Burton has overlooked this, and has described the arguments put forward as those of the country at large. We think too he is quite wrong in attributing the desire for peace to any dread of Dutch ascendency, or to any recollection of the old wars against Tromp or De Ruyter. There had been nothing in those wars to inspire dread; and the bitter memories had been drowned at Barfleur or Malaga, had been buried at Blenheim or Malplaquet. It has been, at all times, the nature of the English people to be suspicious of the foreigner; and the Dutch had been and were the most dangerous commercial rivals. It may be admitted that a jealousy of the Dutch might easily have been awakened; but we do not believe that such a feeling had anything to do with urging on the peace of Utrecht. We do not believe that the sense of the country had any idea of what was being done. The negotiations were entirely the work of Oxford and Bolingbroke, who must share the infamy of them; but the credit due to the ability which carried them through is Bolingbroke's alone. Since the question of these negotiations was discussed, from original materials, in this Journal forty-five years ago,* no evidence has been published to lead us to alter the conclusions then arrived at, or to doubt that a desire to strengthen the interest of the Pretender—of course for their personal ends—was the motive which guided both Oxford and Bolingbroke in forcing a treaty so favourable to France through the obstacles of negotiation. But this treaty, out of whose most boasted clauses sprang the Spanish wars of 1718, of 1726, and of 1739, moulded the course of events even to our own time, and we cannot accept as a history of the time of Queen Anne a work which passes so lightly over the intrigues, conferences, and negotiations at the Hague, Gertruydenberg, and Utrecht, and disposes of the whole matter in some half-dozen pages.

On this very important point, then, we think that Dr. Burton has altogether fallen short of the promise conveyed by his title-page. And not only in this, but in the history of the intrigues which, after the peace of Utrecht, went near to bring about the restoration of the banished line of kings. That, in any case, such a restoration could

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxii.

have been permanent, we do not believe; but the attempt, had it been made, must have launched the country into civil war, and have caused much bloodshed before it could be overcome. That Dr. Burton has passed over this terrible possibility unnoticed; that he has, in a few lines, disposed of the events immediately preceding the Queen's death, the events of that memorable day, big with the fate of the country, when, as Lord Macaulay has eloquently described it, the Duke of Shrewsbury, after many inactive and inglorious years, again stood forth the Shrewsbury of 1688; that he has not referred to the schemes of Bolingbroke, or the hopes of the whole Jacobite party, might well excite our wonder, were it not that other omissions and shortcomings towards the end of the book lead us to believe either that he was weary of the task he had undertaken, or has been, in some way, prevented from finishing it.

Of these shortcomings the most remarkable is the last chapter of all. When we remember the position which the age of Anne really holds in English literature—the age, not to mention lesser lights, of Addison and Swift and Defoe, in poetry of Pope, in science of Newton—and read what Dr. Burton has now to say on the history of 'Intellectual Progress,' we stand aghast, and can only conjecture that we have here, not the serious work of one who for the last thirty years has adorned the foremost rank of scholars and historians, but rather the rough gleanings of his commonplace book. Other imperfections we have already noticed—inaccuracies, inelegancies, which give each its own proof of weariness or preoccupation. But History is a jealous muse, and will not be so worshipped. The result in this case is a book which, with many able and suggestive chapters, is, as a whole, not one which will raise Dr. Burton's reputation, or satisfy the cravings of those who can conceive a history of the reign of Queen Anne as embodying the type of all that is grand and picturesque and dramatic in the annals of England. Such a history has still to be written: to write it may be the happy fortune of some one yet unborn to fame.

ART. IX.—*Return of Members elected to serve in the Commons House of Parliament, April* 1880.

THE old Parliament is no more. The new Parliament has taken its place. Not 'glad tidings of great joy' to politicians who quote Scripture for their own purposes, but glad tidings indeed to all in this country who dreaded the gradual but determined advance of Imperialist democracy, and to all in foreign lands who had been used to look to a British Parliament for support in struggles for liberty, for sympathy in the season of failure, and for hearty congratulation on the arrival of success. Not many tears will be shed over the departed. Born 'in th' eclipse'—happily, such eclipses are but temporary—of good sense and forethought, at all events on one side of the political sphere, indebted for its distinguishing characteristics to an unseemly alliance between the authorised exponents of divine truth and the licensed retailers of spirituous liquors, it has run its course under the guidance of a leader more remarkable for craft than for strength of statesmanship, with a front bench made up of respectable mediocrities and disorderly schoolboys, but with a majority behind who atoned for any little deficiency which existed in capacity for debate or ability to govern by the solidity of their prejudices and the healthiness of their lungs.

By the electoral decisions of the past few weeks all this has been changed. Many familiar faces have disappeared from Westminster. The Chairman of Committees himself is no longer member for Chester, and Mr. Raikes will probably subside into a permanent office in the Civil Service. Members of the late Government have not been spared—Mr. Salt, of the Local Government Board; Mr. Egerton, of the Admiralty; Lord Yarmouth, Comptroller of the Household; Sir Graham Montgomery, a Lord of the Treasury; Mr. James Lowther, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The rejection of the Chief Secretary for Ireland by the electors of York was a remarkable fact. He had sat for that city for fifteen years, he had been an official whenever there was an opportunity, and after filling various subordinate posts he had become Chief Secretary for Ireland. Perhaps no appointment was ever more inappropriate, for this gentleman was singularly ill-qualified to deal with the peculiarities—may we say the weaknesses?—of the Irish character.

The officials have not been the only or the principal victims. There is, and always has been, a peculiar people among the Liberals who signalise themselves by voting in the wrong lobby on crucial divisions. A great orator once satirised them as dwellers in the Cave of Adullam, and although the original occupants of that dwelling have most of them passed away, there is no Parliament which does not contribute some fresh candi-

dates for the vacant tenement. Mr. Samuda, Mr. Ripley, Mr. Yeaman—their place knows them no more, and several other gentlemen whom we refrain from mentioning by name only escaped, by an abrupt change of residence, the fate which has overtaken their fellow-lodgers.

In the last Parliament there was a set of men who devoted themselves to the congenial task of attacking the person to whom, more than to any other one man, the Liberal party owes its present position—the person who, with more discretion than Peter the Hermit, but with as much eloquence and enthusiasm, has preached in Scotland a more successful crusade than did his eleventh-century predecessor. Some of these assailants barked safely at a distance; others approached nearer, only to experience the *impar congressus Achilli*. Of these the greater part is gone, and those who remain are hardly likely, missing the cheers of nearly half their old associates, to renew the onslaught.

It is to be noticed in this election that the beer interest has been anything but successful. Out of some twenty brewers who sat in the last Parliament nearly half have lost their seats, nor are we aware that their places have been filled by more than one or two fresh members of the fraternity. But if beer has waned, hooks and newspapers have been eminently popular. The sneer of some carping critic who proposed to reapply to the last Parliament the sobriquet of 'Parliamentum indoctum' will be very inapplicable to this, when we remember that, in addition to seven journalists who adorned the last House of Commons, seven others will appear in the present, no less than four of whom are connected with one London newspaper of Liberal fame. The entrance of so large a number of journalists to the House of Commons is a striking proof of the growing influence of the press, which is one of the most important training-schools of modern politicians. These are men of literary ability, who have at least made a study of the science of politics, who have sat in the gallery and followed closely the course of events. Under the veil of anonymous writing they have tried their strength and trained their powers, and it is not improbable that some of them will display equal ability in public debate, and eventually in official life. In Ireland especially, many of the late members, belonging to the country gentry, whether Liberal or Tory, Catholic or Protestant, have been displaced by contributors to the public journals, the Irish having an especial aptitude, both here and in America, for that species of literary polemics.

The great houses, on one side of politics at least, have been signal sufferers. In the last Parliament there were three Hamiltons of the Abercorn family. In this there is only one out of four who offered themselves to be elected. In the last Parliament there were, when the Parliament assembled, two Herveys of the Bristol family; now there are none. In the last Parliament there were two Scotts of Bucclench; now there is only one. In the last Parliament two Lowthers, now one; two Stanhopes, now one; two Wynns, now one. The heir of the Duke of Manchester is out, so is the heir of the Marquis of Hertford, so is the heir of Lord Penrhyn, so is the heir of Lord Dunsany, so is the brother of Lord Waterford, so is the heir of the Harewoods, so is the heir presumptive of the Duke of Wellington; only one Gathorne Hardy; Lord Muncaster out for West Cumberland, and so goes on the list of failures.

A remarkable defeat is that of Mr. Clare Sewell Read in South Norfolk. It is true it was by but one vote, but at the last election he was 447 votes ahead of Mr. Gurdon, who now takes his place. Mr. Read's course in Parliament is an example of the difficulty which even the most practised sportsman finds in running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. He entered the House specifically as the farmers' advocate. He was their salaried agent. His great knowledge and shrewd sense made him a power in Parliament, and when the Tories came into office he became Secretary of the Local Government Board. Greatly to his credit, he resigned office when he found he could no longer consistently hold it. Still, he has incurred the displeasure of his supporters, owing, no doubt, to the hostile attitude to the Farmers' Alliance which he assumed at their Norwich meeting two months ago, and he reaps the consequences. But we think his supporters were ungrateful, and we regret the exclusion of so honest a man.

The results, negative and positive, of the general election show that the farmers are wavering in their allegiance to the squires. They are beginning at last to find out that the creditor and the debtor have opposite interests, and that a disguised landlord's agent is not the best possible tenant's champion. Accordingly Mr. Pell, who headed the poll in 1874, now figures in the second place; a tenant farmer's Liberal candidate is returned for Herefordshire, and another narrowly escapes representing East Suffolk. Mr. Howard, M.P. for Bedfordshire; Mr.

Barclay, M.P. for Forfarshire; Mr. Duckham, M.P. for Herefordshire; Mr. Laycock, M.P. for North Lincolnshire, are all members of the Farmers' Alliance.

Questions relating to agriculture and the tenure of land cannot fail to assume a prominent importance in the new Parliament, and we therefore learn with the greatest satisfaction that they will be discussed, not by a House of landed proprietors only, but by representative tenant farmers, who have the most complete practical acquaintance with the subject. Not, indeed, that we believe, or admit, that the interests of landlords and tenants are at variance; we believe them, on the contrary, to be inseparable and identical. The possession of land, without men qualified and willing to work it, is a mere encumbrance; and the problem is to adjust the conditions on which it is to be held and worked on the most equitable terms to both parties. In their attempt to deal with this great subject, Lord Beaconsfield's Government have been singularly unsuccessful. That noble earl has not even fulfilled the expectations he had from time to time held out in his rural orations, to the Aylesbury Farmers' Club; and the fate of British agriculture has been consigned to the obscure labours of a Royal Commission. What could be more absurd and unpractical than the Agricultural Holdings Act, repudiated as it has been by all the great landowners and landowning corporations in the country? What more unsatisfactory than their attempts at recognising the rights of ratepayers in their Bills for the establishment of County Boards? Have they ever tried to deal with the law of distress in England, or with the game law? The fact is, to take the Duke of Argyll's somewhat unceremonious expression, and apply it to the whole Tory party, 'they have been found out,' and they are reaping the consequences among the farmers, once their staunchest adherents.

The verdict of certain important counties is worthy of note. Durham, which, out of thirteen seats, even in the last Parliament had filled twelve with Liberals, has now completed the tale by adding a thirteenth in the place of the renowned Sir George Elliot. Yorkshire in the last Parliament returned twenty-one Liberals and eighteen Tories. This time it has returned thirty-two Liberals and only seven Tories, all three divisions of the West Riding being represented by Liberals. But Lancashire, the county which boasts of thinking to-day what England will think to-morrow, has in a most remarkable way signalised her change of front. In 1874 every member for the four divisions of the county was a Tory, and out of the twenty-five boroughs seventeen were represented by Tories, and only eight by Liberals. Now of the four divisions of the county two are represented by Liberals, and of the twenty-five boroughs seventeen are represented by Liberals, and only eight by Tories. So that in place of the twenty-one Tories out of twenty-nine members sent by Lancashire to the Parliament of 1874, twenty-one Liberals will be members of the present House, exactly reversing the numbers of the two political parties.

But if the verdict of great counties is important, still more important is the verdict of the principality of Wales and of the kingdom of Scotland. Out of the fifteen Welsh county members in the last Parliament, seven were Liberal and eight Tory, now thirteen are Liberal and only two Tory. From the boroughs the solitary Tory member of the Parliament of 1874 has disappeared, and the representation of Wales, thirty in number, consists of twenty-eight Liberals and two Tories.

Scotland is just as remarkable. In 1874 Scotland returned sixteen Liberal county members against sixteen Tories. In 1880 she returns twenty-six Liberals against six Tories. In 1874 she returned twenty-four Liberals and four Tories, borough and University members; in 1880, twenty-seven Liberals and one Tory. The total of Scotland being in 1874 forty Liberals to twenty Tories; in 1880 fifty-three Liberals to seven Tories. So that it has been jocularly observed that one first-class compartment of a railway carriage will supply places for all the Conservative members from Scotland; and, shortly to sum up the facts of the case, the comparison stands as follows:—

Parliament of 1874.

	Liberal	Tory
English County Members	27	145
English University and Borough Members	145	140
Welsh County Members	7	8
Welsh Borough Members	14	1
Scotch County Members	16	16
Scotch University and Borough Members	24	4
Irish County Members	43	21
Irish University and Borough Members	26	18
	302	348

Parliament of 1880.

	Liberal	Tory
English County Members	54	118
English University and Borough Members	200	85
Welsh County Members	13	2
Welsh Borough Members	15	—
Scotch County Members	26	5
Scotch University and Borough Members	27	1
Irish County Members	53	11
Irish University and Borough Members	23	18
	411	239

So that, counting the Home Rulers as Liberals, as they have been counted in the preceding lists, the Liberals now number 411, and the Tories 239, as against 302 and 348 in the last Parliament. Or, taking the Home Rulers as a body of separate politicians, there are 351 Liberals, 60 Home Rulers, and 239 Tories in the present House of Commons.

It is a not uninteresting enquiry just at present to note the differences which exist between the Parliament which has just been elected and that which preceded it. But a consideration remains for us far transcending in interest such local and personal investigations—the consideration that from the aggregate of these personal and political changes springs a result unrivalled in importance, the retirement of the Beaconsfield Administration.

The skilful plagiarist who presided over that body has popularised an old sentiment, in words which many people think to be his own, by saying that the unexpected always happens. To the multitude this was emphatically the case in the event to which we have referred. Two months ago, all the London daily papers, with a very few honourable and well-known exceptions, were fighting the battles and proclaiming the praises of the Beaconsfield Administration. 'O King, live for ever!' was the chorus which resounded on every side. But during the last four weeks a most remarkable change of tone has taken place. The arch-weathercock, after 'fronting south by north' for several days, has now decided that after all there is very little difference between the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield and the foreign policy of Lord Hartington, and avows that 'we have been living on poor diet in the way of domestic legislation for some time past, and the more promptly some substantial food can be set before us the better;' while the 'mean prints,' after six years of persistent calumny and abuse lavished on those whom they had once effusively and fawningly supported, are beginning for once to be civil and acknowledge at last that if there is to be a Liberal majority, the stronger the better. Society too, by which we mean the mass of ignorance, laziness, and prejudice, male loungers and female gossips, which usurps the name—those who two years ago were never satisfied without 'jumping upon' the opinions and convictions of sober people who knew something about politics—society is beginning to find out its mistake, and as its uncles and its cousins are summarily dealt with in the counties and boroughs of the Empire, and the nice little family cliques are broken up by the agency of the ballot-box, it goes about in sackcloth and ashes, and begins to believe that the sun will never shine, and sugar will never be sweet again in the month, for those who have to submit to a Liberal majority.

Amidst all the discouragements and indignities to which those who hold Liberal opinions have been subject during the last four years, there is one thing for which they have cause to be abundantly grateful, and that is the staunch and consistent conduct of the country Liberal press. To the great Liberal newspapers, the 'Scotsman,' the 'Manchester Guardian,' the 'Leeds Mercury,' and many others, the party at large owes a deep debt of gratitude. They were not intimidated. They were not deceived. They kept the light of political truth burning brightly while it was obscured or extinguished in the metropolis. They never lost hope of a reaction, and they did much, very much, to create and foster it.

The reaction has not come a moment too soon. With the highest respect for the personal virtues of many who formed part of the late Parliament, we feel bound to insist that it was ignorant, reactionary, and tyrannical. It included among its members an unusual number of new men, men who knew nothing of Parliamentary traditions, men whose chief claim to a seat was their wealth, men whose aim was to rise in the social scale, and who thought, as so many of the *nouveaux riches* do think, that Toryism was a step to fashion. Such men can never become satisfactory politicians. Their opinions are merely assumed or adopted for purposes of social aggrandisement, and they consequently become the willing tools of any Minister who requires their services. And when, as appears to have been lately the case, the Minister they followed was himself only playing a part, although playing that part with consummate skill, the evil is doubled. With such a combination we are never secure from the most disastrous political surprises.

Whatever lowers the tone and impairs the character of official life is a great calamity, but a calamity which may be retrieved by a change in the persons who are at the head of affairs. Mesmerised by bad example, we may have a great noble asserting overnight that a certain document which appeared in the evening papers was 'wholly unauthentic' and 'not deserving of confidence,' while it appeared the next morning that if not virtually correct it contained an accurate report of the substance of the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement. We may have an amiable

and conscientious country gentleman assuring the House of Commons, in proposing an unusually long Easter adjournment, that he did so 'with no concealed designs or any intentions of a mischievous character,' when the very next day there appeared in the evening papers a Reuter's telegram, which stated that the Indian Government had received orders to despatch an army of Sepoys to Malta. But when the great noble and the amiable country gentleman have given place to more straightforward successors, it may be hoped that the views of morality entertained by the clerks at the Foreign Office and the Treasury may recover the strain under which they have suffered without permanent damage.

With Parliament it is not so. Any lowering of the character of that assembly is a permanent national disaster, and the evidence is strong that one of the objects which the late Prime Minister has held steadily in view—even from the days when, with Semitic prevision, he sketched his own future principles of action in the pages of a novel—has been to substitute personal for Parliamentary government, and thereby lower the character and weaken the influence of the very instrument by the use of which he rose to power. Nor has he been without assistance in Parliament itself. Even the newspapers ceased to report at length these monotonous debates. That system of obstruction—with which Lord Beaconsfield played so long, and against which he never exerted any serious influence until he saw it was hopeless to attempt to identify it with any action of the Liberal party—helped his game and enabled him to sap the faith of many weak-kneed politicians who were inclined to think small things of Parliamentary government. All this is now over, and it is to be hoped that the 'men of light and leading' who will guide the counsels of the new Parliament will deal boldly and strongly with conduct which tends to degrade, discredit, and disable the action of the greatest representative body which ever sat.

It is well not to scrutinise too closely the excuses which a beaten party are sure to invent to account for their defeat. If those excuses are mere phrases, like the 'strategical movements' of our American cousins, they hardly deserve attention. We are, however, now informed that the Liberal victory has been due to a flood of corrupt expenditure lavished from the inexhaustible resources of the leaders of the party. In fact, the names of the contributors have been published in some Tory prints. We happen to have the means of knowing some of the facts, and we are glad to be able to inform our political opponents that of the whole list only one person has contributed anything towards a fund of the kind, and that in this case the contribution was of a much more moderate amount than the sum specified. Unfortunately for the Liberal party, it is not on their side that the inexhaustible resources exist; and the difficulty always is, not how to spend boundless supplies of wealth in corrupt extravagance, but how to husband very moderate contributions for the legitimate purpose of elections.

There is another source of consolation to which our opponents have recourse, which we beg to assure them is equally groundless. It is asserted that a vast majority of the new Liberal members are men of extreme opinions, and that it will be impossible for the more moderate men of the party to avoid being dragged along, by the mere force of numbers, to the adoption of measures from which they would naturally shrink. As it happens, the reverse is the case. Those men who would by their opinions be induced to sit *above* the gangway, very far outnumber those who would sit *below*. There is no doubt that in the formation of a Ministry the claims and wishes of all sections of the party will require consideration, but no one can have watched the career of public men to any purpose who has not seen the sobering effect of official responsibility. Mr. Fawcett and Sir Charles Dilke undoubtedly go further in their Liberalism than Lord Hartington and Lord Granville; but we have every confidence that men so capable as they are will see the necessity of subordinating theory to practice, and prefer, in the interest of our common country, moderate, even if they think them somewhat inadequate reforms, to more extensive and unlimited alterations. We have no reason to doubt that the leading principles of the new Government and of the Liberal party, of which it is the head, will be based on those 'plain Whig principles' which we endeavoured to define in our last number. The Liberal party owes its success, in no small degree, to the repudiation of those extreme and, as we think, extravagant designs which were falsely imputed to it by its antagonists. The attempt to drive the country into the arms of the Tories by a pretended fear of Home Rule, Disestablishment, and the Disintegration of the Empire, utterly failed. Those topics were only named at the elections to be renounced by the great majority of Liberal candidates; and we see no reason to apprehend that they will now be revived.

Our Tory friends are very fond of enlarging on Liberal differences. There is a certain staleness in a sentiment which has been

nttered thousands of times in unnumbered varieties of forms, hut we must hazard it once more; and it is, that a Liberal party without differences of opinion among its constituent parts would he a tideless sea, a sunless sky, a landscape without features, a piece of music without intervals, or anything which can hest express what is effete and monotonons. It is the interchange and free expression of varying views which give to the Liberal party half its life and all its usefulness. It is all very well for people who for a quarter of a century have placed their political destinies in the hands of a man who, so far as can be seen, is merely connsel for the plaintiff, and who, if circumstances had been different, might jnst as well have been connsel for the defendant, to complain that we on the Liberal side do not cnt all our coats to the same pattern, hnt indulge in varieties, it may sometimes happen in extravagances, of costnme. This, however, is at all events certain, that if we are not so harmonions and so easily led as our opponents, it is simply because free opinion is more likely to exhibit divergences than hlind traditionary prejndice, and because docility in politics is not always the distinguishing mark of wisdom.

'Nothing succeeds like sncccss.' The holy horror with which our Tory friends snrveyed the surprising spectacle of a man of seventy casting himself unasked into the midst of a vast political conflict, attacking here, parrying there, succeeding everywhere, raising the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* to a white heat of enthusiasm, and producing, or doing very much to prodnce, not in Scotland only but in Wales and in England, the astonishing and unlooked-for results of the general election, was not altogether confined to one side in politics. We ourselves confess to having looked with considerable donht upon the effect of the crusade, and we still feel that political revolutions are not always best effected hy appeals to the passionate and the enthusiastic side of men's natures. Bnt it is as little possihle to deny the success of the appeal as it would be to donht the sincerity or question the eloquence of the advocate. *

From this state of circumstances another resnlt arises. After the general election of 1874 it was usually helieved that the official career of the Prime Minister, who then resigned his post, was concInded, and that in any fresh political combinations the Liberal party would not have to reckon upon more than his nnofficial support. Now, however, the case is different. It is possihle that Mr. Gladstone may have been persuaded to reconsider his decisiou, and in any case it is obvious that he must share to a cousiderahle extent in the responsible formation of the new Government. Bnt whatever be the position allotted to Mr. Gladstone, or assumed by him, in this Government, he will return to office, not with the grudging acquiescence, hnt with the full and enthusiastic assent, of the whole Liberal party. It is impossihle, at the moment at which these sheets will leave the press (althongh we have already delayed our usual publication for some days to ascertain the clear result of the elections), for ns to hazard any surmises as to the composition of the fnture Government; and we abstain from mere conjecture. But we are confident that whatever the arrangements of the new Ministry may be, and by whomsoever they may be made, they will comprise in the first instance a large proportion of men already tried and well known in pnblic life—men of moderate opinions, experience, and judgment hoth in domestic, foreign, colonial, and Indian affairs. It will not be a flighty or experimental Government, nor will its elements be so weak as to receive their sole impress and direction from the will of one man, as has been the case in the Tory Goverment. Nothing can be more unfortnnate to any Government than the nncontrolled ascendency of any statesman, however eminent. Twelve or fifteen ministers meet in Conncil, to deliberate and decide, not to obey; and we do not hesitate to say that some considerable latitude and diversity of opinion is not only admissihle hnt desirable in the Cahinet, in order that qnestions may be discnssed from a wider range of the political horizon. We doubt not, therefore, that the Cahinet will also contain a certain number of members helonging to the younger and

* In our reference to one of the causes of the great Liberal triumph, it would not be just to omit all reference to another, though a less pnblic one—we mean the establishment of a central office for furthering the political objects of the party. Until 1874 snch an office did not exist. At present, under the able management of Mr. Adam and other prominent members of the party, it has become so efficient that candidates were provided for every borough held by Tories, with the exception of *five*, before the late dissolution was announced, and that of these boroughs all but two were fought. In the counties, too, working associations connected with the central body were employed almost in every instance where there was a hope of success, thus enabling the country to reap the full benefit of the change of feeling when the reaction set in. Mr. Adam, who is not more shrewd than he is modest, has been the leading spirit in all this useful work; and it is only right that the party should know, what he would be the last man to tell them, to whom it is that they are principally indebted for this most useful organisation.

more advanced school of political life, and we shall hail with great satisfaction their entry upon duties which involve strict ministerial responsihility, and compel them to weigh both their words and their actions.

There is a remarkable difference in the facilities of what is called 'Cabinet-making,' as regards the two great political groups. When a Tory government has to be formed, the difficnlty is whom to pnt in. When a Liberal Government comes into being, the embarrassment is whom to leave out. In the late Cabinet, for example, it is evident that, after the retirement of Lord Derhy and Lord Carnarvon, the governing spirits might have been accommodated in a *coupé*, and that the Leader of the House of Commons would not have been one of the passengers. In fact, it was, with these exceptions, a Cabinet of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions and official clerks, whose pitiahle want of dehating power was only atoned for hy the strength of their following, hut who, as a minority, would have been absolntely effaced hy the front hench of the Opposition. In fact, if the memhers of the late Administration who belong to the House of Peers were withdrawn from it, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Cairns, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Cranhrook, the Cabinet would have been reduced to a mere residuum hardly ahle to hoast of a single man, holding the rank of a statesman or an orator, in its composition. We shall have an opportunity of jndging of their real strength in debate, when they are arrayed against the serried phalanx of her Majesty's Government, and we question whether at any time the Parliamentary resources of the Tory party were so low. They have had Sir Robert Peel, they have had Mr. Disraeli, to lead them when in Opposition. They mnst now rely on Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Cross. With the Liberal party the case is different, and, were it not for the spirit of generons self-effacement which characterises so many pnhlic men, the difficnlties of choice wonld be insnperable. Let ns hope, however, that these difficulties will he snrmonnted, and that no personal soreness or feelings of disappointment may in any wise damp the loyalty of any member of the party.

The ensuing session cannot he a long one. If Parliament meets at the end of the present month, it will only do so to elect a Speaker, to swear in memhers, and then to adjonrn for a period of at least a fortnight, to enahle the new Ministry to return to their constituents. This hrings ns to the middle of May, and only leaves abont ten or elcven weeks hefore the time when the centrifugal forces of the antnmn begin to develope themselves. It is evident, therefore, that no measures involving long dehate can he discnssed, still less passed, this year. Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill, which, no doubt, will become in fact, if not in name, a Government measnre, will probahly occnpy the attention of the new House at an early date. The Ballot Act will require renewal, and perhaps amendment, and it is not improbable that an amendment in the Corrupt Practices Act, which was passed in the last days of the morihund Parliament, and which is supposed to have added sensihly to the expense of all contested horough elections, may he re-discussed and possibly repealed.

Financial qnestions will at once reqnire the attention of the new Honse, for it is obvions that Sir Stafford Northcote's Bndget, born hefore its time, was a very incomplete provision for the exigencies of the pnhlic service. It is prohable that the ontgoing Ministers will have left to their successors something very mnch in the nature of a *damnosa hæreditas*. But the hill will have to he made ont, and provision made for its payment, althongh it is not nnlikely that it will be mnch larger than has been predicted. We all remember the precedent of the Ahyssinian expedition.

All questions, however, like the reform of the real property laws, the estahlishment of local financial boards, and the eqnalisation of the country franchise, will, as it appears to ns, he necessarily postponed to future sessions. The first of these measures might with propriety be introduced in the House of Lords, and it would he well if the judicial experience of both sides of their Lordships' Honse could be united in the discussion. Both sides are agreed that the matter requires grave considcration, and that reforms in the spirit of the hill introdnced hy Lord Cairns are advisahle; and it may perhaps be hoped that, in an atmosphere which is beyond the cyclonic influence of contested elections, a qnestion which concerns the whole conntry might be discnssed with learning and withont party heat.

Measures of Parliamentary reform are hest discussed towards the conclnsion of a Parliament. In fact, if passed, they almost involve the necessity of a Parliamentary dissolution. The futnro Government may therefore see their way to postponing discussions of this nature for some time, but when the proper period arrives the question will have to be discnssed, and it is most important that it should he done with calmness and wisdom. It is not so simple as at first sight appears. It involves a fresh modification of the borough franchise on the one hand, or the abolition of one of the chief

elements, as well as the introduction of a most important new feature into the franchise of the counties. If the county franchise is merely lowered to the household qualification, we shall have freeholders, copyholders, *and* leaseholders voting in the counties, and only leasehold occupiers voting in the boroughs. Thus we shall be as far off as ever from securing identity of franchise. The only method, as it appears to us, by which this identity can be secured is by the limitation of the county franchise to occupiers, as in the boroughs it is now limited. This will secure not merely that theoretic harmony which is dear to the speculative politician, but the practical abolition of a great scandal and evil, the faggot vote. It will diminish but to a very small extent the legitimate influence of property, and it will vastly lessen the expense of elections.

Other minor but yet important questions are sure to crop up for discussion from time to time. That often threatened but as often escaping culprit, the Corporation of the City of London, with all its charitable abuses, its sham reforms, and its wholesale manufacture of votes, can only be dealt with by a Parliament when a strong and earnest majority exists, willing to exercise its power in sweeping out an Augean stable. Then there is the question of water supply, of which the late Government, dropping one word of the old quotation, may well say—

> 'medio de fonte . . .
> Surgit amari aliquid.'

This question must be dealt with; so, probably, must the question of metropolitan gas, as well as a larger question than either, and one which may include them both—metropolitan government. There are other social questions which will require attention. Some reform of the law of patronage in the Church of England is urgently demanded; for, although an improved public opinion has done much to lessen the evils and diminish the scandals of ecclesiastical bargaining, much still remains to be done, and all true friends of the Church of England will rejoice to see some effort made in this direction.

It is, however, altogether premature to discuss the legislative measures of a Government not yet in existence; and indeed the advanced season of the year at which the new Parliament will enter upon its functions leaves a space of time barely sufficient for the transaction of the necessary financial business of the Session and the renewal of two or three expiring Acts. Not so, however, does it stand with the relations of the Crown to foreign Powers, and to the occurrences which may at any moment arise in Europe or in Asia. There the action of the Government is incessant, and although the legislative functions of the State may very well be suspended for a few months, its administrative duties will demand immediate attention. We therefore feel called upon to say a few words on this subject, and the more so as in some foreign countries great delusions appear to prevail upon it. We are anxious to state with the full force of conviction (what indeed has been already declared by Lord Hartington and even by Mr. Gladstone in their electoral speches), that a change of government in England, however complete, does not imply, and will not cause, any abrupt revulsion in the foreign policy of this country. The existing engagements of the Crown of England are independent of ministerial changes, and will be scrupulously supported and upheld, whoever may be in power. It happens fortunately that no foreign question of flagrant and urgent importance is at this moment open. 'Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;' the future alone can be dealt with as occasion or the policy of the new Cabinet may prescribe. In spite of Lord Beaconsfield's sinister and ominous predictions, we believe that the crisis in European affairs, in which he took an active share, is now closed; and that although no doubt the horizon is charged with clouds, if not with storms, no pressing danger threatens the peace and tranquillity of Europe. We were assured in the Speech from the Throne, delivered in February, that her Majesty's relations with all the Powers were friendly, and we believe it. It may well happen that the relations of this country with Russia, which have been of late severely strained, will be favourably affected, partly by the removal of Prince Gortschakoff from the conduct of affairs, and partly by the change of government in England. If that be the case, we shall sincerely rejoice at this improvement; for it is obviously much more desirable that England and Russia should come to an amicable understanding, provided it be an honest one, than that they should carry on a clandestine warfare in Central Asia or elsewhere. But this result can only be obtained by a frank and sincere renunciation on the part of Russia of aggressive and hostile schemes directed against her immediate neighbours, and indirectly against the interests and rights of Great Britain. The Russians are entirely mistaken if they expect to find in the Liberal Ministry now about to enter upon office any encouragement whatever to the aggressive and ambitious designs of the Panslavonic party,

which would encounter a firm resistance in Germany, and not in Germany alone, and which could scarcely fail to rekindle the half-extinguished conflagration of the Eastern world. The first principle of the Liberal Government is the maintenance of peace; and peace can only be maintained by vigilant self-control on all hands, by the union of the great Powers, and by a firm resolution to oppose the intrigues or the violence of any separate State. The new Ministry will enter upon office without the slightest feeling of hostility, or even coolness, towards any foreign nation; and if it leans on no exclusive alliance, it has certainly no disposition to repel the cordial sympathy and co-operation of any foreign government.

So lately as in January of this year, a contemporary, whose literary merits we should be the last to disparage, employed many pages in discussing, and in his own view, no doubt, disposing summarily of, 'the credentials of the Opposition.' Credentials, according to Dr. Johnson, are 'that which gives a title to credit, the warrant upon which belief or authority is claimed.' Now, shortly, the warrant upon which those who, while we write, are still the Opposition, claim authority, is the fact that they have won upwards of 130 seats in the new Parliament, and that the Liberal votes given in the contested elections outnumber the Tory votes about in the proportion of 4 to 3. We are not, therefore, very careful to answer our Quarterly contemporary, as facts, which are the strongest arguments, have answered him already. It is amusing, however, to look down the pages to which we have referred, and see how at other places besides Eton,

> 'Regardless of their doom,
> The little victims play;
> No sense have they of ills to come,
> Nor care beyond to-day.'

Take the following as an example of accurate foresight, remembering that it was published only a few weeks before the dissolution:—

> 'So long as the legitimate duration of Parliaments is seven years, it would seem to be more deferential to the laws of the realm not to dissolve before the natural term of its existence a House of Commons which energetically assists the Government, and *which is asserted to misrepresent the sense of the constituent body only by a speculative minority.*'

But the leader of the party, not so 'deferential to the laws of the realm' as our contemporary would have had him, 'on the 8th day of March, 1880'—to use, with an altered date, our contemporary's own words as applied to the election of 1874—'suddenly sprang a mine upon Parliament and the country,' with the intention of driving back afresh 'the advancing lines of his rival; though, when the smoke had cleared away, it appeared that he had blown his own army into the air.'

Exactly so; and we may go on to observe, in the words of the article we are quoting: *—

> 'Lord Beaconsfield's passion for surprises is a favourite theme with Liberal orators; and they have repeated the reproach so often, that perhaps by this time they have begun to believe it.'

Have they not good reason for the belief?

> 'But there certainly would have been ground for astonishment, at least for the ordinary mind, had Lord Beaconsfield, while firmly entrenched in power, wantonly sallied into the open to fight a gratuitous engagement with assailants who had repeatedly demonstrated their incapacity to dislodge him; nor would the sense of amazement have been lessened by the recollection that this novel strategy was resorted to by his predecessor, with the result, as described at the time by an indignant follower [Mr. Bouverie], of having at one blow destroyed both his administration and himself; and they are both wiped out of existence.'

The fact is that if Mr. Gladstone committed an error by his sudden and ill-advised dissolution in 1874, the dissolution of Parliament by Lord Beaconsfield, at Easter 1880, has been equally productive of unforeseen results, and equally fatal to its authors. In the latter case, however, it could not have been long delayed; and it is now clear that, without knowing it, the Ministry had lost the confidence of the country. The love of change and the depression of trade and agriculture had probably much to do with the result; but it is well to bear in mind that the more democratic our constitution becomes, the more are we exposed to sudden and vehement changes of popular sentiment, which now controls the tenure of power.

We have but one more consideration to submit to our readers. It forms the moral of countless tales; it is a sentiment which runs, in varied shapes, through the folk-lore and the proverbs of many nations. It is embodied in the story of Jephthah's daughter and of Polycrates's ring. In times of great prosperity beware of a reverse. Propitiate by any sacrifice the powers of evil. But what are we to do? Not sacrifice our

* Quarterly Review, January 1880, art. viii.

leaders on the altar of Nemesis, or cast away our principles to appease the Fates. No, but this at all events we may do as a party. We may be humble and self-possessed in prosperity, as we have, we trust, been cheerful and hopeful in adversity; and while we use to the best advantage the power which the new Parliament has given us, we may take care to use it with courtesy and consideration towards our opponents, and with watchfulness and control over ourselves.

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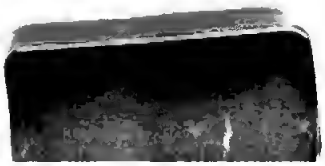

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